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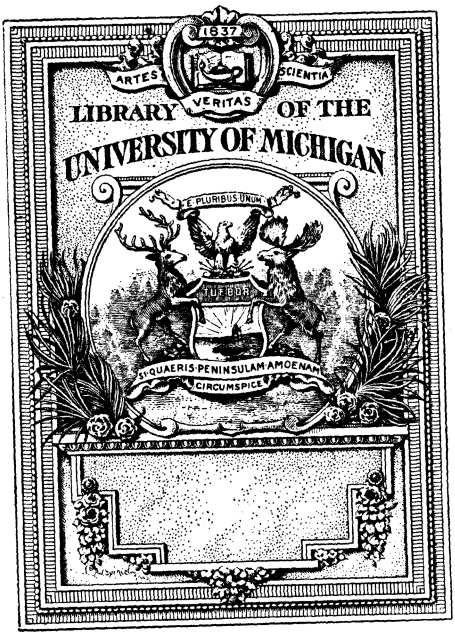

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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

FOR

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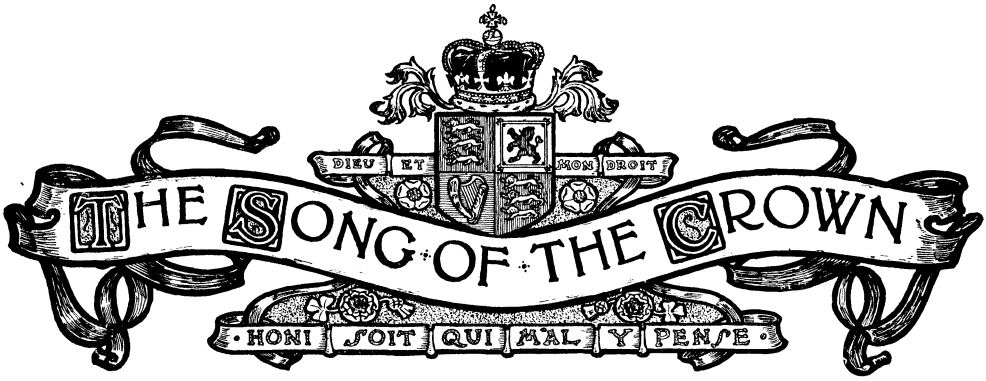

THE English Crown, in iron ages wrought
And overlaid in golden days with gold,
Set with rich jewels by the blood-price bought
And sanctified by memories manifold,
We proudly, humbly bring:
A crown made glorious by the tongue of fame,
A crown as strong as ice, as bright as flame,
The crown of splendid Empire, like a star
To shine aloft, afar,
Across the Nation's path. Behold thy crown, O King!

This is no circlet for a tyrant's wear,
For this was shaped in the hot forge of pain,
Tempered with tears, and wrought with ancient care,
Stained sometimes, and blood-washed to cleanse the stain:
And when wild change thrust down
Thrones, and snapped sceptres, wrecking utterly
The crown of meaner peoples, Liberty,
With feet set on dead glories, kingdoms, powers,
Upheld this crown of ours—
Against a swirling world upheld the English crown.

She is more strong than kings and many kings!
Kings who have feared and striven with her have learned
Cast out from thrones into the dust of things,
How bitter are the wages fear has earned;
But kings who trust her know
How Liberty, with more than royal hand,
Can build a royal palace to withstand
The hurricane of change; can stablish fast
The present on the past,
Till, for the future's dower, a crown like this shall grow!

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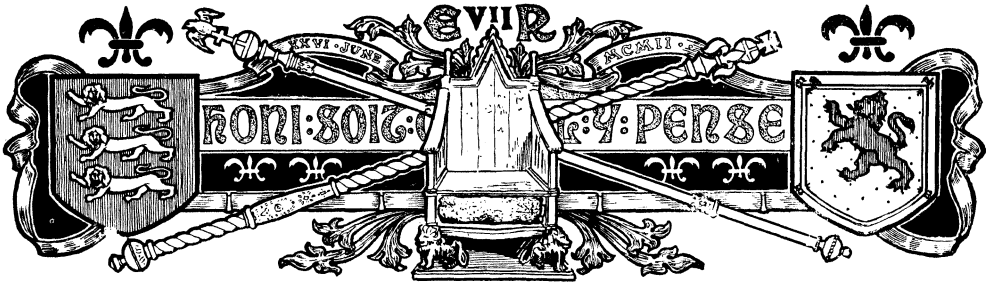

Whose hand but hers has set the flag we bear
  To float unconquered over land and sea?
Who—from the little people that we were
  Has led us on to splendid sovereignty—
    Who—who but Liberty?
Who with our borders has enlarged her own
Till such a base she gives us for our throne
As never in all the world the world has seen—
    A throne where sits serene,
Free and supreme, a King who boasts his people free.

This is the throne that you attain to now;
  This is your great and goodly heritage;
This is the crown that shall adorn your brow—
  This, growing in glory still from age to age,
    As still its subjects grew
More; and more happy; happier, and more free;
Not wrangling for a vain supremacy,
But yielding equal honour, equal power,
    As King's and people's dower:
This is the crown we bring, O England's King, to you!

Pride in our own deserts may be withstood—
  We would be humble in our hour of pride—
But pride gets leave to thrill for those who stood
  In our need by us. England's sons who died
    Beside our dead—for us!
Out of five continents red life-blood shed,
Watered the roots of Empire! Oh! ye dead,
Dear dead—our Empire's dead, in pride and tears,
    We sow the field of the years
With love perennial now—for you who loved us thus.

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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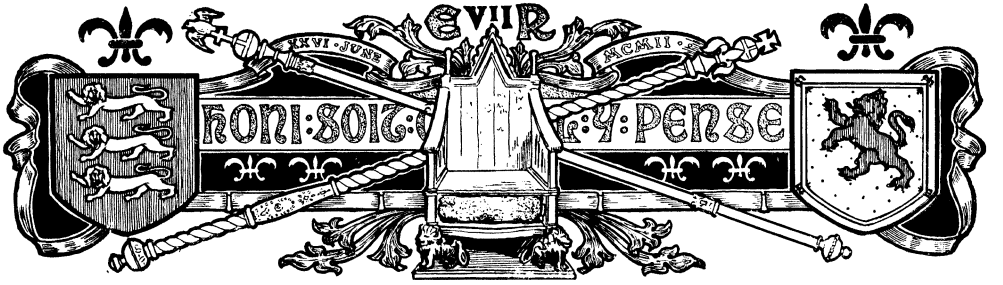

Oh, King! our heart is wrung with love and praise
  Of these our brothers! Never a king of old
Had such a muster-roll of glorious days
  For days more glorious gladly to unfold!
    Behold your Empire—see
From pole to pole lies your great loving realm—
Content to know your hand is on the helm;
Your birthright of Imperial sovereignty
    May it still greater be—
The sway you are born to bear—the Empire of the free!

* * * * *

Now hush the trumpets and the drums! Bring forth
  The harps, the lutes, the lyres, to sing of her,
Our Queen, the "sea-king's daughter" from the North,
  On whom our hearts the heart's rich crown confer!
    Oh! good and dear and sweet,
The blessings of the sorrowing and the poor
Crowd, as with priceless merchandise, thy door—
Queen Alexandra, noble, fair and dear,
    Hear, lady, hear
Our song of Love—receive our homage at thy feet!

* * * * *

Hush harp, and lute, and lyre, and fife and drum;
  Through silence let the voice of prayer be heard;
Be all the five great nations' voices dumb;
  Let them give room for the soul's hidden word—
    The tear-bright prayer we bring:
Dowered with this crown more bright than others are,
Strong as a tower, and radiant as a star,
May God make pure *our* heart, make strong *his* hands
    Over his many lands!
God save the King!—God save the Empire and the King!

E. Nesbit.

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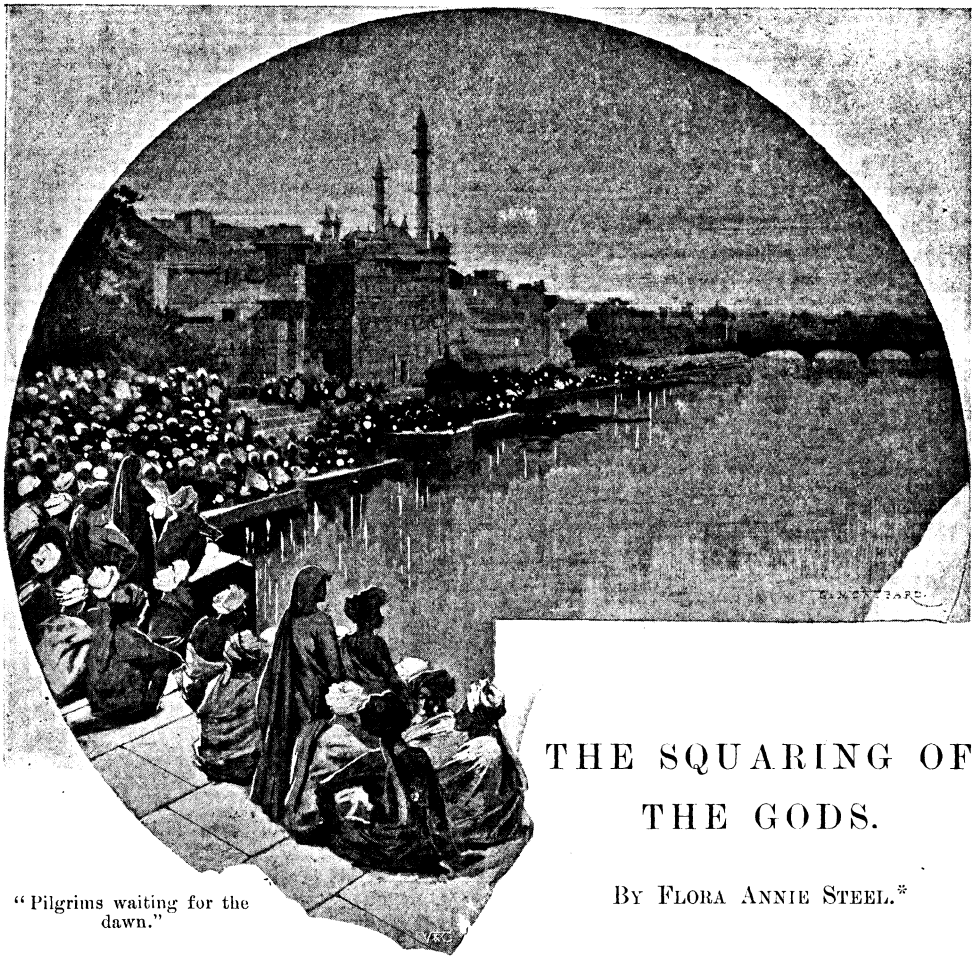

"Pilgrims waiting for the dawn."

THE SQUARING OF THE GODS.

By Flora Annie Steel.*

It was the night before the great eclipse. A vast, vague expectancy brooded over the length and breadth of India. Of prophesying there had been no lack, for signs and wonders had been as blackberries in September.

So, far and near, east, west, south, and north, the people of Hindustan—many-hued, many-raced, many-faithed—were watching for they knew not what, watching with grave, silent, yet curious composure.

But there was no outward sign of this inward expectation on either side. The millions of dark faces, behind which it lay, were as inscrutable as the telegraph wires through which the mere fraction of white faces, responsible for the safety of those millions of dark ones, were flashing silent messages of warning and preparation.

And here, in the Sacred City, beside the Sacred River, in which multitudes of those millions hoped to bathe on the morrow during the fateful moments of the sun's eclipse, the dim curves of the world had never been outlined against a calmer, more restful sky. A sky almost black in its intensity of shadow. Yet the night was clear, full of a starlight that could be seen; which showed the bend of the broad river, angled on one side by the straight lines of its circling sequence of bathing-steps that swept away to both horizons.

The steps themselves, shadowy, vague, were spangled as with stars by the little trembling lamps of the myriads on myriads of pilgrims waiting for the dawn. The reflection of these lamps lay on the water beside the reflection of the stars, making it hard to tell where heaven ended, where earth began.

Behind this long length of bathing-steps—irregular in height, in slope, in everything

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save an inevitable crowning by tall temple spires — lay Benares. Benares, the only city in the world—since the reputation of Rome lives by works as well as faith—whose every stone tells of that search after righteousness which lies so close to the heart of humanity. Benares, with its sunless alleys, full of the perfume of dead flowers and spent incense—alleys which thread their way past shrine after shrine, holy place after holy place. Shrines and holy places which are perhaps mere niches in a worn stone, or—less even than that—only the bare imprint of a bloody hand on the tall, blank walls of the crowded tenement houses which seem to narrow God's sky as they rise up toward it. Benares, where the alien master steps into the gutter to let a swinging corpse pass on its way to the Sacred River, but where the priest behind it—his dark forehead barred with white, or smeared with a bold patch of ochre - steps into the opposite gutter, and clings to the shrine-set wall like a limpet, lest he be defiled by a touch, a shadow. Benares, which is, briefly, the strangest, saddest city on God's earth!

It lay this night, far as the eye could reach along the outward curve of the Ganges, dreamful exceedingly, dimly paler than the sky. But on the other side of the river, where the land bulged into the stream, lay a scene as dreamful; yet dreamful in a different way. For here, almost from the water's edge, the young green wheat stretched away into that level plain of India, the most densely populated agricultural country in the world, where myriads and myriads of men live content as the cattle with which they till the soil.

So a whole world lies between these two banks of the Ganges; between the men of whom pilgrims are made, and the pilgrims made of those men. And spanning them, joining them, aggressively, unsympathetically, is the railway bridge built by the alien "Bridge-builders."

Seen in the starlight, with its lattice of dark girders showing against the sky, its white piers blocking the sliding-water at intervals, this bridge looked quaintly like a fell and monstrous hairy caterpillar out for a night-walking; one of those caterpillars with turreted excrescences at its former and its latter end. The hinder one here was clearly outlined against a distant block of greater darkness. This was a dense grove of mango trees; and through its far off shadow shone twinkling coloured lights, while from it came fitfully, at the wind's caprice, a faint sound of drumming, a twangling of *sitaras;* for, in the shelter of the grove, some of the white faces who were responsible for the dark ones were camped in a pleasure-camp, full of guests come to see the show. But a camp whither, despite the pleasure, the telegrams of warning flashed, and whence the answers flashed back, even while the *nautch*, bidden to amuse those guests, went on and on in twanglings, drummings, screechings, posturings.

Such things, however, were hidden even from the nearest point of the angled curve of bathing-steps, which swept right away to the starlit horizon on the opposite side of the river. The only movement visible by the waiting crowd upon them, as it looked across the river, was a curious dazzling flicker, as if the bridge were shivering, which was caused by the continuous stream, on its outer footway, of arriving pilgrims, showing now against the dark girders, now against the paler sky.

"Mai Gunga hath her hands full!" murmured one of the group which was squatting immovable on these nearest steps; "they come, and come!"

A face or two, patient, dark, turned to the bridge, and another voice came, calm, passive.

"Aye! 'tis easier for folk to find salvation with 'rails' and bridges than, as of old, with blistered feet and boats."

A dark hand nearest the water's lip as it lapped a lazy, silvery whisper on the worn stone steps, slid into the sacred flood with a sort of tentative caress, and a voice replied—

"Yet they said She would revenge Herself for the rending of Her bosom, for the burden of bricks laid on Her; but She hath not. She gives and takes as ever." The speaker's long, dark fingers gathered some of the fallen petals which the river was returning to those who had cast their flower-offering on its surface, and his dark eyes watched a white-swathed corpse that was drifting down stream, a faint streak in the slumbering shadow.

"True!" came another passive voice; "but the time is not past. There is to-morrow yet."

The absolutely unspellable "*chuck!*" made by the tongue against the roof of the mouth, which is the most emphatic denial of India, echoed suddenly, aggressively, into the peaceful air.

It came from the blackness of a low masonry abutment which, traversing the last three steps, projected a few feet into the river, like a pier. A yard, maybe, above the water some three long, and perhaps a couple

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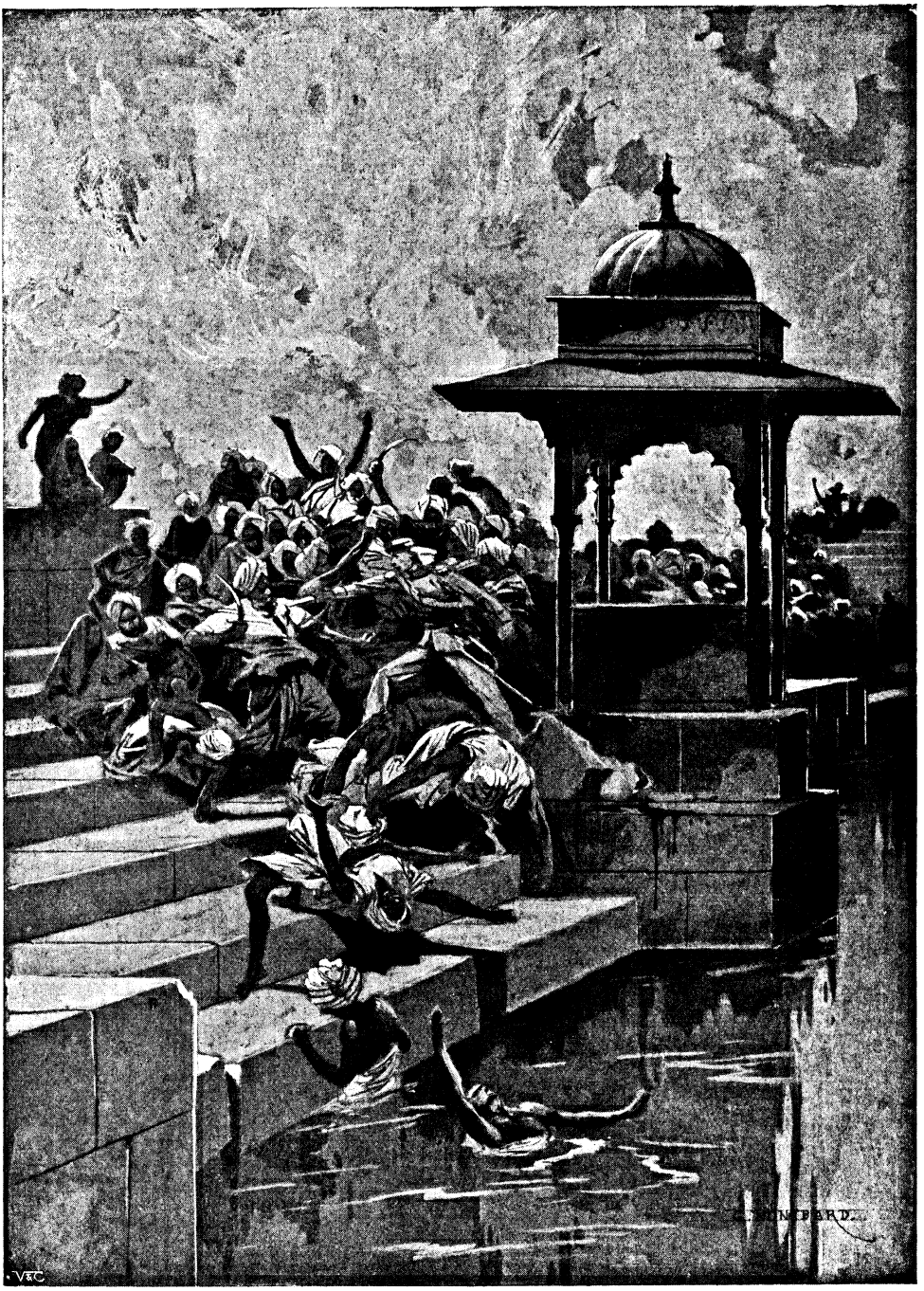

"'For ever another body fell blocking the plinth, until he had to stand almost in the arch itself.'"

broad, there was just room on its outer end for a small square temple with a rude spiked spire. The plainest of temples, guiltless of ornament looking out over the Ganges blankly; for its only aperture, a low arched doorway, faced the steps and showed now as a blot of utter darkness.

"Not She, brethren!" said a cracked

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voice following on the denial, "She or Her like will never harm the *Huzoors!* They have paid their toll, see you, they have squared the gods."

A dozen or more faces turned to the voice, the figures belonging to them remaining immovable, as if carved in stone.

"Dost think so really, Baba-*jee?*" came a question. "I have heard that tale before—and that 'tis done in the 'Magic-houses.'" *

The emphatic denial rose again. "Not so! These eyes saw it done—here, in this very place, forty years ago! here at Mai Kâli's shrine!"

In the pause that followed, a pair of claw-like hands could be seen above the bar of shadow, wavering salaams to the little temple, in the perfunctory manner of priesthood all over the world.

"'Tis old Bishen, the flower-seller," said a yawning voice. "He was here in the Time of Trouble,† and he tells tales of it—when he remembers!"

"Then let him tell," yawned another, "since the night is long and the dawn lingers. How was't done, Baba-*jee?*"

There was a pause.

"Many ways, doubtless. Here and there different ways. But *here*, one way. Forty years ago, brothers! Yea, forty years ago, these eyes saw the 'squaring of the gods.' In this wise . . . ."

There was another dreamful pause, and then, from the shadow, came the old, thin voice once more.

"Yonder, where the bridge stands now, was Broon-*sahib's* house——"

"Broon-*sahib?*" echoed a curious listener, "Dost mean Broon-*sahib* who built the bridge?"

"Who built the bridge?" hesitated the tale-teller. "God knows! More like his son; for the years pass—they pass, Mai Gunga! and I grow old. Grant me this last cleansing, Mother! Wash me from sin ere I go hence . . . ."

"Lo! thou hast made him forget the rest," reproved another listener, "as if there were not Broon-*sahibs* ever? Even now, here in Benares! Yes! Baba-*jee*, of a certainty, Broon-*sahib's* house stood here, where the bridge stands now."

"'Left the child in the garden for them to find.'"

The old memory, started afresh, went on.

"It was a boy, the child. A toddler, but with the temper of tigers. Lo! it would scream and yell in the *ayah's* arms, and beat her face to be let crawl down the steps to pull the spent bosses of the marigolds out of the water and fling them back like balls. A mite of a boy; white as jasmine in the face, yellow as the marigolds themselves in hair. The *mem*, its mother, had the like face and hair. I used to see her in the verandah over the river, and driving above the steps. There were many *sahibs* came and went to the house, after

* The natives call Freemasonry Lodges by this name.
† The Mutiny.

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their fashion, and she smiled and spoke to them all. There was one of them—so young, he might have been a son almost—who came often; and she smiled on him, too, as he played, like a boy, with the child. He was one of the *sahibs* who have eyes; so, after a time, he would nod to me and say '*Râm! Râm!*' with a laugh, as he passed above me, sitting here in the shadow, selling my garlands.

"So, one day, as he came by, there was the baby screaming in its *ayah's* arm to be let crawl to the water, and she was denying it by the *mem's* orders. What the young *sahib* said at first I know not; but after a bit he came running down the steps, the child in his arms, calling back to the woman, in her own tongue, 'Fear not, *ayah!* I'll square it, never fear.'

"And there he was beside me, the two white faces, the two yellow heads—for he was but a boy himself, slim, white, yellow-haired—close together, brother-like, buying a garland of the biggest marigolds I had. And so like brothers down at the water's edge, he teaching the child how to throw the bosses in like a thrower.

"'No underhand work, brotherling,' he said in our tongue—for the baby, after the fashion of the *baba-logue*, knew none other—'So! straight from the shoulder. Bravo! Thou wilt play *crickets*, by and by, like a man.'

"After that once, of chance, the play came often of set purpose. He would come down from the house with the child, and I had to keep the biggest marigolds for the game, since, see you, they held the bits of brick better with which he weighted them.

"Thus it went on till one day all the *sahibs* and *mems* were at the house yonder, for God knows what amusement! and in the cool they strolled down here—the *mems* dressed so gay, the *sahibs* all black and smoking—to see how well the toddler, who could scarce speak, had learnt to throw. At least, so it seemed, for they watched and laughed; but after a time they took to throwing the flowers themselves, laughing more and jesting, until not a marigold was left. Then they began on Shiv-*jee's dhatura* blossoms, filling their white horns with pebbles and hurling them far, far into the stream.

"So, when paying time came, the young *sahib*—he had the child by the hand—flung rupees into my empty basket and said, 'Lo! Bishen'—for he was one of those who remember names—'those who seek to curry favour with the gods will have no chance to-day. We are beforehand. We have squared them.'

"At this the *mem*, standing close by, frowned and spoke some reproof; maybe because she was of those who drive to church often. But the boy only laughed and, catching the child up, cried 'Lo! brotherling, then are we sinners indeed; since we do it so often, you and I!'

"And with that he raced up the steps with the child, calling '*Râm, Râm!*' and '*Jai Kâli Ma!*' like any worshipper; so that the *mem* and the others strolling after could not but laugh. And some echoed the cry as they went up the steps."

The old voice paused in its even sing-song; and when it began again, there was a new note in it which seemed to bring a sense of hurry and stress even to that uttermost peace.

"But they came down again. How long after matters not. I see them so in my old eyes. Going up, laughing in the sunset, then returning. It was starlight when they came down, the *mems* and the *sahib* and the *baba-logue*. Starlight as it is now, brethren, but not still, like this. There were cries, and flames yonder, and folk running.

"The boats lay here below the temple. And one—a Mahometan—came with them, promising safety. So they began to get into the boats, and one moved off, the crowd looking on. Then suddenly, God knows why! it ceased looking on and began to kill. The *sahib-logue* were half in, half out of the boat, and some cried to stop, some to go on. But the *mems* made no noise; only you could see their faces white out of the shadows.

"And his, the young *sahib's*, was whiter than any, glittering, it seemed, with a white fire. The *mem* was in the boat, and Broon-*sahib* on the bottom step, the baby in his arms. But he, the boy, was above him facing the crowd—making time for the others.

"Then, just as the *mem* stretched her hands for the child, a bullet—they were firing from the top steps—hit Broon-*sahib*, and he fell dead half in, half out of the water, pushing the boat out in his fall. So it began to slide down stream.

"Some in it would have stopped it, for the child's sake; but the *mem* gave a look at those other *mems*, those other babies, and laid her hand swiftly on one that would have gone back.

"'No!'

"That was the cry she gave—a great cry

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for a woman—for a mother! And so a greater one rang out through the shadows and the lights, from the boy who had caught up the child as it fell upon the steps.

"I know not what the cry was, but it was great, and it echoed out as the boat slipped fast to safety. And he held the child to his breast and waved his sword, until the *mem's* white face rose from her hands where she had hidden it, and she looked back. That was the last thing I saw out of the shadows as the boat slipped to safety; but it held me, so that when I looked round, the boy was no longer on the steps.

"He had leaped to the plinth of the temple, and his arms were empty of his burden as he stood in front of the doorway with his glittering white face, his glittering white sword.

"'Come on, you devils!' he shouted in our tongue. 'Come on! Mai Kâli shall have blood to-night if she wants it.'

"And she had, brothers!

"It ran from the plinth and trickled to the river; for none could touch him from behind, and his sword was in front.

"There was a method in its hackings and hewings. At least, so it seemed to me, watching, helpless for good or evil, from my place in the shadow. For ever, as its keenest stroke fell, another body fell blocking the plinth, until he had to stand almost in the arch itself.

"Then a burly Mahometan trooper challenged him, and I knew not which way the fight was going, till, with a shout that was almost a laugh, the white face and the white sword showed, lunging back at the big body as they broke past it. And it fell sidelong, blocking the doorway.

"But none thought of *it!* None thought of anything save the glittering face and the glittering sword that had burst through the circling crowd, and now, facing it again, was backing up the steps, fighting grimly as it backed.

"Up and up, step by step, and we—even I, brothers, watching helpless—drawn after it, perforce, to see . . . to know . . . the end . . . the certain end.

"So the steps were left silent in the starlight.

"I did not see that end, brothers. It was beyond my sight. They told me afterwards it was in the bazaar, with half the town to see; but I had crept away, a great shivering on me, for I had remembered the flowers and the young *sahib's* words about the gods.

"And I remembered the child. What had become of the child?

"Then suddenly I understood. Then I knew what the method of the sword had been—how it had hidden, how it had lured as the bird lures the snake from its nest.

"It was nigh dawn when I remembered, dawn as it is now. Look! The iron of night's scabbard grows into the steel of day's sword upon the water; and hark! that is the cry of the mallards. The world is waking. So it was when I crept down to Kâli's shrine.

"The blood was still dripping into the water, and when I drew the dead mass of flesh from blocking the doorway, the red of it lay in a pool up to Her feet. But the child had crawled on Her knees, brothers, and had cried itself to sleep there.

"Yet when it wakened at my touch, it did not cry, for, see you, it knew me; and so, when it saw the milk, set in a bowl before Her as offering, it stretched out its hands for it.

"Thus it was made clear. So I gave it Mai Kâli's milk, knowing it was true what he had said, 'that they had squared the gods.'"

The voice paused, and another asked, "And then?" before it went on dreamily.

"Yea! it was true indeed, for, ere the day ended, they were back with guns and soldiers. So, since silence is better than speech when naught is sure, I crept in the night to a Colonel's house and left the child in the garden for them to find.

"Forty years ago, brothers! Forty years is it since the boats slipped down to safety with the *Huzoors*, and now. . . ."

There was a sudden stir in the waiting crowd.

A boat had slipped up the river shadows from the bridge, and was making for the steps.

"That's your station, Brown," said an English voice; "the water is a bit deep about the shrine, remember, and the old women are devilish hard to keep back. All right!" it continued, as a man stepped out; "go on to the next. We are a bit early on the field; but it is as well to be beforehand, and square things."

As the boat paddled on, another English voice in the stern said in a low tone, "Why did you put Brown there? Just where his father was killed, don't you remember?"

"Just why I did! He won't stand any nonsense, and it is a troublesome job. Besides, *he* wasn't killed, and there's luck in it. That was a queer story. Someone saved him, of course, but why? and how? Now, Smith!

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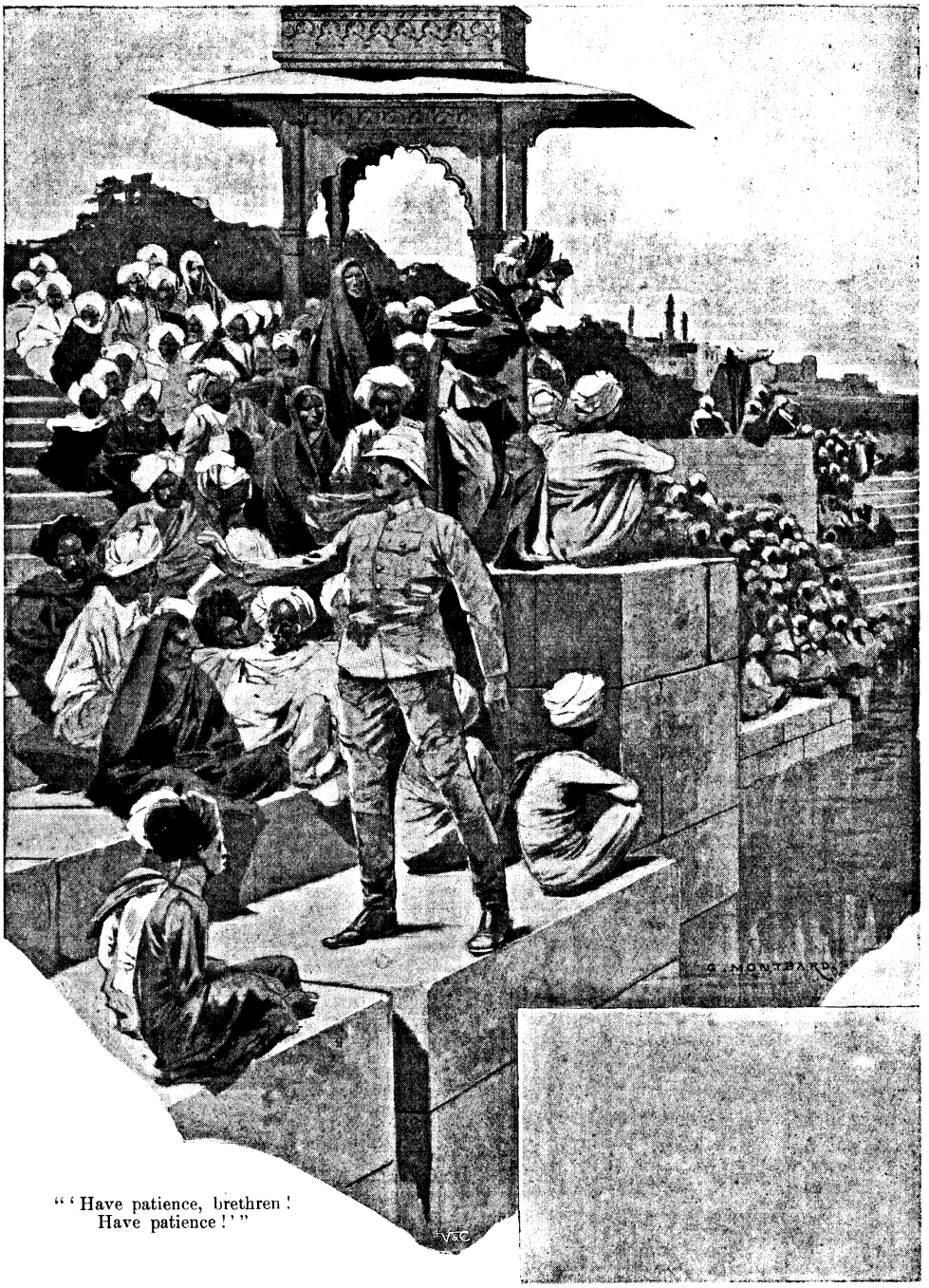

"'Have patience, brethren!
Have patience!'"

there you are. And as I said to Brown, for Heaven's sake look after the old dodderers, male and female. When they've nothing left to live for . . ."

The rest was lost as the boat went on to a yet further station.

So as the sun rose, it rose on that great angled sweep, not of steps, but of humanity; full, pressed down, running over into the spired town behind—on a million and more of dark faces, and a dozen white ones dotted here and there at the most dangerous points.

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And Broon-*sahib*, bearded, a bit burly with his forty and odd years, sat on the plinth, and thought, no doubt, of that past at first, then took out his pipe, and with it some scraps of smoked glass, since the coming eclipse must not be lost, even though one *was* on duty.

The sun climbed up, brilliantly unconscious, or at least regardless, of its coming fate. And after a time boats began to slide up and down, and a big barge came punting up stream sedately. It was full of English women and children; and under its wide awning a table was laid with flowers and sparkling silver against the champagne breakfast which was to follow on a successful performance of duty. For not even here was there hint or sign of that expectancy of evil to come.

A little girl holding her mother's hand nodded her yellow curls delightedly, as the barge went past, to Dada sitting swinging his legs just where the blood had dripped into the stream forty years ago; but something in the woman's face made a call echo over the water—

"It's all right. Show going A 1!"

As a show there could be no doubt of that. There was a breathlessness in it, a mighty surge of emotion from one end of that bank of humanity to the other, a curious wail in the ceaseless roar of voices, that struck through eyes and ears to the heart.

And now, what was that?

Broad daylight still; not a shadow had shifted, and yet there was a sense as if a candle had gone out somewhere.

Broon-*sahib* put his pipe in his pocket, looked through a glass darkly, stood up, raised his helmet, wiped his forehead and put it on again.

The time had come! There was a nibble of shadow on the ball of light! The monster had begun his meal!

As he looked round, unarmed, defenceless, on the hundreds of thousands of dark heads which held this thought, he smiled and nodded, with the words, "Have patience, brethren; there is time!"

Doubtless, but not much time to think of other things beyond the mere keeping that forward crush of bathers, that backward crush of those that had bathed, from inextricable confusion.

So much the better, perhaps. It gave less time, at any rate, for expectation of the new King who was to fall from the sun and sweep away existing kingdoms. Less time for the crowd to notice the white horse led out ostentatiously by the Brahmins at the biggest temple, as a sign that such talk was true, that one æon had passed away, and another—in which Vishnu should appear in his final incarnation—had begun.

"Have patience! Have patience!"

That was the burden of the cry from the few white faces dotted among the dark ones, and it was caught up and echoed by the connecting links of yellow-legged policemen stationed every ten yards along the lowest step.

"Have patience! Have patience!"

A hard saying, indeed, to a crowd bent on purification!

Broon-*sahib* slipped down from the plinth and collared an old pantaloon just as he fell, hefted him up like a baby, and set him squatting in safety above; then followed suit with an old woman, gasping, gurgling from the first mouthful of the water into which, regardless of depth, she had literally been propelled.

"Have patience, brethren! Have patience!"

It was a harder saying than ever now that all things had grown grey; though still—weird, uncanny beyond belief!—not a shadow had shifted.

Hopelessly grey, and hopelessly cold—so cold! So curiously quiet, too; for the great roar of voices seemed to have severed itself from things earthly, and was like a mighty wind from heaven.

"Have patience, brethren! Have patience! There is time!"

A harder saying still when in the greyness, the coldness, a flock of scared pigeons overhead sent a weird flight of faint grey shadows down that long length of angled curve, packed by expectant humanity.

Was He coming indeed?—that new ruler? Were these the heralds?

So the crowd questioned in the greyness, the coldness.

There was by this time quite a little row of rescued old dodderers on Mai Kâli's plinth, whence the blood had dropped forty years ago.

What was that? Had someone withdrawn a veil? Had someone said, "Let there be light"?

The greyness, the coldness, lost their character in an instant. There was a promise in them now—a promise of light to come! The sun was reasserting its sway, the time of purification was ebbing fast, and—and——Not half of humanity had bathed!

"Have patience, brethren! Have patience!" shouted Broon-*sahib*.

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Hardest saying of all when the precious moments were going—going so swiftly!

"*Huzoor!*" came a piteous, confused voice from the plinth, "it is my last chance. I am old—I forget—I have forgotten so much—only this remains.—For pity's sake—for the sake of forty years ago—let old Bishen, the flower-seller, find salvation!"

Even in his hurry, in his breathless recognition that here was the crucial instant—that a single mistake might bring disaster—Broon-*sahib* flung a quick look behind him at the voice.

He saw a pathetic old face, humble even in its grief.

"It's all right, Baba-*jee;* there's plenty of time!" he said. "Here! look through this bit of glass—you'll see for yourself."

It only took a moment, those quick words—he was back, ready with hand and voice of command, almost without a break—but they did more towards preserving peace and order than a regiment of soldiers. For old Bishen, set, as he was, on high in sight of all, after one look through the smoked glass, rose to his feet and salaamed again and again.

"Yea! it is true," he cried, in his thin, old voice. "There *is* time. Let us wait, brethren; for they know—the gods have told them."

* * * * *

Half an hour afterwards, with its table laid with flowers and silver, the sliding barge on the Ganges held Englishmen as well as Englishwomen; and one of them was drinking deep draughts of iced beer, while a little girl with yellow hair watched him admiringly, and a woman, still rather pale of face, stood looking at him with evident relief.

"I told you it would be all right, my dear," he said smiling. "There never was any rush to speak of but once; and then I gave a bit of smoked glass to an old chap, and he saw through a glass darkly what was up, and told the others. So we squared 'em—gods and Brahmins and all—as I told you we should, in spite of all the talk and the telegrams."

THE GOOSE-GIRL.

From a water colour by H. M. Bennett.

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From the painting by Sir G. Hayter, R.A., [*in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.*

THE KING'S CHRISTENING: KING EDWARD VII. BAPTISED IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, JANUARY 25, 1842.

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From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.,] [*in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.*

THE KING'S WEDDING: MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, MARCH 10, 1863.

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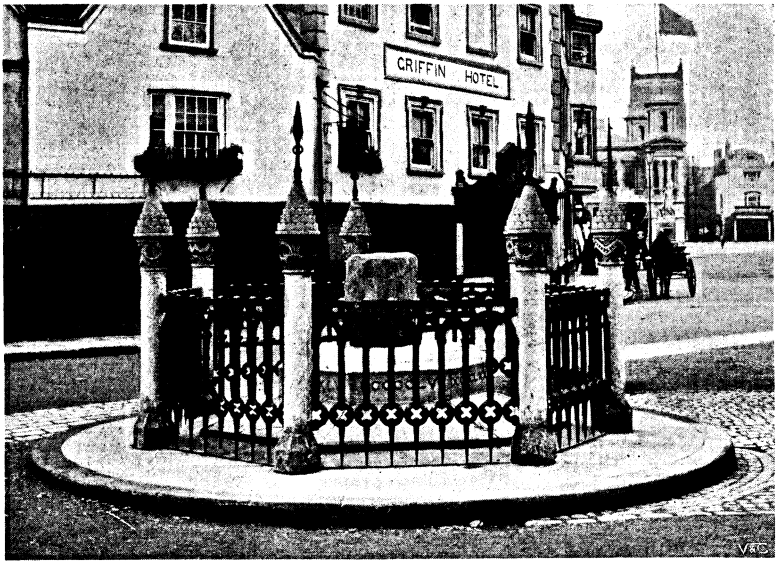
SOME DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF PAST CORONATIONS.

By A. H. Brown and J. Wishart Brown.

ALTHOUGH in the matter of the ceremonial observed at English Coronations, a most remarkable similarity has been preserved from very early ages down to the present day, a special interest nevertheless attaches to each separate Coronation, for not only has the character of the Monarch been pretty plainly shown by the scale on which he held his Coronation, whether lavish and ostentatious or the reverse, but, in addition to this, the form which the rejoicings of the people took on such occasions sheds an interesting light on the manner in which the nation has progressed. The childish pageants, for instance, which delighted all eyes at Queen Elizabeth's Coronation would be laughed at now as the merest folly, and the same fate would undoubtedly overtake many of the other amusements provided in past times to secure the favour of the people for the new Monarch.

Special incidents, anecdotes, and omens are related of most of the Coronations, and make more interesting reading for the general public than the dry-as-dust accounts of the various ceremonies which faithful eye-witnesses have taken the trouble to describe for the benefit of future generations.

After a study of English Coronations, one cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the most gorgeous and ostentatious of these ceremonies were not always by any means the most popular, and that the true character of the Monarch seemed to determine the success or non-success of the Coronation much more than the mere amount of glare and glitter connected with it. At some of the very grandest, the people preserved the attitude of interested but apathetic onlookers, while at others of a much simpler nature they threw themselves into the rejoicings with a genuineness which was unmistakable.



THE SAXON CORONATION STONE AT KINGSTON.

The Coronations on this stone of seven Saxon kings are definitely known: 924, Athelstan; 940, Edmund; 946, Edred; 959, Edgar; 975, Edward the Martyr; 978, Ethelred II.; 1016, Edmund II. Under each of the columns enclosing the railings is a penny of each of these kings.

In olden days kings were not wont to wait a year or more to receive the round and top of sovereignty upon their brows. Indeed, the rite was so highly esteemed as necessary for the sanction and security of the new ruler that in some instances the heir was crowned in his father's lifetime. Coronation, except in the cases of Edward I., who was absent in the Holy Land when his father died, and of the infant Henry VI., took place at a date varying only between a few days and a few months from a demise of the Crown; and this not only in the case of disputable successions, such as those of Henry I., Henry V., Mary, Elizabeth, and

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Anne, but in all simple cases, such as those of Edward II., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Charles I., when there was no shadow of pretender in the field. Edward V., alone of all our kings, went to his grave uncrowned.

Several of our old Anglo-Saxon kings were crowned at Kingston-on-Thames, where the ancient Coronation Stone is still carefully preserved, and authorities now agree in thinking that the first Coronation which took place in Westminster Abbey was that of Harold II., in the year 1066. On that marvellous work of art, the Bayeux tapestry, a faithful representation is shown of Harold's Coronation and of his death at the Battle of Hastings. In the same year, on Christmas Day, William the Conqueror was also crowned in the Abbey.

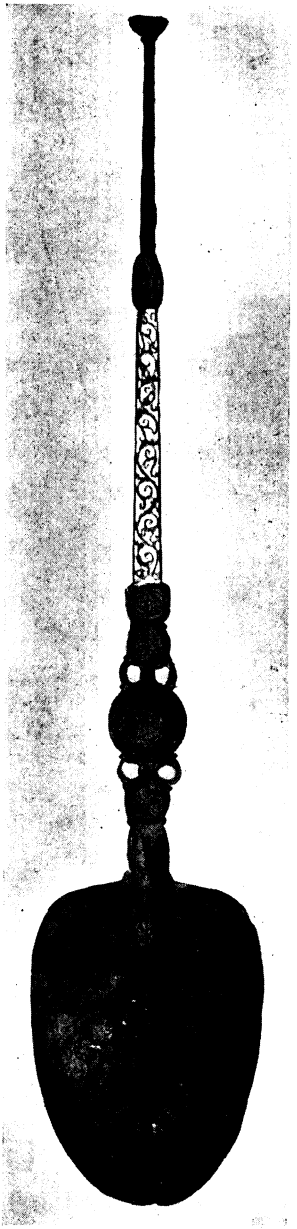
The Coronation of William II. was without any features of especial interest, but that of his successor was remarkable in that it was made the occasion of a solemn condemnation of the misdeeds of the previous Sovereign.

Stephen was crowned by William Corboil, and the ceremony was noteworthy in that it was attended by "no abbots and scarcely any of the nobility."

COVER OF THE BOOK ON WHICH THE ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS FROM HENRY VIII. HAVE TAKEN THE CORONATION OATH.

The Coronation ceremonial of Henry II. and his Queen Eleanor was distinguished mainly by the sumptuous magnificence of the dresses; at this Coronation ecclesiastics were for the first time to be seen dressed in robes of silk and velvet worked with gold, in imitation of the Greek Church.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion was crowned twice, for the second time on his return from the Crusades, to make sure of his claim to the sovereignty usurped by John.



THE CORONATION SPOON WHICH HAS BEEN USED IN THE ANOINTING OF ALL ENGLISH MONARCHS SINCE THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

Coronations have not always been free from a painful element; great loss of life, chiefly owing to riots, has marred the splendour of more than one. Perhaps the saddest Coronation, looked at from this point of view, was that of Richard I., in 1189, when a terrible massacre of the Jews took place. The King had given orders on the preceding day that neither Jews nor women should be present at the solemnity. Unfortunately, in spite of this, a number of Jews, anxious to conciliate the favour of the new Monarch, endeavoured to

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PRINCE HAL (AFTERWARDS HENRY V.), PREMATURELY REMOVING THE CROWN FROM HIS DYING FATHER'S PILLOW.

gain admittance to the Abbey, so that they might present him with some magnificent gifts. They were repulsed by the royal attendants, and a rumour immediately spread through the crowd that the King had commanded them to be put to death. Under this impression, an old writer tells us, "the unruely people, falling uppon the Jews with staves, battes, and stones, beate them to their houses, and after assayling them therein, sette them on fire, and burnt them in their houese, or slewe them at their coming out." King Richard, to his honour be it said, showed his abhorrence of this dreadful tumult by causing the ringleaders to be arrested and executed on the following day.

John, in addition to being crowned in Westminster Abbey, was crowned King of Ireland by his father, with permission from the Pope, who sent a crown of peacock's feathers and gold for the ceremony. The crown John lost in the Wash shortly before his death was probably a diadem such as kings wore habitually until the end of the Plantagenets, not the crown of St. Edward, which was guarded in the Treasury of Westminster

HENRY VI. CROWNED KING OF FRANCE, AT NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, IN PARIS.

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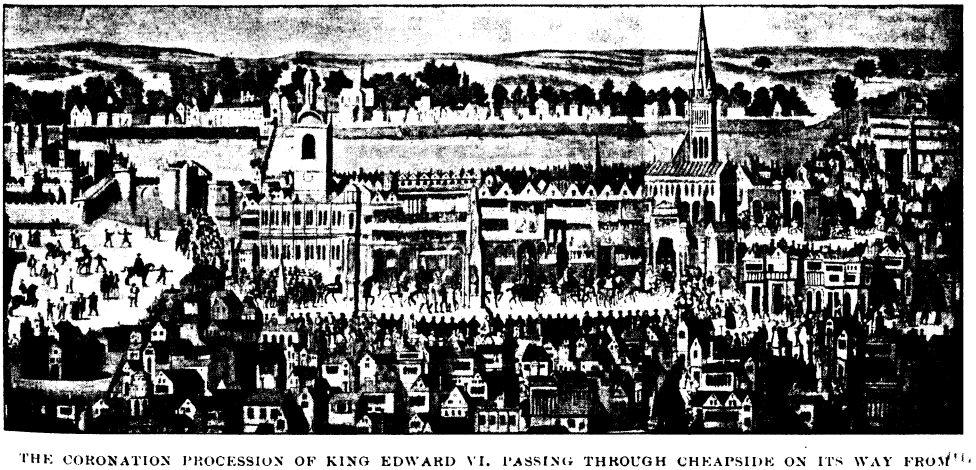
THE CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN WITH THE CROWN OF ST. EDWARD.

Abbey. Yet neither was that crown available for the Coronation of Henry III., for the Abbey was in possession of the Dauphin, and Henry was crowned speedily at Gloucester with a simple chaplet, without anointing. In 1220, when the Abbey was recovered, he was crowned anew and anointed, May 17. Then he asked Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln, what was the special grace of unction, perhaps wondering how he had done without it for four years. He was told that it conferred the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost, as in Confirmation.

Edward I.'s was the first Coronation in the Abbey we know, as rebuilt by his father on the Confessor's foundation. Eight years later he hung up at the shrine of the Confessor the golden coronet of Llewellyn, last Prince of Wales. In 1296 he set the Stone of Destiny under the ancient throne of St. Edward. His ill-fated son, Edward II., sat upon it at Westminster, first of the long line of English sovereigns who have been crowned upon it since.

Edward at the same time carried off the Scottish crown, taken, says Wyntown, from



THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF KING EDWARD VI. PASSING THROUGH CHEAPSIDE ON ITS WAY FROM THE TOWER TO WESTMINSTER.

From a contemporary painting formerly at Cowdroy.

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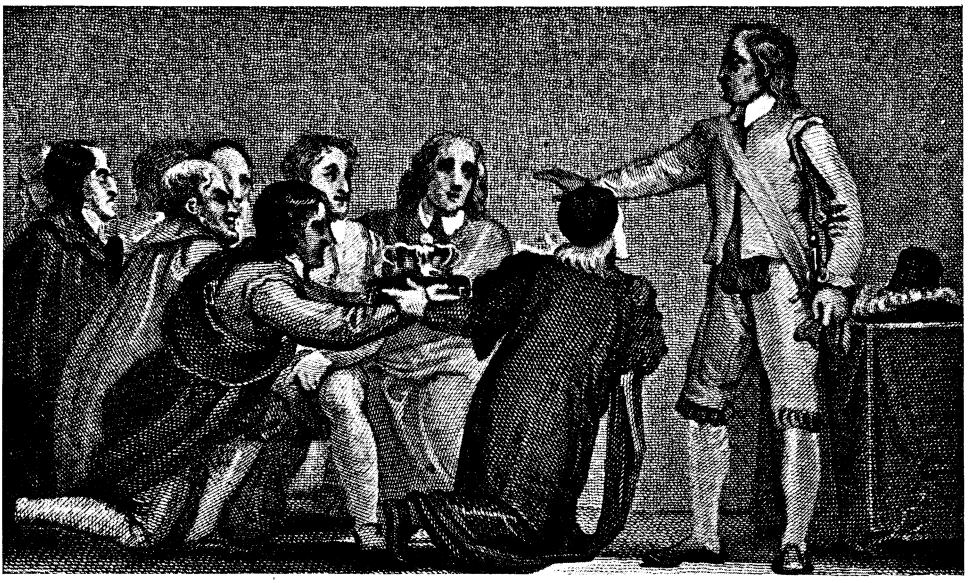

OLIVER CROMWELL REJECTING THE CROWN.

the very person of John Balliol when he surrendered after his defeat at Dunbar.

No feature of especial note distinguished the Coronation of the third Edward, who was, of course, crowned during his father's lifetime.

At the Coronation of Richard II., Dymoke the Champion first appeared. Innovations seemed to bring bad luck. In the seventh year of his reign Richard pledged the crown and regalia of England to the City of London for £2,000. Struggles with peasants and barons, disastrous foreign wars, led on to his deposition in 1399, when his cousin, Henry of Lancaster, assumed the crown. Like other usurpers, Henry tried to sanctify his treason by special sanctities of ceremony. Coronation was anticipated too hastily by his wild son, Prince Hal, who, taking one of his father's deep swoons for death, picked up the crown from his bedside and set it on his own head. The old man's protest when he discovers his loss has been commemorated by Shakespeare in these memorable and pathetic lines :—

"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee."

On the shrine of Henry V., at Westminster, a representation may be seen of that monarch at the moment when the crown is being placed on his head.

Never did the touch of oil and crown work such miracle as in the case of that "mad prince." Like Richard I., he was crowned in the midst of a thunderstorm, in a dark and trembling Abbey. It was Passion Sunday, April 9. In that moment he was transformed from the riotous Hal of Eastcheap and the highway to the Christian hero of Agincourt.

His little son, Henry VI., was not crowned King of England until 1429, seven years after his father's death. But he was still barely in his ninth year when he was crowned with much state and ceremony in Westminster Abbey. It is pathetic to read of the little King sitting at the head of the great banqueting-table. When only eleven years of age he was crowned once more at Notre Dame, as King of France.

What may be described as the most ghastly Coronation on record took place in this reign, when Henry's wife, Margaret of Anjou, caused the head of the Duke of York, who was slain at the Battle of Wakefield, to be cut off, and then in derision held a paper crown over it.

Edward IV. was crowned at Westminster on the deposition of Henry VI., the ceremony being performed by Archbishop—afterwards Cardinal—Bouchier.

Edward V., as has been already remarked, was the only one of our kings who was never crowned.

It has been asserted that the Coronation of Richard III. was actually attended by

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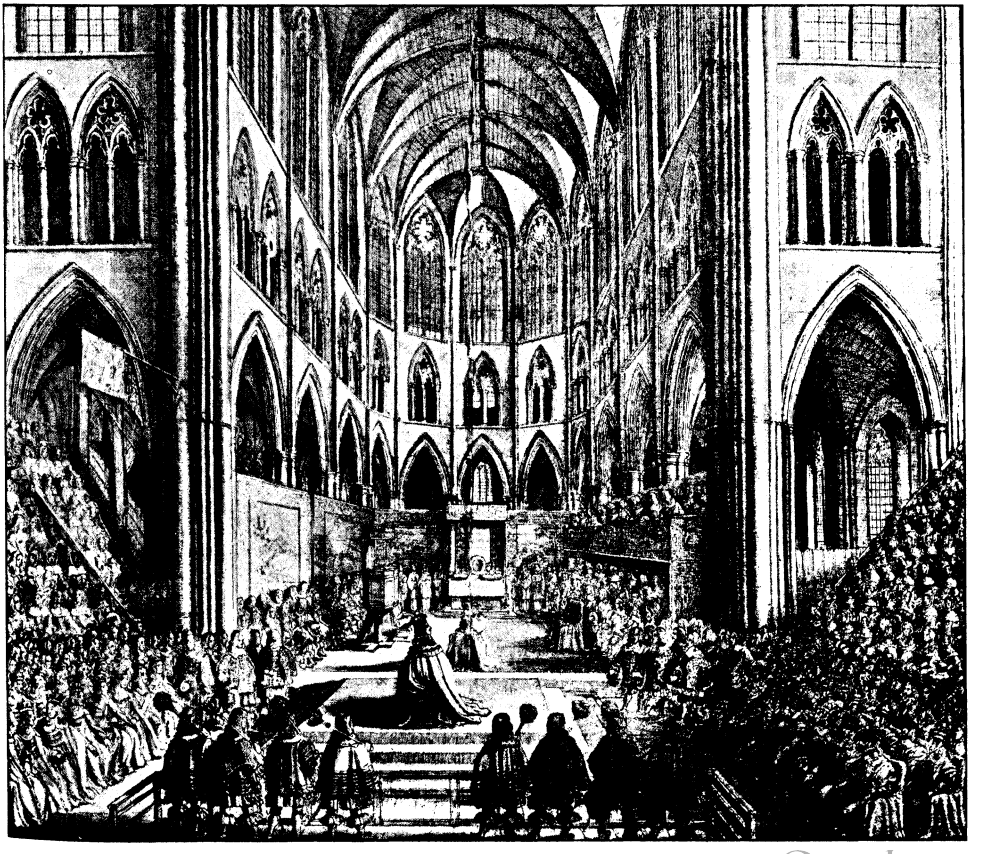
Edward V. himself, though it is impossible to ascertain the truth of the statement. Shortly after his accession Richard made a journey to York, where he was "a second tyme crowned."

Then followed the wars of the Roses, which ended with the picking up of Richard's fallen diadem on Bosworth field and its placing by Sir John Stanley on the head of victorious Richmond, who thus became Henry VII., a formal Coronation afterwards taking place in Westminster Abbey.

The next monarch, Henry VIII., was fond of shows and gaudy display of every kind. "These exhibitions," we are told of his Coronation, "were sufficiently absurd and puerile—the personages of which the pageants were composed still consisting of a rabble-rout of giants, dragons, hobby-horses, monsters, virtues, vices, religious personifications, and the Nine Worthies, as in much earlier times; and the common accompaniments of the show being the hissing and blazing of fireworks, the pealing of bells, the thundering of ordnance, and the deafening clangour of all kinds of music."

Edward VI. was only ten years old when he had to undergo the ordeal of Coronation; but in his case some consideration was shown for his youth, and many of the wearisome ceremonies were mercifully dispensed with. His demeanour and self-possession seem to have been most remarkable. When the three swords of his three kingdoms were carried before him, he observed that there was one awanting, and called for the Bible. "That," he said, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us who use these for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing, we can do nothing."

Dickens, in his "Child's History of England," describes the Coronation of Mary, the first female sovereign of the realm, in a few terse sentences. "Mary was now crowned Queen. She was thirty-seven years of age, short and stout, wrinkled in the face, and very unhealthy. But she had a great liking



THE ENTHRONING OF KING CHARLES II.

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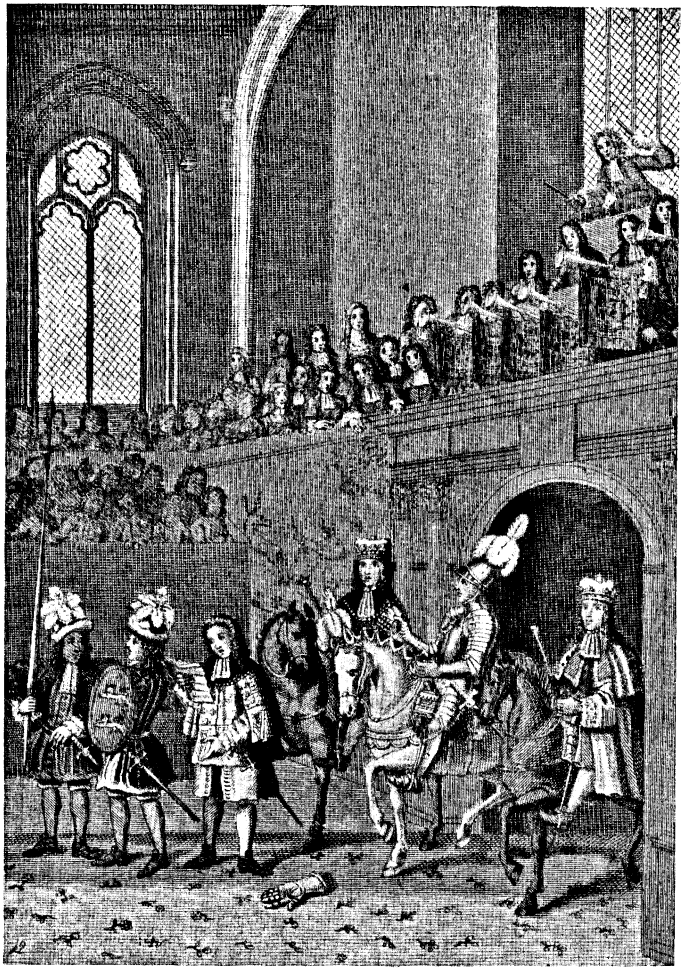

CORONATION OF KING JAMES II.: THE KING'S CHAMPION PERFORMING THE CEREMONY OF THE CHALLENGE IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

for show and for bright colours, and all the ladies of her Court were magnificently dressed. She had a great liking, too, for old customs, without much sense in them, and she was oiled in the oldest way, and blessed in the oldest way, and done all manner of things to in the oldest way, at her Coronation. I hope they did her good." Grafton describes Mary's procession through London previous to her Coronation, and tells us that "at the upper end of Gracechurch Street there was a pageant made by the Florentines. It was very high, and on the top thereof stood four pictures; and in the midst of them, and in the highest, there stood an angel all in green, with a trumpet in his hand; and when the trumpeter, who stood secretly within the pageant, did sound his trumpet, the angel did put his trumpet to his mouth, as though it had been the same that had sounded."

Similar pageants were the chief characteristic of Elizabeth's Coronation, a large number of which were shown on the streets as she drove in her state carriage from the Tower to Westminster.

Great preparations were made for the Coronation of Elizabeth's successor, James I., who determined that everything connected with it should be on a scale of the greatest magnificence. He took a month to travel to London from Scotland, showering titles and honours with a lavish hand all the way. Yet, in spite of great expectations, this Coronation was one of the quietest on record. The plague was raging in London at the time, and the procession had in consequence to be abandoned, the King going by water to Westminster; while, for fear of spreading the infection, a proclamation was issued forbidding all persons except the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and twelve principal citizens of London to attend the ceremony.

Many unlucky incidents are said to have marked the Coronation of that unfortunate monarch, Charles I. No doubt the only one of these which he himself considered so was the absolute refusal of his wife, Queen Henrietta Maria, to share in the Coronation, owing to her religious prejudices. The King entreated her to be present in the Abbey even as a spectator, but this she refused to do with an obstinacy for which the people of England never forgave her. She contented herself with viewing the procession from a window at Whitehall. When Laud presented the King to the people, in the formal speech ending with the words, "And therefore I desire you, by your general acclamation, to testify your consent and willingness thereunto," strange and unaccountable as it seems, not a voice nor a cheer answered. There was a death-like silence. At length

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THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.: THE KING'S HERBWOMAN AND HER SIX MAIDS STREWING FLOWERS.

the Earl-Marshal told the spectators they should cry, "'God save King Charles!' And they then did so." The fact that the King chose to be crowned in white robes, rather than in purple, was looked upon as extremely unlucky, and even the text of the Coronation sermon, "I will give thee a crown of life," was looked upon as putting the King in mind of his death. Further, distinct tremors as of an earthquake were said to have been felt during the solemnity, and when Sir Edward Zouch was proclaiming the King at the "court-gate" at Theobald's, instead of "indubitable," he said "dubitable heir to the throne."

A feature of the Coronation of Charles I. was the refusal of rebellious Scotland to send her ancient crown to London at the bidding of the new King, who was compelled to journey to Edinburgh, that he might wear it. He was crowned King of Scots at Holyrood on June 18, 1633.

Cromwell's installation as Protector closely resembled a Coronation ceremony, but without its most important element—the crown, which, with the offer of the title of King, he had so sternly refused from his Second Parliament. The element of pageantry was also, of course, entirely absent from the occasion.

Charles II. was crowned at Scone on the first day of 1651. Then came fresh tumult

THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.: THE KING IN HIS ROYAL ROBES, WEARING A "CAP OF ESTATE," AND WITH TRAIN BORNE BY EIGHT ELDEST SONS OF PEERS, ASSISTED BY THE MASTER OF THE ROBES.

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and war, and the victorious advance of Cromwell upon Scotland, so that the custodians of the "honours" of the King's Scottish Coronation, fearing they might share the fate of the English regalia, which had already been despoiled by the Roundheads, transported them to Dunottar Castle and the care of the Earl-Mareschal of Scotland. For their defence, too, artillery was carried there, and Ogilvy of Barras was placed in command of the guard.

But Dunottar soon became unsafe from the victorious English arms, and Ogilvy was vainly urged to send the "honours" to some Highland castle. On January 3, 1652, General Lambert blockaded Dunottar. The Dowager Countess-Mareschal and Mrs. Ogilvy then craftily, with a pass from Lambert himself, admitted to the Castle the minister's wife of Knieff, a parish four or five miles off. This lady carried away the crown, her maid following with the sword and sceptre concealed in bundles of lint. They passed safely through the English army, Lambert himself having put the minister's wife on her horse! The regalia were then safely deposited in a hole dug at night by the loyal minister under the pavement of Knieff Church, where they remained until the Restoration, in spite of the severe punishment which fell upon the Ogilvys from the furious Roundheads when they found their prize castle bereft of its most interesting treasures. New regalia were made for the Coronation of Charles II. at Westminster Abbey in 1661.

Charles II. was careful that his Coronation should take place previous to his marriage with Catherine of Braganza, so that the trouble his father had been involved in, owing to the Queen's refusal to be crowned, might in his own case be avoided.

THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE IV.: THE CEREMONY OF THE HOMAGE.

The Coronation of James II. is particularly interesting from the fact that at it many ancient customs which had fallen into disuse were revived at the King's desire. This unhappy King was most particular regarding all the details and arrangements for the ceremony, and instructed Sandford, the Lancaster Herald, to prepare a book, with plates, descriptive of his Coronation, so that it might form a precedent for all succeeding ones.

One of the most picturesque customs revived by James was that of having flowers

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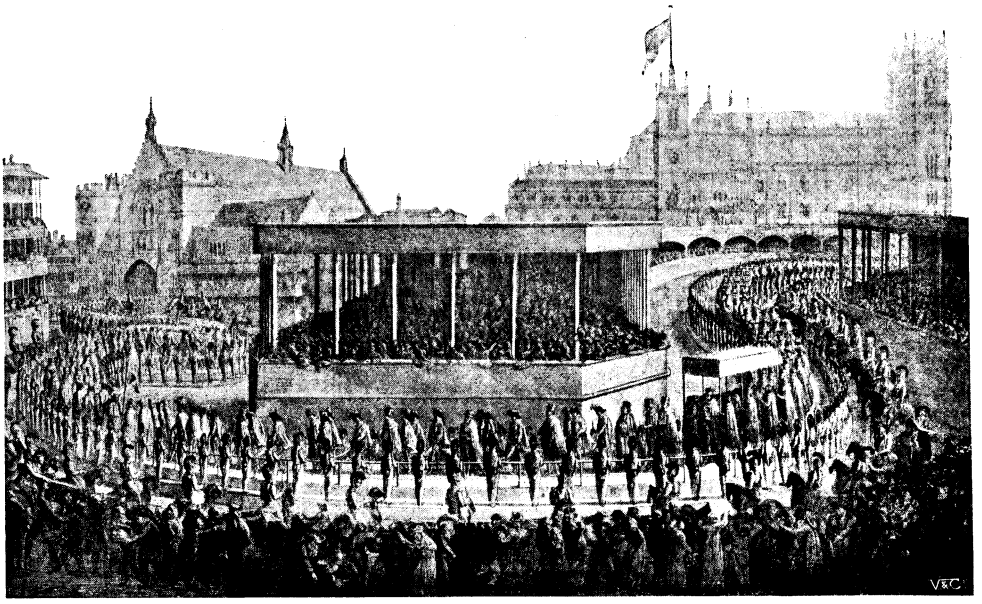
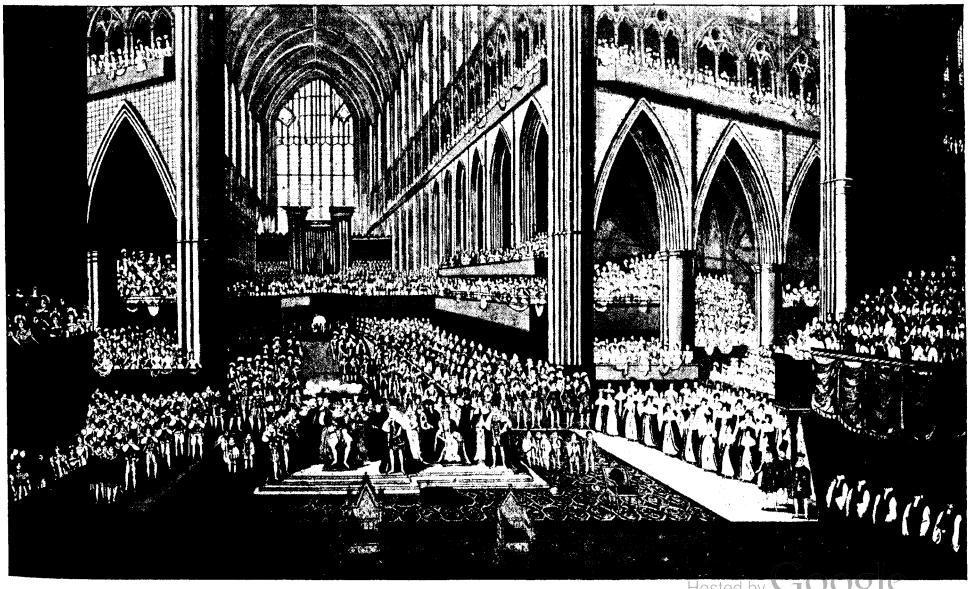


THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF KING GEORGE IV.

"To give a more extensive view of the procession, the platform is represented without its roof."

strewn before the royal procession by herb-women. Miss Strickland tells us that "baskets, containing two bushels of flowers and sweet herbs each, were carried—no light weight for the fair strewers—two women to every basket, and nine basketfuls were strewn. As it was April," she continues, "we may presume that violets, primroses, pansies, bluebells, and jonquils, with stores of sweet-briar sprigs and other herbs of grace, formed the staple commodity, over which the gold-broidered slippers of the Queen and her noble attendants trod daintily on that proud day as they proceeded from the Hall to the western entrance of the Abbey."

The beautiful Queen Consort of James II., Mary of Modena, was crowned along with him, and her presence must have added



THE CORONATION OF KING WILLIAM IV. AND QUEEN ADELAIDE.

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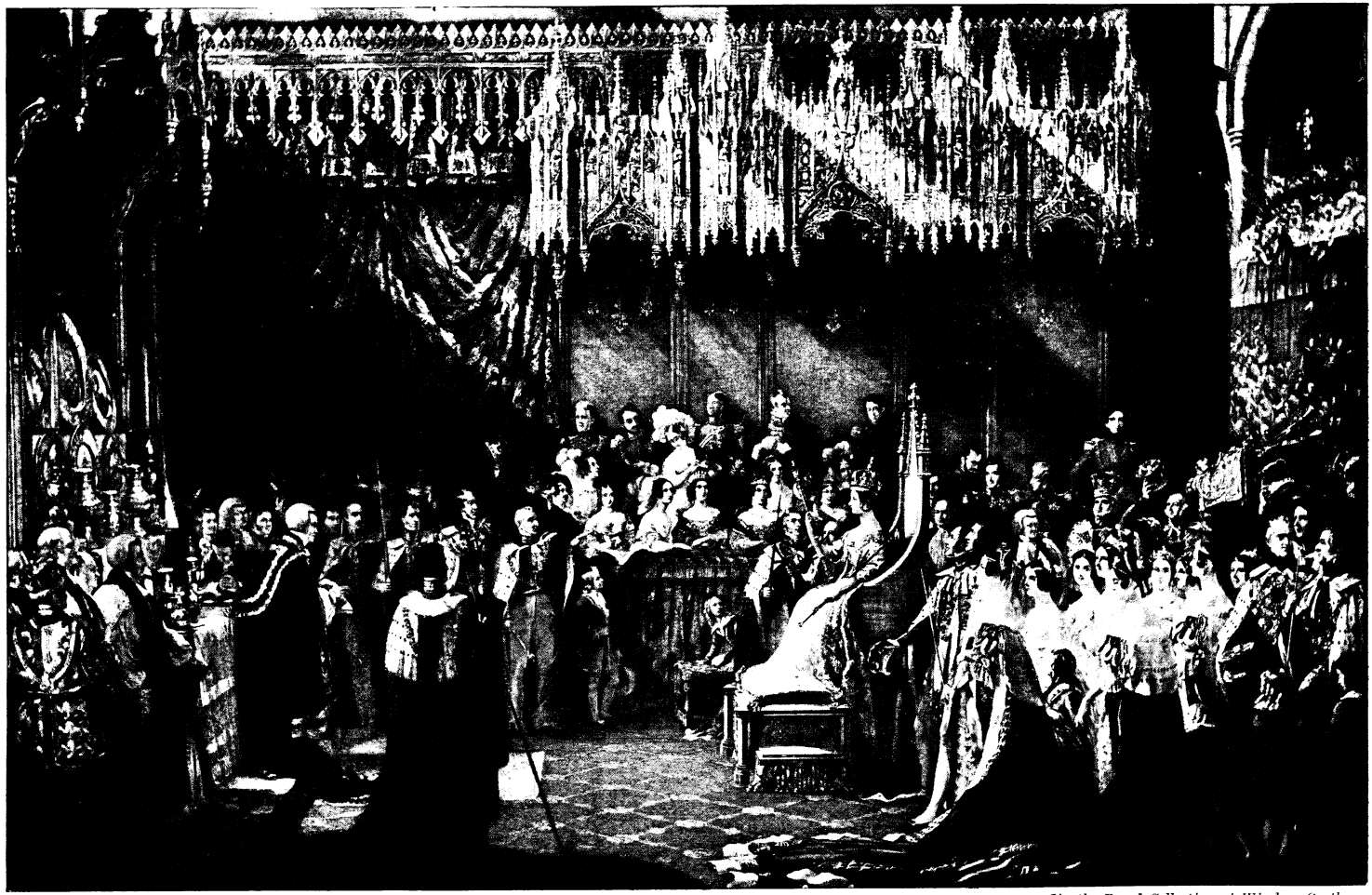

From the painting by Sir George Hayter, R.A.,] [*In the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.*

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

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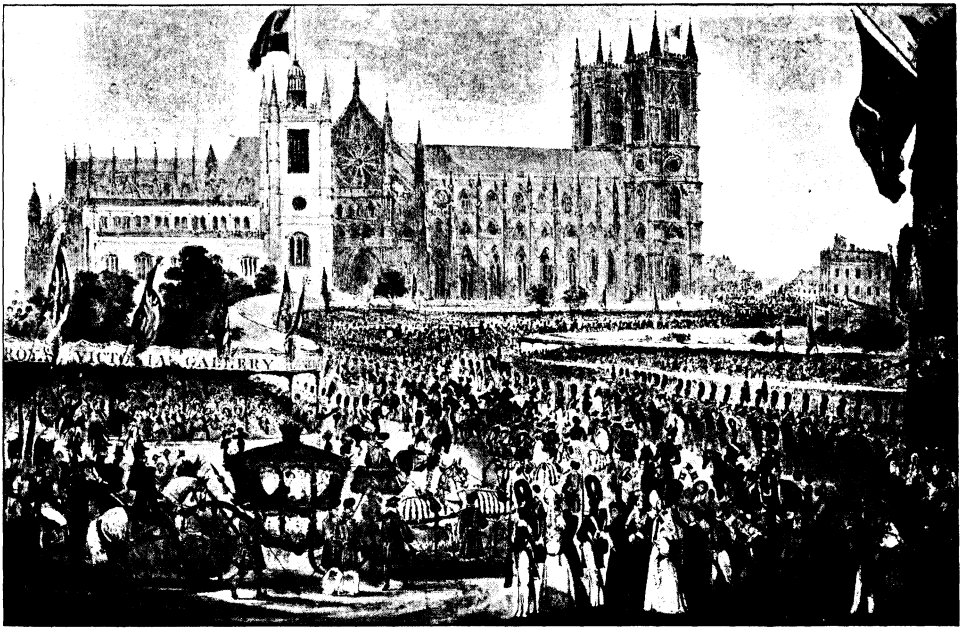
greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. She was extremely popular at the time of her Coronation, chiefly owing to the fact that, in honour of the occasion, she had liberated all those persons in prison for small debts; from Newgate alone eighty prisoners were discharged. King James, according to an ancient observance, washed the feet of fifty-two poor men, on the Maundy Thursday previous to the Coronation, which took place in Easter week. He seems to have made every effort to make his Coronation a success in the truest sense of the word; yet, according to many contemporary writers, unlucky incidents were plentiful at it, which, regarded at the time as evil omens, were held to have been only too truly fulfilled in later years.

The King, with what seems a praiseworthy unselfishness, was most anxious that his Consort's crown should be of the most magnificent description—it cost, when completed, the princely sum of £111,900—but he utterly neglected to see to his own, with the result that it did not fit him properly, and at the Coronation was continually slipping from his head. Mr. Henry Sidney, who prevented it from falling off by supporting it with his hand, remarked pleasantly to the King that "it was not the first time his family had supported the Crown." By a strange irony of fate this gentleman was the first to join in the conspiracy against James in favour of King William.

At the banquet most of the curious customs of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns were revived by James. One of the most curious of these was the tasting of the dishes. The Master of the Horse officiated as Sergeant of the Silver Scullery, and went in person to the kitchen, where, "having called for a dish of meat, he wiped the bottom of the dish and also the cover, within and without, tasted it, covered it, and caused it to be conveyed to the royal table, and, attended by a procession of all the great officers of the household, including the Earl Marshal with his rod, the Lord High Steward with his white staff, the Lord High Constable with his constable's staff, rode up the Hall on horseback, preceding the first course."



THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.
From a drawing by Champion.

The mess of grout was presented to their Majesties by the Lord of the Manor of Addington, who was knighted for his service. This dish consisted of a sort of coarse meal boiled in water till soft, and then mixed with mace, wine, sugar, and currants. It was served in a bowl with toast laid round it, cut into narrow pieces.

There was a certain tragic element con-

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nected with the Coronation of the joint sovereigns, William and Mary, which marked it out from all others. Just as the King and Queen had finished robing, and the procession was about to be formed in Westminster Hall, the alarming news arrived that James II. had landed in Ireland, and Mary at the same time received a terrible letter of denunciation from the exiled father whose throne she had usurped. "If," he wrote, "she were crowned while he and the Prince of Wales were living, the curse of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who has commanded duty to parents." This letter caused some bitter words to pass between the King and Queen, and they must have gone through all the gorgeous ceremonies of the day with heavy and anxious hearts. Little wonder that Mary looked hot and flustered, and that her sister Anne is reported to have said to her, "Madam, I pity your fatigue," a sympathy not well received, for the Queen replied sharply, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems."

In the Abbey an awkward pause in the ceremony took place when the offering of twenty guineas was about to be taken and their Majesties were already kneeling at the altar. The envelope which ought to have contained the money was found to be empty, and no one could supply the loss, till at length Lord Danby came to the rescue and counted out twenty sovereigns from his own purse into the gold basin. It is also related that an old woman on crutches accepted the challenge at the banquet, and threw down a lady's glove, containing a note appointing time and place in Hyde Park.

The shortness of the King in comparison with the Queen must have had rather a ludicrous effect. Dean Stanley tells us that there were many peculiarities in the spectacle. "The short King and the tall Queen walked side by side (under the same canopy), not as King and Consort, but as joint sovereigns, with the sword of state between them."

The Coronation of William III. and his Queen approximated so nearly to that of the former reign that little need be said of it. Evelyn, however, remarks that "much of the splendour of the proceeding was abated by the absence of divers who have contributed to it, there being but five bishops, four judges (no more being yet sworn) and several noblemen and great ladies wanting."

At the Coronation of Queen Anne the curious spectacle was seen of the Monarch being carried at some parts of the procession in a low armchair, for, though a comparatively young woman, the Queen was already a great sufferer from gout. Her husband, Prince George of Denmark, was the first to offer her homage in exactly the same form as the other nobility. It was said that this was done intentionally, to show that the Queen "had no intention of conferring upon him the crown matrimonial."

One very unpleasant incident marked this Coronation, which, with this exception, was a most successful one in every way. The entire plate used at the banquet, and an immense quantity of valuable table-linen, were stolen by a number of audacious thieves.

Nothing of special interest marks the Coronation of George I., except that, as he was unable to speak English, and scarcely anyone round him could speak German, recourse had to be had to Latin. As all the various ceremonies had to be laboriously explained to him in this language, the Coronation was consequently a long and tedious affair with many interruptions. In connection with this a common joke among the people at the time was that much *bad language* had passed between the King and his ministers on the day of the Coronation. The wife of George I., like the wife of his descendant, George IV., was not permitted to take any part in the great celebration, but was left a prisoner in Germany, where she remained in captivity for thirty years.

The Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline was also of a somewhat uninteresting nature, and, indeed, it is said that the King himself grew heartily tired of all the forms and ceremonies, and retired very early from the Coronation banquet.

With the exception of one pearl necklace, Queen Caroline had not a single crown jewel to adorn herself with, thanks to the lavish manner in which George I. had bestowed these on his favourites. In this emergency the Queen borrowed largely from the nobility and Jews, and her Coronation robes are said to have been literally blazing with gems. "So," said Lord Hervey, "the appearance and the truth of her finery was a mixture of magnificence and meanness."

One of the most popular Coronations which has ever taken place in England was that of George III. It was immediately preceded by his marriage, and the enthusiastic loyalty of the people for their Sovereign and his youthful bride was still at its height when the Coronation took place. The procession

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT AFTER HER CORONATION, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From the painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A., in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

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from Westminster Hall to the Abbey was a magnificent and impressive one, and so intense was the anxiety of the people to get even a glimpse of it, that many of the windows on the route, and seats in temporary erections, called "Coronation theatres," brought exorbitant prices; yet many speculators lost heavily by foolishly demanding fabulous sums which no one felt inclined to pay.

Immediately before the Coronation took place there was the curious feature of a strike of the workmen engaged at the Abbey, and also of the chairmen and drivers of hired vehicles, the latter declaring "that if there were a sight worth seeing, the full dressed public might get to it how they could, they should not ride to it, and that not a hired vehicle of any description should ply on the streets at all on the day in question." The chairmen's strike was caused by the authorities threatening to interfere with their scale of charges, which was to be enormously increased for the occasion. Matters were at length compromised by the sum of a guinea being fixed upon for a ride from the West End to the point nearest the Abbey. Many of the unfortunate fares were, however, taken no further than Charing Cross, and had to fight their way from there as best they could on foot through the crowd, which was a particularly rough one.

Contemporary writers agree as to the magnificence of the spectacle in the Abbey; one quaintly remarks that it was "the finest exhibition of genteel people the world ever saw." Curiously enough, however, in spite of the elaborate preparations which had been made for the Coronation, some of the most important articles were forgotten, and the greatest confusion and delay occurred in Westminster Hall when their absence was discovered. These were, among others, the Sword of State, the state banqueting chairs, and the canopy. The sword of the Lord Mayor had to be borrowed for the occasion, and a canopy actually built by workmen at the time within Westminster Hall.

The ceremony of the Coronation was unmarked by any special incident except that the King showed a praiseworthy and devout spirit in asking his crown to be removed while he took the Holy Sacrament, a request which was granted after some discussion. It was considered an evil omen that while the King was moving with the crown on his head, the great diamond fell out of it on to the ground.

The Coronation ceremony in the Abbey lasted six hours, and the return to Westminster Hall was, in consequence, so late that the unfortunate people waiting there were left for a time in total darkness, as the Hall was not lit up till the King entered.

Sixty haunches of venison, in addition to a great quantity of all sorts of game, were consumed at the great banquet, 120 dishes being served up to the King's table at three different times. We can imagine, therefore, the chagrin of the poor Knights of Bath when it was found that by some oversight no table had been provided for them, and they were left with nothing to satisfy their natural cravings but an apology and a smell of the good things! The ladies in the galleries were determined, however, that they should have a more satisfying share in the feast, and with praiseworthy enterprise and ingenuity they "clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together—nay, even garters were united for the same purpose—to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine." Some had been so providential as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like prisoners' boxes at Ludgate or the Gate-House, with a "Pray remember the poor."

A very curious rumour got abroad at the time, that the young Pretender, Charles Stuart, was present at the banquet in the disguise of a woman, and when the Champion threw down his gauntlet for the third time, and a small white glove fell from among the spectators, this incident was at once connected with Prince Charles, many believing that it was he who had thrown it. From want of sufficient proof, however, this story was ultimately entirely discredited.

If George III.'s Coronation was the most popular, George IV.'s may be said to have been the most gorgeous ever witnessed in England. It is said to have surpassed all others in magnificence and extravagant display, and it is easy to believe that this was the case when we learn that it cost the nation the enormous sum of £250,000.

George IV. was by no means a favourite of the people when he came to the throne, and a natural wish to gain their favour, and also a strong inclination to gratify his own love of display, led him to make his Coronation one of peculiar splendour. His own dress for the occasion caused him the most intense anxiety, and when the costly garments were at length completed, he is said to have ordered one of his servants to put them on and walk up and down, so that he might feast his eyes on their magnificence.

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Sir Walter Scott was greatly impressed by the solemnity and grandeur of the scene in the Abbey. "The effect," he says, "was beyond measure magnificent." Yet, in spite of its grandeur and display, the Coronation of George IV. raised much less enthusiasm among the people than many a plainer and less pretentious one had done in former years. Few could forget the King's unhappy wife, Queen Caroline, who was shut out from all participation in the brilliant events of the day, for, in spite of all her faults, this unfortunate woman had many sympathisers among the masses. Their indignation at her treatment was raised to fever heat when, on driving to the Abbey, she was actually refused admittance even as an ordinary spectator; and when, covered with humiliation, she was forced to return to her carriage, it is little wonder that her supporters in the crowd threw all prudence to the winds, and that great riots ensued, many magnificent mansions being burned to the ground by the infuriated mob. The Queen never recovered from the shock, and died a month later. At her funeral serious riots again took place.

Another unfortunate incident of the Coronation which the superstitious were not slow to make note of was the fact that while the Lord High Steward, the Marquis of Anglesea, was carrying the crown, it slipped out of his hands, and he had barely time to catch it before it reached the ground.

The King, although the central figure at the great festival, was yet, as Dr. Doran says, "very far from being first in consequence, or the foremost man in the people's love." Mr. Rush, the American Ambassador, who was present, describes very graphically the greatest event of the day, the only one which roused genuine enthusiasm. "When," he says, "the Champion appeared at the opposite extremity of the Hall, directly in front of the King, nothing was seen at first but tufts of plumes waving from the horse's head and his own helmet. Startling emotion arose in every bosom. Curiosity was breathless to see what was coming. He was attended by Howard of Effingham, and by Anglesea, and by another greater than them all—the Duke of Wellington."

The next Coronation, that of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, did not cost more than £40,000, only about one-fifth of the preceding one, for this King was as economical as George IV. was extravagant, and both endeavoured to please the people in accordance with their own private inclinations. The procession and the banquet, the most expensive parts of a Coronation, were dispensed with, but in spite of this the enthusiasm of the people is said to have been greater than on any former occasion. As a proof of this the very poorest localities were illuminated in the evening at the expense of the people themselves, while at George IV.'s Coronation, as a rule, only the official buildings and offices were illuminated. William was affectionately called by the people the "Sailor King," and one of the most popular songs of the day, entitled, "Our King is a True British Sailor," was sung with the greatest enthusiasm in all the theatres.

In Westminster Abbey seating accommodation was provided, by means of temporary erections, for 5,300 people. On entering the nave there were boxes covered with crimson cloth extending far back, and also temporary galleries were suspended from the vaultings. Macaulay was seated in the gallery for the House of Commons, and gives a bright, but not altogether flattering, description of the ceremony. After commenting on the brilliant effect produced by the procession entering the Abbey, "All down that immense vista of gloomy arches there was one blaze of scarlet and gold," he goes on to say: "The Queen behaved admirably, with wonderful grace and dignity. The King very awkwardly. The Duke of Devonshire looked as if he came to be crowned, instead of his master. I never saw so princely a manner and air. The Chancellor looked like Mephistopheles behind Margaret in the church. The ceremony was much too long, and some parts of it were carelessly performed. The Archbishop mumbled. The Bishop of London preached well enough, but not so effectively as the occasion required; and, above all, the bearing of the King made the foolish parts of the ritual appear monstrously ridiculous, and deprived many of the better parts of their proper effect."

The incidents connected with Queen Victoria's Coronation are too well known to require repetition here, so much having been recently written on the subject. The enthusiastic love and loyalty of the populace for their youthful Sovereign, rather than the splendour of the ceremony, may be said to have been the distinguishing feature of this the last, and probably the most interesting, of all the Coronations which have yet taken place in England.

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THE CROWN IN HISTORY

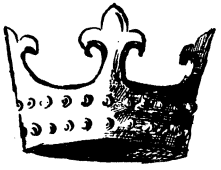
AND THE ROYAL CROWNS OF ENGLAND.

By E. CURRIE and ATHOL FORBES.

THERE must be marvellous fitness in the outward symbols which express the nature and place of royalty, that in these days of boastful democracy they should live on for love and honour. In divine right this nation, at least, no longer believes officially. The modern enthusiasm for the Crown and the dynasty is made less of devotion towards the institution and to hereditary right than of strong personal affection and admiration for the gifted woman who so long and so illustriously represented our ancient monarchy. In these days of photography and personal paragraphy there is little of the divinity of mysterious aloofness to hedge our royalty; strange, then, that in the democratic, parliamentarian England of this twentieth century the Crown should be not a dwindling phantom, but a growing power. The pendulum, violently struck democracyward in the seventeenth century, has already swung more than half-way back. But the Coronation itself has become less of a rite and more of a pageant—the decoration, not the conferring of royalty. The splendour is the thing, not the grace; and therefore there is adopted a length of preparation unknown until the inauguration of George III., in 1761—unknown save for a century and a half out of one thousand and more years of royalty.

I.—CROWN WORN BY WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

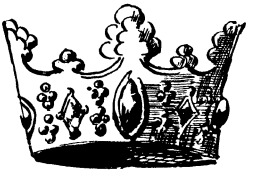
In older days coronation was almost a sacrament, and therefore simpler. Being necessary, speed, not show, was the first consideration. In other European monarchies—the few that still crown their sovereigns—there does remain what Dean Stanley called "the full primitive savour" about the rite, as in Russia and in Hungary, where St. Stephen's crown still invests the king with a national position.



II.—CROWN OF HENRY I.

The accompanying unction formerly set apart the ruler as imbued with special sanctity, "the grace of God." A king unanointed was hardly a king at all—merely a regent acting between the demise of the Crown and his own inauguration. So lately as the days of Louis Philippe, the Bretons protested that since that monarch was not crowned and anointed, he had no more right to exercise the functions of royalty than a candidate for holy orders had to exercise priestly functions before ordination.

The great sanctity and remoteness of royalty is evidenced by the anointing, which has always been the chief and sacramental feature of Christian coronations, following the precedent of the Jewish Mother-Church. The holy oil of unction with which priests and tabernacle, and then Saul and the kings, were anointed, which might not be used for any other purpose, or even imitated, was composed of myrrh and cassia, in equal proportions, of cinnamon and calamus, of equal proportions, half that of the preceding, and of olive oil, which has always been the chief element. According to the Roman and the old English pontificals of coronation, the chrism was used as well as the oil of catechumens, which was the same as the oil for the sick, but consecrated with different prayers. The king was anointed on the palms of the hands, the breast, between the shoulders, on the forearm, and on the crown of the head, with the oil of catechumens; then upon the forehead with the chrism, "the holiest thing on earth except the Blessed Sacrament," which was olive oil mixed with balsam. Then a white coif was placed over the anointed brows, that the holy chrism might suffer no desecration by touch or loss until seven days had dried it in.



III.—CROWN TYPICAL OF INCREASED ORNAMENTATION UNDER HENRY II., RICHARD I., AND JOHN.

The anointing of Saul was, no doubt, the following of prevalent contemporary custom,

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IV.—CROWN OF HENRY III.

V.—CROWN OF EDWARD II.

VI.—CROWN OF HENRY IV.

the making and marking of a king "like all the nations." To a Jew, as to a mediæval Christian, it also signified the sanctity of royalty, like that of priesthood. "The Lord hath anointed thee to be prince," said Samuel. The crown, which was the permanently visible sign of royalty, though not necessarily assumed or given with the unction, was also coeval with sovereignty. Crowned, Saul fell at Gilboa; and the Amalekite, who gave the *coup de grâ e* at his bidding, took the diadem from his head and carried it to David, to be slain for his pains, self-convicted of having slain the Lord's anointed.

The crown of David was made with horns of gold, probably intended to represent golden rays of holiness and splendour. It is, therefore, constantly alluded to as the horn of David—"Thou hast exalted my horn" (*cornu*). Contemporary crowns were doubtless of the same pattern as that of the emulative young kingdom of Israel. The horn of Moab was the crown of Moab. The horns of Moses originate in the crown of glory, the aureola or nimbus with which he returned from his high audience on Sinai. The horns of Daniel's visions and of the Apocalyptic beasts were all *cornu* crowns. "He hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David," is the hope of the coming Messiah to claim the crown of His great ancestor. The horns exist to this day in the points of crowns and coronets.

A fillet binding the brows was the next form of crown, though the ancient Persians wore tiaras. The first Roman crown, as worn by Tarquinius Priscus, fifth king, B.C. 616, was a fillet. "O cloth more noble than happy!" apostrophised an Antiochus, to whom the Jewish sovereignty had passed by Greek conquest. The simple fillet soon developed into a permanent golden circlet with golden leaves and flowers; then precious stuffs and stones were added; and so the garland grew into the crowns we know. Diadems or open crowns denoted feudatory royalty, as our Norman and Angevin kings were feudatories of France, as the Scottish kings were feudatories of England. The arches were imperial and independent. A prince "closed his crown" when he shook off dependence on a liege lord.

The republican glories of Greece and Rome probably put crowns out of fashion in favour of natural garlands of laurel and other symbolic foliage. It was in the decadent days of the Roman Empire that the imperial crown appeared, as if to lend such glory as symbol of splendour might shed upon waning power. It is uncertain whether it was Heliogabalus, Aurelian, or Constantine who reintroduced the gemmed diadem, presently set to encircle a cap under a half-arch of gold bearing a ball to symbolise the world, which was then the Roman Empire. Upon the ball Justinian set the cross—being the first emperor crowned by the Pope, at Constantinople, A.D. 525.

In 800 Charlemagne was crowned by Pope Leo III. Emperor of the West. The sacred crown of the Holy Roman Empire was shaped almost like a bishop's mitre,

VII.—CROWN OF HENRY V.

VIII.—CROWN ON THE SEAL OF EDWARD IV.

IX.—CROWN OF EDWARD IV., ALSO ON GREAT SEAL OF RICHARD III.

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rather lower and wider, with an aperture in front, backwards from which, and not from side to side, rose the semicircular arch of gold with its triumphant cross. Rudolph II. changed the imperial crown into a biretta, encircled by a diadem of four leaves with pearl-tipped points between. He added two

X.—CROWN OF HENRY VII.

XI.—CROWN ON THE GREAT SEAL OF HENRY VIII.

XII.—CROWN OF JAMES I. AND CHARLES I.

arches to the single arch with its globe and cross, and hung two ribbons or chains from the cap.

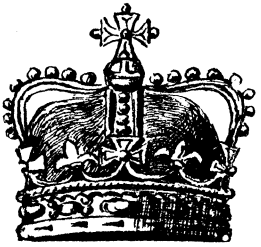
This was the third of the crowns wherewith the Emperors were crowned, from the time of Otho the Great. They were first crowned Kings of Germany, and, secondly, Kings of Italy at Milan. The second of these crowns is the first in sanctity in all Christendom—the Iron Crown of Lombardy, within whose golden circlet is set an iron band, said to be one of the three nails of the True Cross.

Fontarini and certain sceptical writers declare the tradition to be no older than of 1355, the date of its mention at the coronation of Charles IV. as the Holy Crown of Iron, while Muratori not only suggests

XIII.—CROWN MADE FOR CHARLES II., ON THE MODEL OF ST. EDWARD'S CROWN.

that no special holiness may be meant, but casts doubt on the word itself—the *sã* may be an abbreviation of *seconda* [*corona*], not *sancta* [*corona*]—a very far-fetched theory. Nevertheless, it was certainly made in 591 by order of Theodalinda, Queen of the Lombards, for her second husband, Agibulf, who became King in her right, as she had become Queen in right of her first husband, Antaris. Otho I. (b. 912, d. 973; son of Henry the Fowler, the "Lohengrin" king), the first elected King of Germany, became King of the Lombards in right of his wife Adelheid, widow of King Lothair. He was crowned Emperor with the Iron emblem in 962, by John XII., whom he afterwards deposed and replaced by Leo VIII.

The Sacred Nail is enclosed in a band of enamelled gold divided into six plates, joined by hinges and adorned with jewels. There are no rays nor points. The Kings of Italy were crowned at Milan, Pavia, or Monza. Charles V. was crowned at Bologna. Napoleon, conqueror of Northern Italy, went to Milan to be crowned, May 26, 1805. Cardinal Caprara, Archbishop of Milan and Legate to France, presided at the ceremony and blessed the crown. The former kings had received the crown sitting on the throne, or, in the case of Charles V., kneeling before the altar; but Napoleon himself took the crown from the altar and



XIV.—CROWN OF THE GEORGES AND OF WILLIAM IV.

set it on his head, saying, "*Dieu me l'a donnée. Gare à qui y touchera!*" In its honour he founded the Order of the Iron Crown. When the Austrians were turned out of Monza by the Piedmontese and Garibaldi, April 23, 1859, they removed the crown to Mantua, but after the Peace of Vienna, in 1866, they gave it up to General

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Menabrea, and on November 1 it was presented to Victor Emmanuel at Turin.

Into fierce competition with the imperial crown came the triple tiara of the Papacy, originally called the *regnum*, denoting civil rank as the keys denoted spiritual jurisdiction. The right to wear a crown is said to have been first granted to the Bishops of Rome by Constantine, about 312 ; later by Clovis, first Christian King of France, about 500. It began as a high, round cap. Damasus II. was the first Pope crowned with a tiara, 1048. Boniface VIII. encircled the tiara with a crown, Benedict XII. added a second, and John XXIII. a third.

XV.—ST. EDWARD'S CROWN.

The present form of No. XIII., the crown modelled on the ancient one of St. Edward for Charles II., but with additional ornamentation in jewels. Regarded as the State Crown of England.

For long only five sovereigns received full consecration—the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and the Kings of England, France, Jerusalem, and Sicily. The English is the oldest coronation rite in Europe. It is founded on the rite of the Pontifical of Egbert, Archbishop of York, 732, brother of Eadbert, King of Northumbria. The rite of this Roman Pontifical was never used in England before the Reformation. The French rite was taken from the English rite—was, indeed, something of an echo, for the Capetian kings at Rheims promised, parrot-like, "not to desert the throne of the Saxons, Mercians, and Northumbrians."

But the crowning and anointing were older than this rite. Gildas, in the sixth century, writes that the British kings after the Roman occupation were anointed, and soon after slain by their anointers! Arthur, King of Britain, was crowned at Stonehenge, whose mighty monoliths, says legend, were transported by Merlin for the purpose, from Naas in Ireland to Salisbury Plain.

Ina of Wessex was the first anointed Saxon king, called therefrom, Dei Gratia. He died at Rome in 728. Edward the Elder and his successors up to Ethelred II. were crowned on the King's Stone, still to be seen in the market-place of Kingston-on-Thames. The Anglo-Saxon queens were deprived in the ninth century of the right to be crowned, Eadburga having so disgraced the consortship ; but the right was restored to Queen Judith, the virtuous and cultured wife of Ethelwulf, and mother of Alfred. Alfred's crown, with two little bells attached, was probably preserved at Westminster till crowns and kingdoms came to grief in 1649. Athelstan's crown was like an earl's coronet, in whose tall, pearl-tipped points we recognise the horns of David.

The crown worn by William I. and his successors was a plain circlet, heightened with four spikes having trefoil heads (Fig. I.). Henry I. apparently enriched the circlet with gems (Fig. II.), and on his Great Seal the trefoils of his father's crown resume a form resembling that of *fleurs de lys*. The effigies of Henry II., Richard I., John and their queens show the crown to have greatly advanced in dignity and splendour, as will be seen in Fig. III. The crown of Henry III. is a plain circlet, heightened by trefoils, a slightly raised point intervening between each pair of the leaves (Fig. IV). The truly beautiful crown of Edward II. (Fig. V.), as it is represented in his effigy, was formed of four large and as many smaller leaves of a deeply serrated type, rising with graceful curves from the jewelled circlet, and having eight small flowers alternating with the leaves. During the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. this form of crown appears to have remained unchanged.

XVI.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S IMPERIAL CROWN.

The crown of Henry IV. (Fig. VI.), sculptured with elaborate care on his effigy at Canterbury, seems to point to a Lancastrian prince determining to distinguish his accession by displaying an unprecedented magnificence in the emblem of his sovereignty. This crown was splendidly jewelled with clusters of pearls and was heightened with eight large, rich leaves and as many *fleurs de lys*.

The arch crown in its earliest form (Fig. VII.) was introduced by Henry V., and with the crosses and arches, which, from the

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time of Henry V., always have been *crosses pâtées*, appeared to supersede the earlier foliage upon the circlet. The crown of Henry VI. appears to have had three arches. The crown of Edward IV. had two arches, or four semi-arches, and a crown arched in the same manner (Fig. IX.) appears on the Great Seal of Richard III. Edward IV. sometimes had his royal shield of arms ensigned with an open crown. Upon his seal as Earl of Chester, the same sovereign has the circlet of his own crown heightened with *fleurs de lys*, alternating with small clusters of pearls (Fig. VIII.). The crown actually worn by Henry VII. appears, from his monument at Westminster, to have had two arches, its circlet being heightened with four crosses and four *fleurs de lys*. A capped crown first appears on the Great Seal of Henry VIII. In Fig. X. we see the royal achievement of Henry VII. It is a truly beautiful piece of workmanship, as indeed are all the crowns of the Tudor sovereigns.

The waved form of arch shown in Fig. XIII. appears upon the Seal of Edward VI. Queen Mary wore several crowns in the course of certain State ceremonials, one of them being, in all probability, the St. Edward's Crown destroyed by the Roundheads with the other regalia. Queen Elizabeth made an innovation on the velvet-capped crown of her father in a three-arched diadem with its six semi-arches richly jewelled, but we know from contemporary portraiture that she also wore more than one crown of older pattern in the course of her reign. The crown of the Stuart sovereigns, the first kings of Great Britain, James I. and Charles I., had four arches, each of the semi-arches springing from the alternating crosses and *fleurs de lys* of the circlet (Fig. XII.). This crown, described to have been formed of massive gold, weighing 7 lb. 6 oz., and valued at £1,110, was in 1649 broken up and defaced with other royal insignia by the Parliamentarians.

The crown made for Charles II. (Fig. XIII.), and also worn by James II., William III., and Anne, closely resembled an earlier type. The only difference between it and the crowns of more recent date are its proportions. Fig. XIV. shows the crown of Queen Victoria's immediate predecessors on the throne, which still forms a part of the regalia of the British Empire.

Queen Victoria's Imperial Crown (Fig. XVI.) was made especially for her late Majesty upon the occasion of her coronation. The entire surface is completely covered with jewels—its circlet, crosses, *fleurs de lys*, arches and mound being alike in displaying varieties of the same precious constructive materials. This coronation crown is lined with a cap of violet velvet, in accordance with a usage that first appeared upon the Great Seal of Henry VIII. The weight of the crown is but 39 oz., but its value is no less than £360,000. The jewels with which it blazes were nearly all taken from old crowns and set anew in silver and gold. In the front is the great ruby given to the Black Prince by Pedro the Cruel, in 1367, after the Battle of Najera. Henry V. wore that ruby on his helmet at Agincourt. Round it, in the shape of a cross, are 75 brilliants; in the centre of the cross, on the summit of the crown, is a rose-cut sapphire, said to be from the ring of Edward the Confessor. In all, besides the great ruby and this sapphire, the crown contains 16 smaller sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 other pearls.

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THE CORONATION STONE:

ITS HISTORY, LEGENDARY AND ACTUAL.

By JERRARD GRANT ALLEN.

AMONG the enormous number of accessories connected with the crowning of an English monarch, not one is more vital or important than the Coronation Stone—that rude block so much unlike the regalia proper, with all their pomp and gold and glitter. This stone, which Dean Stanley has indicated as "the one primeval monument that binds together the whole Empire," and about which innumerable articles and even books have been written, is one of the oldest institutions in this country to-day, and tradition goes so far as to assert that it is the very stone upon which Jacob laid his head when he "went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep." Now, it is held by many people of learning and discretion that this is the identical stone that rests upon a kind of frame under the seat of the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey. It is a recognised fact that from the earliest times stones have been objects of especial veneration among superstitious people, and it is probable that our Coronation Stone is merely a sacred relic the origin of which is wrapped in mystery; on the other hand, the Jacob's stone theory has been held by so many people whose opinions are entitled to respect, that—unlikely though it appears—it cannot be summarily dismissed as a tradition too obviously absurd to merit discussion. Moreover, it is an incontrovertible fact that red sandstone like that of which it is composed is to be found in considerable quantities in certain parts of Syria.

At this time it may, perhaps, be of interest to repeat some of the conjectures and suggestions which have been made about its origin. One account states that it went from the plains of Luz to Ireland *viâ* Egypt and Spain, and another that it was taken to Ireland direct from the shores of Asia Minor, to which it was brought from the Temple at Jerusalem, though as to how it got to Jerusalem this latter account is silent. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that it is Jacob's stone, and that it was taken from Egypt to Ireland, it must, of course, have been conveyed in the first instance from the land of Luz to Egypt. Yet there is not the slightest evidence of any kind about the stone's history from the time when Jacob laid his head upon it until the time of its arrival in Egypt.

We come now to the supposed history of the stone from the time that it left Egypt to its arrival in Ireland. One story tells us that on the occasion of his coronation, Eochaid, King of Dalriada, received a visit from the Egyptian princess, Tephi, accompanied by, and in the care of, an Egyptian prophet. Not only did the king accept the teaching of the prophet, but he married the princess, and they were crowned on a sacred stone brought from Egypt, which even at that date was considered to confer continuity of line to the descendants of the princess so long as they should keep the stone in their possession and should use it at their coronations.

For the theory that the stone went to Ireland *viâ* Spain, the chief authority is Holinshed, in his "Historie of Scotland," though he does not once speak of it as having been taken from Egypt, but springs the stone upon us in Spain. His story is that Gathelus, son of Cecrops, being banished from Athens by his father, fled to Egypt. Here he took service for Pharaoh Horus against the Ethiopians, and so successful was he that he eventually married Pharaoh's daughter. This daughter was known as Scota. On the accession to the Egyptian throne of Pharaoh Chencres, Gathelus, taking with him his wife, children, and a number of both Greeks and Egyptians, left Egypt and made his way to Barbary. Unable to land on this coast, he again set sail, eventually landing in a port of Spain which he called Port Gathele, and which we now know as Portugal. Having fought many battles with the Spanish, Gathelus

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was made king, and commanded that his followers should be called Scottishmen, after his wife Scota. After further innumerable battles with the Spanish, a treaty was concluded, and then, says Holinshed, Gathelus, "having peace thus with his neighbours, sat upon his marble stone in Brigantia, where he administered justice to his people." This stone, he continues, without making even the vaguest allusion to the place from which it came, was in fashion like a seat or chair, having such a fatal destiny that wheresoever it should be found, there should Scottishmen reign and have the superior governance.

So fast did the people of Gathelus multiply that the country could not support them, and he therefore sent two of his sons, Himecus and Hiberus, with a large army to occupy and colonise "an island lying over against Spain." They landed at Dundalk and took possession of the country, calling it Hibernia, after Hiberus, who became its king. In his turn Hiberus was succeeded as king by several of his sons, among them Simon Brech, who apparently was his great-great-great-grandson. While Simon Brech was ruling in Spain, the Scotch, being troubled by the aborigines of Ireland, sent to him for aid, and he at once set sail for that country, taking with him, among other things, the stone upon which he was crowned. He was thus the first king who reigned over the Scots in Ireland.

Later on, in the reign of Rothsay, several of the Scotch in Ireland emigrated to the Hebrides, and there they multiplied so quickly that many of them got over to the mainland of North Britain, landing in Argyll, which was at that time peopled by the Picts. In considering all this subject it is important to realise that the country of the Scotch was originally Ireland—as Bede, one of the earliest historians on whose word we are able to place any reliance, says: "This is, properly speaking, the country of the Scots; emigrating from this, they added in Britain a third nation to the Picts and Scots."

It has been said that the first colony of Scots that reached Albany at the beginning of the third century had not resided in Ireland, but in their wanderings were sent to North Britain by their Irish friends, who had no room for them, but gave them Irish wives and engaged them to be tributary. They were afterwards reinforced, at various times, by other colonies from Ireland. One of the earliest of these, in the third century, was led to Albany by Cairbre Riada, son of one king of Ireland (Conary), and on his mother's side the grandson of another (Conn of the hundred battles). Argyllshire, which the Scots had conquered, and sometimes had to reconquer, from the Picts, was called after him Dalriada. So was also another district which belonged to him, in Antrim, in Ireland. In the fourth century, Niall of the nine hostages, King of Ireland, at the request of the Argyllshire Scots, changed the name of their country from Albany, or Albyn, to Scotia Minor, Ireland being Scotia Major; but until the eleventh century the name was not confined to Scotland. In the fifth century, Lorn, the son of Erc, or Earca, King of Ireland, brought more Scots from Ireland into Argyllshire. His name is doubtless perpetuated in the title of the Marquis of Lorne (now Duke of Argyll), so nearly allied to the Royal Family of England.

In the sixth century another son of Erc, by name Murtough, reigning in Ireland, was petitioned by the Argyllshire Scots for aid against the Picts. In answer to this appeal he sent his brother Fergus to their assistance.

It was this Fergus who brought the stone to Scotland in the sixth century. Some have conjectured that it came with the earlier Irish settlers in the third century, but the most authentic account is that Fergus, after arriving in Scotland, sent a request to his brother Murtough, reigning in Ireland, that he might have the stone, in order to be crowned upon it.

These facts, and more to the same purpose, recorded in authentic Irish histories, may be gathered from Giraldus, the Venerable Bede, from Harris's, Keating's, and O'Conor's histories of Ireland, and other sources equally respectable, by those who cannot reach the ancient Irish documents. Some modern historians founded, entirely on their own conjectures, a theory reversing the order of things, and locating the Scots in Albany *first*, before they peopled Ireland; but this has been thoroughly refuted. If all other proofs failed, this one would be sufficient—that the Scots in Scotland were tributary to the Scots in Ireland, and under the government of their kings, for a period that Giraldus computes at 315 years. They received an independent government under Fergus, who brought the stone from Ireland to Scotland, where it lay until it was taken to England by Edward I., in 1296.

Holinshed has often been made responsible for the story which connects the Coronation Stone with the one upon which

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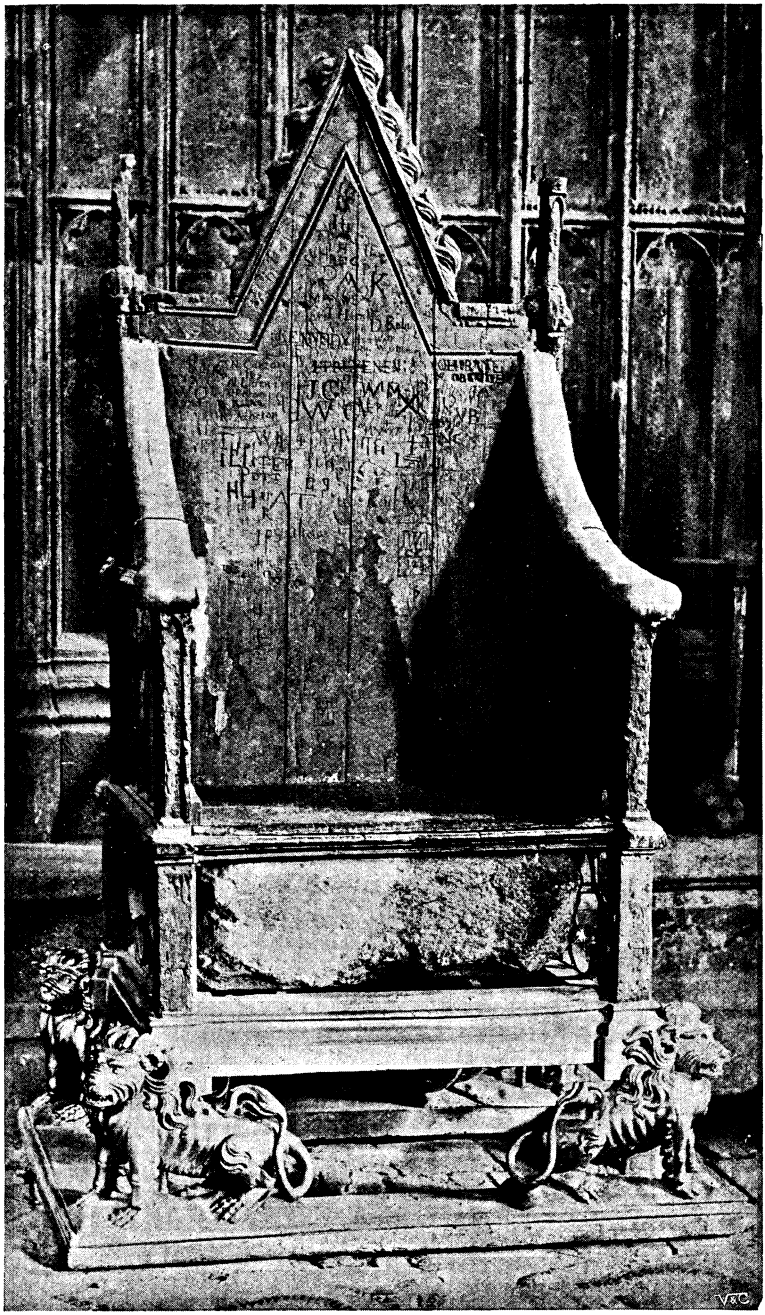

Photo by] [*S. Cribb, Southsea.*

THE CORONATION CHAIR, CONTAINING THE ANCIENT STONE ON WHICH THE ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS FOR THE PAST SIX CENTURIES HAVE BEEN CROWNED.

Jacob laid his head, but in point of fact he says nothing whatsoever which can be considered to warrant the tale even for a moment.

The earliest extant documentary allusion to the stone's Eastern origin is to be found in a paper compiled by Baldred Bisert in 1301. The next allusion to the stone having been in Egypt seems to be by Fordun, who, about 1350, says that there are two accounts of the stone — one that Gathelus brought it from Egypt, the other that Simon Brech, having cast anchor on the shore of Ireland and again weighed anchor in consequence of a storm, raised with his anchor a stone of marble cut in the shape of a chair.

Unfortunately none of these documents can be considered in any sense reliable, so that we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the legend respecting the patriarch Jacob was in all probability coined in the Abbey itself. The Mohammedans, it is interesting to note, assert that Jacob's stone was brought to Jerusalem and is preserved in the mosque where the Temple formerly stood, and that we have got hold of the wrong one!

To come to the history of the stone in these islands. Some hundred years before Christ the stone appears in Irish history. It was called Lia Fail, or "The Stone of Destiny," and gave to Ireland the name of

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Innisfail. The Irish kings were crowned upon it and it was highly venerated. And it is in all probability this stone which is at present in Westminster Abbey.

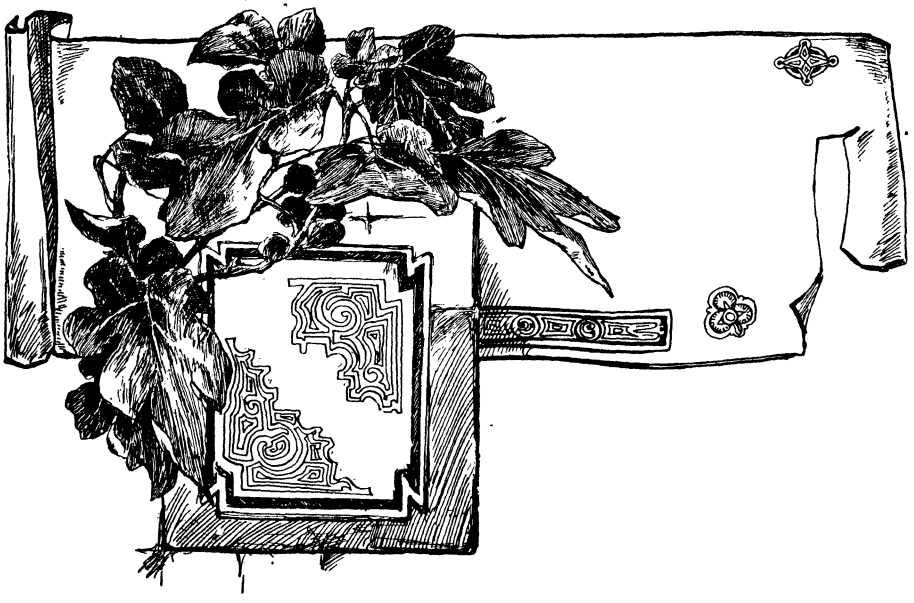
But what gives it its deepest interest is the very ancient prophecy attached to it. It runs thus, translated into English :—

> "Unless the Fates have faithless grown,
> And prophet's voice be vain,
> Where'er is found this sacred stone
> The Scottish race shall reign."

It must be borne in mind, that when we read of "Scots" before the eleventh century they are the Irish, and "the country of the Scots" is Ireland. It is, therefore, of Irish kings that the prophecy speaks. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the prophecy has been fulfilled, for Edward VII., who is so soon to be crowned upon the stone, is the representative of the ancient line of Irish kings. The steps are traced in Keating's and O'Conor's histories of Ireland. King Edward is descended from James VI. of Scotland, and the first James of England. James was descended from Kenneth MacAlpine, the first King of Scotland. He was that Scottish king who, having subdued the Picts, reigned over the whole country of Albany and gave it the Irish name of Scotland. Kenneth was descended from the line of Irish kings, through their sons, who have been named as coming to Albany from Ireland with the Scots.

Thus the Irish line of kings came to the Scottish throne in the ninth century in the person of Kenneth MacAlpine, and ascended the English throne and were crowned upon the Irish stone in the person of James I. If King Edward is King of England, not less, but rather more, is he the King of Ireland by a more ancient title and a longer-established right.

It is difficult—almost impossible, indeed—to get at the origin of anything which goes back to such remote times as this Coronation Stone of ours, and all one can do is to put forth various theories on the subject, leaving the reader to reject or accept evidence. But there can be no doubt that to anyone who takes the trouble to look into its history, not the least interesting feature of the coming pageant will be the unobtrusive but venerable Coronation Stone.



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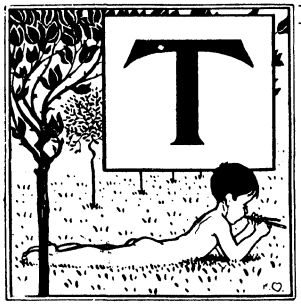
TEA-TABLE TALK.

By JEROME K. JEROME.*

I.



"THEY are very pretty, some of them," said the Woman of the World; "not the sort of letters I should have written myself."

"I should like to see a love-letter of yours," interrupted the Minor Poet.

"It is very kind of you to say so," replied the Woman of the World. "It never occurred to me that you would care for one."

"It is what I have always maintained," retorted the Minor Poet; "you have never really understood me."

"I believe a volume of assorted love-letters would sell well," said the Girton Girl; "written by the same hand, if you like, but to different correspondents at different periods. To the same person one is bound, more or less, to repeat oneself."

"Or from different lovers to the same correspondent," suggested the Philosopher. "It would be interesting to observe the response of various temperaments exposed to an unvaried influence. It would throw light on the vexed question whether the qualities that adorn our beloved are her own or ours, lent to her for the occasion. Would the same woman be addressed as 'My Queen!' by one correspondent, and as 'Dear Popsy Wopsy!' by another, or would she to all her lovers be herself?"

"You might try it," I suggested to the Woman of the World, "selecting, of course, only the more interesting."

"It would cause so much unpleasantness, don't you think?" replied the Woman of the World. "Those I left out would never forgive me. It is always so with people you forget to invite to a funeral—they think it is done with deliberate intention to slight them."

"The first love-letter I ever wrote," said the Minor Poet, "was when I was sixteen. Her name was Monica; she was the left-hand girl in the third joint of the crocodile. I have never known a creature so ethereally beautiful. I wrote the letter and sealed it, but I could not make up my mind whether to slip it into her hand when we passed them, as we usually did on Thursday afternoons, or to wait for Sunday."

"There can be no question," murmured the Girton Girl abstractedly, "the best time is just as one is coming out of church. There is so much confusion; besides, one has one's Prayer-book—I beg your pardon."

"I was saved the trouble of deciding," continued the Minor Poet. "On Thursday her place was occupied by a fat, red-headed girl, who replied to my look of inquiry with an idiotic laugh, and on Sunday I searched the Hypatia House pews for her in vain. I learnt subsequently that she had been sent home on the previous Wednesday, suddenly. It appeared that I was not the only one. I left the letter where I had placed it, at the bottom of my desk, and in course of time forgot it. Years later I fell in love really. I sat down to write her a love-letter that should imprison her as by some subtle spell. I would weave into it the love of all the ages. When I had finished it, I read it through and was pleased with it. Then by an accident, as I was going to seal it, I overturned my desk, and on to the floor fell that other love-letter I had written seven years before, when a boy. Out of idle curiosity I tore it open; I thought it would afford me amusement. I ended by posting it instead of the letter I had just completed. It carried precisely the same meaning; but it was better expressed, with greater sincerity, with more artistic simplicity."

"After all," said the Philosopher, "what can a man do more than tell a woman that he loves her? All the rest is mere picturesque amplification, on a par with the 'Full and descriptive report from our Special Correspondent,' elaborated out of a three-line telegram of Reuter's."

"Following that argument," said the

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Minor Poet, "you could reduce 'Romeo and Juliet' to a two-line tragedy—

> "Lass and lad, loved like mad;
> Silly muddle, very sad."

"To be told that you are loved," said the Girton Girl, "is only the beginning of the theorem—its proposition, so to speak."

"Or the argument of the poem," murmured the Old Maid.

"The interest," continued the Girton Girl, "lies in proving it—why does he love me?"

"I asked a man that once," said the Woman of the World. "He said it was because he couldn't help it. It seemed such a foolish answer—the sort of thing your housemaid always tells you when she breaks your favourite teapot. And yet, I suppose it was as sensible as any other."

"More so," commented the Philosopher. "It is the only possible explanation."

"I wish," said the Minor Poet, "it were a question one could ask of people without offence; I so often long to put it. Why do men marry viragoes, pimply girls with incipient moustaches? Why do beautiful heiresses choose thick-lipped, little men who bully them? Why are old bachelors, generally speaking, sympathetic, kind-hearted men; and old maids, so many of them, sweet-looking and amiable?"

"I think," said the Old Maid, "that perhaps——" But there she stopped.

"Pray go on," said the Philosopher. "I shall be so interested to have your views."

"It was nothing, really," said the Old Maid; "I have forgotten."

"If only one could obtain truthful answers," said the Minor Poet, "what a flood of light they might let fall on the hidden half of life!"

"It seems to me," said the Philosopher, "that, if anything, love is being exposed to too much light. The subject is becoming vulgarised. Every year a thousand problem plays and novels, poems and essays, tear the curtain from Love Temple, drag it naked into the market-place for grinning crowds to gape at. In a million short stories, would-be comic, would-be serious, it is handled more or less coarsely, more or less unintelligently, gushed over, gibed and jeered at. Not a shred of self-respect is left to it. It is made the central figure of every farce, danced and sung round

"'On his knees before her, never noticing the dog.'"

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"'I left them at it.'"

in every music-hall, yelled at by gallery, guffawed at by stalls. It is the stock-in-trade of every comic journal. Could any god, even a Mumbo Jumbo, so treated, hold its place among its votaries? Every term of endearment has become a catchword, every caress mocks us from the hoardings. Every tender speech we make recalls to us even while we are uttering it a hundred parodies. Every possible situation has been spoilt for us in advance by the American humorist."

"I have sat out a good many parodies of 'Hamlet,'" said the Minor Poet, "but the play still interests me. I remember a walking tour I once took in Bavaria. In some places the waysides are lined with crucifixes that are either comic or repulsive. There is a firm which turns them out by machinery. Yet, to the peasants who pass by, the Christ is still beautiful. You can belittle only what is already contemptible."

"Patriotism is a great virtue," replied the Philosopher; "the Jingoes have made it ridiculous."

"On the contrary," said the Minor Poet, "they have taught us to distinguish between the true and the false. So it is with love. The more it is cheapened, ridiculed, employed for market purposes, the less the inclination to affect it—to be in love with love, as Heine admitted he was, for its own sake."

"Is the necessity to love born in us," said the Girton Girl, "or do we practise to acquire it because it is the fashion—make up our minds to love, as boys learn to smoke, because every other fellow does it, and we do not like to be peculiar?"

"The majority of men and women," said the Minor Poet, "are incapable of love. With most it is a mere animal passion, with others a mild affection."

"We talk about love," said the Philosopher, "as though it were a known quantity. After all, to say that a man loves is like saying that he paints or plays the violin; it conveys no meaning until we have witnessed his performance. Yet to hear the subject discussed, one might imagine the love of a Dante or a society Johnny, of a Cleopatra or a Georges Sand, to be precisely the same thing."

"It was always poor Susan's trouble," said the Woman of the World; "she could never be persuaded that Jim really loved

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her. It was very sad, because I am sure he was devoted to her, in his way. But he could not do the sort of things she wanted him to do; she was so romantic. He did try. He used to go to all the poetical plays and study them. But he hadn't the knack of it and he was naturally clumsy. He would rush into the room and fling himself on his knees before her, never noticing the dog, so that, instead of pouring out his heart as he had intended, he would have to start off with, 'So awfully sorry! Hope I haven't hurt the little beast?' Which was enough to put anybody out."

"Young girls are so foolish," said the Old Maid; "they run after what glitters, and do not see the gold until it is too late. At first they are all eyes and no heart."

"I knew a girl," I said, "or, rather, a young married woman, who was cured of folly by the homœopathic method. Her great trouble was that her husband had ceased to be her lover."

"It seems to me so sad," said the Old Maid. "Sometimes it is the woman's fault, sometimes the man's; more often both. The little courtesies, the fond words, the tender nothings that mean so much to those that love—it would cost so little not to forget them, and they would make life so much more beautiful."

"There is a line of common sense running through all things," I replied; "the secret of life consists in not diverging far from it on either side. He had been the most devoted wooer, never happy out of her eyes; but before they had been married a year she found to her astonishment that he could be content even away from her skirts, that he actually took pains to render himself agreeable to other women. He would spend whole afternoons at his club, slip out for a walk occasionally by himself, shut himself up now and again in his study. It went so far that one day he expressed a distinct desire to leave her for a week and go a-fishing with some other men. She never complained—at least, not to him."

"That is where she was foolish," said the Girton Girl. "Silence in such cases is a mistake. The other party does not know what is the matter with you, and you yourself—your temper bottled up within — become more disagreeable every day."

"She confided her trouble to a friend," I explained.

"I so dislike people who do that," said the Woman of the World. "Emily never would speak to George; she would come and complain about him to me, as if I were responsible for him: I wasn't even his mother. When she had finished, George would come along, and I had to listen to the whole thing over again from his point of view. I got so tired of it at last that I determined to stop it."

"How did you succeed?" asked the Old Maid, who appeared to be interested in the recipe.

"I knew George was coming one afternoon," explained the Woman of the World, "so I persuaded Emily to wait in the conservatory. She thought I was going to give him good advice; instead of that I sympathised with him and encouraged him to speak his mind freely, which he did. It made her so mad that she came out and told him what she thought of him. I left them at it. They were both of them the better for it; and so was I."

"In my case," I said, "it came about differently. Her friend explained to him just what was happening. She pointed out to him how his neglect and indifference was slowly alienating from him his wife's affections. He argued the subject.

"'But a lover and a husband are not the same,' he contended; 'the situation is entirely different. You run after somebody you want to overtake; but when you have caught him up, you settle down quietly and walk beside him; you don't continue shouting and waving your handkerchief after you have gained him'

"Their mutual friend presented the problem differently.

"'You must hold what you have won,' she said, 'or it will slip away from you. By a certain course of conduct and behaviour you gained a sweet girl's regard; show yourself other than you were, how can you expect her to think the same of you?'

"'You mean,' he inquired, 'that I should talk and act as her husband exactly as I did when her lover?'

"'Precisely,' said the friend; 'why not?'

"'It seems to me a mistake,' he grumbled.

"'Try it and see,' said the friend.

"'All right,' he said, 'I will.' And he went straight home and set to work."

"Was it too late," asked the Old Maid, "or did they come together again?"

"For the next month," I answered, "they were together twenty-four hours of the day. And then it was the wife who suggested, like the Poet in Gilbert's 'Patience,' the delight with which she would welcome an occasional afternoon off."

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"'He went with her and made himself ridiculous at the dressmaker's.'"

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"He hung about her while she was dressing in the morning. Just as she had got her hair fixed he would kiss it passionately and it would come down again. All meal-time he would hold her hand under the table and insist on feeding her with a fork. Before marriage he had behaved once or twice in this sort of way at picnics; and after marriage, when at breakfast-time he had sat the other end of the table reading the paper or his letters, she had reminded him of it reproachfully. The entire day he never left her side. She could never read a book; instead, he would read to her aloud, generally Browning's poems or translations from Goethe. Reading aloud was not an accomplishment of his, but in their courting days she had expressed herself pleased at his attempts, and of this he took care to remind her. It was his idea that if the game was played at all, she was to take a hand also. If he was to blither, it was only fair that she should bleat back. As he explained; for the future they would both be lovers all their life long; and no logical argument in reply could she think of. If she tried to write a letter, he would snatch away the paper her dear hands were pressing and fall to kissing it—and, of course, smearing it. When he wasn't giving her pins and needles by sitting on her feet he was balancing himself on the arm of her chair and occasionally falling over on top of her. If she went shopping, he went with her and made himself ridiculous at the dressmaker's. In society he took no notice of anybody but of her, and was hurt if she spoke to anybody but to him. Not that it was often, during that month, that they did see any society; most invitations he refused for them both, reminding her how once upon a time she had regarded an evening alone with him as an entertainment superior to all others. He called her ridiculous names, talked to her in baby language; while a dozen times a day it became necessary for her to take down her back hair and do it up afresh. At the end of a month, as I have said, it was she who suggested a slight cessation of affection."

"Had I been in her place," said the Girton Girl, "it would have been a separation I should have suggested. I should have hated him for the rest of my life."

"For merely trying to agree with you?" I said.

"For showing me I was a fool for ever having wanted his affection," replied the Girton Girl.

"You can generally," said the Philosopher, "make people ridiculous by taking them at their word."

"Especially women," murmured the Minor Poet.

"I wonder," said the Philosopher, "is there really so much difference between men and women as we think? What there is, may it not be the result of civilisation rather than of Nature, of training rather than of instinct?"

"Deny the contest between male and female, and you deprive life of half its poetry," urged the Minor Poet.

"Poetry," returned the Philosopher, "was made for man, not man for poetry. I am inclined to think that the contest you speak of is somewhat in the nature of a 'put-up job' on the part of you poets. In the same way newspapers will always advocate war; it gives them something to write about, and is not altogether unconnected with sales. To test Nature's original intentions, it is always safe to study our cousins the animals. There we see no sign of this fundamental variation; the difference is merely one of degree."

"I quite agree with you," said the Girton Girl. "Man, acquiring cunning, saw the advantage of using his one superiority, brute strength, to make woman his slave. In all other respects she is undoubtedly his superior."

"In a woman's argument," I observed, "equality of the sexes invariably does mean the superiority of woman."

"That is very curious," added the Philosopher. "As you say, a woman never can be logical."

"Are all men logical?" demanded the Girton Girl.

"As a class," replied the Minor Poet, "yes."

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M. A. NOBLE.

THIS YEAR'S AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

By M. Randal Roberts.

It was prophesied by one of the members of Mr. MacLaren's Australian team just before they left these shores last autumn that their chance of success was promising, owing to the fact that the team contained so many young men. Results, unfortunately, as we now know, did not altogether justify this optimistic view. As batsmen the new-comers failed to show themselves the equals of such old stagers as Mr. MacLaren and Tom Hayward. For once in a way experience proved more valuable than youth.

The Australians have apparently taken this lesson to heart; at any rate, of the fourteen players who are visiting England this season, only five are visiting us for the first time. In point of age none of the team can be described as old, but they have all, with the exception of Duff, Armstrong, Carter, Saunders, and Hopkins, enjoyed a more or less extended acquaintance with English cricket-grounds and the pleasant varieties of the English climate. Hugh Trumble and Gregory are making their fourth visit to England, Darling, Kelly, Jones, and Hill their third, and Noble, Trumper, and Howell their second.

At the beginning of Mr. MacLaren's tour there was a general impression in this country that Sydney Gregory's day for representative cricket was over, and that Hugh Trumble and Jones had somewhat lost their terrors as bowlers. Both Trumble and Gregory, however, seem quite to have renewed their youth against the Englishmen, and though Jones was omitted from the last two test matches, he is still probably the best fast bowler in Australia. As a whole, perhaps it would be fair criticism to say that the team is strong, but not equal to the great combination of 1899, as beyond Noble and Trumble the bowling does not appear formidable, and Noble and Saunders (who broke his collar-bone in one of the matches against MacLaren's team) cannot be regarded as perfectly "sound." The most interesting of the new-comers is unquestionably R. A. Duff, of New South Wales. In England, Duff was

HUGH TRUMBLE.

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an unknown quantity until the second test match last January, when he largely contributed to the defeat of the Englishmen by playing an innings of 104, and achieved the distinction of scoring a hundred the first time he played in a representative match, a feat hitherto achieved by only W. G. Grace, Bannerman, Ranjitsinhji, and H. Graham.

J. W. Saunders, who has been selected on the strength of his bowling, is a Victorian and a typical Australian cricketer. Three years ago he was regarded as a likely member of the Australian team that visited this country in 1899, but he failed at the last moment to catch the selectors' eyes. On the return of the victorious team, however, he did a fine performance for the Rest of Australia against the English team, getting six wickets for fifteen runs apiece. In the next Australian season he not only had the best average of any bowler, but took the greatest number of wickets. He shone greatly against Mr. MacLaren's team in the fourth test match at Sydney, when in the Englishmen's second innings he took five wickets for forty-three runs, and, indeed, his bowling was an important factor in the Australians' victory in this match. Since T. R. McKibben was here in 1896, the Australians have not had a left-hand slow bowler, so that Saunders, at any rate, comes with a spice of novelty. J. Worrell, the Victorian captain, has suggested, in one of the Australian papers, that Saunders, like the majority of present-day Australian bowlers, is not always reliable; however, we shall see that for ourselves very shortly.

Photo by] [*H. King.*

R. A. DUFF.

One of the best Australian critics recently described W. W. Armstrong as "a batsman with a future"; but his consistently fine batting during last winter in Australia proves him to be a batsman with a present. With any number of strokes and plenty of freedom, he is a most attractive player to watch at the wicket, but he is a great deal more than a mere batsman. He is a most useful bowler, and his brilliant fielding alone would almost be enough to secure him a place in any team. He also possesses the thoroughly Australian characteristic of being able to play with nerve and pluck when things are going against his side. Armstrong stands well over six feet high, but is as wiry and active as a monkey. Though it is never safe to prophesy about young cricketers coming to this country for the first time, Armstrong may certainly anticipate a successful all-round record during the present tour.

Photo by] [*H. King.*

A. J. HOPKINS.

Hopkins made his first appearance in representative cricket in the fourth test match at Sydney last February. He scored 43 in the first innings, and was not called upon to bat in the second, his side winning by seven wickets. He has a less satisfactory reason for recollecting the match in which he played for New South Wales against Mr. MacLaren's team, also at Sydney, on the last day of January. This was the

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match in which, after playing a first innings of 432, New South Wales was actually beaten by an innings and 128 runs, the Englishmen putting together the gigantic score of 769. Hopkins did not particularly distinguish himself in that match, as he scored 40 and 0, and the one wicket he took cost 89 runs, but he has the reputation of being a thoroughly sound batsman, and at times a most useful bowler.

Photo by] [*Barron & Co., Melbourne.*

W. W. ARMSTRONG.

Carter, who comes over as reserve wicket-keeper, is said to be the finest stumper in the Colonies. If this is the case, it is to be hoped that he will be given more chance of showing his worth than fell to the lot of A. E. Johns, who occupied a similar position in the 1899 Australian team. For all the wicket-keeping Johns did in that year, he might just as well have stayed at home. J. J. Kelly is a much better bat than either Johns or Hanson, but his wicket-keeping, it is said, has fallen off. An old axiom in cricket used to be "Choose the best wicket-keeper available, independent of his batting," but the Australians seem latterly to have disregarded this useful maxim.

With regard to the old stagers in the team there is not much to be said. All cricket-lovers in England have a tolerably clear, and possibly unpleasant, recollection of the performances of Messrs. Hill, Noble, Trumper, Trumble, Kelly, Gregory, Jones, and Howell, the last time they were in England. At the time of writing it is not known for certain whether Joseph Darling is included in the team or not, so I do not propose to allude to him further here; but there is no reason to anticipate that English bowlers will find either Hill, Noble, Trumper, or Kelly, to say nothing of Hugh Trumble, less difficult nuts to crack than in 1899. Clement Hill is undoubtedly at the present moment the finest left-hand batsman in the world, if not the greatest left-hander that cricket has yet produced. His batting in the test matches against MacLaren's team can only be regarded with respectful admiration. It is difficult to describe it in language which does not savour of exaggeration. His scores in the five representative matches were 46, 15, 0, 99, 98, 97, 24, 30, 28, and 87. Even W. G. Grace at his best has no sequence in test matches to point to like Hill's 99, 98, 97. When Hill was last here, three years ago, an unfortunate attack of illness kept him out of the cricket-field for many weeks, and even when he was

Photo by] [*Strawbridge, Melbourne.*

J. V. SAUNDERS.

VICTOR TRUMPER.

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able to return he was hardly strong enough to do himself justice; but even under these conditions he showed himself to be one of the finest batsmen living. He was only a boy when he first came into notice by playing an innings of 150 against Mr. Stoddart's 1894 team, and since then he has never looked back.

One of the most attractive features of the

J. DARLING.
Going out to bat.

last Australian team was the batting of Victor Trumper, and his 135 against England at Lord's was as brilliant a piece of cricket as has ever been played. It was Trumper's batting more than anything else that helped to attract spectators to the Australian matches in England. He, of course, represented his native country in the five test matches against Mr. MacLaren's team. With the exception of the third test match, in which he scored sixty-five and twenty-five, he can hardly be said to have played up to his great reputation. However, he is still so young, and plays such a correct game, that it would be absurd to suppose that he has permanently fallen off. The brilliancy of Trumper's batting in 1899 was brought into strong relief by the extra cautious methods of the rest of the eleven, especially that of M. A. Noble, whose patience, however valuable to his side, was not exactly the type of cricket one would care to see generally adopted. Given, in fact, anything like decent weather, it seems fairly obvious that, unless the present Australian team adapts itself more readily to the conditions of English cricketers and three-day matches, there does not seem much probability of any of the test matches being played to a finish. It was said of Noble during the last test at Manchester that when, after batting for something over eight hours, he at last got out, he remarked to Darling, as he reached the pavilion, "That was the first risk I took," and the Australian captain replied that he had no right to take that. This heroic avoidance of risks may be an admirable quality in a cricketer, but if it became more common would rapidly empty all the cricket-grounds in the country.

J. DARLING.
Coming back to the pavilion.

It was generally understood in this country at the beginning of the last Australian cricket season that Hugh Trumble's career as a representative cricketer had come to an end. His play, however, in the test matches completely refuted this notion. It is impossible, indeed, to estimate the full value of Trumble's all-round cricket in determining the result of the third test match. To take

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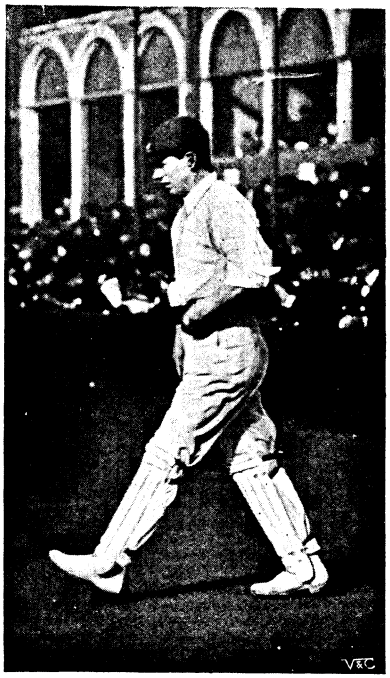


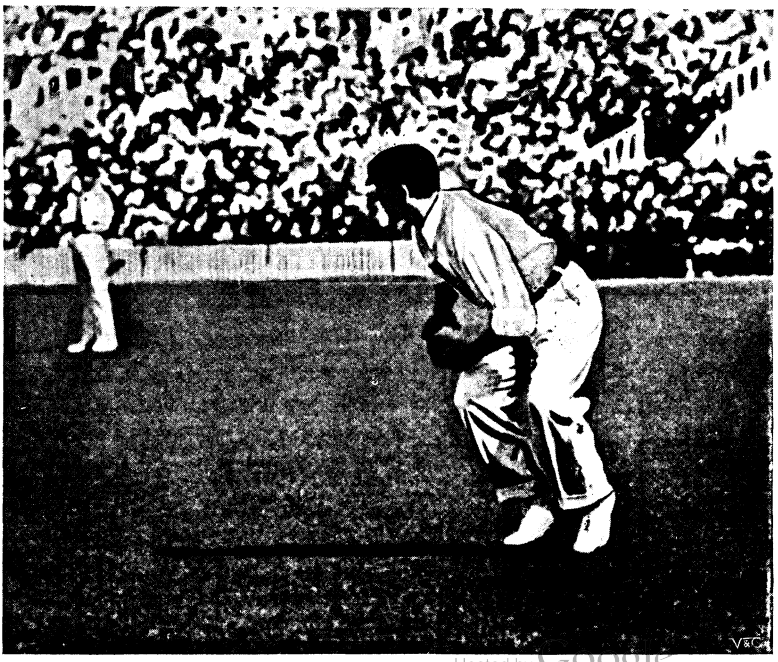
CLEMENT HILL.

done the "hat trick" in an England *v.* Australia match. The three others are F. R. Spofforth, who in 1879, at Melbourne,

HILL.

9 wickets, beside getting 13 and 62 not out—and, what is more, to pull his side out of a tight corner and to stay in till the match was won, as he did—is, indeed, as an Adelaide paper said, "a performance worthy to be classed among the best of the whole series of representative contests between the two countries." When he went in, four of the best batsmen had been dismissed for 194. When the match was over, of the 121 which were subsequently added for the loss of only two more wickets, his share was 62, made, moreover, without the shadow of a chance.

It was in this match that Trumble added his name to the four immortals who have bowled Vernon Royle, M'Kinnon, and Tom Emmett with three successive balls; poor William Bates, who in 1883, at Melbourne, got rid of Macdonell, Giffen, and Bonnor;



HILL.

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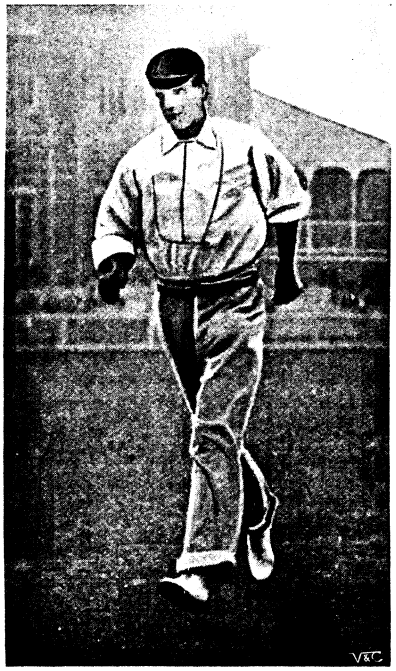
and last, but by no means least, Jack Hearne, who, in the test match at Leeds, in 1899, dismissed consecutively Hill, Gregory, and Noble. Of the four bowlers and twelve batsmen who played a part in these historic performances, two, Bates and Macdonell, are now dead.

Gregory, like Trumble and Jones, was supposed by ill-informed people to be more or less played out as a cricketer when MacLaren's team left these shores in search of the historic "ashes" last autumn. However true it may have been that Jones's bowling had lost some of its pace, Gregory very clearly demonstrated that he was quite



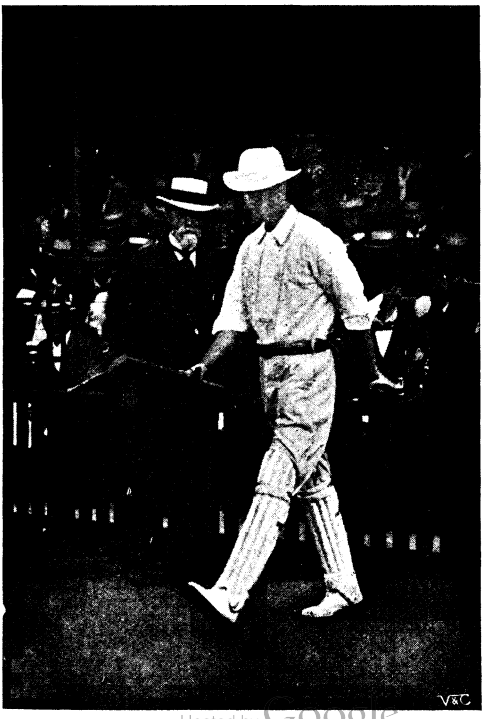
M. A. NOBLE.

as good a bat as ever by the cricket he played against MacLaren's team. In each of the five test matches he was chosen for Australia, and in all, except in the second—wherein he scored 0 and 17—he played most useful cricket, and showed, moreover, that he is as fine a fieldsman as ever, and for Victoria against the English team he played an innings of over a hundred.

W. P. Howell, the bee farmer, was a batsman of the agricultural order when he was last here, and has not materially changed his methods since. It may be remembered that against Surrey, in 1899, he took the whole of the ten wickets, and, given a

E. JONES.

similar pitch, there is no particular reason why he should not do likewise in the coming season. A very well known Middlesex cricketer expressed his opinion to the writer the other day that the Australians will not win a single one of the test matches this year. He based this opinion on what he



M. A. NOBLE.

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has seen of their batting and bowling against MacLaren's team, which admittedly was not representative of the full strength of English cricket. Possibly this optimistic prediction may prove correct, but the line of argument is a dangerous one in cricket matches, which, even more than war, have a habit of not turning out according to calculation. If cricket matches could be reduced to a syllogism, England's prospects of victory in the whole of the test matches would be excellent. Thus, Rhodes and Hirst are far more deadly bowlers than Braund and Blythe. The Australians can only win with difficulty against Braund and Blythe's bowling—*ergo*, they cannot win at all against Rhodes and Hirst. Probably England, with Rhodes and Hirst in the form of last year, ought to win the majority of the five test matches, but such a result is by no means assured.

A COUNTRY-SIDE CORONATION.
From a water colour by H. M. Bennett.

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THE WILLOW AT SEA.

By HORACE BLEACKLEY,

Author of "Tales of the Stumps."

IT was the 26th of December, and the s.s. *Arethusa*, outward bound, was still two days from Colombo. A playful breeze from the north-east was dashing the waves high against the port side, and those who in their wisdom had secured cabins out of the path of the sun, and whose portholes were hermetically sealed, had become exceeding wroth. A bright grey sky, which emitted at intervals bursts of pure sunshine, lit up the tiny foam-crests of the sea, and the flying fish, like startled grasshoppers, scuttled out of the path of the swiftly moving vessel.

It was eleven o'clock, and innumerable chairs of canvas and rattan, each containing a prostrate form, were scattered along the promenade deck. The previous day of festival had been celebrated in glorious fashion, and the inevitable result had followed.

The purser's clerk and the fourth officer, who were sitting aft against the engine-room, with Miss Maggie Darling between them, as usual, surveyed the lethargic passengers more in sorrow than in anger.

"Beastly row last night!" observed the "fourth," with a look of piety. "The old man sent down twice from the bridge to close the smoking-room. The purser had to turn 'em out at the finish."

"When a job needs a bit of pluck, the purser's always got to do it," muttered that worthy's A.D.C. sarcastically.

"Well, pursers have to be of some use, and that's why they breed them fat," sneered the "fourth," whose colleagues were all short and dapper. "Chuckers-out at a music-hall are same build."

"I expect both of you were in it," remarked Miss Darling, whose conversation generally did not show the best taste. "You seem rather washed-out this morning."

"Oh, no! You forget that we have to look after the safety of the ship," returned the purser's right-hand, with a grand air.

Miss Maggie Darling in appearance was a fair-haired, clumsy-limbed, rather uncouth girl, with a handsome but somewhat inanimate face, to whom the "fourth" and the purser's clerk had become devoted slaves. They were always in her company, and the rivalry between the pair was very keen.

"I'm afraid our cricket match won't come off this afternoon," observed Maggie, as if she were rather pleased than otherwise, after the pause which the junior purser's last remark had occasioned. "The rest of our teams – the men, at least—won't be up to it."

"They'll have to be," growled the "fourth" indignantly.

"Are we going to let the chief bowl?" inquired the purser's clerk reflectively.

"Suppose we must," observed the "fourth." "Of course, it's beastly unfair. The beggar chucks every ball."

"They wouldn't stand it on shore," returned the other. "I vote we ask the Sports Committee not to put him on. Lots of the chaps are grumbling, as usual."

"Yes, I'm sure he'll hurt someone," broke in the aforementioned Maggie Darling, who, by the way, had not played cricket once during the voyage. "Fast bowling shouldn't be allowed."

"It will be stopped very soon," replied the "fourth," who on shore was an enthusiastic spectator of every match for which he could get leave, and who had an insatiable partiality for witnessing a colossal innings.

"P'r'aps it'd look rather invidious only to suspend the chief," said the purser's clerk, with a judicial air. "It'd be best for the Sports Committee to publish a list of the unfair bowlers—then it wouldn't look as if we were making a set at the chief."

"And we could stop that horrid Mrs. Jecks," returned Maggie still more mischievously. "I'm sure she jerks. I don't think I could play her balls a bit."

"And that fat old fool, Parkyn," continued the purser's clerk in a whisper, not appreciating the girl's sarcasm.

"But he's underhand, you flat!" said the "fourth."

"Yes, beastly grubs!" retorted the unabashed clerk. "He got you twice for a duck the other day."

"Well, yes; I'd put him on the list, too," replied the purser's clerk hastily, as if struck by a sudden recollection.

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The auditing of one's own accounts would be as great a convenience to the auditor as a judicious selection of the bowling would prove to the batsman. In both cases the result desired could be attained—a fine balance-sheet or a splendid score. Many accomplished cricketers besides the "fourth" and the purser's clerk would be delighted to exercise their fancy in this direction.

Miss Maggie Darling had puzzled her fellow-passengers very considerably during the progress of the voyage. Until the ship reached Suez she had never appeared on deck, and when at last she was driven into the fresh air by the climate of the Red Sea, she had remained wholly exclusive and reserved, and had encouraged no one to speak to her. This reserve was soon conquered by the purser's clerk and the "fourth," who, having endured much snubbing in their attempts to attach themselves to most of the good-looking girls on board, were determined not to fail at their last chance. So Maggie was compelled to tolerate their society, and after a brief period of resentment she seemed to encourage them. It was this inconsistency of demeanour which mystified and annoyed the rest of the lady passengers. In justice to them it should be stated that Miss Darling's appearance and behaviour would not have found favour with many of the female sex.

"I never saw a girl with such huge hands and feet!" snapped Mrs. Jecks, glancing aft contemptuously. "And such a coarse complexion!"

"Or such an enormous mouth, my dear," observed portly Miss Tester, who was grieved because the two junior officers had never deigned to recognise her presence during the voyage.

"'I'm sure she jerks. I don't think I could play her balls a bit.'"

"She can't help her appearance," Mrs. Jecks went on more charitably, "or, of course, she wouldn't be what she is. But her manners might well be mended. It's disgraceful how she flirts with those young men, and she seemed such a modest, retiring girl at first."

"You're going to pick up a side against her for the ladies and gentlemen's cricket

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"He threw in the next with all his might."

match, aren't you?" Miss Tester inquired, with sympathy in her voice.

"Bah! she's never played during the voyage," sneered Mrs. Jecks, who was very proud of her powers as a cricketer. "I call it a very poor compliment to ask me to do it. She's sure to be a duffer."

"It's all the work of those two young officers," retorted Miss Tester, in tones of bitterness.

"Of course. They want to bring off a social event of their own," remarked Mrs. Jecks, with a grand air.

This was perfectly correct. The "fourth" and the purser's clerk, being new to the service and exceedingly youthful, were by no means backward, as far as ship's discipline would allow, in appearing in bold relief before the eyes of the passengers. Naturally they were most anxious to do something conspicuous to gratify their fair acquaintance. Maggie had told them that she loathed dancing, which they deemed lucky, as each was an indifferent waltzer, and the arranging of a dance would be outside their province. But although she had never taken part in afternoon practice, she spoke with enthusiasm of the game of cricket; so the amorous pair had conceived the happy thought of arranging a match between mixed teams of ladies and gentlemen in her honour. Needless to add, they both fancied themselves at the game. Presumably the sides were picked by Miss Darling and Mrs. Jecks, but the real organisers were the "fourth" and the purser's clerk.

All the gloomy prophecies concerning the health of the passengers proved incorrect, for the occupants of the deck-chairs recovered with wonderful rapidity under the influence of the genial north-east breeze, and by lunch-time the most desperate Christmas reveller was completely convalescent. The "fourth" and the purser's clerk shook hands with themselves in spirit. Their cricket match would take place, after all, and, in addition to pleasing her, there would be a chance of distinction for them before the eyes of the fair Maggie.

It will readily be admitted that cricket on the promenade deck of the modern liner is a most extraordinary variation of the immortal game. For a suitable comparison one must conceive an Association football match in an Eton fives-court. Relatively the proportions are almost exact, and the risk of serious injury just the same, but the good fortune that guards the drunken man watches over the ship-cricketer. The deck space, as everyone knows, usually allows of an area measuring thirty yards by six for the field of play. The iron-plated wall of the boiler-house forms one of the boundaries, while the other three are enclosed by netting hanging in loose-draped folds, to prevent the mighty drive or fine leg-hit from travelling over the ship's rails among the porpoises, or ricochetting amidst portly old ladies along the promenade deck. The strip of cocoanut-matting that forms the pitch lies lightly upon the slippery boards, but players seldom trip and break their heads. The three stumps, fixed in their unstable pedestal, rest upon this elastic floor-cloth, but never has strong-ankled wicket-keeper been so unscrupulous as to overthrow the sticks, when the ball whistles near, by putting tension upon the matting beneath his feet. On shore the batsman sometimes plays a ball gently and with tenderness, as though he loved it; at sea he puts his whole soul into every stroke. But the fielders are close

around him, for they cannot get any further away, and as sailors fashion rope-balls hard, there is method in this aggressive batting. Still, the fielder is not often knocked senseless. When the ball is struck, it invariably reaches the boundary, but boundaries very properly do not count. But they frequently prove useful to the wielder of the willow, as when the ball gets mixed up in the netting and the fielder cannot disentangle it. If the batsman is anxious to make a score, tip-and-run must be the order of his game. The most usual termination to one's innings is being run out by the batsman at the other end. Ship-bowling generally follows the style of Richardson or Mold, and is more remarkable for speed than accuracy of pitch. Leg-guards being unknown in ship-cricket, this style has obvious advantages. A crafty underhander is sometimes seen, but is effective principally in rough weather. Most weird and wonderful of all objects is the ship-bat. Occasionally Mr. Reed has unconsciously depicted something similar in his "Prehistoric Peeps": its like also may be studied in pictures of eighteenth-century cricket in the pavilion at Lord's. None but a graphic representation can convey any impression of the reality. In two directions only is it possible to make a stroke upon the ordinary promenade deck that will travel. At either extremity of the boiler-house there is an alley-way, and from one end of the pitch a well-aimed cut to third man, and from the other a stroke off the shins to forward short-leg, will fly along the narrow passage to the other side of the ship. As the ball passes out of sight, there is delightful risk in starting for a fresh run, for the fielder may appear round the corner at any minute with the ball in his hand, while the batsmen are in the middle of the pitch. Under such circumstances a batsman has been known to be run out when starting for his seventh notch. Such was the game that had been played on board the s.s. *Arethusa* every afternoon since Suez had been passed.

"The girl stepped forward a pace, and with a half-turn had forced the ball hard and true away to short-leg."

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For the particular match in which we are interested, teams had been amicably arranged —each containing six ladies and six men apiece—and both the purser's clerk and the "fourth" naturally had placed themselves on Maggie Darling's side. They were successful in winning the toss, but their suggestion to old Colonel Knuckleduster, chairman of the Sports Committee, that the chief, who happened to be on the other team, should be debarred from bowling, had not met with approval.

"Silly old josser!" observed the "fourth," when the purser's clerk, who had been spokesman for the pair, told him the result of his hint to the Colonel. "He's on our side, too. Serve him right if the chief chucks him out for a blob."

It was suggested to Maggie by her admirers that, as captain, she ought to go first to the wickets, but this honour she modestly declined, and deputed the purser's clerk and fourth officer to commence the innings. Now, the "fourth" had been reading a cricket yarn about a batsman who, getting out on purpose in order to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with his sweetheart, proposed and was accepted by the girl while his rival stayed in and made a big score. So, although he did not intend to go to the extent of proposing, when the chief scattered his stumps with the first ball—an unblushing shy—he was not sorry to be free to retire into a deck-chair by the side of the fair Maggie. When, however, a few seconds later the chief followed up his success by hurling down the middle stick of the purser's clerk, the "fourth" was less satisfied. Then the buxom Miss Tester, who had gone in first wicket down, fell a victim to a full pitch from the crafty Mrs. Jecks, and it was now Maggie's turn to bat. Colonel Knuckleduster, who had taken the place of the purser's assistant, was at the other end. With three wickets down for no runs, things looked bad, even in ship-cricket, where scores are low.

Miss Darling wore her usual air of awkward self-consciousness, which she tried to conceal under a badly assumed affectation. She looked a typical specimen of the gawky schoolgirl with clothes badly put on.

The chief gallantly began with three underhands, which Maggie played back to him demurely. Her bat was perfectly straight, and her elbow came well forward. The old Colonel looked surprised and murmured approval, for the best of girls will swing a little across. Possibly the chief fell under an illusion which made him forget himself. For, indeed, he did forget himself. Quite ignoring the fact that he was bowling to a girl, he threw in the next with all his might. The ball was pitched well up and straight at Maggie's skirt. Then, while the hearts of the "fourth" and the purser's clerk were almost standing still with fear, while (realising his mistake) a hoarse "Beg pardon!" was trembling upon the lips of the gallant bowler, and the Colonel, keen as mustard, grew purple with indignation at the outrage, the girl stepped forward a pace, and with a half-turn had forced the ball hard and true away to short-leg. Fat Mr. Parkyn, who was fielding in this place with hands and mouth wide open, received the missile upon his false teeth, from whence it flew through the alley-way and across the deck, over the starboard rails.

"Jove! she knows a bit! Well played! Lost ball—that's six," shouted the admiring Colonel, quite ignoring the discomfiture of the unlucky Parkyn, who, with handkerchief to his mouth, beat a hasty retreat to his cabin.

It was indeed a clever stroke of the *genus* Archie MacLaren.

When one is playing most games, it is possible, if one is in the humour, not to try. Cricket—in one department, at least—is an exception. If the love of the game has ever entered into his soul, the batsman cannot remain at the wickets for three consecutive balls without becoming keen. Thus it was with Miss Darling. After that hit to leg all the indifference of the young Amazon vanished.

"Don't run them short!" she cried, addressing the Colonel. "Keep your end up, and play them down the alley-ways."

The girl certainly pursued this policy herself. Her cuts to third man were as clever and well-timed as her strokes to leg. Ship-cricket only allows of six fielders, and as two were required for the posts of bowler and wicket-keeper, and the unfortunate Parkyn was disabled, there was a very small force left to guard the vulnerable positions. The ball flew repeatedly through the alley-ways, and Maggie's score rose rapidly. The Colonel, in spite of his bulk, ran out each stroke like a hero. The purser's clerk and the "fourth" roared applause. Never had a girl been seen to play ship-cricket like this one. All the passengers crowded behind the netting to watch. Even the skipper came to look on.

It was only through an accident that her innings finally came to an end. She tripped

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"The merry whistle died away upon his lips and he came to a dead stop."

over a crease in the cocoanut-matting in the centre of the pitch and was run out. Her score had reached the colossal total of 17. Hot and a little dishevelled, she sought her deck-chair, which the purser's clerk was guarding for her.

"Can I get you anything?" that personage inquired politely.

"Whisky and so——," began Miss Darling, and then checked herself hastily.

She responded to the congratulations of her fellow-passengers with such a lack of cordiality that all were satisfied with the previous conviction that she was a rather sulky girl.

After her large score the match naturally resulted in victory for her side.

Miss Darling did not appear in the saloon for afternoon tea, nor did she come on deck afterwards; so the purser's clerk, who, as usual, did not happen to be particularly busy, went in search of her. Not being a ceremonious youth, and since his relations with the lady were of the "Hail-fellow-well-met" order, he strolled along the passage towards her cabin with the intention of calling her to come out. He was in an absent-minded mood, like many amorous young men, and strolled past the door. It was hot weather and the door was open, but the necessary curtain was drawn across. Just as he passed by, whistling softly to himself, Fate willed it that a gentle breeze from the porthole should waft the curtain aside. And at that moment, quite involuntarily, he cast a glance within. The merry whistle died away upon his lips and he came to a dead stop. But only for an instant did presence of mind fail him, and a second later he was hurrying onwards towards the bathrooms. For the rest of the day that purser's clerk was in a most strange and mysterious mood, and it was noticed that he shunned the society of Miss Maggie Darling altogether. The happy "fourth" had her all to himself.

* * * * *

In good time the s.s. *Arethusa* reached Colombo harbour, and scarcely was she at anchor when it was whispered among the passengers that a police-officer had come aboard.

The rumour was quite correct, for, while it was passing from lip to lip, the official in question, very large and important, was closeted in the commander's cabin.

"We've no one on board answering to that description," observed the captain, when it had been explained to him that one of his passengers was wanted in England on a charge of forgery.

"He's believed to have come on board at Naples in disguise," said the colonial Sherlock Holmes impressively. "I must have a thorough search of the ship. He's one of the smartest little thieves in London."

At that moment there was a tap at the door, and in walked the purser's clerk.

"What do you want, sir?" demanded the captain sternly.

The purser's clerk, very red and confused, coughed down a lump in his throat and began—

"I hear there's a thief on board, sir," he stammered, "and it's my belief that that Miss Maggie Darling, as she calls herself, isn't a girl at all, sir."

"Not a girl, sir!" thundered the captain. "How on earth do you know that?"

"Jove! it's more than likely it's the chap,"

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interrupted the police-officer eagerly. "He was a failure on the music-hall stage before he started as a swindler. Though why he failed, I don't know, for they say he's a splendid mimic."

"A wonderful actor," groaned the purser's clerk, under his breath.

"He'd play the girl to perfection, I'll be bound," added the police-officer.

The purser's clerk turned all sorts of colours.

"I shall want to know, sir, a little later, when it was you found out about all this, and why you didn't tell me sooner," observed the captain, looking daggers at his subordinate.

They searched the good ship *Arethusa* high and low, but the person known as Miss Maggie Darling had vanished. In the cabin was found a very comprehensive wardrobe, which demonstrated clearly that the occupant had been a man. There were more than one razor, a miscellaneous collection of pipes, and a feminine wig worth several pounds. It was evident that a hasty flight had taken place.

The purser's clerk and fourth officer came face to face in the gangway of the upper deck while coaling was in full progress. The former, who had just returned from a painful interview with the commander, from which he had managed to emerge scathless by dint only of superhuman dexterity, was perhaps looking the more miserable of the two. For a few seconds neither spoke.

"Well, I suppose she——I mean he, got clean away?" the "fourth" at length remarked huskily.

"And a nice pair of fools we look," groaned the purser's clerk. "I shall never hear the last of it."

"It's better for you," returned the "fourth" enviously. "You never came near him after that cricket match. I've been sitting with the little scoundrel till eleven o'clock the last two nights. The chief'll never let me alone if he lives to be a hundred."

"At all events, you escaped a wigging from the old man," retorted the purser's clerk. "If I'd told him all, I suppose I'd have got the sack."

"What d'ye mean by *all?*" demanded the "fourth" suspiciously.

Then the purser's clerk, who needed a confidant badly, told his story.

"I caught a glimpse inside his cabin as I passed," he concluded with dramatic emphasis. "The little villain was sitting with his wig off, smoking a pipe."

"And you never told me!" thundered the "fourth" furiously.

"Hush! not so loud," whispered the purser's clerk, looking round with apprehension. "I'd no notion he'd turn out to be an absconding thief. I knew he was getting off at Colombo, and I never thought they'd twig he was a man. Of course, I'd have told you later."

"And you knew all about it, and let me make an infernal ass of myself for two days!" cried the other, still unappeased. "Hang it all! it was your duty as a ship's officer to have reported it."

"Yes, and have given both of us away at once," answered the purser's clerk. "I wanted to save a scandal."

"Well, you didn't save a scandal," retorted the injured "fourth," "and it'd serve you right if I told the skipper."

"You won't do that," retorted the other defiantly.

"I don't know," said the "fourth." "Duty comes before friendship."

"Yes, of course," answered the purser's clerk, who knew well enough that the "fourth" would not carry out his threat. "But bear in mind I was on deck at half-past ten last night, and I saw you with your arm round his waist!"

The "fourth" turned on his heel instantaneously and, as he made off in haste, nearly tripped down a coal-shoot.

The person who had been known as Miss Maggie Darling on board the s.s. *Arethusa* was never captured. It was conjectured subsequently that he had escaped from the ship in Colombo harbour disguised as a coolie, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had reached Singapore "made up" as a Chinaman. Though finally traced to 'Frisco, he was then lost to sight, and the American police never succeeded in following the trail.

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THE GOLD WOLF:

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

CHAPTER I.

THE MARKET AND THE LIFE.

A CLERK carried the last of the signed letters from the room, and Dudley Hatton was alone. The hour was half-past six; the day a Friday in the month of July. Dudley remembered both the hour and the day for many a long year to come.

A week of financial storm and stress had troubled Drapers' Gardens, and this was the crisis of it. During five short days poor men had become rich, rich men poor. In the House itself the markets rose and fell as Western cities—now to vast heights, now to ashes. He who quitted Belgravia in the morning oftentimes had done better to seek out Bloomsbury at dusk. The roar of trembling voices was like the storm and ebb of gales. The summer heat added frenzy to the panic. Dudley Hatton, knowing not at present what the outcome of his vast dealings had been, let the pen drop from his hands and sat staring vacantly, unconscious almost of the place and the time. Through the open windows a message of the City's life came up to him; he did not hear it. The bells of the neighbouring churches, chiming the quarters, did not speak of the closing day. He sat as a man whose mind had failed him; who had known yesterday and would know to-morrow—but for whom to-day was not. Clerks, anxious to turn homeward, watched his brougham at the office door and wondered what kept him. Ah! did they own but a twentieth part of his fortune, how little would Throgmorton Street see of them! This man of riches fabulous, what kept him in that gloomy habitation of financial ghosts, when all the world was open to him—the playing-fields of Europe, the splendid East, the life-giving sea? And he was killing himself—killing himself hour by hour, and week by week. This last crisis had aged him beyond them all. The hand that took the papers from a driven secretary trembled like a woman's. Dudley Hatton was growing old. And he had lived but thirty-seven years.

He was growing old, his friends said; and yet none of them—Lady Hermione, his wife, least of all—knew how old. Sitting there in his office, with vacant mind and weary body, the discovering light of a setting sun gave to his haggard face deeper lines than any his clerks had seen. And there was that in the eyes which no stranger might observe without concern — a look as of one seeking pity and relief, craving almost for some weapon against self; the look of a man who has lost life's battle and not won it. Yet Dudley Hatton was accounted the fifth richest man in the world. His income set unmathematical journalists sums they could not add. He was photographed, written of, interviewed as "The African King." "What a fortune!" the readers said. "What a dog's life!" was the comment of his friends.

* * * * *

A clerk knocked at the door of the inner office—the "unholy of unholies," as a jobber-wit had called it—and, failing to obtain an answer, he knocked a second time and a third time before the well known voice cried, "Come in!" He found Dudley Hatton still at the great writing-table—the room half in darkness, the papers before him untouched. Afraid at the first that his employer was ill, the musical voice, the kindly manner reassured him and he advanced with confidence. Few that were in close touch with Dudley Hatton did not grow to love him. Even his enemy, money, could not deprive him of their affection.

"Well, Hardy, and what now? I thought you had gone home."

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"I was waiting for you, sir."

"Quite an unnecessary attention, Hardy."

"Thank you, sir; but Mr. Foxall is here."

The lines in the man's face vanished in a moment. Such was the magic of a name.

"Mr. Foxall. What's he doing west of Temple Bar?"

"He said he had an appointment with you, sir."

"An appointment? an appointment?"

He took a note-book from his pocket and turned the pages of it under his thumb. When he found the date, the lines came into his face again, and the magic of the name had passed.

"Oh, yes! I see; there was an appointment. Let Mr. Foxall come up. And you go home, Hardy. Tell the others to go. I do not wish anyone to remain after the letters are written."

The clerk said, "Thank you, sir," and left the office. You could hear the others trooping out like a pack of schoolboys before twenty seconds had passed. Patrick Foxall, however, went up to the "holies" three steps at a time, and the whole building rang with a voice which the hunting-field had trained.

"Dudley, me bhoy! where are ye now?"

Dudley extended a hand across the desk, and when Patrick had touched his cold fingers, he unlocked a drawer in the cabinet behind him and pushed a decanter of sherry and a wine-glass toward the "wild Irishman." There were cigars already upon the table, and as soon as the great fellow with the bright blue waistcoat had lighted one, Dudley picked up a cigarette and began to tap the end of it.

"I've a dreadful memory, Pat."

"Faith! and ye have. 'Tis an hour I've waited in Harley Street this day."

"Pity it wasn't Bond Street, Pat."

"Go on with you—would ye speak of the hussies? Aye, but it's foolish talk. Say what kept ye, man—what kept ye from Chaplin?"

"Money, Pat."

"To the devil with the money! Is money putting flesh on your bones or giving ye sleep at nights? Ye'll come this minute—the doctor's waiting. 'Tis on guineas and symptoms the rogue lives. We'll just take a cab and make him a present of both."

Dudley smoked for a minute in silence. Then he asked—

"Do my friends think I am ill, then?"

"They don't think—they know it."

"And they are really anxious about me?"

"They pay you the compliment of saying that they hope you won't die in a madhouse."

He did not see the swift change which came upon his friend's face, nor the look which haunted the eyes. The jest to him was immense, and his raucous laugh could be heard in the street outside. Pat Foxall had but one supreme word of contempt for any drollery. It was his own and inimitable. "Bow-wow!" he would say, and that ended the argument.

"They say you're working too hard and will kill yourself, me bhoy. I'm taking even money about it, and a very pretty investment it is! Jan Beckstein—'tis like the old devil—is laying odds that you're down by Christmas. Pleased he would be, to be sure! Come, now, ye'll not give in to Jan Beckstein! 'Twould be the first time in your life if ye did."

Dudley struck the ashes from his cigarette and then stood up to look for the silk hat which was on the table beside him. In spite of the weather, he was always scrupulously well dressed, and the old habit of a frock-coat for town never deserted him.

"If anyone brings me to an early grave, it will not be Jan Beckstein," he said slowly, as he opened the door for Foxall to pass out. "I've given him one to-day that he won't soon forget. Come along, Pat; I'll see your man, since you ask me. But I warn you—it won't be even money when I come out!"

Pat Foxall stuck his hat on the side of his head and linked his arm with Dudley's. "Bow-wow!" was all he condescended to say.

CHAPTER II.

DR. CHAPLIN IS LATE FOR DINNER.

Dr. Oliver Chaplin, of Harley Street, hearing a ring at his front-door bell, hastily thrust aside the evening paper, and opening a text-book upon an abstruse subject, sat down to his table and took a pen in his hand. When a sleek manservant announced "Mr. Dudley Hatton," his attitude was entirely professional and impressive. The keenest observer would not have guessed that he had recently returned from the golf-links at Northwood, where he had enjoyed an exciting argument with an eminent surgeon as to the merits of the new American ball. He was now all composed and wise-looking; and he merely bent his head, as a judge might have done, when Dudley entered.

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"'By Heaven, it shall!'"

"Mr. Dudley Hatton—I need scarcely say that I know the name."

Dudley cared nothing for the compliment.

"My friend, Foxall, wishes me to see you," he said a little curtly. "I don't know why; but he is probably the one man in the city of London who can do what he likes with me. So here I am, doctor, and it's for you to do the rest."

Dr. Chaplin bowed his head again and took up a diary in which his notes of cases were entered. A shaded lamp stood upon his left hand. He pulled it nearer to him and looked at his patient over his glasses.

"You are a very busy man, Mr. Hatton."

"Yes, you may call me that."

"Attend at your office every day?"

"Yes, I am in London every day."

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"And sometimes feel the burden of it? I am sure you do."

"If I did not, doctor, I should not be here."

Dr. Chaplin made a note in his book and then went on again. For the moment his questions were entirely commonplace—the age of the patient, his weight, his appetite—but presently he asked—

"Do you travel much, Mr. Hatton?"

Dudley laughed a little satirically at the idea.

"I was five times across the Atlantic last year, once to South Africa, three times to Berlin, as many to Paris. Would you call that much, doctor?"

"At least an evidence of the nomadic instinct. Let me ask if you take your business with you on these journeys, or manage to forget it?"

Dudley half closed his eyes and leant back in the chair wearily.

"Ah!" he said, "that's coming nearer home. I'll ask a question in my turn. If you have a dangerous case—a patient hovering between life and death, a great risk, a vital operation—do you forget it? Can you put it aside when you like? I think not, doctor; I think not."

Another note was made in the black-bound book, another glance turned swiftly at the speaker.

"I see, I see. You are engaged in great financial operations and you cannot free your mind of them. They are your ghosts; they recur in the brain again and again. You do not sleep, Mr. Hatton?"

"Sleep? What would I not give to sleep!"

"There is always a train of thought waking you. You imagine the rest. You rise early because you go to bed late."

"I rise early because I must. The impulse is driving me all the time. I must. I must! You can know nothing of it. I must wake and work. If I pause, the brain fails me. I am a drug drinker, and finance is my dram. That is why I am here, doctor. Give me sleep, and I will pay any price you care to name for it."

Oliver Chaplin put down his pen and drew the lamp across the table, that the light of it might fall upon his patient's face. He was a man of some heart, despite his professional schooling, and this case interested him greatly. There was a gentle note of encouragement in his voice when next he spoke.

"If you will put yourself entirely in my hands, I will begin to make promises," he said kindly; "but it would have to be entirely, Mr. Hatton."

Dudley, half ashamed of his earnestness, became the cynic again.

"Meaning," he said, "baths, hydros, retreats, eh, doctor? A course for neurosthenia. Oh! I know that humbug!"

The doctor pulled the shade down upon the lamp and took up his pen again.

"I prescribe none of those things," he said quietly, "for such a man as you."

"Then what is it? what do you wish me to do?"

"To give up business absolutely, definitely, finally—for ever."

"To give up business——!"

"I see no middle way. If you do not give up business——"

He paused abruptly, as though fearing to say that which was in his mind. An embarrassing silence fell upon both. Through the open windows they could hear a distant street organ and the rumble of traffic in Harley Street. A clock ticked patiently on the wooden mantelshelf. Dudley was the first to speak.

"You were about to speak, doctor——"

"I was about to speak of consequences. Let me put it another way. I am assured you would not wish to conceal anything from me, Mr. Hatton. Your case interests me greatly, and, if you will permit me, I will make it my own. Regard me for the moment simply as the doctor and the friend. You would not resent a question in that light?"

"I am here to speak; ask what you please."

There was a moment's hesitation, and then the question came, laboriously and with not a little tactful adornment.

"This impulse to work and activity of which you speak, does it ever—that is—are there other impulses, Mr. Hatton?"

It was a simple question, but the effect upon him who heard it was, beyond all measure, surprising. Again there came to the eyes of the man that dangerous look which had troubled them in the solitude of his office. The hands trembled nervously, the face aged visibly.

"Other impulses—what do you mean, doctor?"

The response was unflinching. This was a case of which the truth must be known.

"I mean that nervous impulse takes many forms. When the system is unstrung, when we cannot sleep or rest, Nature rings a

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danger bell in our ears. Men have come to me and told me, in this room, of the most ridiculous manias, which were simply the result of overwork. I have even known patients—common-sense, religious men—whom nervous strain has so driven that they have had the impulse to kill those dearest to them. We laugh at their fears, but do not pass them by. You know nothing, of course, of such cases as these, but there may be something, some trouble of your illness and mental distress——"

He paused, as though the suggestion were enough; but Dudley buried his face in his hands. He did not speak for many minutes. The truth, how wonderfully this man had divined it! The spectres, the mental ghosts of the last six months, how surely he had named them! And the terrible impulse to death, to rest, to forgetfulness! Dudley had not dared to confess these even to himself.

"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I have known such cases, doctor. But I laughed at them. A strong man must do that, he must laugh at them. They are the penalty of his position. Work will kill them."

And then, as though uttering a resolution, he clenched his hands and said—

"By Heaven, it shall!"

The doctor watched him closely during this paroxysm of nervous dread. A little fearful of the consequences of his question, he began to edge away from it.

"Come," he said, "you are overwrought, tired, mentally distressed. Nature is ringing the danger bell for you. You will listen to that, Mr. Hatton, for the sake of those dear to you, for your wife's sake."

For the first time since they had met, Dudley uttered a scornful laugh.

"For my wife's sake——!"

He checked the word which came to his tongue and rose abruptly.

"I will come and see you again, when I am better able to speak of things. If you think there is anything that will do me good, why, send the prescription on. It is your dinner-time and mine, doctor. Fasting will not help either of us."

The doctor, understanding the nature of this sudden determination, did not seek to dispute it.

"You are going to take a long holiday," he suggested brightly, "and to-morrow must begin it. My orders are positive. I shall come to Park Lane in the morning and see how they are being carried out. You can amuse yourself very well until Christmas, Mr. Hatton, and after that we will reconsider the case. But it is my duty to tell you very plainly that if you continue as you are going on, in six months' time——"

"I shall die in a madhouse, eh? Do not spare me, doctor; I know it."

Dudley laughed loudly at his own prophecy, and then, the laugh failing him suddenly, he repeated, almost as one speaking to himself, "I know it—in six months' time!"

He left the room impatient of the consolations offered to him. He, Dudley Hatton, had defied Nature's warning bell these many months. He knew the penalty.

* * * * *

As they went down the hall together, Oliver Chaplin bethought him of a question.

"By the way," said he, "my broker says I ought to buy Louisvilles. Do you think he's right?"

CHAPTER III.

PATRICK FOXALL AT HOME.

PATRICK FOXALL, like the birds of the air, sowed not, neither did he reap; but, for all that, he had little anxiety about the morrow. A rolling stone, who gathered no moss, he would reply to the accusation that Moss was really a usurer who should not be encouraged. While no men knew where he lived, or by what means he got his money, he was welcomed in all circles where the lighter side of life is esteemed before the more serious, Sportsman, gossip, wit, no swallow migrated more surely northward, southward, at the season of the year. Heard of one month in Petersburg, the next would find him at Aix or Homburg or the more profitable "Monte." Wherever the chickens were gathered together, there was the Foxall loosed, as a wag once had said. A jovial reputation survived the slander. Pat's intimates denied with scorn the imputations of the plucked. The man was just a merry fellow. If he could play any game you chose to name better than other men could play it, well, he had devoted an irresponsible life to the accomplishment; and certainly he did play them better. There were those who said that Monte Carlo was worth two thousand a year to him. Others spent idle days wondering when he would make his first appearance in the Bankruptcy Court.

Patrick's appearances in London were erratic and surprising as his disappearances. None knew what he did or what he ate, or where he spent the leisure of his mornings. The afternoons would find him at the gun-

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club or in the card-room; few were the evenings when his seat in the famous restaurant was not in the fashion of a throne about which the tame birds hovered dangerously. It was here, in this glittering haven near the Strand, that Lord Alfred Troon and others of the feathered tribe discovered Patrick some hours after he had left Dudley Hatton at Oliver Chaplin's door; and, being as anxious to hear of Patrick's friend as of himself, they hopped about him and charged his glass and filled his cigar-case and generally ministered to his necessities. In his turn, Patrick was very willing to speak of the rich men he knew. It inspired confidence, he said.

"Me bhoys, and glad I am to see you all! Did you ask me what I was drinking, Alfred, young fellow? Then 'twas a glass of port, to be sure!"

They greeted him boisterously, asking news of his travels. He had been at Monte Carlo when last they heard of him.

"You were cleared out, Pat, old chap—don't you remember? You wrote to me and said you were in the devil of a mess!"

"'Tis a curse is money, and the ruin of mankind! I'll take one of your cigars, young William. They're beauties, me bhoy!"

He lit a cigar and, commanding service of the waiters with regal dignity, he went on to speak of his adventures.

"I hadn't a sixpence in the pocket—look at that now! And a week aftherwards I was driving a motor-car to the Beau-Site, and there was two thousand went with me. Faith! I tossed old Skimpel for the car and raised a pony on it at Monte! The cards were good to me and I cut me luck. 'Tis no pillar of salt I am, to be looking back at the place of me destruction! And there were friends had need of me in London. Ye'll have heard something of it from the newspapers?"

They all knew that he referred to Dudley Hatton, the Gold King, and their ears hungered for his news. Pat Foxall would make a clean breast of it presently. He had never kept a secret more than five minutes in his life. The scandalous chronicles were full of Dudley's name just now. These puny gamblers—ready, every one of them, to hunt the elusive five-pound note—pressed close about the Irishman when Dudley was named.

"They say that Hatton's brain is failing him," exclaimed Lord Alfred, taking his cue from the question. "You know him better than anyone else, Pat, and you ought to deny it. Is it true that you have seen him to-day?"

"This blessed afthernoon have I spent with him in honourable confidence. You are right to say that I know him well. There is no man enjoys the intimacy it is me privilege to speak of. We were lads together, you will remember, and he trusts me entirely. 'Pat,' says he, 'if ye had your dues, 'twould be Park Lane for you, and me in the Adelphi.' It is true, faith, though a little over-complimentary."

They said, "No, no!" and favoured the speaker with other protests of an obliging kind. A little flattery, they knew, would be rewarded by much eloquence. If there were in his possession any secrets of Dudley Hatton's life, this wild Irishman would disclose them presently.

"Then he is not ill, Pat; the stories are all lies?" someone suggested.

"Indeed, and they are. There's not a man in the city of London that could tell you the whole truth, barring meself, who's not here to speak of it. I'd have you to know that me friend, Dudley Hatton, is a very remarkable man, and you cannot be remarkable at all in this day if the world doesn't tell lies about you. Contradict the papers, every one of them. Say that it's Pat Foxall's authority. They are prodigious liars, gentlemen, prodigious liars!"

He sipped his wine and looked exceedingly profound at the words. Lord Alfred and the pigeons nodded their heads in silent homage before so great an oracle. Ah! this admirable Pat! he would speak presently.

"They say he's suffering from heart disease!" exclaimed a little man in the corner, who until that moment had not spoken a single word. "I shouldn't be surprised to hear that. He rowed for Caius at Cambridge."

"That's just the miracle of it!" chimed in another; "if Dudley Hatton were a coarse, fat Jew, with diamond rings on his gloves and a shirt-stud like a motor-lamp, you'd believe in his cash; but an educated millionaire is twentieth century. We shall get used to him by and by; but he takes our breath away at first. They tell me he's one of the best fellows in London, a good all-round sportsman and a gentleman. You don't expect a man like that to control markets."

"They say that after the American trinity, and one or two of our big landowners, he's the richest man in the world," added a third.

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"'They are prodigious liars, gentlemen!'"

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"If he really has got heart disease, he's the most unfortunate beggar alive!"

Pat Foxall resented this intimate knowledge of his friend. It was an impertinence for any other man to pretend to know anything at all about Dudley Hatton. He bristled as he heard the speakers. Such impudence must be put down.

"'Tis not heart disease at all," he retorted fiercely; "ye should know better than to listen to such tattle. It is the mind that troubles him; the mind, gentlemen—a complaint that none here will be overburdened with! We cannot have a brain like Dudley Hatton's and pay nothing for it. Look, now, here's a man that is busy in all quarters of the universal globe—concessions in America, concessions in the Argentine, his diamond mines in Africa, his tramways and railroads in London—it would drive the Rothschilds themselves to the madhouse to be afther managing them! And he's alone, mind ye; 'tis one head that does it all! Says he to me this very day, 'Tis me own house, Pat, that I built, and you are the only friend I have. There would be many,' says he, 'to dance on me grave if I go down; but I'll stand against them all, Pat; I'll make some of them dance to another tune.' Aye, 'tis a wonderful man, and ye'll understand what I fear for him."

"But you don't believe in these stories about the madhouse, Pat, do you?" Lord Alfred asked him.

"I believe what I see, young gentleman. Here's a man whose brain is awake night and day. Does he get any rest in his own house? Not an hour, I tell ye! He's married to a woman that is not afther any love for him or his affairs. Link the old and the new, and the chain that ye have is brittle and breaks. He married into a great family; and what's the end of it? The woman despising him, playing ducks and drakes with his money; and he as pitiful for kindness as any little child! Belike, if they had children of their own, Lady Hermione would be more of a woman than ever she can be now. That's the great unkindness of his life. He's no son. He's a wife that is ashamed of the name she bears. Ask yourselves what it will end in, and then say why I came to London."

He settled himself in his chair and lit a new cigar. The worshipping birds, nodding their heads sagely, came to a common agreement.

"It will be an awful smash up if he goes under," said the little man in the corner. "I shall sell my Argentines to-morrow. Call me a bear if you like."

"I'd much sooner call you a monkey!" said old Pat.

And at this the birds laughed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF A FATE.

DUDLEY HATTON never entered his house in Park Lane but some realisation of the miracle of his wealth went with him. In the City he was much as the others in the frock-coated throng. The same commonplace offices served him; the same crowded restaurants. But at nightfall, when the great financial school broke up, and men went away to the dismal mansions of Kensington, or the artistic shams of remoter suburbs, he entered the house of his success and knew that he was the master of it. Here were no vulgar emblems of wealth. If the power of his money made itself manifest, it was such a power as a catholic taste and a true artistic sense might justify. Dudley cared nothing for rooms in this period or in that. The most costly ornaments of his house were often the least showy. He had a treasure of French furniture, unrivalled outside the Wallace collection. His gallery of French pictures should have put the nation to shame. There were groups by Rude, by Barye, by Guillaume, in the hall and at the head of the divided staircase. The dining-room in white outraged the conventions of the advertising upholsterers, but delighted the critics. Lady Hermione's boudoir in itself represented a considerable fortune. The great drawing-room hid rather than displayed the masterpieces of the eighteenth century. Your feet sank into the softest carpets from the East; your eye was delighted everywhere; at first you knew not why. And all was in keeping with this well-trained judgment. The servants wore neither plush nor silk stockings. Quiet men in liveries of black seemed to harmonise with that atmosphere of repose and rest prevailing in a mansion the very solemnity of which, perhaps, provoked dulness. You feared almost to speak above a whisper in such a house.

If his home ministered to Dudley's pleasure, it cannot be said that it ministered also to his happiness. Justly proud as he was of the great position he had built for himself, he rarely failed when at home to realise the hollowness of it. This house and all its treasures would he have surrendered willingly

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for one hour of a child's caresses or a woman's love. Five years ago, when wealth first came to him, he had married the Earl of Lyndon's daughter, Lady Hermione, and the world had said that he was a lucky man. But there were no children of the marriage; and surely, silently, the estrangement came. A high-bred woman, schooled in a hundred traditions of the past, she resented a disappointment and made of it displeasure. In her own home she had taken but a humble place, and from her early childhood had found some grievance of her destiny. If she now spent money lavishly, it was with the airs of one enjoying a right long denied to her, and therefore more precious. She had never understood Dudley, though at first she had wished to, and such affection as she found for him gave way in time to a fretful complaint at his dissatisfaction. She was a clever woman whom necessity alone would drive to profit by her ability. But she had always been taught that the "City" bred vulgarities, and the prejudice remained. What was her husband's just ambition was to her mere covetous persistence. "You are rich enough," was her common argument in the heat of their many quarrels; "you might do something with your money which I should be glad for you to do. My father says that you can well afford it."

"And you father is an authority!" Dudley would answer, a little cynically, remembering the Earl's poverty. This antagonism to all his projects angered and repelled him. He was proud of his dominion, proud of an ability which had achieved so much and would achieve more. His ambition, indeed, was boundless. To be the king of the gold world, to reign over it with all authority, to be able by a word to influence nations and compel governments, was the goal he set himself. Lady Hermione understood none of these things. That money was a ladder by which men gained higher things she could well believe; but its accumulation for a financial power she never could justify. The compliments of the social world annoyed and humbled her. Mayfair worshipped her just because she was Dudley's wife. The men who fawned upon her, flattered her, made love to her—they sought some favour of Dudley, all of them. The society papers, which raved about her, had Dudley's advertisements, every one of them. And yet she had the right to reign apart from all this sordid homage. Even her many enemies admitted that she was beautiful. Her repelling iciness added a certain grace to a stately manner and a dignified presence. There were men to whom she unbent, and these evinced for her an enduring friendship. Her husband alone knew what a passion of jealousy and pride her art of life concealed. Another, perhaps, could have won all of that ardent nature; but he had won nothing. He knew that she did not love him.

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Dudley drove from Harley Street to his club; and, dining there, he did not return to his house in Park Lane until ten o'clock. Lady Hermione was not at home, his valet said; but Miss Hatton was in the drawing-room. Dudley thought sometimes that the two human beings in the world who were really attached to him were his Aunt Mary and Courvoisier, his valet. If the former said much in her own garrulous way, the latter was a man of few words. As a servant he had few equals. He seemed to know by instinct what would be asked of him and what he must do. At home or abroad, it did not matter to Courvoisier. New countries and foreign tongues were alike unable to baffle him. The day when he had enjoyed a holiday was hardly remembered in Park Lane; nor could any tell you of his relatives or friends. His vocabulary was one of twenty words, perhaps, but it served his master's necessities perfectly. Years ago there had been a whisper in the kitchen of Dudley's house that Courvoisier was the husband of an Italian woman whom he had deserted at Naples; but the truth of that story lacked confirmation; and, as the cook tearfully remarked, anyone could see that he was a gentleman.

Dudley, asking no questions of his valet when he came home that night, took from him the smoking-jacket that he offered; and when he had looked at himself for a moment in the mirror, he went down to the drawing-room. As ever, he found Aunt Mary there, propped up in a great arm-chair by the chimney-piece and waiting impatiently for his arrival. She had books at her side, and her spectacles lay upon the newspaper in her lap. Bred in genteel poverty, Aunt Mary was quite unable to live up to the bewildering state with which she was surrounded in Park Lane. Old habits, old economies, clung to her still. She had a rooted idea that all servants were robbers and that the cook sold the dripping. Her youth had been spent in a household whose members regarded every penny as a treasure, and the girls of which had made their own dresses, nor thought it a shame to

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don the homely apron. But in this great house in Park Lane, Aunt Mary was impotent. They did not even allow her to dust the ornaments. And she had always a grievance. Nothing delighted Dudley more than to hear these pet complaints.

He entered the drawing-room quietly and, avoiding the lights, asked news of his wife.

"Where is Hermione, aunt—what is she doing to-night?"

The old lady, brightening at his coming, pushed the paper aside and put on her glasses to look at him. He could not have suggested a question which gave her greater pleasure to answer.

"Ah! don't ask me that, Dudley! The servants all kept up and the gas burning! You may well want to know where she is!"

Dudley laughed at her drollery and sat down, as one unduly tired, upon the other side of the little table.

"It isn't gas, aunt, it's electric light," he said; and then, thinking still of his wife, he went on, "Hermione spoke of a bazaar; I suppose they are keeping her there."

"And a precious good thing if they kept her altogether! Every night some gaiety or pleasure! It was different when I was a girl; we had a hunt ball at Christmas, and lucky we thought ourselves to get it."

Dudley was not interested in Aunt Mary's reminiscences, so he suggested—

"But this is different; this is charity, aunt!"

"Charity! Don't talk to me! Spending good money on a lot of well dressed fools and neglecting her home! Not one bit of sewing, I do declare, has been done in this house since Christmas! And the waste—the waste, Dudley!"

Dudley smiled again and encouraged her to go on.

"You ought to approve of a religious cause, aunt."

"A religious cause—stuff and nonsense! Do women worship their Maker with bare necks and dresses that no honest woman would have worn in my time? You're a fool to believe it, Dudley! Where is a woman's place? Why, at her husband's side! Why is this house going to rack and ruin? Because there is only your old aunt here, and no one listens to her! Ah! you may speak to me of an earl's daughter, but handsome is as handsome does! If there is one scrap of cold meat eaten downstairs, why, I'm not a truthful woman! Oh! she's hoity-toity, with her grand airs and her gowns from Paris, and her fine friends here and her fine friends there; but she's not the wife for my nephew—and that I will say, if it's the last word I speak!"

She was justly enraged and very garrulous by this time, a condition which invariably amused Dudley very much.

"Don't you think that Hermione is happy, aunt?"

"Happy—fiddlesticks! What's a woman's happiness but her home and children? Ah! my poor Dudley, you might have done better, you might have done better!"

For the first time Dudley's face hardened. She had spoken of children. He scarcely heard her when she rambled on—

"Mark my words; there will be trouble of all this, and you will both pay for it. But I sha'n't be here then; I shall be dead and gone. Nobody cares for a poor old woman! Here have I been sitting in this room for an hour, and where are the glasses? A pretty state of things that someone cannot answer the bell when I ring it!"

As a matter of fact, Aunt Mary had not rung the bell at all; but Dudley now hastened to do it for her, and when, with many similar reflections and pious hopes for an early grave, she went up to bed, he sought refuge in his study and wished that he had not heard the word "children."

* * * * *

It was a hot night, moonless and stifling. Though the Season was nearly over, Park Lane continued to reflect the zenith of the brilliant months. Through the open window Dudley could hear the notes of a string band opening the great ball which one of his neighbours was giving. There were many carriages in Park Lane, and as he watched the splendidly dressed women passing to the world of pleasure, the light and life of the houses, the idling things of the very richest and the very poorest, he could not but contrast the state of the children of pleasure with that of the wretched creatures who lingered in the shadow of the trees, lacking, it might be, both home and bed. Here, indeed, Poverty jostled Wealth and watched it with jealous eyes. Dudley asked himself what law of compensation governed this world of extremes. By what right was he in such a house and yon poor creature shuddering at the bitterness of the night? He had asked himself that question often, but never yet had answered it.

There were candles upon the table of his study, and he sat down before it, thinking that he would read his private letters. But now that he was alone, the will to think of little things escaped him. He had laughed

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at Oliver Chaplin and his gloomy prophecies when first he heard them; but here in the silence of the night they began to pursue him. It was no new thing, this premonition that he stood upon the brink of some overwhelming tragedy. For many months Dudley had known that which he would have confessed to no living man. The wonderful brain, the surpassing gift of concentration were failing him surely. He had drawn heavy cheques upon the mind's bank, and the balance shrank every day. He knew that Nature had sounded a warning bell for him—not once, but many times; and he had neglected it. Even in the doctor's study he had been unable to confess the serious truths of his condition. The mad impulses, the paroxysms of passion which were the symptoms of his nervous state had been hidden hitherto from all; but even he, it might be, did not know what the effort cost him. Sometimes in moments of deep despair he told himself that he was going mad. In vain would Reason answer, "Rest!" Such schemes as he had laid, such vast emprises mocked the word. He dared not rest. Riches, fame, the honour of his financial house forbade it. Upon him alone, upon his genius the very stability of his business depended. His was the guiding brain, his the creative impulse. Let him draw back, and thousands might fall in that tremendous cataclysm. For the sake of those who had trusted him, for the confusion of the mean enemies who strove against him, Dudley must go on.

He had known many days of reckoning in the last six months, but this day was supreme. That which he had told himself another now had told him. It was easy enough before to say, "You may be mistaken; a few days here, a few days there, a trip to America, a voyage to the Cape, will put matters straight. But this could be said no more. He reflected that all might have been different had a woman's love and sympathy supported him. To-night he must tell his wife what Oliver Chaplin had said. He knew already with what cynicism she would reply; with what indifference she would hear him; nevertheless, he was determined to tell her. A great longing for rest came to him while he waited for Hermione's return. Perhaps he hoped that a full confession might win of her that which silence had never won. The hour would show. He prayed that he might win some love or sympathy of it. The shadow of his fate lay heavy upon him while he waited.

CHAPTER V.

MAN AND WIFE.

LADY HERMIONE returned to Park Lane at a quarter to one. A footman opened the door to her; Courvoisier, the valet, was upon the staircase when she went up. She was surprised to see the man there, but made no remark. From the first day of her marriage she had not troubled to conceal her dislike of this crafty Frenchman. He was so absolutely her husband's instrument. She knew that, in his quiet way, he resented Dudley Hatton's marriage. Perhaps his very fidelity rebelled against the subordination of his master's position. She believed that he was her enemy, yet would not stoop to any intrigue against him. Her weapon was silence; she ignored Courvoisier.

The day had been a long one, and the night found her very weary. A leader wherever she went, the success of the great charity bazaar at the Albert Hall had been almost entirely her own. They said that she worked with a spirit and the gaiety which defied rivalry. Certainly she was the most beautiful woman in the room; and, vanity compelling her to unbend and to be gracious even to the wives of business men, she appeared in a *rôle* as new as it was winning. The triumph of this democratic play followed her to the Carlton, where her friends had supped. She was the life and laughter of those tireless masqueraders. The light, the colour, the atmosphere of wealth helped that tall, commanding brunette with the pale face and the abundance of black, silky hair. Her jewels were unsurpassed in London—Dudley had always seen to that; and to-night she wore the famous Empire rubies, while many diamond stars nested in the chiffon about her shoulders, and her arms were banded with brilliants. She went as one entitled to lead, both by her own gifts and by those she had acquired. There was no more stately figure in that immense gathering.

Dudley rarely found leisure for these functions, but was very willing that his wife should be seen at them. He was gratified to read of Hermione's success. Men complimented him upon her beauty, her victories, her womanly instincts. These qualities he believed that she possessed; but for himself he knew nothing of them. It was so different when once the door of his house closed behind her and they were alone together. Unmercifully, defiantly, she would cast off the mask at such a time and be herself again. He believed in his heart that nothing he could

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do would ever win her confidence or break this truce of the mutual mistrust. Her very desire to assume for him an affection she did not feel ended oftentimes in some new affront. He scarcely blamed her for that. She was one of those women who must act and speak as the impulse wills it. And she was a very poor actress even in her gentler moods.

* * * * *

Hermione passed up the stairs quickly, loosing her opera-cloak as she went. There was a light in Dudley's study, and she knew that he was awake. It was rare to find him up and about at such an hour, for he was a poor sleeper, and, for this reason, a man of early habits. Hermione wondered what kept him at his desk at such a time, and, curiosity being stronger than her fatigue, she determined to find out.

"Dudley, are you asleep, Dudley?"

He had fallen asleep at the table, weary of waiting and of his own fears; but she had scarcely spoken before he started up to welcome her with a murmur, as it were of gratitude and relief.

"I was tired, Hermione—it is such a stifling night. You are very late, are you not?"

She let her opera-cloak slip from her shoulders and advanced a step towards him. The candles' light caught the flashing hues of the jewels at her breast. Her face was hard set and the lines in it had deepened. Dudley wondered if there were a more beautiful woman in all the world, or one that could meet the man who loved her less kindly.

"Of course I am late," she said crossly. "Do you expect me to come home like a little child at ten o'clock!"

He rose from his chair and switched on a full light that they might see each other distinctly. This was the hour, inauspicious, but necessary, for the confession he had to make. He was ready to tell her exactly what Dr. Chaplin had said; to hide nothing nor to distort the truth. She must know as he knew.

"I expect you to enjoy yourself, Hermione," he said quietly. "Why should you not? If I may judge from appearances, you are doing it very well. Perhaps you won't mind giving me ten minutes now. You seem to have plenty of time for other people."

He did not mean to be retrospective; the words escaped him unwittingly. It was always the same. He longed for her sympathy, her love; but face to face with her his pride forbade him to unbend. And she, she resented hotly the bitter tone in which he so often addressed her.

"I am very tired," she said, not troubling to conceal her weariness. "Is it anything so important that I must hear it now?"

"You are always tired, Hermione."

She turned away and sat in one of the straight-backed oak chairs by the chimney-piece. He took his stand facing her, his arm resting upon the mantelshelf. He had never believed that it would be so difficult to speak to a woman whom once he had loved. His heart beat quickly; he might almost have stood face to face with a judge to answer an accusation. And she was already telling herself that he had some domestic complaint to urge against her, some petty charge of neglect or pleasure.

"What do you want of me?" she asked petulantly; "you see I am listening. Has your aunt been talking about me, or is it of Hatton and Hatton? How very interesting! Please be quick, or I shall go to sleep!"

Dudley raised his eyes when she spoke of Hatton and Hatton; but this was his only protest. The insinuation wounded him; but he was determined not to quarrel with her—to-night. Besides, she had yet to hear his story, and it would be unfair to prejudge her. No woman with a heart could fail to hear him sympathetically.

"I have seen Dr. Chaplin, Hermione; I saw him this afternoon. You remember that I was going. Pat Foxall believes in him, and insisted on my taking his opinion. I did not wish to go; but perhaps it was for the best."

She lay back in the chair and opened her fan. If she was interested, she disguised it successfully. Perhaps her pride forbade submission. Dudley did not tell her as one who cared for her attention.

"I suppose Mr. Foxall and your doctor are friends," she said languidly; "they share the fees and laugh at you afterwards. Really, Dudley, you ought to avoid that vulgar man, for my sake! Of course, he is something in the City, too! They are always 'something in the City' when they drink too much and borrow your money!"

She turned her head away and made a pretence of staring at the cartoons on the wall above her. Dudley, on his part, was determined that she should not anger him, and he persisted in spite of her waywardness.

"Foxall never borrows my money and he doesn't drink," was his quiet answer; "the habits you speak of are, surely, aristocratic.

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"He took a step towards her and pointed to the door."

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At least, that is my experience, though I do not profess to be an authority. Let us talk of something else, Hermione; at least, let me tell you what the doctor said—if you are interested."

Her gesture was one of wearying patience; nor did her words belie it.

"Of course I am interested—and tired, Dudley. You must see that I am tired," she pleaded.

He sighed and moved away from her. For the moment he was half determined to pass it all by, to forget it, never to speak to her on such a subject again; but, antagonistic to the resolution, that other voice said, "You must speak; you must tell her all, lest it be true!"

"I am sorry you are tired, Hermione," he said hesitatingly; "but I think, all the same, that you ought to know what the doctor says."

"You are ill, then, Dudley?" she asked, looking up at him in surprise.

"Heaven knows how ill!"

She sat forward in the chair and began to show a new interest. Fate played with them momentously in that hour. A chance word, a quaver of the voice, could win all or lose all of their forgotten love. But it was written otherwise, and neither man nor woman might defy a decree foreordained and inevitable. Hermione herself was half afraid, but unwilling to show her fear.

"If you are ill," she said in a low voice, "if you are ill, why do you not leave your work?"

"That is exactly what I am ordered to do; to leave it, to give up everything—my success, my work, my lead, to let them all go—or to die in a madhouse in six months' time!"

He had not meant to put it so brutally, but the words escaped him, overstrung and heart-broken as he was. Perhaps a curiosity to know if anything would awaken this cold nature to one spark of affection or regard for him drove him on to complete confession. If he must suffer, why should she, who had shared the victory, escape? Was it possible that she desired his death? He regarded her closely when he had made an end of it. Her white face was flushed; her eyes were very bright. He thought that she looked afraid.

"You are trying to frighten me!" she exclaimed at last. "I don't believe anything of the kind was said! If the business is injuring your health, why don't you give it up? You know how glad I should be."

"Are you ashamed of it, then, Hermione?"

"Ashamed of it! Oh, no—proud, so proud!"

She laughed hardly, the cynical laugh of a woman's contempt. The ingratitude of it all stung Dudley to the quick, as it had stung him many times since she had been his wife. All the love for her he had once known could turn to a strong man's hate at such an answer. The dearest things to him were her scorn.

"We should have been very poor but for my business, Hermione," he said, still quietly.

"Poor! Is it possible to speak of nothing but money? Does nothing else count? Am I to live my life for money? Oh! I hear of it everywhere. My husband is so rich, you know, so famous among those friends of his I cannot receive in my own house! And I am to think of nothing else. It must be money, money, money always. I wonder sometimes why you do not bring home your books, that we may read them together. I could add up the figures for you, Dudley; you are so rich, it would not matter if I made mistakes! What sociable evenings we might spend in this room!"

Dudley breathed quickly.

"If the books I brought home were cheque-books," he said with some temper, "I am sure you would be interested."

It ended ever thus, the little misunderstanding, the mutual reproach, the final argument of money. Conscious as she was of that which her relations owed to Dudley's generous help, Hermione's passionate nature mastered her when "money" was mentioned, and all her uncontrollable temper now answered the taunt.

"Oh! I know—I know!" she cried, as she sprang to her feet and stood before him with blazing eyes. "Speak of my wages! Tell me what I am paid to be the head of this house—how much I earn here! You have told me often before. Tell me once again to-night."

He interrupted her with an angry cry. They stood face to face now, and words had no meaning. All that Dudley had meant to say, the love he would have craved, the sympathy he sought, were forgotten at the insult she put upon him.

"To stay here! Is that your gratitude? Do I care whether you stay or go? I am sick of your temper, sick of your complaints! Tell whom you please. Go if you will. I have done with you!"

He took a step towards her and pointed to the door.

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Both had lost all right sense of reason. Hermione's hands were clenched, her face flushed crimson. Passion broke the fan in her fingers, and its fragments fell one by one to the floor. Never before had Dudley so answered her, never threatened her like this. Afraid, trembling, she drew back from him in fear, for she believed that he would strike her. And he, beside himself, unconscious of what he did, half flung her from him, and then, as he reeled, all things went dark before his eyes and he knew that he was alone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CALL OF THE DAY.

Two hours passed before Dudley lifted his head to see that dawn was breaking and the night no more. For him they had been hours of mental darkness and oblivion. Yesterday and all its exciting events were for the moment obliterated utterly from his mind. The long months of tireless effort, of strain and stress and the penalties of his wealth ended finally in this instantaneous loss of faculties, this brain benumbed and helpless. Just as a man goes headlong into battle, is seen on all the heights, the object of envy, the belauded of those who lag, so had he wrestled with the enemies in his path, conquered and overcome. And now Fate had struck him down; he fell as leaders will, in one supreme collapse, and became of no more account than the meanest victim of a common affray.

All sense of time and place was lost in this fatal hour. He remembered nothing; could not recollect where he had been yesterday; forgot Oliver Chaplin and his evil prophecies; knew nothing of Hermione's return or of the scene which had passed between them. Perhaps the supreme irony of it all was this—that just as the mental chain had snapped suddenly, so, with like suddenness, there came to him the will to rest. He felt that he could sleep now. The thousand details of his harassing affairs no longer demanded their quotum of his energies. He did not wake from the mind's trance to say, "I must do this or that; play such a card or finesse another; reckon with this enemy or warn that friend." A delicious sense of ease and mental repose soothed him. He knew only that he was very tired and had the wish to sleep.

The night had been hot and stifling, but the day broke as a day of the summer's zenith. Out of the shadows the great trees in the Park shaped quickly. Dudley went to his window and, throwing it wide open, he breathed a full breath of that life-giving air. How fresh it was, even here at London's heart! how fresh and suggestive of that remoter country life which should be his reward some day! He could see the patrons of the *Belle Etoile* stirring already from bench or bank, as the daylight waked them and the sunshine flashed in their heavy eyes. They spoke of London, as did the great railway vans, and the market carts, and the sleepy drivers welcoming the day. Elsewhere the scene was wonderfully sylvan, giving you delightful glades and a great expanse of meadow grass and feathery boughs, through which the sun's rays came dancingly; and such an hour of silence and the beauty of the dawn, that London was forgotten and all her sleeping millions. Dudley stood long at his window, regarding this scene and remembering how little his world could realise the untainted freshness of a summer's morn. Park Lane itself was like a white thread bordering upon a mighty lawn. There was no living thing to break the stillness when the market carts had passed by. He heard church bells striking the hour of three, and they had the musical softness of the bells he knew in Venice. The birds alone chirruped incessantly, the active heralds of the dawn.

Dudley closed his window and turned, a little chilled, to the room and the sleeping house. There were many electric lamps still alight in his study, and he switched them off one by one, mechanically and without thought. The letters of last night lay upon his table, but did not recall him to any interest. He knew that something had happened, that some chain of thought had snapped, but could not link it up again. Very quietly and methodically he went on to gather up the papers and to arrange them upon his table. Once he thought that he heard someone moving on the landing outside his door; but the footsteps, if footsteps they were, passed on, and he paid no heed to them. That new desire to rest and sleep was still with him; nevertheless, he found himself without the will to give effect to it. Although he knew it not, his brain was still idly seeking the thread it had lost.

What had he done last night, that the dawn found him mindless and inert? The answer defied him for a long time, but it came at last, clear and awakening as the first call of the day. He had seen Oliver Chaplin;

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"An opera-cloak half covered the face of the dead."

he had heard a sentence which no man could hear without terror. In six months! He pressed both hands to his temples and stood still to wrestle with his fate. In six months!

"My God!" he said, "in six months I may be in a madhouse!"

And so the end of that false truce had come. The awakened brain, taking up its one idea, refused audience to all others. He was still unconscious of that which had passed between his wife and himself; he did not remember her angry scorn, his own passion, or the bitterness of her

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reproaches. The warning which had been uttered predominated above all else. He who had won so much of fortune must win no more; the genius which had established so many victories must be chained and fettered; the inspiring ambition of his life must be trampled on and broken. Could he but have deceived himself with the story that this was professional cant, the foolish jargon of a paid pessimist, he might have put it aside more easily; but he was clever enough to know how true it was. For years now he had driven that human machine at its fiercest speed; night and day he had schemed and planned for the battle of to-morrow. That which he had told the doctor was no hallucination. Nature herself warned him as no physician could do.

All this was in his mind when he quitted his study and said that he would sleep, and sleeping, forget. It was half-past three now, and the sunlight began already to banish the shadows on the staircase of the house. He could hear a clock ticking loudly, and as he crossed the landing he thought that someone moved in one of the rooms above; but when he stood to listen, he heard nothing but the distant rumble of some passing wagon; and, very cold in body and downcast in mind, he went up to his room. Not until he had mounted the stairs and was about to enter his own room did he become aware that the door of Hermione's bedroom was open and that the lamps were still alight there. This unusual occurrence brought him to a stand, just as lights in his own room had arrested his wife's attention two hours ago. What had passed between them last night? What had he said or done? He remembered now as in a flash. They had quarrelled, finally, irrevocably. He had charged her with her ingratitude and told her to leave the house. And was that all? Dudley could not remember; he feared to remember. A voice whispered that he had struck her. He trembled at the shame of such a charge; all his manhood revolted at it. He knew that it was false, and yet the voice whispered, "You forget—you had lost your reason."

Many minutes passed and found him still standing before that open door. While at one moment he had the idea that Hermione had already left the house for ever, at another, dread of that which he might have done drove him to the point of frenzy, so that he did not dare to enter the room or seek the truth. He could remember now the mutual reproaches, the angry recriminations which had passed between them in the short scene which ended so abruptly. And she had left him as he had bidden her. She would return to her father, he thought, and the world would learn the story of their unhappiness. It would be a jest for every scribbler, a shame which he must carry henceforth, as one branded with a woman's disfavour. Or, perchance, she yet lingered and would hear him if he went to her. Was it beyond hope to believe that out of this supreme misunderstanding some good might come? He knew that he could stoop to any self-humiliation if thereby he might win of her one word of regard or womanly affection. And this thought guided him at last. He did not believe that she had left the house. He opened the door of her bedroom and entered there.

* * * * *

An opera-cloak half covered the face of the dead. Hermione, dressed as she had been when she returned from the hotel, had fallen at the foot of her bed; and, seeming to cling with one hand to the brass rail above her, the other was pressed convulsively to her throat.

And the man knew that the end of it all was here, of her life and of his; and, turning from the room, he cried loudly for help.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PATHOS OF THE DOUBT.

THE house awoke, and whispered voices on the landing above passed the fateful news and called others to hear it. Courvoisier, the valet, half dressed when he came down, was the first to hear his master's cry and the first to answer it. Other servants came from other rooms and stood at the stair's head timidly. Courvoisier alone had all his wits about him.

"What has happened, sir? What is it?" he asked quietly, as Dudley staggered towards him and tried to tell the story. He had never seen his master like this. Trembling like a frightened child, Dudley leaned against the balustrade of the staircase and put both hands upon it for support.

"My wife is ill—dying!" he gasped. "Call Dr. Hadley, her own doctor. Why don't you go? I tell you she is dying!"

The valet went at once, without word or sign of emotion. Servants began to hurry to and fro—some to the kitchens, some to the street-door. Dudley himself, seeking courage in a supreme effort, returned to

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Hermione's side and knelt there. He knew not, he would not ask what the true story of the night might be. Figures moved about him, he was unconscious of their presence; lights danced before his eyes, he shut them out with burning fingers. From the first the great dread haunted him. What had he done? Why did his wife lie dead? He could have cried aloud with the agony of doubt, but his tongue failed him; and distractedly, blindly, he rose and began to pace the room, praying God that his wife still lived.

There is no suffering more acute, no impatience which borders so near upon an agony as that which attends these moments of delay, when those dear to us lie waiting the last aid which medical skill can give them. The child stricken suddenly—will it live, will it die ere help can come? The man we have loved, the woman without whom life has no story—is there hope for him or her, or must the truth be this? Dudley suffered as he had never suffered in all his life while he waited for Dr. Hadley's coming. Afraid at one moment to look upon his dead wife's face, at another his arms were closed about the inanimate figure; and he clung to it, woefully, passionately in the madness of his grief. Hermione was not dead—it could not be! The night lied to him; but day would bring the truth. What mattered it now that they had drifted apart, that wild words had been spoken or wild threats uttered? Let them be forgotten, blotted out, before this grief supreme. Ah! if she lived, how he would atone! He would win her love by the very strength of his own and of a life's devotion. Of what account, indeed, were riches and ambition if they must end in this? Henceforth his life should be lived for her. He vowed it a hundred times while he listened with strained ear for the doctor's bell and prayed that Hermione lived. All might yet be redeemed, he said, all made new. There was a life's drama in the pathos of that doubt.

* * * * *

Rupert Hadley reached the house a quarter of an hour after Courvoisier had left it. He came in a hansom cab and carried a bag of instruments in his hand, for they had told him there had been an accident. He was a young, ambitious man, and it may be that he saw some prospect of advancement in such a distinguished case. From the first his manner was entirely professional, and to Dudley's almost incoherent questions he answered distantly, "I cannot tell you yet." In truth, he knew at a glance that the patient was dead. It remained only to ascertain the cause of her death; and with this desire he began to interrogate those who stood about him.

"Was there anyone with Lady Hermione when she died?"

The maid, a Frenchwoman, who had run down at the first outcry and troubled all the house with her hysterical lamentation, answered sobbingly—

"Madame was quite alone."

The doctor bent over the prone figure and turned back the eyelids. He was aware that it was but a pretence, but went on with it doggedly. All the common tests answered "Death." There was no pulse, breathing had ceased; the face wore already the calm aspect of one who had ceased to live.

"Your mistress was at the Albert Hall last night, I believe?" he suggested while he worked. "You can see that she did not undress, and she is still wearing her jewels. You were not here when she came home?"

"M'lady told me not to wait up. She was very kind and good. Ah! *mon Dieu!* that I shall speak of it!"

She turned away, weeping bitterly. The doctor ordered the others to leave the room. He knew that they could not help him. He wished to be alone with Dudley that he might tell him all.

"Tell me, please, just what happened," he asked. "I must know everything."

Dudley, who had watched his every movement, his eyes, his hands, the play of his face, as one watches a messenger of life or death, did not dare to ask the supreme question, "Does she live?" He tried to speak in a natural way, but his tongue was parched as with a fever and he conversed excitedly, incapable for the moment of realising those emotions which he had just suffered.

"My wife returned from the Carlton Hotel at one o'clock," he said. "I was in the study and she came up to me. You know that I have been unwell and much worried, and I think that I was unreasonable. We quarrelled and she went to bed. She was excited and not herself. The next that I saw of her was in this room; she was lying by the bed like one in a faint. I picked her up and sent for you. If it is the heart, she will be better presently. I am sure you will admit that, doctor? You can tell me that she will be better?"

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Rupert Hadley made up his mind in an instant. Nothing was to be gained by evasion now. Sooner or later, what mattered it? His best was done and he must speak.

"She will never be better," he said quietly; "she is dead, Mr. Hatton."

Dudley did not move. No figure of stone could have been more immobile. The deathly pallor of his face was hardly to be seen in the dim light.

None but a close observer would have seen that his hands were twitching, his lips moving convulsively.

"She is dead!" he repeated, word by word.

The doctor, fearing that he would succumb to the shock, drew near and put a hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Hatton," he said very kindly, "yes, she is dead."

Still Dudley did not move. He heard every word that was spoken, perceived the figures clearly, both that of his dead wife and of the man who stood at his side. But the scene was unreal to him. He played no part in it. It was just as though he had become the indifferent spectator of a tragedy.

"She is dead!" he repeated; "but why—why, doctor?"

"She has died of heart disease," was the answer; "at least, I feel sure it is that. The inquest will tell us more."

He pronounced the judgment as though inquiry were taken for granted. Dudley, scarcely understanding him, turned sharply at the word.

"Inquest! You would not have an inquest in my house?"

The younger man had anticipated some such outburst as this. From the first he had said, "It will be difficult to give a certificate, and there will be trouble." But Dudley's cry of surprise astounded even him.

"The merest formality," he said reassuringly; "five minutes will dispose of it. I am quite convinced that it is a heart complaint. But there is a mark on the throat which is a little perplexing. I wonder if your wife bruised herself as she fell?"

Dudley pushed him aside and strode towards the bed. The bruise of which he had spoken was plainly to be seen beneath the circlet of diamonds wound about the throat. The flesh there was blue and discoloured; it might have been hurt by a man's fingers. Dudley had never lived through such a moment in his life. All the supreme doubt, that doubt which to name was in itself terrible, returned to him, magnified a thousandfold. What had happened, then? what had he done last night? Was this brutality the charge against him? Might it even be that Hermione had died as imagination, in a mood most awful, would suggest? His brain reeled when he thought of it; the room swam before his eyes.

"She must have fallen!" he stammered wildly; "she struck her shoulder when she fell. She was excited, doctor—and we quarrelled. It must be that!"

He seemed to grope his way blindly from the bed, but the doctor caught the outstretched hand and led him from the room. He understood the case already. In the study below they took up the thread of it as men who have left some scene of death behind them and may speak with new calmness. Dudley did not cease to ask himself why there must be an inquest.

"Tell me, doctor," he said with some composure, "are you convinced that my wife died of heart disease?"

The doctor had no defence ready. Professional tradition hampered him. He liked Dudley Hatton and would gladly have served him. But he must yet pay some respect to regularity.

"It is my strong conviction," he said slowly; "but, of course, one cannot be sure."

"Would you gain anything, then, by distressing me in the way you speak of?"

"Oh! you must not look at it like that! I have attended Lady Hermione, and perhaps, if I were less methodical, I could do what you wish; but, you see, it would not be quite right."

Dudley heard him impatiently. This young man, he felt, hesitated already, and by hesitation would be lost. He feared to tempt him, but the shock had left him pitiless and at his wits' end.

"Come," he said, "is it so very necessary to be regular?"

Rupert Hadley could not answer. He was much as other men—anxious for his own advancement and the rewards of his profession. Why, after all, should he make trouble? Dudley Hatton, he remembered, could establish his fortunes in that city of the rich they call Mayfair. Why should he make an enemy of a man who might be his benefactor? To do him justice, he had no grave doubt as to the manner of her Ladyship's death; indeed, he thought that he could tell the whole story, the quarrel, it

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might even be actual violence, and upon that a weak woman's death from shock. The graver suggestion was preposterous.

"It is necessary to be regular when one is uncertain," he said at last. "Of course, I see that this would be a great annoyance to you. I have attended Lady Hermione for heart attacks, and I think that I might, without——"

He hesitated for the word, and in that moment of hesitation Dudley spoke the final word.

"You are acting as my friend," he said, with some emotion; "nothing that I can do would reward you for all your care of my dead wife. I shall endeavour, at least, to show my gratitude, doctor."

* * * * *

Early upon the following morning the valet, Courvoisier, carried to Rupert Hadley's house a letter containing a cheque for the services the doctor had rendered Lady Hermione Hatton. The young man regarded the document with astonished eyes and promised at once to do as the letter requested.

"Tell Mr. Hatton I will see that the proper authorities have the certificate to-day," he said with some eagerness. "I shall be round to see your master almost immediately."

Courvoisier answered, "Yes, sir," and left the house at once. In the street, where none could see him, he stopped as though in some perplexity.

"Then there was trouble—and he's bought that fellow over," he muttered to himself at last; and going on, he added, "the fool—the fool! He should have paid in gold."

(*To be continued.*)

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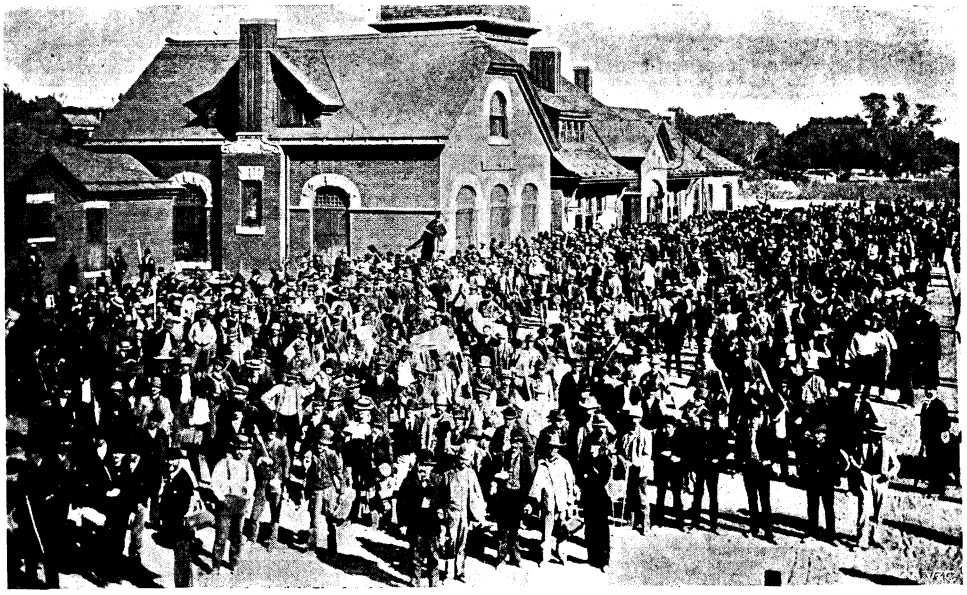
TOWNS BUILT IN A DAY.

By FREDERICK ORWELL.

WHEN gold was first discovered in the Transvaal, a few years ago, there was a tremendous rush to that magnetic centre from all parts of the world, and before one could scarcely realise that gold constituted one of the mineral products of that country, the city of Johannesburg sprang into existence. The same phenomenon characterised the discovery of gold in the Klondyke. Townships sprang up like mushrooms in all directions. Miraculous though these growths have been, however, they cannot compare with the celerity with which several towns and cities in the territory of Oklahoma, which is situated almost in the centre of the United States, have been founded and built. Thirteen years ago in this vast State, which covers nearly 40,000 square miles, there was not a single town. A railroad extended through a section of it, but although dismal stations were erected at several points *en route*, dwellings there were none. Now, however, the State possesses many fine flourishing and busy towns, the majority of which were made in a day.

The history of the Oklahoma State is extremely interesting. It first belonged to the French, was ceded by them to the Spanish, and subsequently returned to the French once more. In 1802 it passed into the hands of the United States as part of what is known as the Louisiana purchase. The Government then awarded it to the Indians, but very few of the tribes ever resided therein. The State consequently became the home of the buffalo, coyotes, deer, and other animals, and was occasionally visited by white trappers in search of spoil. In fact, so little was known about the territory, that Captain Marcy explored it in 1852, and it was then, *for the first time*, officially mapped out.



BOOMERS BESIEGING THE RAILWAY STATION AT ARKANSAS FOR THE FIRST TRAIN TO RUN INTO OKLAHOMA, APRIL 22, 1889.

In 1856 the Indians expressed a desire to sell it. Immediately a railway company, recognising that the country would thereupon develop, applied for the necessary powers to construct a railroad through the territory. This was sanctioned upon the understanding

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that as the country could not be opened except by proclamation, the railroad authorities would not encourage settlers. If they did, then their charter was to be forfeited. Although this stipulation considerably handicapped the progress of the railroad, the line was constructed, and stations erected, in anticipation of the booming of the country.

At this period the territory was nothing but an extensive expanse of prairie and arid, sandy desert. Several farmers made clandestine investigations of the country, but they did not report favourably upon it. One man, Colonel Payne, in 1880, together with a few followers, started a township; but its existence was very brief, for the Government troops swooped down upon the pioneers, and they were all landed in gaol. The Government maintained that, as the country had not been proclaimed open, it was illegal for anyone to settle there. If he did, he was promptly immured in gaol as a reward for his trouble.

The imprisonment of Colonel Payne, however, aroused public attention. The soldier recognised that vast agricultural possibilities awaited the development of Oklahoma, and he agitated relentlessly for its opening. His spirited action attracted farmers, honest and otherwise, from all parts of the States, and they began to collect on the borders of the Forbidden Land. Collisions between the invaders and the Government troops were of frequent occurrence, and these continued disorders only served to advertise the territory. At last Colonel Payne's campaign bore fruit. In 1889, President Harrison announced that the territory would be proclaimed open. Congress passed an ordinance known as the "Homestead Law," which authorised and regulated the sale of public land in plots of 160 acres each to actual settlers. Such was the plan upon which Oklahoma was to be opened.

No sooner was President Harrison's announcement published than crowds of farmers and adventurers from Texas, Kansas, Missouri, California, Colorado, and other States flocked to the borders to await the official permission to enter the hitherto prohibited territory. The Israelites of old could not have been more anxious to enter the Land of Canaan than was this cosmopolitan crowd eager to rush into Oklahoma. The proclamation day was to be April 22, and the signal announcing the opening of the country was to be the firing of a cannon at midday. Only a certain portion or strip of the country was to be available for this pioneer invasion.

BOOMERS LINED UP READY TO START.

The scene along the border the night before proclamation day almost baffles description. It was a wild carnival. The enthusiastic "boomers," a large majority of whom consisted of reckless adventurers, paraded along the border, shouting and

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THE START AS THE GUN WAS FIRED.

singing ecstatically. There was no sleep that night. Everyone was anxious to participate in the grand rush on the morrow. Horses were bought up with avidity and realised fabulous prices. It did not matter how the boomers entered the country. They could either ride madly on horseback, travel in their wagons, or have recourse to the railway. It simply resolved itself into a wild scramble for land. The first to reach the opened strip naturally had a wider selection of plots. Our first illustration conveys a very comprehensive idea of the fever the boom raised. A huge multitude of men besieged the Santa Fé railway station at Arkansas City, which is just on the border, patiently awaiting for the first trains to carry them to their new homeland. It is estimated that there were no less than 50,000 boomers congregated upon the borders that night.

On the 22nd of April the excitement grew intense, and this feeling increased to a fever as twelve o'clock approached. Those who had been sufficiently fortunate to secure good and fleet horses drew up in a line and were kept in order by some 2,000 troops. The railroad company had also contracted to

BOOMERS REGISTERING THEIR CLAIMS AT THE BOOTH.

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start several trains at the psychological moment for the benefit of those boomers who preferred to travel in that manner, or were unable to secure horses, and also to convey a vast quantity of furniture.

Punctually at twelve o'clock the gun was fired. Before the sound had died away, the start in that memorable race across the prairie had commenced. Men on horseback, light carriages, and rumbling heavy wagons participated in the stampede. The sandy soil churned up by the horses, spurred relentlessly on by their riders, resembled the smoking of a huge volcano and almost hid the boomers from sight. Tremendous disorder prevailed. The riders were so frantic with excitement that they jostled one another indiscriminately, while the light carriages and heavy wagons only served to render confusion worse confounded. The men lashed their horses with their long whips and frantically urged them on. Many disasters occurred, and more than one boomer was left dead or dying on the prairie. Among the more desperate men pistols were occasionally employed, but these instances fortunately were few and far between.

The scene at the railway station was no less remarkable than the race across the prairie When the trains steamed into the stations, the men poured into them like an invading army pouring into a besieged city. Those that could not secure a seat within the train did not hesitate to secure a foothold somewhere else, no matter how frail it might be. They climbed upon the roofs of the carriages and crowded upon the footboards. Even the engine did not escape their crush, since many people clung to any available foothold thereon for dear life. Probably no trains have ever presented so extraordinary a sight as those which started from Arkansas, loaded with the boomers. The trains steamed out of the station precisely as the gun was fired. Many of the settlers had selected the train as affording them the quickest means of reaching the selected strip of land, but they were doomed to disappointment. Some of the horses were fleeter than the locomotives, and reached their destination first.

As the boomers rode into the open country they settled down upon their plot. Those that were first were enabled to make a hurried selection, but the majority were contented to seize the first plot that they encountered. When a man came across a plot, he would invariably dismount and erect a tent, or hurriedly improvise some description of shelter, and there with his gun in his hand wait till he could register the plot, and grimly determined to resist all attempts to steal it from him. Some boomers, animated by selfish motives, endeavoured to secure several plots. They were unable to maintain a sharp look-out over all, owing to the immense crowd, and the consequence was that they were appropriated by other settlers.

BOOMER HOLDING DOWN A CLAIM.

When the first boomers entered the strip, they were enraged to discover that some men were already in possession of plots, but the fever upon them was so intense that they did not stop to shoot these "sooners," as they were called, as they would have done under normal circumstances, but pressed on. These "sooners" were men who had surreptitiously entered the strip unobserved during the night and had thus been able to select the best plots. When the claims were registered, the first arrivals were unable to recognise these "sooners," who would thus have been deprived of their plots—a penalty they so richly deserved.

In the rear of the boomers travelled a long train of wagons conveying the furniture and families. This *trek* measured no less than three and a half miles in length. The majority of the boomers carried the whole of their worldly possessions in these wagons, while others were loaded with provisions and

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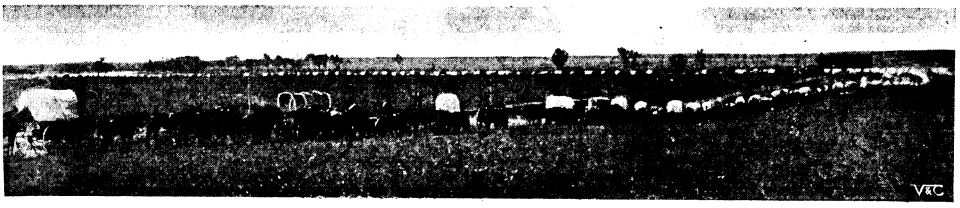
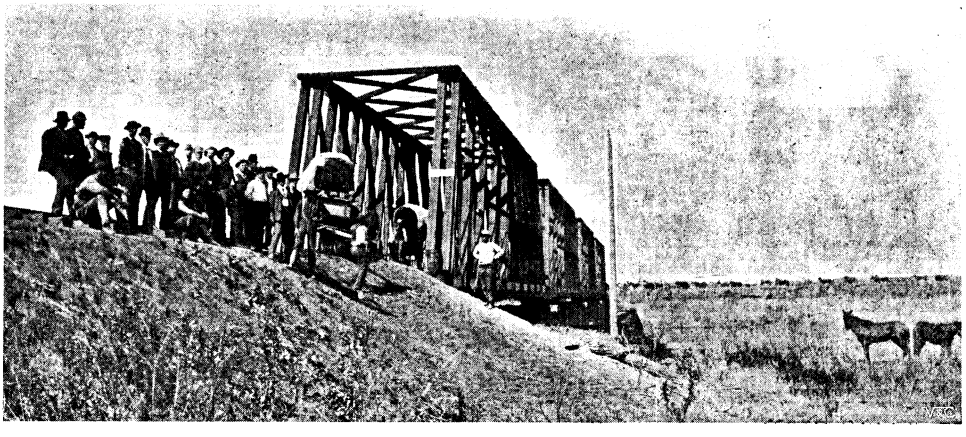


BOOMERS' WAGONS STRETCHING FOR THREE AND A HALF MILES.

other necessaries, with which intending storekeepers were going to stock their establishments. The boomers themselves had carried as little encumbrance as possible, in order to facilitate their movements in the rush, and when one had secured his plot, he simply awaited the arrival of his caravan and then proceeded to improvise hastily a homestead to serve the requirements of his family until he could erect a more substantial dwelling.



BOOMERS CROSSING SALT FORK RIVER ON THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

When the plots had been duly registered and all disputes amicably settled, the colony rapidly assumed the resemblance of a town, The streets were planned, and the ground pegged out properly on either side. Tents of all imaginable descriptions and dimensions sprang up like mushrooms. Stores were established, and within a hour or two the town was in full swing, as if it had been in existence for years. Some idea of the manner in which the boomers hustled may be gathered from the fact that within six hours after the discharge of the proclamation gun, a newspaper was started in the newly founded city, together with a bank. In that afternoon two cities were established, Oklahoma and Guthrie respectively, and to-day they are the two most important cities in the whole territory, and also two of the most flourishing and successful cities in the States, notwithstanding their brief existence of thirteen years. It is but another forcible example of the American's unique faculty for headlong progress.

By the morning following the invasion several substantial buildings had appeared on the scene, the proprietors having toiled throughout the night. The inhabitants

STAKING OFF TOWN LOTS IN GUTHRIE.

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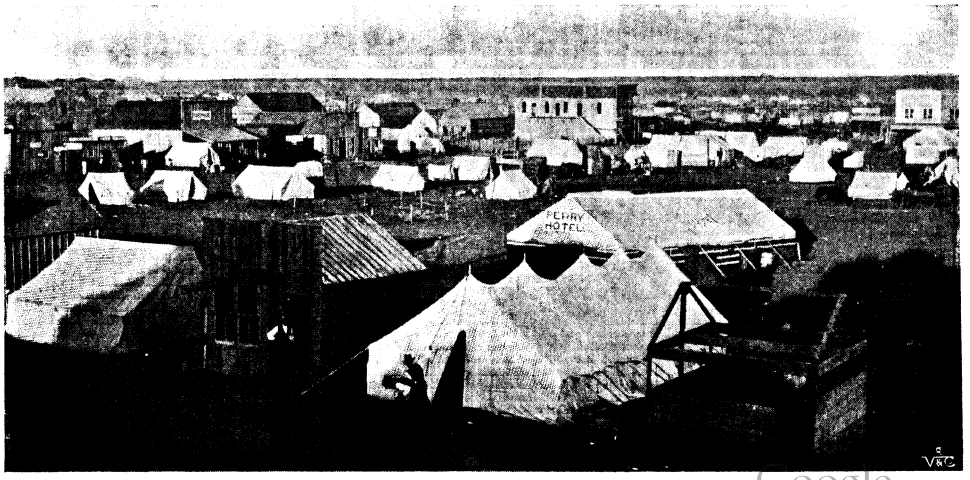
A SUNDAY SERVICE AT PERRY, OKLAHOMA TERRITORY, TEN DAYS AFTER OPENING.

The minister is sitting at the right side of photo, book in hand; some of the congregation hold guns.

rapidly became acquainted with their new surroundings, and accommodated themselves to the ordinary routine of a progressive town. The influx of settlers continued for a week, in which time it is estimated that 100,000 settlers must have arrived upon the scene. These later arrivals had to pay dearly for their delay, since those boomers who were disposed to sell the whole or parts of the plots they had acquired only did so at prohibitive prices.

It was rapidly realised, however, that the strip of country opened up was insufficient to accommodate the whole of the 100,000 settlers who desired to obtain land. Again, a famine was experienced. Many had omitted to victual themselves sufficiently, with the result that in a very short space of time there was a keen demand for provisions. The storekeepers were not slow to profit by this turn of events and raised their prices to a plunderous extent. There was also a very great dearth of water. Preparations for sinking wells were hurried forward as much as possible, but it was some time before the distress in this direction was alleviated Many people, disappointed in the general condition of things, sold their plots for a mere song and retraced their steps, ruined men. In a very short time, however, the population settled down to farming, irrigated their land, and, since the soil is particularly rich, soon retrieved their losses by the money that was realised over their plentiful crops.

Several booms have since taken place. As spectacular events, they are unparalleled in the history of pioneering. By this means the Government is able to accomplish in one day what generally occupies a quarter of a century in other countries.



THE TOWN OF PERRY, OKLAHOMA TERRITORY, TEN DAYS AFTER OPENING.

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Photo by] [*E. Sweetland, High Wycombe.*

PASTURES ON THE WYE.

THE MILK SUPPLY OF LONDON.

By H. Swan.

PUBLIC interest, like the fickle butterfly, flutters lightly enough from one fancy to another, and occasionally alights for a brief moment on some question of national importance.

Two notable events which occurred last year—the great Congress on Tuberculosis in London, and the passing into law of the new milk standard—are still attracting a hovering attention to the question of our milk supply.

There are old men still living who remember the days when East London, round Limehouse and Poplar, was open country, before the invasion of Cockneydom had substituted the Commercial Road for "Gun Lane" (the narrow cart-lane where King George's carriage stuck in the ditch)—the good old days when the whole stretch of land from the "Pigott Arms" to the "Cherry Tree" at Bromley was covered by green meadows, shady orchards, and waving cornfields. In those days rail-borne milk was undreamt of, and London was self-dependent for its supply. Now, city and country are so closely joined by shining bands of steel, that the rugged Cornish farm and the sleepy Cheshire village, and even remoter corners of the United Kingdom—over 300 miles from the Metropolis—contribute twice daily to swell the supply of new milk for London.

Nor are we solely dependent on the resources of our own island; we are now importing milk from both France and Holland, but none as yet, in the fluid state, from Ireland—the isle of green pastures.

In winter time we receive a considerable quantity of French milk, which is shipped from Cherbourg and landed (as our illustration shows) at Southampton Harbour, *en route* for Waterloo. At the French factory, before being sent off, it is first heated to a temperature which destroys dangerous germs, and then semi-frozen to ensure its keeping sweet; and thus it is able to weather rough seas without souring, and to arrive at its London destination in a condition to rival our own country milk; for the cows of the Normandy farmers produce a quality of milk which will easily pass our standard.

The facilities for milk transport from the Netherlands are so great that Dutch milk can be sold in London as cheaply as that from Essex.

No official record is kept of the quantity of milk which London consumes, but careful investigation has from time to time been made by persons interested in the subject, and from data supplied by railway companies and collected from other sources it has been estimated that the amount of milk consumed per head of the population has doubled in the last sixteen years. The estimated quantity of milk consumed in London per head of the population was:—

In 1884.*—One-fifth of a pint, or rather over $\frac{1}{4}d.$ worth a day.

In 1890.†—One-fourth of a pint, or $\frac{1}{2}d.$ worth a day.

In 1901.‡—Two-fifths of a pint, or over $\frac{3}{4}d.$ worth a day.

* Estimate by Drs. Spencer and Blyth.
† Estimate by Mr. Rew.
‡ Author's estimate.

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Though other large cities require a still more liberal allowance—in Manchester the average daily quantity consumed being about half a pint, in Dublin and New York about three-quarters of a pint, and in Boston about $\frac{24}{25}$ of a pint—yet that London shows a growing appreciation of the food-value of milk is sufficiently evident.

The net increase in the daily quantity of milk brought by rail to London is still more striking. In 1884 it was (approximately)

Photo by] [*Walton Adams, Reading.*

ON THE IDYLLIC SIDE OF DAIRY FARMING.

88,603 gallons a day; in 1900, 254,925 gallons a day. Paddington Station alone, which is the largest "milk terminus" in London, receives on an average 45,000 gallons a day. Our artist has sketched the milk platform there at the height of its midnight bustle. There is milk everywhere! The very pavement is slippery with spillings of the opalescent fluid. Porters, contractors' agents, and carters crowd and jostle one another amid a general hurly-burly of trundling, heaving, banging of churns and clattering of lids, mingling with the swish of milk as it is baled from can to can. Such a bewildering scene of noise and movement is the nightly prelude to the advent of the morning milk-boy.

From east and west, north and south comes the daily flow of milk into London, to be dispersed through wide channels into thousands of tributary streams, which in their turn are distributed in millions of driblets over an area of some fifty square miles. The final subdivision is naturally a very unequal one: the cup of the rich is full to overflowing, while the portion of the poor is a mere spoonful. An average West End household consumes the whole produce of a single cow (or about two gallons) a day. In the East End, the yield of one cow has to be shared among perhaps thirty families.

The herd required to supply London must number not less than 185,000 cows, and the army of workers engaged in the handling of these animals in the drawing, preparation, transport, and distribution of their milk must number at least 50,000.

At the lowest estimate, London's milk bill exceeds £18,000 per day (*i.e.*, £6,500,000 per annum), while New York, with only three-fifths the population of London, spends over £22,000 per day (*i.e.*, £8,000,000 per annum). But, large as the milk item is in London's food bill, it is a far larger one on London's bill of health.

"Consumers of milk are," says Mr. Long, "the most gullible members of the public," and the London housewife is no exception to the rule. She reposes a touching confidence in the milkman who so obligingly calls round before breakfast and again before tea-time to dole out the precious cream-coloured liquid, and she is quite content that its past history shall remain a blank. Occasionally, however, her indifference is shaken by an outbreak of disease traced to the milk supply, by a newspaper scare headed "Tuberculous Milk," or by the alarming number of convictions daily reported for the sale of adulterated milk. A slight insight into the condition of the milk supply would help her to guard against these dangers.

Milk-selling in London is complex in the variety of its conditions. From the primitive cowkeeper to the large liability company there are many types of the *genus* "milk-man," which illustrate various stages in the development of the trade.

The number of cows housed in city sheds has decreased since the early part of last century from 24,000 to slightly over 4,000

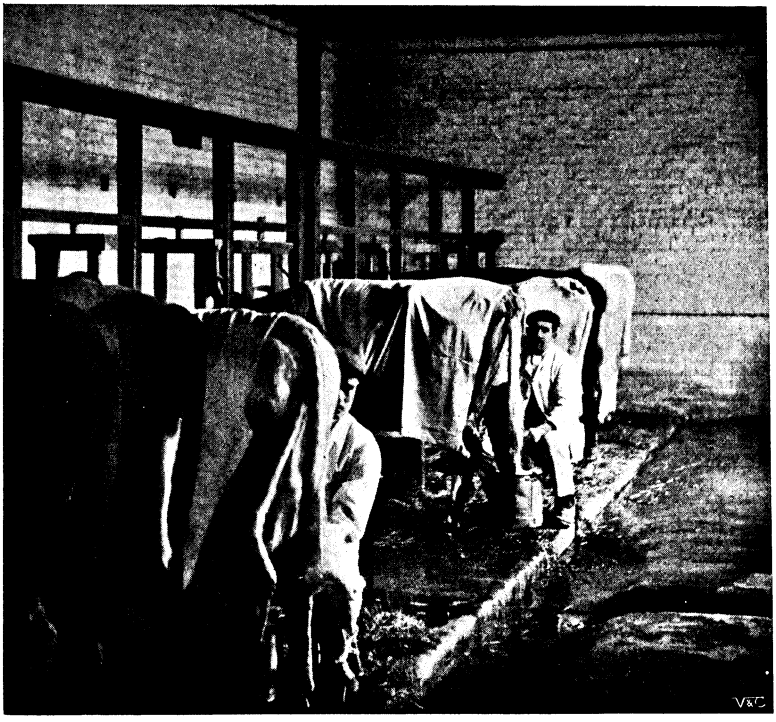
in 1901; hence, the old-fashioned "cow-keeper dairyman" is a fast disappearing type.

Another type of milkman formerly more in evidence is the suburban farmer, who used to drive his cart into town, carrying his milk direct to the houses of customers, and who has now been forced back to the extreme fringe of the suburbs. The railroad now connects the more distant farmer with the city, and if he possesses sufficient capital and enterprise, he is enabled to keep in his own hands the business of retailing by running a shop in town.

HOW "INFANTS' MILK" IS SAFEGUARDED.
Sheeted cows milked through sterilised wadding by the "Walker-Gordon" system.

A natural development, due to the extension of this kind of business, is the system of "contract." As demand increases, the dairyman is unable to meet it from his own farm alone; in this case he makes a bargain with other farmers to send him a certain quantity of milk every day. Many West End dairymen resort to this expedient, and most of them are prepared to furnish customers with a list of the farms they deal with, and to show the sanitary and veterinary reports relating to them.

Such independent dairies generally sell milk of a high standard of quality, and cater chiefly for the well-to-do classes. These are far outnumbered by the hundreds of smaller dairies which depend for their supply on wholesale contractors. The fluctuations in demand from day to day would entail ruin on the milk-seller in a very small way of business, if he were to contract with farmers for a fixed quantity per day. He therefore buys from the contractor (or milk-middleman) just what milk he requires from time to



AN UP-TO-DATE MILKING-SHED AT THE WALKER-GORDON FARM.

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time; and should his customers have the curiosity to ask from what part of the country their milk comes, he would often be at a loss to tell.

The poorer parts of London are supplied almost entirely by this type of dairy and by roving "pedlars," whose stock-in-trade is simply a barrow and a churn. The pedlar, who is somewhat of a "merchant adventurer," gets his churn filled at the wholesale depôt, and hawks a doubtful liquid in the streets at 2½*d.* to 3½*d.* a quart. Milkmen in these districts may have to make fourteen calls at one house to sell 3½*d.* worth of milk! Small wonder that the temptation to "take it out" in another way often proves too strong, and thus the poor are robbed of the nourishment they so much need. But it is not always the "pedlar" who is the culprit. It is a well known fact that certain large milk merchants grade their milk according to the district they supply, so that their rich customers get the creamiest, while the poor, who pay an equal price, get the poorest quality.

Wholesale contractors (of whom there are between twenty and thirty) account for about half of London's total supply. They handle milk by the thousand gallons—buy from, perhaps, two or three hundred farms, and distribute to the public through the medium of the numerous class of small retailers above described. A typical distributing centre of this kind is shown in our illustration of the depôt of Messrs. Freeth and Pocock, a well known wholesale firm near Vauxhall.

Such wholesalers are able to do the entire business of collecting, purveying, transport, and distribution at a very small margin of profit, owing to the immense quantities of milk they deal with, some companies distributing from 10,000 to 20,000 gallons a day. They are not, however, without formidable rivals in the trade. Such large retail companies as Welford's, the Aylesbury, the Express, and many others now hold a commanding position in the field.

These businesses go a step further than those of the wholesalers, for they combine wholesale buying with retail selling, and are able through command of capital not only to use the latest scientific appliances in the treatment of their milk, but also to employ a large staff of inspectors to visit their farms, and to keep a chemist daily at work

THE MIDNIGHT MILK-TRAIN AT PADDINGTON STATION.
From a chalk drawing by Fred Yates.

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analysing samples of their milk before it is sent out.

The chief dairies of these wealthy companies are lofty, white-tiled palaces furnished with elaborate machinery for cooling, sterilising, pasteurising, cream-separating, and can-cleansing.

CHURN-SCALDING AT WELFORD'S.
From a chalk drawing by Fred Yates.

It is a long step from the small street vendor to the big company director, yet both alike are agents in the complex scheme of milk distribution, and both alike share in the responsibility of safeguarding the public from fraud through adulteration and from the danger of infected milk. Unfortunately this twofold care has often proved too much for the dairyman, and the law has, therefore, been obliged to jog his conscience in the interest of the consumer.

A LARGE COWSHED BELONGING TO MESSRS. ABBOT BROS., LIMEHOUSE, E.
From a chalk drawing by Fred Yates.

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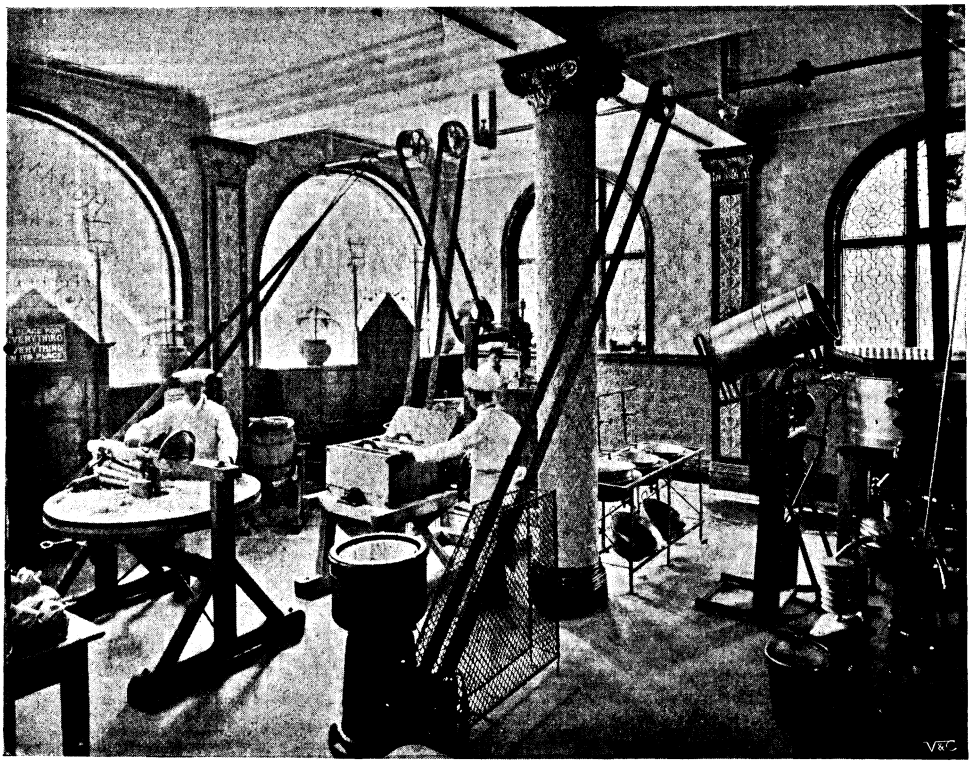
The provisions of the Food and Drugs Act have hitherto been inadequate in checking adulteration. The cream separator was to the milkman an easy means of turning a dishonest penny, and while milk of a low standard of quality could easily pass in London, it offered him a strong temptation to devote the extra ·5 per cent. or ·6 per cent. which the farmer gave him to other uses than the nourishment of the public.

It is true that offenders have been constantly convicted and fined for *watering* their milk, but their more artful friends who were wont to "blend" with separated milk instead of crude water, or who preferred fat subtraction to thin addition, could, as a rule, successfully baffle the analyst, and in reply to complaints that their milk was of poor quality, point a deprecating finger at the farmer and his "ill-fed cows."

The inspectors of the twenty-nine sanitary authorities of London, whose duties involved the inspection of other articles of food besides milk, were unable to cope with this fraud in all its protean disguises. Now, happily, the new regulations of the Board of Agriculture, which came into force on September 1st, 1901, make such sharp practice much more difficult, for they declare the adoption of a legal standard of 3 per cent. milk-fat and 8½ per cent. solids other than milk-fat, thereby ensuring to the consumer a certain degree of richness in the milk he buys.

New York has been before us in adopting a legal standard of 3 per cent. fat, and other States enforce a still higher one. A standard of 3¼ per cent. fat was at first proposed for England, but owing to the violent opposition of the dairy trade it was modified to 3 per cent. It is not the good farmer, but the naughty milkman, who need complain of the new regulations, which must act in the interest both of producer and consumer.



THE EXPRESS DAIRY COMPANY'S HYGIENIC DAIRY AT HAMPSTEAD.

In dealing with the danger from milk contaminated with the germs of disease, legislation does not yet go far enough. The regulations made by the Metropolitan Board of Works under the Dairies, Cowsheds and Milkshops Order of 1885, and later by the County Council in 1899, provide :—

(*a*) That cowsheds and dairies shall be

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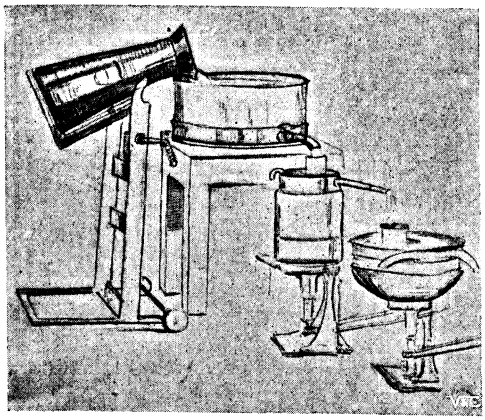


"SEPARATING" AT THE EXPRESS DAIRY.

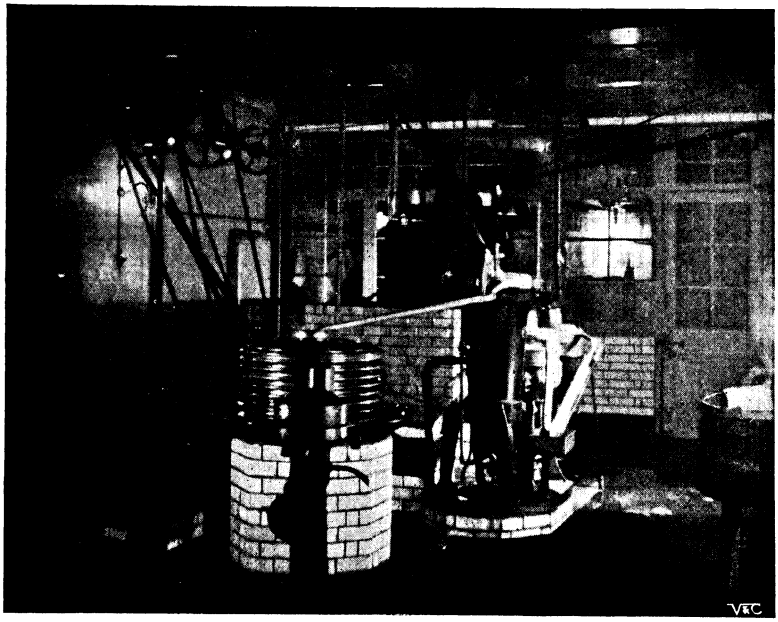
kept in good sanitary condition, that milk-vessels shall be properly cleansed, and that no diseased person shall have any contact with milk that is for sale.

(*b*) That all cows in London sheds shall be inspected once a quarter.

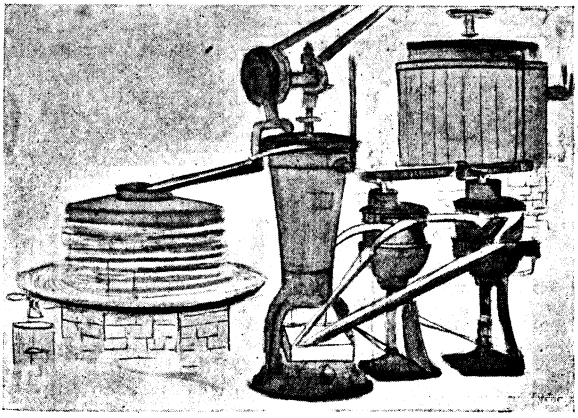
For the first purpose, the London County Council employs six inspectors, and they have doubtless done valuable work in bringing about a vast improvement in the sanitary condition of dairies, the cleanly handling of the milk, and the abolition of old sheds.

For the second purpose, two veterinary inspectors are employed to examine and report on all the cows installed in London, and to test with tuberculin any showing symptoms of tuberculous udder disease. But as only about $\frac{1}{45}$ of the milk sold in London comes from London cows, and as a portion of that $\frac{1}{45}$ is frequently mixed with milk from country cows which are possibly never inspected at all and probably kept in dirty sheds, these precautions, though excellent in themselves, may be rendered quite futile.

We show a picture of a large cow-barn in East London which houses sixty-six cows. It is lofty, light, and much more cleanly kept than the human dwellings around it, and it would certainly put to shame most country byres.



COOLING THE CREAM AT THE AYLESBURY DAIRY.



REFRIGERATING PLANT AT THE AYLESBURY DAIRY.

But local authorities in country places prefer to turn a blind eye to the scandalous state of farms in their domain: they have let their powers of sanitary supervision rust in disuse, while the old *régime* of *laissez faire* continues to endanger public health in every town and city to which unsafe milk is sent. The London County Council has

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attempted, but with little success, to secure the co-operation of local authorities in districts whence milk is sent to London, for the purpose of inspecting such cows as are suspected of giving milk found to be dangerous. We can only hope that this unsatisfactory state of things will soon be remedied by a law—applicable to all parts of the country alike—which will compel the regular inspection and testing of all dairy cows throughout the United Kingdom, and ensure thorough cleanliness and proper ventilation of the byres.

When Dr. Koch flung his bombshell into the midst of the Congress last July, by announcing that in his opinion tuberculosis cannot be communicated from cattle to man, and that therefore precautionary measures might be thrown to the winds, he provoked a fusillade of adverse criticism from the scientific experts of all nations. Speaking subsequently at the annual meeting of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, Sir James Crichton Brown expressed his strong disapproval of Dr. Koch's pronouncement. The suggestion that bovine tubercle could not be transmitted to human beings he thought peculiarly deplorable, for it had led already to some revolt against existing precautions, and must, if erroneous and uncontradicted, have mischievous effects incalculable and far-reaching.

The danger to infant life through infected milk was emphasised by Prof. MacFadyean in his powerful speech before the Congress. He quoted statistics from two hospitals in Great Britain proving that consumption frequently attacks young children through the intestine, and that while there had been during the last fifty years a general decrease in other forms of consumption, there had been a notable increase in mortality among children under one year of age ascribable to alimentary infection.

The investigations of Professor Kehrer, of Munich, show that in that city eighty-five per cent. of the deaths of infants under six months occur among those who are artificially fed—a potent argument for boiling or pasteurising all the milk used for infant feeding—at least until we can be sure that our cows are so healthy that no danger need be feared from their milk. A heat of 150° F., if maintained for twenty minutes, will destroy all dangerous bacteria and render milk safe for drinking.

In New York a capital scheme has been put in practice on a large scale by Dr. Watham Strauss, for supplying poor mothers with sterilised milk for infant feeding. Six depôts were opened, and booths in the public parks, and during the hot summer months 2,500 bottles a day were sold in the city at nominal prices to the poor—the demand far

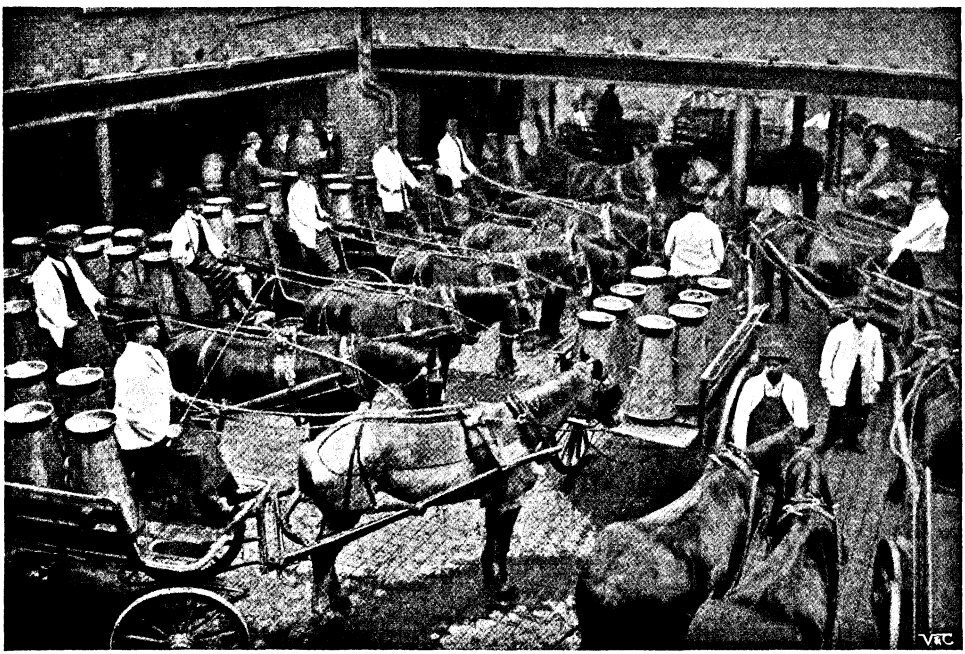

Photo by] [*London Photographic Co., Baker St., W.*

DELIVERY VANS STARTING FROM MESSRS. FREETH AND POCOCK'S CENTRAL DEPÔT AT VAUXHALL.

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Photo by] [*Humby & Co., Southampton.*

FRENCH MILK BEING LANDED AT SOUTHAMPTON.

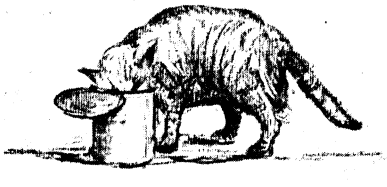
outrunning the supply. Other American towns have since followed suit with philanthropic ventures of a like kind.

In England, the little town of St. Helens has gallantly led the way by opening a municipal depôt for the sale of specially prepared sterilised infants' milk at a very trifling cost, and other municipalities are now proposing to adopt the same plan.

In London, Battersea has made a start, but little has yet been done in other districts, and the children of the great city continue to pay the penalty of disease and death, which could and should be prevented.

Surely there is no more inviting nor fruitful field of labour for the philanthropist with a tender heart for dumb creatures than this—to help to protect, as far as possible, the potential manhood of our country from the ravages of disease conveyed through insanitary milk. What a noble work it would be if some millionaire, or some combination of wealthy people, would organise for the poorer districts of London, especially, a healthy milk supply on the self-supporting or limited small profit principle, analogous to that on which the Rowton houses are maintained!

Reform in London moves slowly, but sooner or later it must arrive, and public interest does much to hasten it. London's milk supply, though far from being an ideal one, is gradually improving, and doubtless the day will come when every housewife, rich and poor alike, will be able to welcome with surer confidence the lively cry of "Milk O!"



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AT THE GATE OF SUMMER.

By Harold Percival.

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THE CONVERSION OF JOHN TRENT.

By OSCAR PARKER.

JOHN TRENT, perambulating Fleet Street, apparently without a penny in his pocket or a prospect in life, passed many scores of men and women who gave him but a glance, or even less, and never a thought. That peculiar sort of shabbiness was too well known in Fleet Street and its purlieus to rouse any interest, emotion, or even commiseration. For all his shabbiness, however, he held himself erect, and had the air of regarding life with a tranquil spirit of amusement and good fellowship, as if he had known it in all its phases and was not disposed to take it too seriously.

Out of that crowd of indifferent passers-by there presently came an exception. Two girls, walking in the direction from which Trent was coming, and delayed by a block on the pavement, had him in full view for a moment. One of them did not give him even a superficial glance, but the other bestowed some scrutiny upon him, of which he, however, was quite unconscious. They passed him presently, and then the more observant girl said to her companion, "Turn back with me, Stella. I want to try an experiment."

They did not need to hasten to come up with John Trent, for his pace was no faster than an idle saunter, and when they had his back before them the young lady with the fancy for an experiment put it into active play by saying, "I met him in New York when I was writing those sketches of American life and society. He entertained me on his yacht. John Trent's yacht was one of the centres of Newport society that summer."

The back before them seemed to straighten and stiffen when the name fell from her lips, but that was all the evidence John Trent offered that he heard the voice behind him. It was enough to satisfy the girl, however, that her experiment had been fruitful. She turned into one of the innumerable courts that feed Fleet Street as rills feed a stream, and, hurriedly parting from her companion, sped along these less crowded ways and emerged again into Fleet Street somewhat higher up. Then she turned down the street once more. John Trent was approaching. She stepped up to him and held out her hand. "Why, Mr. Trent, I wonder if you remember me? It is not five minutes since I was speaking of you. When did you come to London?"

He took her hand, looked down into her eyes with a quizzical light in his own and a fugitive smile on his lips. "I was prepared for this, Miss Cameron. I, too, have been thinking of you for some five minutes at least. So you have not forgotten that week at Newport?"

"One does not forget miracles," she answered, "and that to me was a miracle of luxury and"—after a little pause—"extravagance."

"True—yes—extravagance—not to say—recklessness." John Trent spoke slowly, as one in a reverie. Then he brightened again and added, "But good fun while it lasted."

"It was for me," she said briskly. "I had none of the bills to pay."

"Um! that does make a difference, doesn't it? The spectator always has the pull in the long run. I envied him so much that I have turned spectator, too. I'm observing life, and not making it."

"I hope you find it just as good fun?"

Instead of answering, he glanced about him at the hurrying crowds that now and then jostled him. "Let's get out of this ruck," he said. "Are you busy? Can we have a little chat?"

"I have a tiny den of my own where I work," Miss Cameron suggested. "Shall we go there?"

"Do. I should like to see where somebody works. In fact, I should like to see somebody working. It seems to me that everybody just fidgets. It's tiresome."

While he was saying this they turned out of the stream, and a few steps brought them to a dim doorway from which stairs appeared to lead up into Cimmerian darkness. Miss Cameron led the way with a briskness and confidence born of familiarity, and John Trent crept after her with a hand spread to the wall on each side and kicking his toes against the rather high steps of the stair. A door was thrown open on the landing, and a cheery voice came down to him.

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"They *are* steep and a trifle dark, Mr. Trent, but here's a little more light for you."

"Just what I want, Miss Cameron, more light. Thank you. So this is the setting for all that lively talk of yours on manners and things in general?" He stood in the doorway looking into a ten-by-twelve room holding a desk and a typewriter, two or three chairs, a couple of shelves of books, and half-a-dozen piles of papers and magazines on the floor. "I rather fancied, you know, that you wrote in a bower smothered in roses, with a little fountain tinkling away near by and sunshine galore. Does a ray of sun ever, by any possibility, come in at that window? Not that it is really necessary to *you*." He emphasised the "you," turning to her with a frank smile as he shut the door behind him.

"I look forward to the bower," she answered, "but the prospect doesn't brighten. By the time I can have it, perhaps I shall like this better. I shall be a real grub by then."

"Once," said he, "I should have said something pretty to you about the butterfly stage as being more in your line, but I—dropped that with my yachting flannels. You won't mind, will you?"

"I think I like candour better."

"Do you? Well, that must be because you work for your living. It's astonishing how it peels off the veneer."

"I never expected so much homely sense in the owner of a thousand-ton yacht, Mr. Trent."

"And I don't believe you would have got it, Miss Cameron, judging from my experience. The two things don't mix. I exchanged the yacht for a chance to learn sense. I am still looking for the chance."

"With a lantern?"

"No, with an electric searchlight. Some of us get so dense that we can't have too much artificial aid. But I haven't come up here to talk about myself, Miss Cameron. I don't need to use a pointer with so observing a young lady as you are. What you don't see doesn't exist."

Miss Cameron sat leaning her head on one hand supported by the back of her chair, and the other hand had picked up a pen and was toying with it. She looked at the pen and the blotter on her desk, not at him, and she answered: "I am sorry to say that what I do see doesn't seem very consistent with a private yacht and a Newport cottage."

Trent laughed quietly, without a trace of bitterness. "It isn't," he said; "but don't say you are sorry."

"Well, I can't say I am glad," she retorted, looking up at him.

"You ought. Unless the workers are jealous of their privileges and resent another recruit."

"You know that is not it. Oh!" she exclaimed, driving her pen-point into the blotter with two or three suggestive stabs, "it seems so dreadful to lose all that—that independence and luxury!"

Again the easy laugh. "Even for the search after homely sense? Believe me, Miss Cameron, the exchange is delicious. Besides that, you are depreciating all your own social philosophy. You have surely not forgotten that morning on the *La Mancha* when you pilloried Newport and all its works? You were a bit of a coward, you know—you didn't make it personal, but you had your eye on me all the time."

"I shouldn't have been so bitter if I had foreseen," she murmured; and then, turning to him with her bright face clearing, she added, "any way, it is no credit to me to have an involuntary disciple. If you had sold your possessions and given it all to the poor, I might claim you, you see; but you—you couldn't help yourself, I suppose?"

"No, Miss Cameron, I—well, I couldn't help myself, as you say, and so—here I am."

She gave one dear little sigh. One of her many charms was the quick play of emotion in her face which never masked anything in mind or heart. "I know how hard it is to make a beginning," she said, with the sigh, and John Trent seemed to feel that simple speech like a stab, with a quick, silent gasp and a clenching of the hands, perhaps because he, too, knew how hard it was, and perhaps—not.

The pang was gone in a moment. "Yes, that's it," he answered, with that half smile. "I'm just beginning; or, rather, I began six weeks ago, when I left New York. I knew too many people there. You can't 'begin,' you see, when you are running up against a universe of friends at every turn. I thought of London—in fact, I had been thinking of London a good deal, and so, as I just said, here I am." He got on his feet while speaking and put out his hand. "There's no chance, you see," he added, "of getting away from a poor topic at this meeting. I may come again, mayn't I, and talk about something else?"

Yes, Miss Cameron would be very glad to see him when he could spare time. (Again

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"'Why, Mr. Trent, I wonder if you remember me?'"

that covert smile on his lips). He must let her hold the door open while he made his way out. From the foot of the stairs he looked back at her, lifted his hat and was gone. "Is it a beginning?" he asked himself, and Miss Cameron closed the door gently, went back to her desk and sat for an hour punching the blotter with pen-pricks and thinking of—the difference between his *La Mancha* and a London working den.

That afternoon the den was brightened with a conversation in which both voices were feminine. "Yes," said one, "I brought him up here. It is plain enough that he has lost his fortune, or squandered it—I don't know which. But it is gone. He was too proud to stay in America, and has

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come to bury himself in London for a fresh start."

"And you turn up at the funeral, dear," said Stella. "I hope the corpse paid you the compliment of reviving." Stella had only seen his back, and backs are not interesting.

"Keep that for the *Evening Dasher*, Stella."

"Not good enough; Rosebud would 'blue' it. It's only fit for conversation, Laura. And how does the dear ghost propose to 'start,' now that he has buried himself in London?"

"We had not got so far as that," and Miss Laura was sensible of some irritation, which seemed to her absurd.

"'We,' indeed!" was the other's comment. "That sounds like a partnership. Are you going to bring him out as the 'dreadful example' of what this spendthrift age results in?—point your social diatribes with him?"

"Really, Stella, dear, for a girl with imagination you have very little sympathy."

"One can't sympathise with a mere ghost, Laura. I didn't drink champagne on his yacht, and I can't rise to the tragedy of his tumble. Besides, he seems to have deserved it."

"I dare say he did," said Laura, gazing through the grime on the window, as though the light beyond might be brighter than it seemed. "Still, there's room for a little sympathy. It's the age that's at fault, dear."

"Oh! of course. The age! Well, you're like all the rest, Laura; you beard the sin and beam on the sinner."

"I didn't 'beam' on him when he was rich. Beam on him, indeed! I told him pretty plainly what I thought of all that silly extravagance."

"Yes, I remember something in one of your articles—a sort of contrast between 'a withered bunch of moral fibres,' and 'a fat and flabby epicureanism.' I wonder if Mr. Trent ever read that—in the flesh?"

Miss Cameron appeared to find the window view unsatisfactory. She left the chair before the typewriter, sat down at her desk, fumbled some "copy" paper and tossed it aside, turned over the leaves of a magazine, and tapped the floor with her foot. For a healthy girl, fond of her work, she betrayed a curious restlessness, and Stella, who was glancing through a proof-slip, seemed amused at something she read or saw.

A tap at the door, and a lad entered with a note for Miss Cameron. Having read it, she passed it over to Stella. It bore the stamp of a well known society journal, was signed by the editor, and read:—

"DEAR MISS CAMERON,—I am told that one of the richest men in the States has been seen in London. His name is Trent, but we cannot trace him at any of the hotels or clubs. Wish you would find him and arrange an interview with him. He is not distinguished in any special way, I believe, but knows everybody in the American world of fashion, so it is particularly in your line.

"Yours faithfully," etc.

"Curses, like chickens——!" murmured Miss Stella, when she had read it. "And here's the start he wants. Introduce him to the whole universe. They'll devour him. 'How a Millionaire Lost His Fortune' will be a pleasant variation on the nauseous theme of 'How Fortunes are Made.' Illustrated by photographs of the spendthrift at five, ten, twenty years of age and the present time, external and interior views of his yacht, his villa on the Hudson, his Newport cottage and shooting-lodge in the Adirondacks, if he had one. One black column showing his wine bill in one year, and another, by way of contrast, to illustrate the annual charity expenditure of New York. Some men are lucky!"

"And some girls chatterboxes."

"Well, you really ought to be grateful for the hint, considering your sympathies. I'll leave you to think it over, dear; but remember, it isn't professional to let your sympathies spoil good copy."

Miss Cameron, left alone, re-read the editorial assignment. "Not distinguished in any special way." The words read like a condemnation. The worst of it was, they were true. In no creditable walk of life had John Trent distinguished himself. A man of fashion! What a career! She felt no little disgust, all the deeper because she had a vague intuition that he had capacity for affairs. How can any man who is manly—so ran her soliloquy—suffer himself to be of so little account in the world? Even now, she wondered, had change of fortune changed the real man? On the whole, there appeared to be something illogical both in her irritation and her expectation of an immediate and complete revolution in Mr. Trent's character as the result of what Miss Stella had called his "tumble." She could not make up her mind definitely whether to accept this commission or return it. In the

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"'Are you ready, Mr. Trent?' she asked."

end she let things drift, which was not at all like her.

As a part of the drift, John Trent drifted into her room the next morning, a possibility that had not been unforeseen. All the time she had been able to spare from sleep and work since their previous meeting had been briefly employed by her in constructing a career for the ex-millionaire, in which he played as many parts as the "utility man" of the old stock companies. His easy nonchalance, when he drifted in, struck her as a grotesque commentary on her dreams. It brought her back to real life. In a sense she gave him up.

"You come opportunely," she said briskly. "I have a commission to interview you."

"Really? Well, I came to see you work—to see how it is done, you know, and the precise form doesn't much matter."

"Hopeless idi—idler!" she mentally protested, with a change of epithet during its transmission, while she picked up a pad and a pencil and trailed a line of shorthand notes across the leaf. Trent sat down before the typewriter, with his back to her, and began fingering the keys aimlessly. "Are you ready, Mr. Trent?" she asked a little sharply.

"Quite," he answered, half turning his head towards her, but not his eyes.

"Your appearance in London has taken society by surprise."

"That should make it more piquant, and there are other surprises in store."

"For example?"

"One moment. Do you mind my typing

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my answers as I speak? Just to keep my hand in. I picked up typing as a hobby on one of my voyages."

"Not the least, if it amuses you."

"It does. It amuses me. Where were we? Oh! an example was wanted."

"Yes, of the sensations with which you intend to enliven the season." Miss Cameron was somewhat scornful.

The typewriter saw that twitch of the lips—not she—while he began to play on the keys with some facility.

"You put it rather strongly," he said. "I said surprises, not sensations. May I go back a little and lead up to the surprises?"

"Put it in your own way, please."

"Thanks. I think this way, then. You have heard it said that Fortune is fickle. Perhaps the jade is braced up by the American climate to be rather more inconstant there than elsewhere. I had the good fortune to incur her displeasure, for the favour of a fickle jade is not to be desired. You are taking me?"

"Easily. If not, there is your typed copy to correct me."

"Don't trust to this. I am not in practice. To proceed. If a loss of fortune involved nothing more, it would not be much of an evil. It might even be taken with beautiful resignation. But there are consequences. One consequence is hunger, and to hunger one does not become resigned. At least, not in time for the resignation to be of any use as a moral stimulant."

"Excuse me, Mr. Trent," Miss Cameron interrupted. "I am afraid this is not exactly what my editor wants."

"No? Then your editor cannot have a taste for neatly turned confessions. What does your editor want?" and Trent turned round and faced her over the back of his chair.

"Just as neatly turned reflections on American social events and movements."

"And is it not a social event that one of the richest and most contemptible idlers in New York society has served as a waiter in a London club?"

"Mr. Trent!"

"Fact, Miss Cameron. Shall we go on?" He turned back to the typewriter and commenced fingering the keys again. Miss Laura sat looking at the back of his head out of a faint dimness in her eyes. She even let her pencil lie idle as he continued, never ceasing to tap the keys while he talked.

"I'll try to give you something more effective, Miss Cameron. 'Two months ago New York society was convulsed by the sudden disappearance from its accustomed halls of one of the most inveterate votaries of pleasure. Speculation ran wild at first over the mystery, but gradually it began to be whispered that a life of wanton extravagance had had its legitimate ending, and that the gentleman in question was hiding from his creditors.' Is that more to the purpose, Miss Cameron?"

"I hardly listened. It sounded like bathos."

"Well, this, then. I want to get the right ring, you know. Will this do for a start? 'What strikes an Englishman with surprise is the versatility Americans display in their course of life. They drop one occupation and take up another with a facility and confidence that amazes the man whose whole life is bounded by a single rut. An instance of what we mean is afforded by a recent event that has come to our knowledge. A young New York gentleman of fortune, having in a few years run through an inheritance the bare income of which would have afforded a competence for any man of reasonable tastes, has turned up as a club waiter in London, and is said to have made a very good waiter, too.'" He stopped ticking and, throwing his arm over his chair-back, turned again to Miss Cameron. "Have I hit the right thing now?" he asked.

She tossed her pencil on the desk with a comical, though sincere, gesture of despair. "You are hopeless," she said, "and have made me waste a morning."

"Is the interview over?" he asked.

"Quite."

"And my typed notes?"

"Tear them up."

"I'll do better than that. I disengage them from the machine—see? I neatly fold the sheet, and put it in an envelope, and write your name on the back, and hand it to you, to be opened after I am gone."

Trent took up his hat and, as he held the door open before passing out, added, with a queer shake in his voice, "Be merciful."

Miss Cameron heard him heavily descend the dark stairs, and in the silence that followed the little dim den grew greyer than ever. The envelope lay in her limp fingers for awhile and slowly slipped out of them to the floor. The sound roused her. She bent over and picked the envelope up, and smiled as she looked at it, while a silly tear trickled down her cheek. She asked herself if these were symptoms of softening of the brain.

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Mechanically she opened the envelope,

which was not sealed. If it had been, she might possibly not have risen to the height of curiosity even, for her mental lethargy was complete for the moment. But she did open it.

And this is what she read :—

"MY DEAR MISS CAMERON,—I have much to be forgiven. I have not lost my money. I have not been hungry. I am not so poor as I seem. I came to London with two objects—to find you, and to discover the truth as to the alleged conspiracy to blow up the *Maine* in Havana harbour. I have succeeded in both. A show of poverty suited for both ends, for it helped me to keep *perdu*. It served me, too, in getting a post as waiter in a certain West End club, where I wanted to pursue my studies in Spanish and French by attention to some naval officers from those two countries. Their conversation told me all I wanted to know. Up to a year ago I was a mere paltry idler. Certain conversations on *La Mancha* made a revolution in me. I determined to make myself worthy to ask you to be my wife. Come to me and test your own achievement. I will convince you that it is possible to live in a bower and yet work. I have loved you ever since you scarified me. Let me come to-morrow morning and finish the interview.

"Always your devoted JOHN TRENT."

A month later *La Mancha* lay in Portsmouth harbour, getting up steam.

"You had better go over with us, Miss Stella," said Trent. "The *Evening Dasher* will be nowhere when Laura's letters begin to appear from the seat of war. Since I am going to run *La Mancha* as a despatch-boat for the Government, she will be in the thick of it, you know."

"I'll come when the war is over. So long as you have the Spanish quarrel on your hands, you may escape domestic ones. After—the Deluge."

Trent put an arm about his wife and answered : "I served Mammon twenty-seven years, and Love one. There's a balance of twenty-six to be worked off, therefore. I expect it will keep me so busy, Miss Stella, that the Deluge will have to be postponed."

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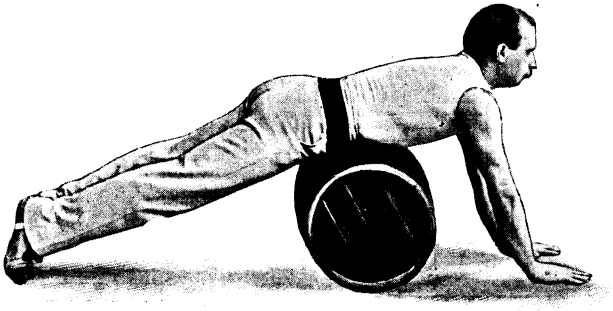
TUB-ROLLING AS AN EXERCISE.

By Frank Holmfield.

Photographs by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield.

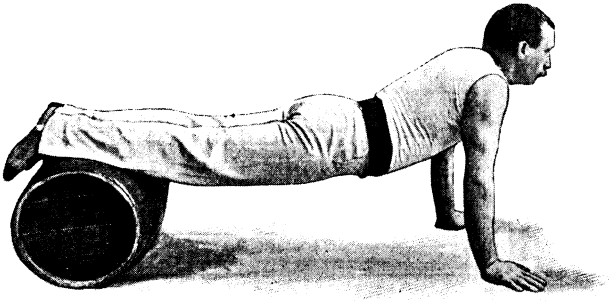
Of new athletic exercises there seems to be no end. From ball-punching to ping-pong, the aim is always the same—to keep the body in motion. The latest thing in muscle-making is distinctly exhilarating. All the apparatus required is a nice clean quarter-cask. The lawn or the drawing-room will provide the necessary space.

The quarter-cask, besides being an excellent aid to physical culture, has also the advantage of being the best means of reducing and curing obesity. When all else fails, the man of superfluous adipose deposit turns to the quarter-cask. Stout people, who have been trying "the waters" all their lives without taking an ounce off, seek the cask aid with avidity. I was recently introduced to a man who had come down in weight, after indulging in ten weeks' regular exercise on a little barrel, from seventeen to twelve-and-a-half stones! He was the proudest man in London, I verily believe, and he announced his intention of sticking to that precious barrel as long as he was able to roll it along his room!



At the new South London School of Physical Culture the new exercise may be generally seen in full swing throughout the day, and under the careful superintendence of the athletic Mr. Charles Rainey. Mr. Rainey's own lithe frame of iron muscle and thew has some reason to be grateful to his carefully designed manipulation of the quarter-cask, which has appeared on the floor of an English gymnasium as a result of serious and careful study.

Stout men of all ages, not to speak of those who merely use the exercise as a first-class aid to physical culture, may be seen at the gymnasium hard at work on the novel exercise. The beginners are, if the truth would be acknowledged, not amongst the most graceful of the athletic students present. But that the remedy is efficacious is proved at once by glancing around the room at some of those whose apparent ease and grace of manipulation prove a considerable acquaintance with the exercise. The toggery of the gymnasium in which their forms are clad now hangs limply and loosely from comparatively attenuated waists. once, no doubt, a keen trouble to their possessors. Now, however, there is a blessedness in the air and mien of those who have worked off their share of avoirdupois. They see in the quarter-cask a hope of return to the waists of their youth, and already they are showing off their new-gained agility by emulating the professional acrobat as they go through the more advanced form of exercises prepared by the popular athlete who guides the destinies of the S.L.S.P.C.



Now let us see what these exercises are like. As Mr. Rainey truly asserts, any intelligent child can, with a little tuition,

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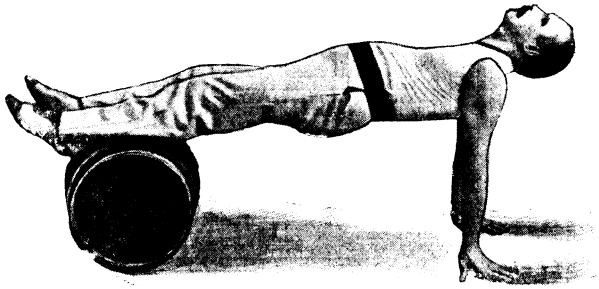
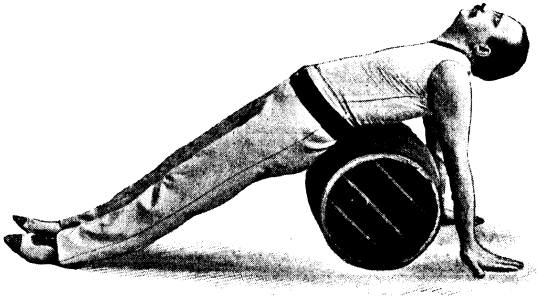
perform the various movements. They are really extremely simple, and, once explained, the pupil has very little need to do more than go through the series from first to last.



For the first exercise the cask is laid on its rolling surface upon the gymnasium floor. The pupil, or patient, whichever he may choose to call himself, then lies face downwards across the keg, on which he rests the most prominent portion of his anatomy. He must now poise himself in such a way that only the tips of the toes and the palms of the hands touch the floor, the greater weight of his body being borne by the keg. In this pose he must gradually propel himself forward, the hands giving the motive power. The limbs must always be kept straight, and the feet must not be moved until the keg in its natural rolling movement has reached as far as the knees. This done, the "patient" must reverse the movement, pushing backwards with his hands until the cask is rolled forward under his arms. This exercise, repeated once or twice, will tend to bring about the wished-for reduction in weight, as well as developing the arms, broadening the chest, and causing the muscles of the abdomen to be flexed, forcing them into use.



In the second exercise, the position of the body is reversed, resting with the back on the cask. The arms are placed downwards, with palms outstretched, the heels resting on the floor, but no other section of the leg touching the latter. The arms must now be moved alternately as far forward as possible, the cask gradually reaching the heels, whilst the body is raised from the floor. The movement is then reversed and the body forced into former position. When the cask has rolled to the small part of the back, the legs should be stretched as far as possible without allowing the heels to touch the floor. The lungs should be kept well filled, the stomach drawn in, the chest extended. Now allow the heels to drop to the floor for the purpose of steadying the body. Lift the arms from the floor, extending them along the side of the body with open palms on hip. Maintain this position for as long as possible without causing strain.

Another exercise is executed as follows: Lie with the right side of the body, just above the hip, resting on the cask, using the right hand to balance the body, the feet only touching the floor. The left hand is extended upwards. With a pulling movement of the right hand move the body forward as far as possible until the feet can be raised from the floor, then move backward to the former position. This movement is repeated with the body on the left side, the exercise being identical with that of the right. Care should be taken that the body is not strained while in the positions named.

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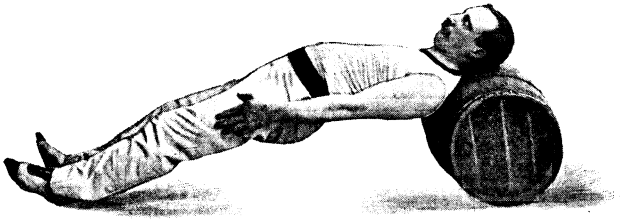
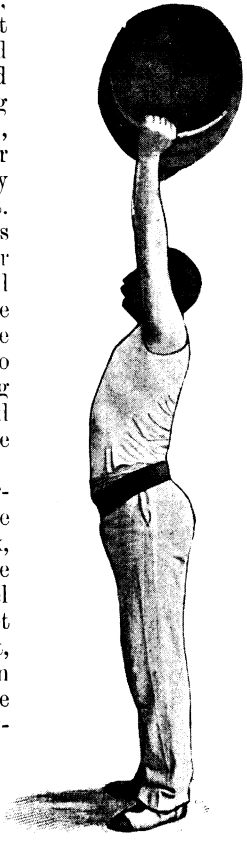
The fourth movement is to lie with the back on the cask, with arms folded, using only the feet to force the body over the cask until the latter has reached the shoulders and back of the head, the body being kept rigid meanwhile, the stomach drawn inwards, the chest extended, and the arms placed straight along the sides, the open hands, palm inwards, against the hips. This movement should be practised with the greatest caution, a little at a time, and not more than once or twice during an evening, until it can be executed throughout with ease.



The fifth exercise is accomplished by standing with the feet together, legs straight, stomach in, chest well out, shoulders upright and thrown a little back, the head poised firmly. The cask, lying across the toes, should be lifted, raised from the waist line up over the head and then down, the body being kept perfectly straight. Count mentally from one upwards at each movement, inhaling air through the nostrils at the odd numbers, exhaling through the mouth at the even numbers. Raise the cask to the chin-line, swing to the right, then to the left, keeping the body erect throughout, and allowing the eyes to follow the motion of the cask in its swing.



The next movement is an exercise in which the mind should be constantly kept on the work, directing your attention to those parts of the body which you feel are being used. With the feet about twenty-four inches apart, swing the cask down well between the legs and high up over the head, bending the back and allowing the knees to bend slightly forward as the cask passes under the body. Raise the cask to the chin-line, swinging first to the right and then to the left, lowering the body on each count as before. Be careful not to strain nor to execute this movement too rapidly. Keep the lungs partly filled as you exhale with force, so as to bring into play the muscles along the walls of the thorax and the abdominal walls.

The seventh movement requires the resting of the body on the cask as it lies lengthwise, the hands being placed on the floor in front, the toes supporting the legs. Let the body rest heavily on the cask and roll the latter to the right and left, see-saw fashion. Be careful not to let the cask run too far, or an unpleasantly sudden acquaintance with the toughness of the floor will result.

The final exercise of the series takes the form of resting the legs across the barrel, and raising the body by the strength of the arms, moving upwards and downwards several times.

Mr. Rainey assures me that a pupil of his who went through a course of these exercises was not only considerably reduced in weight, but found his chest measurement improved by three inches, whilst his lung power became greater than ever before.

"Tub-rolling" is an exercise that must grow more and more popular; not only those who are threatened with symptoms of approaching waist-extension derive benefit from it—it is suitable for all. This is doubtless because of the thoroughness with which the exercises have been planned. Every portion of the body takes part in beneficial movement. As a developer of muscular power, "tub-rolling" is claimed to be unsurpassed.

It is remarkable how very early in the course of practice the semi-developed man finds himself improving under its influence. In a few days the flabbiest of arms exhibit indications of becoming hard and sinewy. Within a fortnight the biceps become strongly developed, improving after each course until the once dull and listless muscles toughen into a resemblance to those "iron bands" which are the ambition of all and the envy of those who neglect physical culture in any shape or form.

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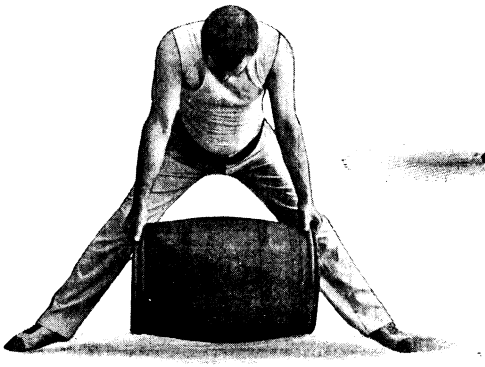
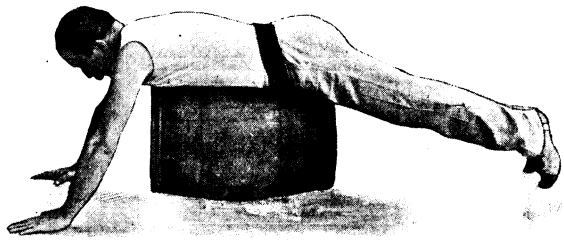
The forearm broadens, and the enthusiastic pupil realises that he is able to bear with ease on wrist and shoulder a strain that formerly he could not have tolerated. The muscles of the shoulder and neck, being called into profitable play through manipulating the "tub," experience an improvement that soon becomes apparent, and ere the exercises have

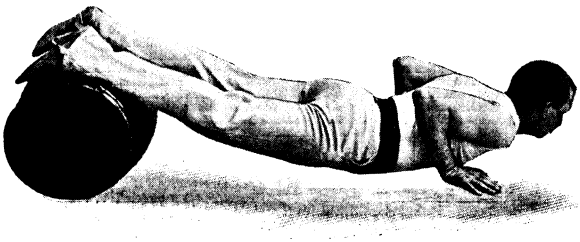


been practised for long, the pupil will find it advisable, for his bodily comfort's sake, to lay in a stock of new collars a size or two larger.

The shoulders broaden and grow fit enough to bear heavier burdens than most young fellows are called upon to bear in the ordinary course of life.

Chest expansion comes as a natural concomitant; the lungs and heart are strengthened and invigorated enormously as the pupil becomes more and more accustomed to taking part in the exercises with precision and regularity.





Thighs and calves, during the whole of the course, improve with surprising rapidity. The limbs fall into good shape, lose all appearance of flabbiness, and become as "hard as nails."

And it is not surprising, therefore, that men who practise "tub-rolling" find their walking, running, and swimming powers increase. Their limbs, responding to the generous exercise through which they go, are almost invariably found to stand any amount of hard usage. In football, cricket, tennis, and other sports requiring an extra call on the whole physical system, the man who practises "tub-rolling" remains fresher and in finer form than he who knows not the new exercise.

Persons of puny or willowy build find "tub-rolling" better than most forms of athletic exercises. But let it be known that too much should never be attempted at once. "Be moderate at first" is advice tendered to those to whom Nature has not been bountiful in physical gifts. A gradual increase in the amount of work put in should be maintained, and it will soon be found that bodily strength is also increasing gradually, but surely. Soon the pupil will feel fit enough to throw aside restrictions and enjoy to the full a thorough performance of "rolling the tub."

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A WAGER OF BATTLE.

By B. A. CLARKE.

DISCIPLINARIAN, or nothing, was Max Tyrrell, and, as such, a discourager of childhood; but he was thorough, and when he admitted his youngest brother to his friendship (friendship is a strong term to use, but no other will serve), he did so without reservations. In his place most elders would have consorted with the youngster when the brothers were alone, but would have expected him to drop behind when they were joined by boys of standing. It was not in reason, however, to expect older boys to receive Claude in his brother's absence. It happened, therefore, that when Max and Walter went away to spend a month of their summer holidays upon a farm, Claude found himself more desolate than he had been in his life. If it had not been for the Parliament Hill Fields, and the cricket to be watched there, he would have died of weariness.

It is a strange thing (and economists can throw no light upon it) that, during the summer months, whatever time of the day or week you visit a public space, there will be respectable men practising cricket. They are not of the leisured classes, nor does their contentment sort with the theory of their being out of work. And theirs is no brief hour snatched from toil. They play for the whole day—perhaps for much longer periods. When a ball is hit into the outfield, they trudge after it as if saving themselves for the later stages of a game that will last until the weather breaks. Claude used to go down in the morning and watch these contests. The clumsy evolutions amused him and fed his self-importance. Arriving at the Fields one brilliant morning, with enough bread-pudding in his pocket to support him until tea-time, he found that there was in progress a most indisputable match. There were creases, brown pads (one for each batsman), and umpires laden with black coats. Enterprise had even gone so far as a form for the scorers. Claude threw himself down upon the grass in a corner remote from the other onlookers. Soon, however, his solitude was disturbed by a band of little ragamuffins, who, becoming interested in the match, applauded generously, but with little discrimination. Particularly did they cheer one player, a stout, pursy man, for no better reason (apparently) than that he was making all the runs. His methods were blind and circular, and every run that he notched was a separate and unpardonable sin. Now Claude, since his visit to Lord's, was by way of being a purist, and it pained him that anyone should score runs in that way, and that others should be so lost to right feeling as to encourage him in so doing.

"Well plied, sir-r," screamed the ragamuffins, dwelling lovingly upon the title. (It was only upon the cricket-field that they permitted themselves to use it.)

"Oh! well scraped!" trebled Claude.

Hero worship is ever resentful of criticism, and the result of Claude's efforts to create a higher standard of taste was to bring the cads about him in an angry circle. He thought it time to stand up.

"You think a fat lot of yourself!" said a child of Claude's own age, who was removed from his companions, socially, by the gulf that divides patches from rags. He seemed cleaner, too, but, in part at least, this was due to his brighter colour. Claude recognised the note of assault and unostentatiously made himself ready.

"Dot him, Rabbit!" cried the expectant ring.

The boy addressed as the Rabbit edged towards Claude, fixing him with the white of his eye. Upon some victims the manœuvre has a paralysing effect, entirely robbing them of the power of self-defence. Claude met it with the proper counter.

"Don't crowd me!" he said, flinging the Rabbit back. "Won't you let me find someone to back me up?" he added, expecting little from the appeal.

"We'll see fair play all right," said the ring impatiently.

"You look it," said Claude contemptuously.

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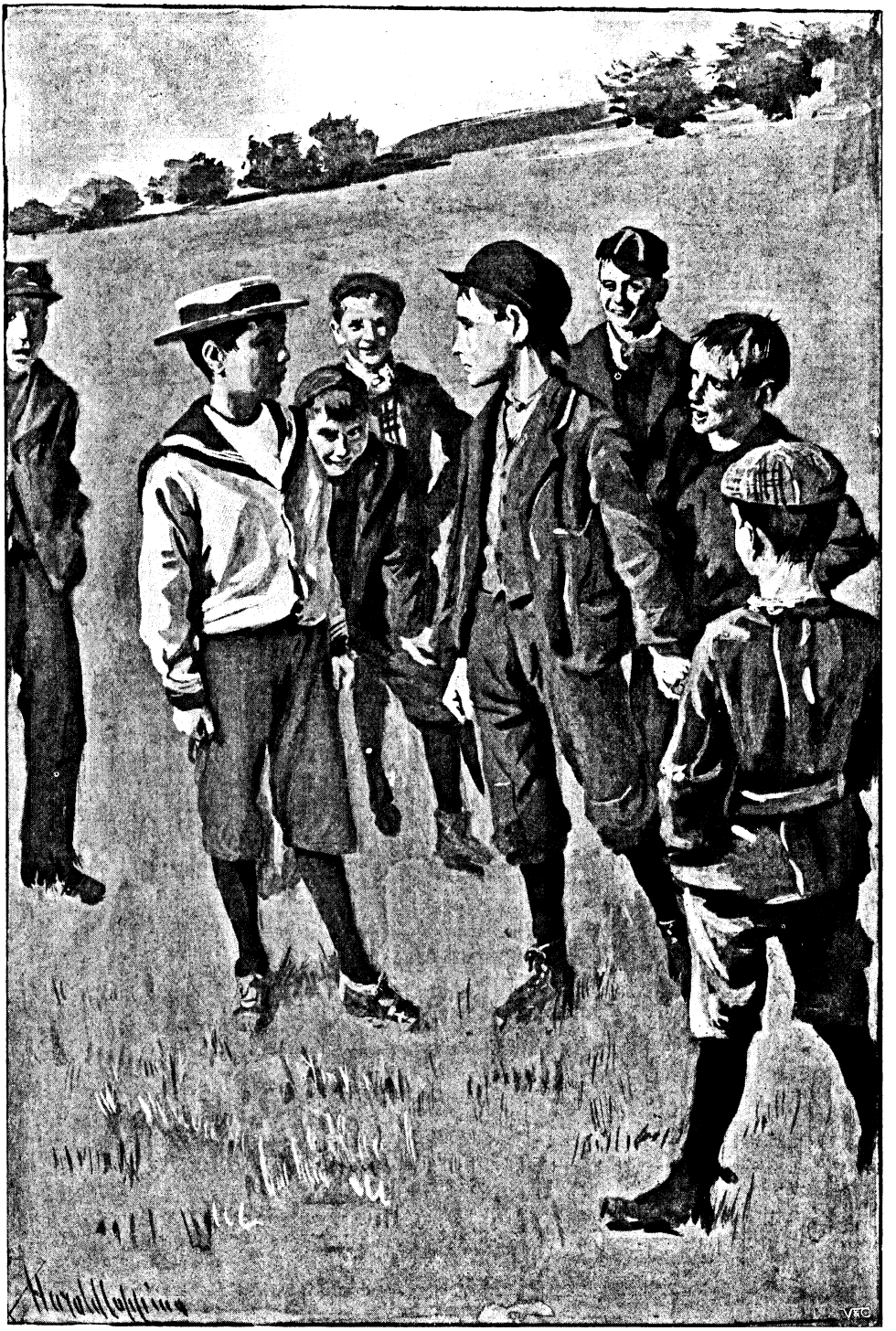

"'Dot him, Rabbit!' cried the expectant ring."

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"Call us cheats?" shrieked the ragamuffins, preparing to resent the imputation on their chivalry by falling upon Claude *en masse*.

Then to the Rabbit there came a noble idea.

"Come along, Cocky," he cried to Claude; "let's get somewhere and fight by ourselves."

He shouldered his small jacket and pushed his way through the crowd, Claude following. They wandered up and down with the ragged children at their heels, until Claude despaired of shaking them off.

"Can you run?" asked the Rabbit suddenly.

"Faster than you."

"Then run now."

It was a second before the would-be spectators understood what had happened. Then with cries of indignation they started in pursuit, but from the very first the chase was hopeless. One runner could have caught up, but his zeal for pugilism was that of an onlooker, and he thought it safer to keep with the crowd.

"Done those kids," said the Rabbit, when he and Claude stopped for breath.

"Beastly little cads!" said Claude.

"They're not our class," said the Rabbit. "We can have a much better fight by ourselves. Do you know how I come to think of running away from them?"

"No!"

"We learnt a bit at school about Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James. Fitz is all surrounded by Roderick's men wanting to kill him, but old Rod sent 'em all home and then fought Fitz-James on his own. It come back to me when they was all going to set on to you."

"Come on!" said Claude; "let's get across and fight in the gorse. It will be the very thing."

Not a word was spoken as they marched in Indian file—the chief leading—up the Vale of Health, and by the sounding shore of the Leg of Mutton pond. Here there were a half-dozen of Claude's schoolfellows sailing a boat. They did not notice him. Claude pointed them out to his enemy, who could have wept for joy, the episode was so perfect.

"I suppose you couldn't say that bit where Fitz-James, after they have walked on, won't set his gang on to Rod!"

"No," said Claude; "I know all about it, but I never learned any."

"I could say it myself," said the Rabbit, "but that wouldn't be right. You call me 'proud chief,' you know. It would be ripping if you could say it, but it's good enough, any way."

They found a secluded dingle and took off their coats.

"If we were children," said Claude, "we should get bits of stick for swords, and go through that fight in the book."

The Rabbit thought that would spoil everything.

"It was because our fight was all real, and I wouldn't set my gang on you, and you wouldn't set your gang on me, that was so grand. It wasn't kid's play. We really are like old Rod and Fitz. Even if I get beat, I shall be glad we met."

"Have you ever given in?" asked Claude, with whom the fear of some day having to own himself vanquished was a waking nightmare. He had fought twice, and both times successfully.

"Never! I would jest go on and on, even if my teeth was all knocked out, and I couldn't see. They can't make you give 'em best, if you won't."

"Why, that is true," said Claude, his mind relieved of a load. "I'll never give in, either."

"What a fight it will be!" said the Rabbit.

"Need we fight now?" said Claude. "Can't we have a good time first. I have enough 'toke' for the two of us. We could have a grand day, and fight before we go home."

"Well, I don't mind. Let's start on the grub now."

The bread-pudding was produced and apportioned on the traditional system—and the wit of man will devise nothing more perfect—of one having the division, and the other the choice. As they ate, they lay back and talked. Claude told about the Oxford and Cambridge match, and about the school society he was admitted to now. His companion, not to be outdone, spoke of big boys he had fought, boys fiercer than wolves—and of armies that he had himself organised and led.

"Like the beastly kids you had with you to-day?"

"No, better than those. Twenty million times better."

"I don't believe it. That was the army you have been stuffing about."

"Well, we won't quarrel. Look here! I can show you something."

The something was so wonderful as to remove from Claude's mind the suspicion that his companion was a less remarkable boy than he represented himself to be. He

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"As they ate, they lay back and talked."

possessed a singular control over the muscles of his nose, being able to move that organ to an extent that was positively fascinating.

"That's why I am called the 'Rabbit.' My real name is Roger Ford; and look now at my ears."

Claude looked closely. It was certain that they moved.

"Can you do anything?"

"What a place this would be for playing Boers!" said Claude, changing the subject. To tell the truth, in the presence of this gifted lad he was feeling a little ashamed of his incapacity. "You could defend this hill, and I would start right over there and creep round until I took it."

"What would I be doing?"

"Oh! you would be throwing clay, and if I showed so much as a head above the skyline, you would hit it."

"Don't believe I would. What! throw clay right over there?"

"With a 'bendy' stick you could. Why, I can throw a hundred times further."

"Let's see you!"

Claude found a supple twig, and then dug up—he had to go as far as the pond for it—a supply of wet clay.

He fastened at the end of his twig a morsel, and then — but who, at some time or other, has not learned to throw clay?

The Rabbit was astounded at such artillery. One shot dropped behind a hillock quite a hundred yards off.

"If you had been lying there where it fell," said Claude, "you would have been killed, without my having seen you."

"Cæsar! Let's begin at once."

"You don't know how to shoot yet."

But the Rabbit proved an apt pupil, and in a few minutes things were ripe for battle. To make sure of ammunition, Claude filled his pockets.

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"It will brush out," he said. "Now I will go right over there and hide."

"Wait a moment," said his opponent. "If I don't see you, how shall I know where to shoot?"

"You'll have to judge the direction of my shots."

"Jerusalem! that's something like."

It was only a hundred yards Claude had to advance, but so terrible was the Rabbit's fusillade that nearly an hour had passed before he came to the final rush. By a miracle of good fortune he had escaped unhit. At the foot of the hill the Rabbit met him with a face so sternly set that Claude, who had no mind to confuse play and reality, called a truce.

"You would never have got up that hill. I would have died first."

"It's been a good game."

"Rather! It's better than playing with toy soldiers, little silly twopenny lead things. I've looked at 'em often in shops—six in a shilling box."

"I've got hundreds," said Claude—"Highlanders, and Lancers, and Bengals, and Australians, and C.I.V.'s."

"Well, I don't want them. I think they are kiddish."

"They're not. You would like them if you had them."

"I wouldn't. I shouldn't know what to do wiv 'em."

"I'd just like you to see them, all arranged out in regiments."

"Well, I don't mind seeing them, as you've got them. You said you had Lancers?"

"We will have our fight, and then you can come along."

"Not much I don't. After smashing you, I'm not going among your crowd. They'd kill me."

"How about Roderick Dhu?"

"That's different. They hadn't fought then. After old Rod had been downed, his gang wouldn't have let Fitz off. Not likely."

"Well, come along now, anyhow. Bother the fight! I had forgotten all about it."

"But how about the coward's blow? You pushed me, which was the same thing. You can't take it back. No one can't take back a coward's blow. If I don't fight, it makes me a coward."

"Well, I tell you what—I will throw down a glove, and you shall pick it up."

For a wonder Claude had his gloves with him.

"All right. And what now?"

"You'll just wear it in your hat."

"I'm blowed if I will!"

"You have to—that's part of it. Wearing it in your hat shows that you don't funk me. It's doing my dags to touch you."

"Well, then, it makes you a coward?"

"No, it doesn't. I bide my time; they never think any the worse of a man for biding his time. Then one day I come up to you and say, 'I will trouble you for that glove,' and then we begin to fight."

"Now that's sense. Here, help me to fix it."

The Rabbit's hat (some three sizes too large) was a ribbonless bowler. To attach a kid glove to it without pins was no easy matter. As a temporary matter, the boys contented themselves with tucking it under the brim.

"You wait out here," said Claude, when they reached his house, "and I will go in and see if the coast is clear."

He returned in a few minutes, looking very embarrassed.

"The Mater is out," he said, "and everyone. We could have played a treat, only——"

"Well?"

"I promised to sit with my sister when I got back, and she's been asking for me."

The Rabbit did not complain.

"I don't only sit with her," said honest Claude, with an effort, "I play with her. She lies on her back all day, and will never get up. You would play with her if you were me."

"I dare say."

The Rabbit's complacence was wonderful.

"What do you play—dolls?"

"Sometimes."

Claude's face was crimson, but he scorned to apologise.

"All right. I'll go up and show her how to play dolls. I bet she don't know."

Claude caught at the suggestion. He had been feeling troubled about sending his invited guest away.

"Very well, but I must go upstairs first and tell her."

The invalid raised no objections, and Claude succeeded in getting his friend up to the bedroom unseen by the servants. The Rabbit found a dark little girl (he had pictured her fair, having a notion that all invalids were incurably blond) lying under a shawl, on a square, roomy couch. The bed was against the opposite wall. She was prettier than he had thought girls were, and he was impressed, but not to the extent

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of being made conscious of his patched boots.

"Good afternoon, Roderick Dhu," she said pleasantly.

"You know that piece, too? I'll say my part, if you like."

"You said you were going to teach my sister how to play with dolls," said Claude grimly.

"Have you ever played with dolls, Roderick Dhu?"

"No; but I reckon I can all right. Fish 'em out, Claude."

The whole collection were laid upon the couch and their histories told.

"All right," said the Rabbit. "I know all about them. Now you listen to me."

It was a wonderful game that followed. It seemed almost as if the dolls had come to life, and were playing amongst themselves, so spontaneous were the Rabbit's inventions, and so able was he to keep all the puppets, as it were, moving at once. Claude watched his sister's flushed face, and a feeling of anger crept into his heart. She had never looked like that playing with him. He had devoted much of his playtime to the invalid quite ungrudgingly, but believing, nevertheless, that his action was of the nature of self-denial. Now that another (although only for an hour) had taken his place, he realised that his sister had given more than she had taken. His experience is the universal tragi-comedy of brothers.

Perhaps Margaret guessed what was in his mind.

"Come here, Claudie," she said, "and let us talk. I've had enough dolls. Tell us about your school."

Claude told of hairbreadth escapes—of masters outwitted — of memorable games. He described also his two fights, not realistically, for the little girl's fingers had tightened on his palm.

"Now let us hear Roderick Dhu."

The Rabbit's recollections took a different turn. He spoke of the girl-mother who had died when he was five. He remembered her as sewing all day and all night, but breaking off sometimes to play such games as no one had ever seen. A ten-year-old boy from the next floor, looking in to scoff, had become entangled to such an extent that he had become almost as one of the family. The Rabbit was living with this boy now (an orphan like himself), who was now supporting the two by the sale of evening newspapers.

"My share of what he spends is only lent. I shall pay him back when I am older and we go to America."

He spoke of the locality he was going to, which seemed to be the sort of place that Claude had fancied existed only in books, and not books he was allowed to read at that.

"I shall go into an office," said Claude disconsolately.

"You see, Claudie has promised that I shall live with him, and I should be no good on a prairie," said the little girl.

"Oh! we will look after you all right."

"Who is '*we*'?" asked the brother sharply.

"Without finishing his speech, he handed her Claude's kid glove."

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"Tell us about to-day," said Margaret hastily. "Claude has only told me a teeny bit."

In the visitor's hands the day's adventures made a wonderfully interesting story (much of it seemed fresh even to Claude), but the episode of the glove he suppressed entirely.

"Thank you. Oh! I am glad that you and Claude didn't fight, after all. When Claude came home once with a black eye and his lip all torn, I cried all night."

"She is a girl," said Claude, feeling that the excuse was inadequate.

"You see, Claudie and I are almost 'spoons' on each other. If I was well, we should go about together always, and always play together."

Claude signalled the other boy to reserve his expression of disgusted indignation until they were alone; but the Rabbit did not seem to think there was anything wrong. Never was such a forgiving beast. Possibly, however, his quiescence was because he had not been attending. For some minutes he had been quite absent, as if lost in his own affairs. He sat now for some little time without noticing that no one was speaking. Then he rose abruptly.

"I must be going now," he said. "I've enjoyed myself fine. Good-bye, miss. I wish you was quite well."

"Good-bye, Roderick Dhu."

The visitor took his hat and stood fumbling with it, with his back to the couch.

"I've got a little present, miss, if you would take it—something that—that——"

Without finishing his speech, he handed her Claude's kid glove.

"Thank you; but that is a boy's glove; and, besides, I don't go out. I have no use for it—really."

"No more have I—now," he said ruthfully, and hurried from the room.

"What does it mean?" said Claude at the street-door.

"It means," said the Rabbit stoutly, "that I am not going to fight."

"But you have taken a coward's blow."

"It's a lie! I never—a push is nothing."

"But you said yourself——"

"I don't care. You can call it what you like. If you want to fight, you can fight your sister—she has your glove. You could hurt her."

Very bitter and scornful was the poor Rabbit as he turned away. It was a long walk home (three miles at the least), but he did not hurry. His mind was a whirl of conflicting thoughts. He thought of Claude and of the dark little girl (many times of the girl), of the play in the gorse, of the army, and of the coward's blow. Would his followers forgive him for deserting them? and how would they take it when they heard that there had been no fight? (An hour or two previously he had looked forward to their scornful greeting, and to the revulsion that would follow when they understood the significance of the kid glove in his hat.)

In the meantime the army, after wandering about the Heath and getting chased by a keeper, had returned to the neighbourhood of King's Cross and were waiting for their captain. As the hours passed and he did not return, they began to discuss what could have happened. That the Rabbit had been beaten they could not believe. The weight of opinion was that in Claude he had found an opponent stronger than himself—that it was a long fight, and that he would beat the toff (as he had beaten big Johnson) by sheer indifference to punishment.

When they saw the Rabbit returning embarrassed, and with none of the signs of battle upon him, they raised a shout, at the recollection of which his ears tingle to this day.

SUBTLE DISTINCTIONS.

MOTHER (offering sandwiches to little girl): Which will you 'ave? 'Am or beef?
SMALL GIRL: 'am!
MOTHER: You shouldn't say 'am, you should say 'AM.
CHEERFUL TRIPPER OPPOSITE (to neighbour): They both on 'em thinks they're a-sayin' 'AM.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

By E. M. Bredin.

"I NEVER had the least wish to call on Mrs. Smith," said Lady Lackton. "You know her, don't you?"

I owned the soft impeachment. I was paying a duty call, and trying to look as though I enjoyed it.

"One really must draw the line somewhere, in a provincial town," said Lady Lackton; "and I draw it at terraces. People who live in a terrace are never worth knowing. I only called on Mrs. Smith on account of her violin. I hear that she plays really well."

I agreed meekly.

"It is really exceedingly provoking!" Lady Lackton went on, with a portly sigh. "Let me see—are you coming to-morrow? I really had so many invitations sent out that I forget who accepted and who declined."

"I accepted," I said, with reasonable humility.

"I invited Mrs. Smith," she continued. "But to-day, as ill luck would have it, I met her out with the most impossible person—a sister-in-law. She actually introduced her! And I was forced—*really forced*—to ask her to come, too. You see," said Lady Lackton, with charming frankness, "I am depending a good deal on Mrs. Smith's violin, and it would be most inconvenient if she were to consider herself offended and fail me."

"Some people are so absurdly touchy," I murmured.

"Exactly," Lady Lackton agreed. "She might have seen—easily—that I was only asking her as a mere form. But she had not even the common decency to refuse! Most annoying! I assure you, dear Lord Robert, that she is *quite* impossible!"

"Does she drop her h's?" I asked—which was pure malice, for everyone knows that Sir Joshua Lackton is a trifle shaky in that respect.

"I really didn't notice," said her Ladyship, with dignity. "She was simply *impossible*—no style, badly dressed, badly turned out altogether. And she's coming!"

"You can ignore her," I suggested. I knew her system with impossibilities.

"I can't *hide* her," said Lady Lackton severely.

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A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE.

MAJOR-DOMO (showing Cockney tourists round one of the Stately Homes of England): On the right, gentlemen, you will notice the bust of the famous Marcus Antonius. INTELLIGENT TOURIST: Ow—of course! Let's see! What relation was he to the present Markiss?

She does not take suggestions well from anyone. Indeed, I know that I have only my courtesy title to thank for the inestimable privilege of her confidence. "It was most tactless of Mrs. Smith to introduce her at all, or to let her accept. No one has any idea who Mr. Smith was; and Mrs. Smith *knows* that I only asked her for the sake of her violin."

"She probably does," I agreed. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Smith and I are something more than acquaintances, and I know that she finds Lady Lackton as exhilarating as I do.

"I explained to her, when I first called on her," Lady Lackton continued, "that my rule is *never* to call on people living in terraces. I explained that I was making quite an exception in her case. I believe she understood perfectly."

"I have no doubt she did," I remarked with conviction, and I rose to go.

"*Oh revore*, then, dear Lord Robert," said Lady Lackton, whose French is nearly as faultless as Sir Joshua's English. "I shall see you to-morrow?"

"I am looking forward immensely to coming," I assured her truthfully.

There are houses where one goes to see and be seen. There are houses where one goes to be amused. There are others—oh! base confession!—where one goes to be fed. But Lady Lackton's entertainments hold a separate niche of their own. She is a poor hostess and a painfully economical caterer. You are fairly certain to find yourself inextricably wedged beside your dearest foe, with a cup of lukewarm tea, a dense crowd behind and before, and no possibility of escape. Yet I never enter her doors without the liveliest anticipations of amusement, and I rarely go away disappointed. My wants are few and simple. Give me a convenient corner from which I can unobtrusively watch my hostess and her methods, and I ask no more.

I arrived late. The rooms were packed, and I could hear Sir Joshua proclaiming aloud in the distance that it was uncommonly "'ot." As I paused, before attempting to force a way through the throng, Lady Lackton descended upon me, flushed, perturbed, wrathful, and attired in purple satin.

"I hoped," she cried, by way of greeting, "that you were Mrs. Smith! It is *most* provoking of her. Everyone has arrived, and there is no one to do anything. I really do think, *considering everything*, that she might have contrived to come *early*."

I understood perfectly. My mind's eye saw the ineligible little corner where the impossible sister-in-law should have been hidden away before the arrival of worthier guests.

"Oh! here she is, *at last!* Really, Mrs. Smith, I thought you were not coming!" cried her

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OBVIOUS!

"WHY do they keep changing over so often?"
"Oh! that's so that they sha'n't have the sun in their eyes all the time."

Ladyship, in *crescendo* tones. She gave a limp hand to the culprit, and two fingers to the impossibility.

"I am sorry to have been hindered," said Mrs. Smith, in her gentle voice. "How do you do, Lord Robert? I—I think you have met my sister-in-law?"

"If you will kindly play *at once*," Lady Lackton began, fuming. "Oh! and, Lord Robert, I want you——"

"I will take care of—of Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law with pleasure," I replied promptly, framing my sentence in that awkward fashion at an imploring glance from Mrs. Smith. I knew well enough that her Ladyship had intended far otherwise. But, unmindful of her frowns, I

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piloted my charge to a convenient corner, procured her a half-melted ice, and then sat down and laughed with her. She was very plainly dressed in black, and no one took any notice of her—indeed, Lady Lackton was at the greatest pains to ignore her. We laughed in our corner until Mrs. Smith began to play, and then paused to listen. The rest of the throng seized that opportunity for conversation, and I could see our hostess, complacent at last, talking loudly to a florid female in black velvet, about two yards from the performer.

The long, hot afternoon wore away. Mrs. Smith was kept so constantly at work that I quite saw how awkward it would have been for Lady Lackton if she had failed to come. As for my companion and myself, we were left in hopeless disgrace in our corner, ignored in a masterly manner by our hostess, even when she passed so close as to brush us with the lowest flounce of her purple skirt. She rustled across in our direction presently and stood talking across us to a stern matron in black, who was noted for her diamonds and her good works.

"Really very annoying about the bazaar!" said her Ladyship.

"We had counted so much on the Princess as an attraction," said the stern lady, in a deep bass voice. "I don't know who to ask to take her place."

Lady Lackton shook her head and looked desponding.

"What about Lady Clara?" asked the stern lady, with a gleam of hope.

But Lady Lackton, who reads the *Morning Post* as a religious duty, quenched it at once.

"The Vere de Veres are in mourning," she said decisively.

"Of course! So they are," said the stern lady, crushed again.

Lady Lackton was obviously running her mind's eye down an imaginary list of patronesses.

"Why not ask the dear Duchess—the vice-president, you know?" she said at last, with triumph.

"Would she come—for a bazaar?" inquired the other cautiously. "I—I don't know her myself——"

"No?" said Lady Lackton, with bland patronage. "Oh! *I'll* write. I don't mind in the least. She is always so very sweet and obliging that I'm sure she will come—if I write myself, that is. I don't know so very much of her personally, but——"

"Oh! please don't disown me, Lady Lackton!" said Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law. She stood up with a charming smile. "I'm afraid you didn't quite catch my name, perhaps; but I am the Duchess of Tadcaster. And I think I see my sister looking for me. Good-bye!"

She melted away in the crowd—she was gone. The lady of good works had heard all and was staring curiously from one to the other of us with the veiled joy of a gossip who had just lit upon a story really worth telling. Lady Lackton, with a countenance rivalling her purple gown, caught my arm in a frenzied clutch and was murmuring something hysterical about an ice.

"It is not true? She is really——?" she gasped, when we had gained the comparative solitude of the hall. "*Why* did you not tell me?"

"The late Mr. Smith had several sisters," I responded blandly. "I had no idea which it was until I met her here."

"I never knew!" Lady Lackton moaned. "How could I possibly guess? I—I think I *ought* to have been told! Smith is such—such a *common* name!" in a burst of anguish. "I never dreamt that the Duchess had been a Miss Smith!"

"Duchesses are made, not born," I suggested soothingly.

"I knew nothing about Mr. Smith," Lady Lackton wailed. "No one ever mentioned him, so I supposed he was—he was——"

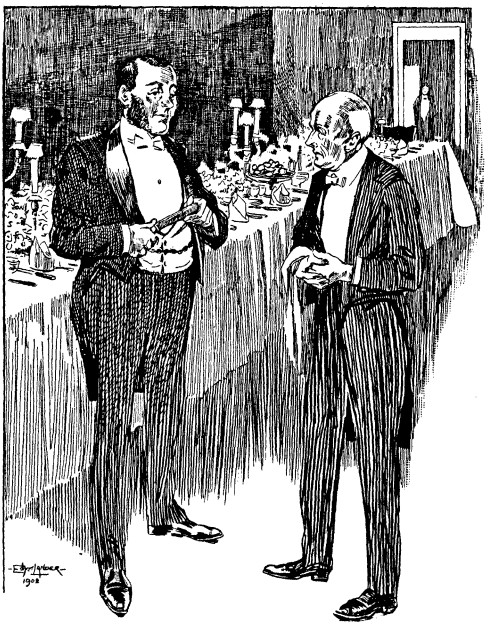
"Impossible," I interpolated cruelly.

"I imagined that *none* of her husband's people were presentable!" cried Lady Lackton, almost in tears.

"She has certainly no reason to be ashamed of her first husband's people—nor of those belonging to her second, I hope," I observed cheerfully.

"Her—her second?" gasped Lady Lackton.

I launched my final thunderbolt. I smiled. "Mrs. Smith," I remarked, "has been good enough to promise to marry—me!"



ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY.

WAITER (to guest, who is testing the knives on his thumb): Excuse me, sir, all these knives is quite sharp, sir.

GUEST (from the North): Sitha, ma lad, ah'm lookin' for a bloont one. Last time ah dined here, ah coot ma mouth!

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A STUDY OF SUMMER.

By Beatrice Offor.

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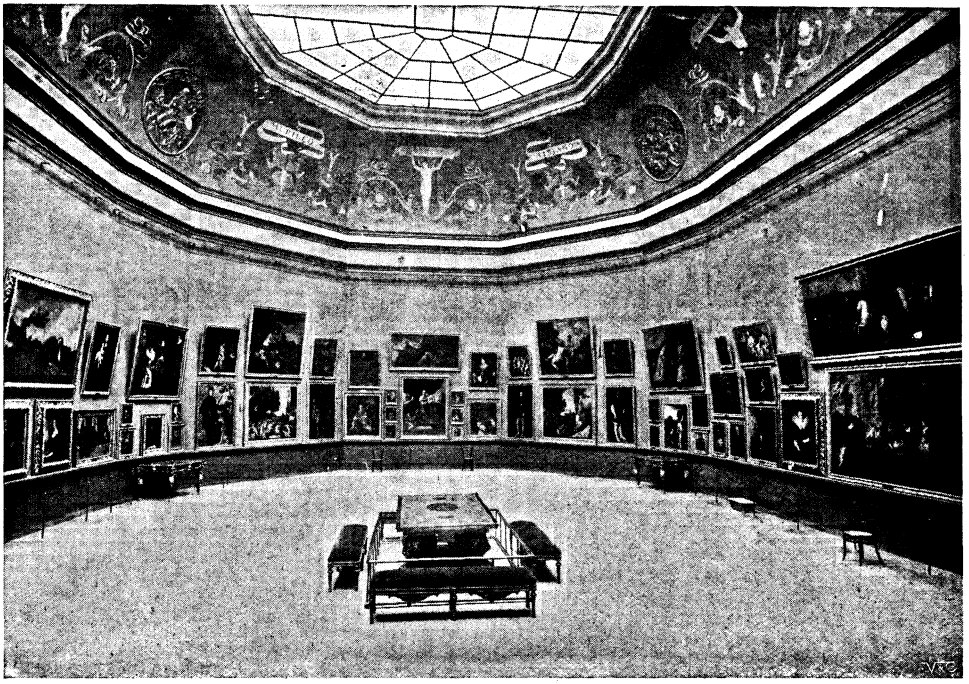

THE QUEEN ISABEL SALOON.

PICTURES FROM THE PRADO.

By S. L. Bensusan.

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MADRID is Spain's most cosmopolitan city, and it may be supposed that the Museo del Prado is the magnet that draws so many visitors from the Old World and the New. The Spanish capital has few other world-wide attractions; it stands in a most unfortunate position, scorching its inhabitants in the summer and freezing them in winter, while the icy winds from the Sierras of the Guadarrama suffice, according to the saying of the Madrileños, "to kill a man, though they will not put out a candle." There are few show places in Madrid; there are no very old palaces or buildings, for the town itself is not much more than four hundred years old, and has been besieged and damaged over and over again. So soon as the summer waxes hot the wealthy residents retire to San Sebastian or Granada; in the winter they go to the south, if they can. Yet Madrid maintains a high place among the capitals of Europe, and while Spanish artists are apt to leave Spain as soon as they can, artists of other countries cannot complete their education without visiting Madrid. The Museo del Prado is the attraction, and it came into existence almost by accident.

Nearly one hundred and twenty years ago the great Spanish Bourbon King, Charles III., decided to build a Natural History Museum for his capital. He was one of the most progressive and enlightened autocrats in Spanish history, and from the day when he left Naples to rule over Spain, to the year of his death, he did not cease from striving to bring his people into line with the more enlightened nations of the Continent. A Museum for Natural History was one of the many items on his programme, and he

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"THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN." BY VELASQUEZ.

commissioned Juan de Villanueva, one of the greatest architects in Madrid, to build the Museum. It may be noted that Goya has preserved Señor Villanueva's features for us in one of his portraits. King Charles III. died while the building was in progress, and when his son was on the throne the French invasion of Spain put a stop to all natural history research. During the French occupation of Madrid the newly erected Museum was used as a barracks. Time passed, Charles IV. died, Napoleon's star sank on the island of St. Helena, Spain was in the hands of one of her worst kings, the tyrant Ferdinand VII., whose second wife, Isabel de Braganza (La Portuguesa), took a keen interest in art. Two noblemen attached to the Court, the Duke de Gor and the Marquis of Santa Cruz, succeeded in rousing first her interest and then her husband's in the establishment of a National Gallery, and in the year 1819 a small part of the Museo was opened with an exhibition of Spanish pictures, rather less than three hundred in all. The success of the experiment was so great that even the promoters were surprised, and King Ferdinand, seeing perhaps that he might make some position for himself in the eyes of civilisation that would help the world to forget a few of his crimes, came forward and helped the further establishment of the Gallery. In about ten years the collection of foreign schools was nearly completed, and in 1840 the Museo Nacional de la Trinidad was dispersed and its treasures were taken to the Prado. The Museo de la Trinidad owed most of its masterpieces to the break-up of the religious houses which had been suppressed throughout the provinces of Madrid, Toledo, Segovia, and Avila.

From the days of the Renaissance there had been great pictures in Spain. Charles V., Philip II., and Philip IV., whatever their faults as rulers may have been, were devoted admirers and excellent judges of art; their tastes were well known, and, in the days when Spain possessed her greatest influence in Europe, her proconsuls were not slow to send fine pictures to Madrid. Italy and the Low Countries had contributed many masterpieces; the Church had no small part of them in safe keeping. So it happened that, in spite of the French invasion that was so fatal to the collection of Murillo's work in Spain, there were masterpieces by the hundred in the country; and as nearly every picture that came to Madrid had been secured by men who could not be deceived safely or easily, forgeries were practically unknown. By the time the Museo del Prado had been established as a picture gallery for twenty years, it had a collection of masterpieces second to none in the world. There are more than two thousand pictures in the Museo to-day, and they include sixty-

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"THE LAST SUPPER." BY J. DE JUANES.

four by Velasquez, sixty-two by Rubens, fifty-eight Riberas, fifty-five Giordanos, fifty-four Breughels, fifty-three of David Teniers the younger, forty-six Murillos, forty-three Titians, thirty-four Tintorettos, twenty-five by Veronese, and considerable collections of other masters who are numbered among the immortals. Consequently the Museo del Prado affords many days' work to the student who wishes to examine all its treasures, and in addition to the pictures there are sketches, tapestry designs,

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI." BY MEMLING.

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"LA DOLOROSA." BY TITIAN.

jewels and other attractions that are the despair of the man whose appreciation for fine work outruns his leisure. A month's diligent observation is not too much to afford a fair knowledge of the masterpieces of the Prado collection, and these pictures are best seen in the spring or autumn of the year, because at other seasons Madrid is hardly habitable.

I have heard people say they have had difficulty in getting in to the Gallery, and that the attendants have been uncivil; but I do not think these complaints need be taken very seriously. It is not easy for visitors who cannot speak a word of Spanish, and do not take a guide with them, to comply with the very simple rules of the place, and their troubles could be avoided by a little forethought. Again, it must be urged on behalf of the authorities, that they are often visited by people who propose to "do" the Prado in the morning and the Escorial in the afternoon, and hope to fit in a few extra places by leaving the picture gallery before luncheon hour. Job himself, could he revisit this planet, would find his patience tried sorely by the average foreign visitor to the Prado Gallery; but, on the other hand, the student has no ground for complaint. He has but to recollect that the Gallery is closed on Monday mornings and on rainy days, that there is a charge of half a peseta for admission, for the benefit of one of the charitable institutions of Madrid, and that the same code of general rules obtains at Madrid as in the National Gallery, the Louvre, the Uffizzi, or the Pitti Palace. Thus armed, he can venture boldly under the portico with its Doric columns, for he will meet with every civility. There is an excellent guide-book that costs about three shillings in English money. It was prepared by Señor Don Pedro Madrazo, who ranks next to Cean Bermudez, "the Spanish Vasari," as a critic and commentator. Señor Pradilla and Señor Alvarez, whose art work is known in many European countries outside Spain, are directors of the Museo del Prado just now, and permission can be obtained from them to copy any of the pictures that can be copied without removal from their place. The lighting and arrangement of the Gallery are satisfactory, though the alterations, made so frequently for better effect, make it unsafe to say that any picture is where it was a year ago.

The plan of the Museo del Prado is very simple, and the Museo itself stands out well on the left-hand side of the famous Paseo del Prado, to which all Madrid goes for its afternoon drive or promenade in the Season.

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"THE HOLY SHEPHERD." BY MURILLO.

Past the entrance, the visitor finds the Italian room on his left, and the Spanish room on his right, and goes through the first Rotunda into the long gallery, with its tables of Crown jewels. Half way on the left of the long chamber is the famous Salon of Isabella. At the end of the long gallery comes the second Rotunda, with French and German pictures, and at the extreme end, on right and left, are the Dutch and Flemish Salons. Below, on the ground floor, there are many designs by Goya and a number of sketches by great artists. The most important room in the Museo del Prado is the Salon of Isabella. It is octagonal in shape, and the walls are covered with a bewildering collection of masterpieces—Velasquez, Murillo, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Veronese, Rembrandt, Claude, Correggio, Poussin, Van Dyck, Holbein, Durer—a remarkable display. Visitors who have but a little time to spare ignore the Rotundas,

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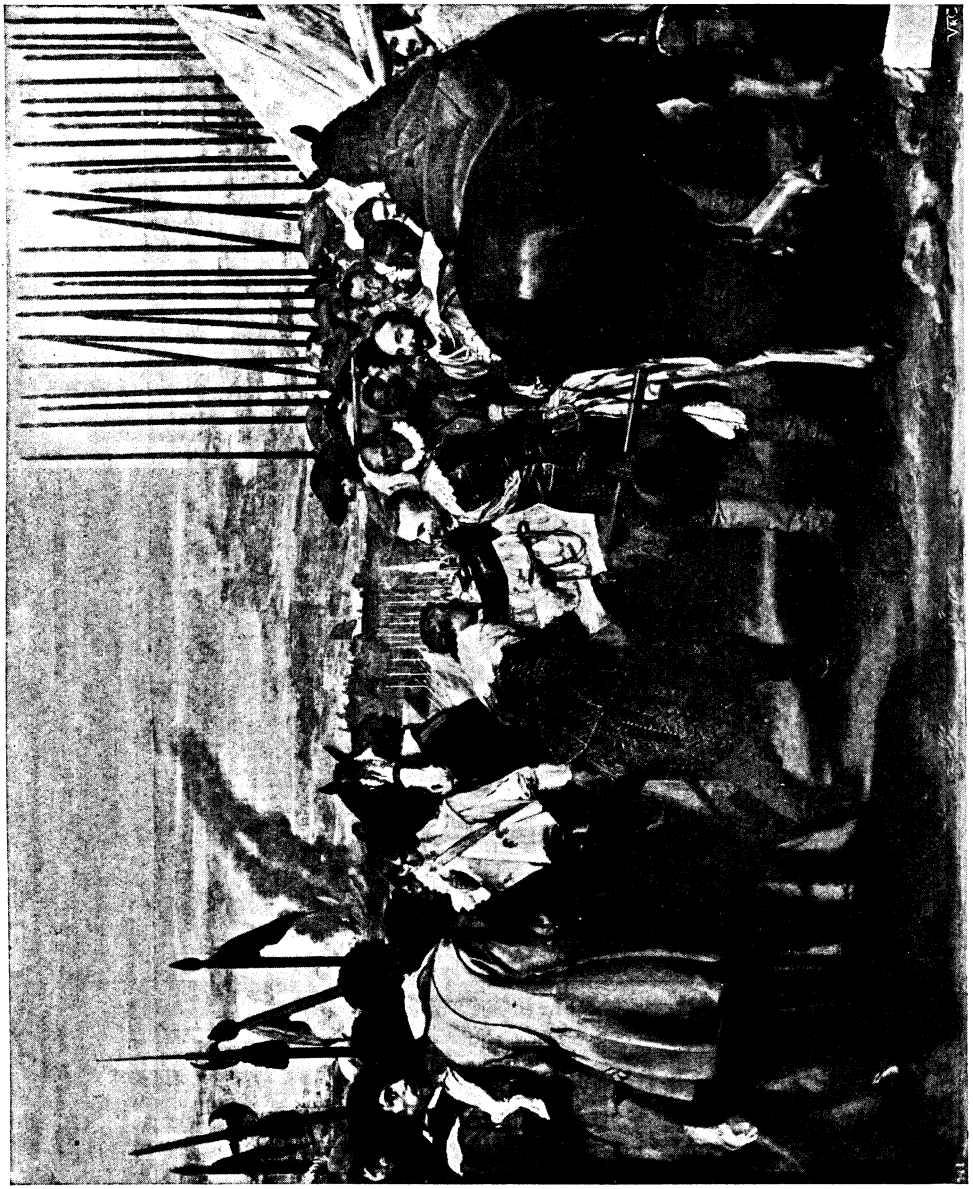
the ground floor, and the long gallery, and hasten to the Salon of Isabella. The pictures that hang on the seven walls would give a reputation to any country in Europe, if it had no other masterpieces. If fault is to be found, it is with the arrangement that puts so many schools of different thought and workmanship side by side; only by the closest concentration is appreciation possible.

From a collection of such magnitude it is impossible to pick out a representative



"THE SURRENDER OF BREDA." BY VELASQUEZ.

selection of photographs for a single magazine article. There are hundreds of pictures worthy of reproduction and capable of affording a complete and reliable survey of the history of painting in Spain, Italy, and the Low Countries. At the same time it must be remembered that many of the canvases are so hung that the camera cannot reach them, and others have been carelessly treated in past times, or have been restored badly in recent

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years, or have lost their colour by continued exposure to a light too strong for them. Happily for us, the early painters used pure pigments; they were never in the sad plight of some of our modern artists of renown who now in their latter years find their early pictures fading. The pictures reproduced here cover a considerable ground and are representative of many schools of art. Rightly enough, Velasquez is represented by four or five of his great works. The equestrian portrait of Philip IV. served in recent years for the model of the bronze statue carved by the sculptor Montanes that stands to-day on the Plaza de Oriente of Madrid. It is reckoned by critics to be one of the finest equestrian portraits by a painter whose work in this direction has never been approached. Another equestrian portrait is of King Philip's son, Prince Balthasar Carlos, who died before he reached manhood. Of this picture Mr. Ford, the enlightened student of Spanish art, and father of Sir Clare Ford, somewhile British Ambassador to the Court of Spain, wrote: "The child actually gallops out of the frame, and is the anticipation of Edwin Landseer and his young Highland chieftains on their wild ponies." Another great picture is "The Surrender of Breda," known in Spain as "El Cuadro de las Lanzas," "The Picture of the Spears." It commemorates the surrender of Breda by Justin of Nassau, to General Spinola, on the 2nd June, 1625. The authority mentioned above has said of this picture: "Perhaps it is the finest of Velasquez's works. . . . Never were the heavy Fleming, the intellectual Italian, and the proud Spaniard more nicely marked; . . . the lances of the guards actually vibrate.

"THE SPEARS": A SECTION OF THE FOREGOING PICTURE, "THE SURRENDER OF BREDA." BY VELASQUEZ.

"The Coronation of the Virgin" is not ranked so highly by the critics of Velasquez, who judge it by the high standard the painter reached in other work. It was painted when Velasquez had returned from his second sojourn in Italy, where he had been a student of the great Italian masters of colour. From another painter the same picture might have been regarded as a very remarkable work.

One example of Murillo's art is found here, a picture of Christ painted in the later manner. It is a very typical Murillo, full of

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"THE STAG-HUNT." BY PAUL DE VOS.

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"THE STAG CAUGHT." BY PAUL DE VOS.

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EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF KING PHILIP IV. BY VELASQUEZ.

devout feeling, remarkable for its skilful handling and delicate colour, and yet failing to express to the twentieth century one half of what it may have conveyed to the seventeenth. In saying as much as this, one speaks less of Spain than of the rest of Europe, for Murillo's popularity and power to excite religious emotions in the country of his birth is little impaired by the flight of the ages or the progress of thought.

Juan de Juanes, painter of "The Last Supper," which is reproduced here, lived in the sixteenth century and was a painter of religious subjects. A Valencian by birth, he was a fine colorist, as the majority of Valencian artists are to this day; and he did as his fellow-countrymen have done for nearly four hundred years, he went to Rome to study. He was one of the first of the Spanish painters who introduced Italian art into Spain, and one of the first to exhibit that mastery in the treatment of draperies that is a characteristic of the best Spanish painting. He has few pictures in Madrid, but all of these are noticeable for their skilful composition and handling, their fine colour, and their deeply religious feeling. Looking at the art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, one is struck by the intense devotion of its greatest exponents. In Spain, where all art leaned towards the Church, this feeling was often transferred from sacred to secular work. In many pictures by Spanish masters one finds a devotional spirit that is not the less attractive because it has no part in the subject matter. Next to Murillo, I think Juanes impressed his devotion most strongly upon his work, and though the full range of the painter's art cannot be seen in Madrid, it is to be studied in his native city, Valencia. There, in the picture gallery, that was once the Convent del Carmen, are some

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striking examples of the painter's sacred art. A "Betrothal of St. Agnes" and an "Assumption" would repay a visit to the Gallery if it had no other attraction.

The "Corrida de Toros," or "Bull-Fight," introduces us to the most eccentric genius named in the annals of Spanish art, Francisco Goya, who lived through the years of the French Revolution and the conquest of Spain by France. Equally at home with brush, pencil, and needle, he has left behind him nearly two hundred portraits, many representing the most interesting people of his day, and he has said almost the last word about bull-fighting, if his etchings and lithographs can be said to speak. In the days of his youth, when he had encountered trouble in Madrid, and was forced to leave the capital because the officers of the Inquisition were looking for him, he entered the company of a bull-fighter and worked his way to Rome. The experience could hardly have been a pleasant one; in those days, all bull-fighters, save a few in the very front rank, were despised; but the work and its experience gave Goya such an understanding of bull-fighting as has never been enjoyed by any artist since his day. Of late years the artist's work has come into great demand, and many of the Spanish magnates who hold his pictures have been persuaded to exhibit them. He was Court Painter to four Kings of Spain, if one may include Josef Buonaparte among them, and he was private painter to more than one great house. Fine specimens of his work are in the gallery of the Royal Academy of San Fernando, which is also in Madrid. The influence of his work is greater beyond Spain than in it; he has been claimed as the father of many modern movements in art.

One work from Titian's brush is reproduced here, "La Dolorosa." It shows the painter in a mood that has nothing of his usual "optimism," and is one of six painted for Philip II. in the latter years of the painter's life, the others being "Diana and Actæon," "Diana and Callisto," "Jupiter and Antiope," "Christ in the Garden," and "Europa." "Titian," says William Rossetti, "may properly be regarded as the greatest manipulator of paint in relation to colour, tone, luminosity, richness, texture, surface, and harmony." As I have pointed out, the Museo del Prado is rich in his works, and as

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE DON BALTHASAR CARLOS. BY VELASQUEZ.

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nearly three-quarters of the works ascribed to Titian are of doubtful origin, the value of the Prado examples is enhanced, for they are almost above suspicion. I put the word "optimism" in inverted commas above, for I cannot look upon Titian's more cheerful sacred work without recalling the impression it made upon James Russell Lowell. To him the cherubs round an "Assumption" by Titian seemed to say, "Did you ever see a Madonna like that? Did you ever behold one hundred and fifty pounds of womanhood mount heavenwards before like a rocket?"

The hunting pictures by Paul de Vos introduce us to a painter who was not as great or original as his contemporaries. Hunting was a very popular pastime at the Spanish Court, and Franz Snyders, in the year when he was first painter to the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Low Countries, sent several of his finest works to Spain. Snyders died, and Philip IV. employed Paul de Vos to paint hunting subjects on the same model.

The picture by Hans Memling, "Adoration of the Magi," though not an exact copy, approximates very closely to the triptych in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges on the same subject. Round the abode of the Hospitallers many legends of the great fifteenth century artist cling to this day. It is said that Hans Memling was a soldier in the army of Charles the Bold, and that, coming from the battle of Nancy, sorely wounded, he fell in the streets of Bruges and was cared for by the Hospitallers. In gratitude he painted the triptych of which the picture reproduced here is a copy. This is a pleasing legend; it has but one failing, the common failing of so many legends—it has no truth at all. None the less, the picture has power to attract attention, even in a gallery so crowded with great works as the Prado, and four centuries have done little to disguise the exquisite quality and finish or the peculiar art convention of which it is an example.

THE GRAND SALON.

The "Fiesta di Lugareños" is one of the many examples of the art of David Teniers the younger in the possession of the Prado Gallery, and is, perhaps, one of the most animated pictures by the last great representative of Flemish art, who, though his pictures of interiors are often compared with the similar works of Ostade, was undoubtedly the master of joyful open-air life in which humanity enjoys itself, careless of the morrow. The presence of so much work by David Teniers in Madrid is doubtless due to his

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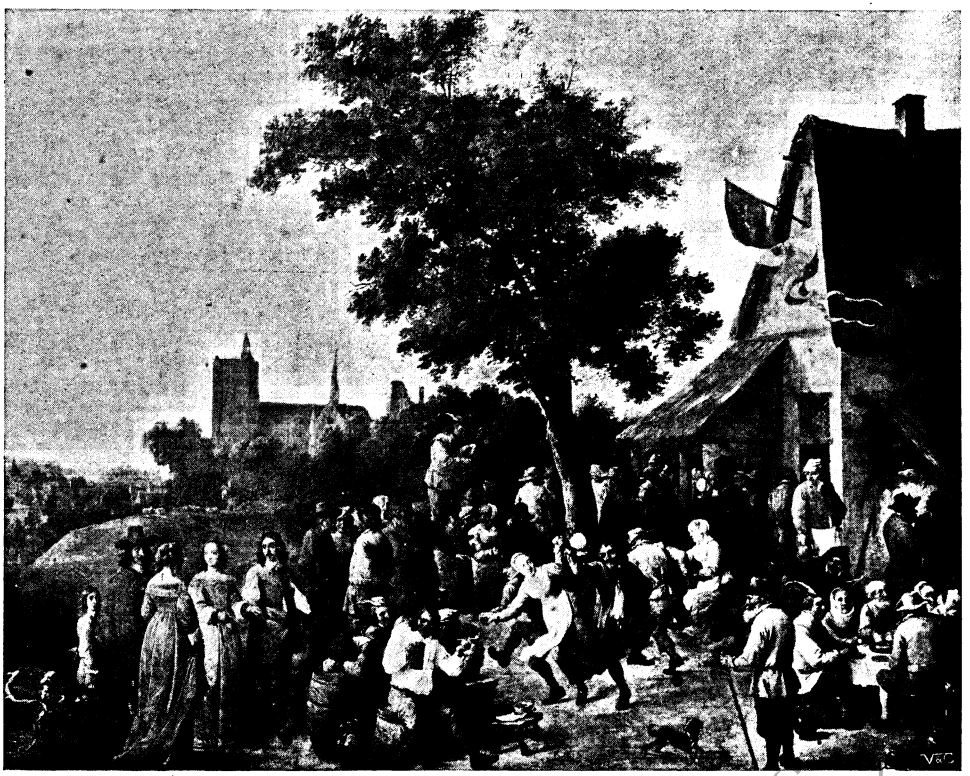
"THE BULL-FIGHT." BY F. GOYA.

position in Brussels under the Archduke Leopold William, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. And with this note examples and space are alike exhausted, leaving much to be said of all the painters who make the Prado Gallery famous.



"THE VILLAGE FÊTE." BY D. TENIERS.

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TEA-TABLE TALK.

By JEROME K. JEROME.*

II.

"WHAT woman suffers from," said the Philosopher, "is over-praise. It has turned her head."

"You admit, then, that she has a head?" demanded the Girton Girl.

"It has always been a theory of mine," returned the Philosopher, "that by Nature she was intended to possess one. It is her admirers who have always represented her as brainless."

"Why is it that the brainy girl invariably has straight hair?" asked the Woman of the World.

"Because she doesn't curl it," explained the Girton Girl. She spoke somewhat snappishly, it seemed to me.

"I never thought of that," murmured the Woman of the World.

"It is to be noted in connection with the argument," I ventured to remark, "that we hear but little concerning the wives of intellectual men. When we do, as in the case of the Carlyles, it is to wish we did not."

"When I was younger even than I am now," said the Minor Poet, "I thought a good deal of marriage—very young men do. My wife, I told myself, must be a woman of mind. Yet, curiously, of all the women I have ever loved, no single one has been remarkable for intellect—present company, as usual, of course excepted."

"Why is it," sighed the Philosopher, "that in the most serious business of our life, marriage, serious considerations count for next to nothing? A dimpled chin can, and often does, secure for a girl the best of husbands; while virtue and understanding combined cannot be relied upon to obtain for her even one of the worst."

"I think the explanation is," replied the Minor Poet, "that as regards, let us say, the most natural business of our life, marriage, our natural instincts alone are brought into play. Marriage—clothe the naked fact in what flowers of rhetoric we will—has to do with the purely animal part of our being. The man is drawn towards it by his primeval desires; the woman by her inborn craving towards motherhood."

The thin, white hands of the Old Maid fluttered, troubled, where they lay upon her lap. "Why should we seek to explain away all the beautiful things of life?" she said. She spoke with a heat unusual to her. "The blushing lad, so timid, so devotional, worshipping as at the shrine of some mystic saint; the young girl moving spell-bound among dreams! They think of nothing but one another."

"Tracing a mountain stream to its sombre source need not mar its music for us as it murmurs through the valley," expounded the Philosopher. "The hidden law of our being feeds each leaf of our life as sap runs through the tree. The transient blossom, the ripened fruit, is but its changing outward form."

"I hate going to the roots of things," said the Woman of the World. "Poor, dear papa was so fond of doing that. He would explain to us the genesis of oysters just when we were enjoying them. Poor mamma could never bring herself to touch them after that. While in the middle of dessert he would stop to argue with my uncle Paul whether pig's blood or bullock's was the best for grape vines. I remember the year before Emily came out her favourite pony died; I have never known her so cut up about anything before or since. She asked papa if he would mind her having the poor creature buried in the garden. Her idea was that she would visit now and then its grave and weep awhile. Papa was awfully nice about it and stroked her hair. 'Certainly, my dear,' he said, 'we will have him laid to rest in the new strawberry bed.' Just then old Pardoe, the head gardener, came up to us and touched his hat. 'Well, I was just going to inquire of Miss Emily,' he said, 'if she wouldn't rather have the poor thing buried under one of the nectarine trees. They ain't been doing very well of late.' He said it was a pretty spot, and that he would put up a sort of stone. Poor Emily didn't seem to care much where the animal was buried by that time, so we left them arguing the question.

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"'Worshipping as at the shrine of some mystic saint.'"

I forget how it was settled; but I know we neither of us ate either strawberries or nectarines for the next two years."

"There is a time for everything," agreed the Philosopher. "With the lover penning poetry to the wondrous red and white upon his mistress's cheek, we do not discuss the subject of pigment in the blood, its cause and probable duration. Nevertheless, the subject is interesting."

"We men and women," continued the Minor Poet, "we are Nature's favourites, her hope, for whom she has made sacrifice, putting aside so many of her own convictions, telling herself she is old-fashioned. She has let us go from her to the strange school where they laugh at all her notions. We have learnt new, strange ideas that bewilder the good dame. Yet, returning home, it is curious to notice how little, in the few essential things of life, we differ from her other children, who have never wandered from her side. Our vocabulary has been extended and elaborated, yet face to face with the realities of existence it is unavailing. Clasping the living, standing beside the dead, our language still is but a cry. Our wants have grown more complicated; the ten-course banquet, with all that it involves, has substituted itself for the handful of fruit and nuts gathered without labour; the stalled ox and a world of trouble for the dinner of herbs and leisure therewith. Are we so far removed thereby above our little brother, who, having swallowed his simple, succulent worm, mounts a neighbouring twig and with easy digestion carols thanks to God? The square brick box about which we move, hampered at every step by wooden lumber, decked with many rags and strips of coloured paper, cumbered with odds and ends of melted flint and moulded clay, has replaced the cheap, convenient cave. We clothe ourselves in the skins of other animals instead of allowing our own to develop into a natural protection. We hang about us bits of stone and metal, but underneath it all we are little two-legged animals, struggling with the rest to live and breed. Beneath each hedgerow

in the springtime we can read our own romances in the making—the first faint stirring of the blood, the roving eye, the sudden marvellous discovery of the indispensable She, the wooing, the denial, hope, coquetry, despair, contention, rivalry, hate, jealousy, love, bitterness, victory, and death. Our comedies, our tragedies, are being played upon each blade of grass. In fur and feather we run epitomised."

"I know," said the Woman of the World; "I have heard it all so often. It is nonsense. I can prove it to you."

"That is easy," observed the Philosopher. "The Sermon on the Mount itself has been proved nonsense—among others, by a bishop. Nonsense is the reverse side of the pattern—the tangled ends of the thread that Wisdom weaves."

"There was a Miss Askew at the College," said the Girton Girl. "She agreed with everyone. With Marx she was a Socialist, with Carlyle a believer in benevolent despotism, with Spinoza a materialist, with Newman almost a fanatic. I had a long talk with her before she left, and tried to understand her; she was an interesting girl. 'I think,' she said, 'I could choose among them if only they would answer one another. But they don't. They won't listen to one another. They only repeat their own case.'"

"There never is an answer," explained the Philosopher. "The kernel of every sincere opinion is truth. This life contains only the questions—the solutions to be published in a future issue."

"She was a curious sort of young woman," smiled the Girton Girl; "we used to laugh at her."

"I can quite believe it," commented the Philosopher.

"It is so like shopping," said the Old Maid.

"Like shopping!" exclaimed the Girton Girl.

The Old Maid blushed. "I was merely thinking," she said. "It sounds foolish. The idea occurred to me."

"You were thinking of the difficulty of choosing?" I suggested.

"Yes," answered the Old Maid. "They will show you so many different things, one is quite unable—at least, I know it is so in my own case. I get quite angry with myself. It seems so weak-minded, but I cannot help it. This very dress I have on now——"

"It is very charming," said the Woman of the World, "in itself. I have been admiring it. Though I confess I think you look even better in dark colours."

"You are quite right," replied the Old Maid; "myself, I hate it. But you know how it is. I seemed to have been all the morning in the shop. I felt so tired. If only——"

The Old Maid stopped abruptly. "I beg your pardon," she said, "I'm afraid I've interrupted."

"I am so glad you told us," said the Philosopher. "Do you know that seems to me an explanation?"

"Of what?" asked the Girton Girl.

"Of how so many of us choose our views," returned the Philosopher; "we don't like to come out of the shop without something.

"But you were about to explain," continued the Philosopher, turning to the Woman of the World, "to prove a point."

"That I had been talking nonsense," reminded her the Minor Poet; "if you are sure it will not weary you."

"Not at all," answered the Woman of the World; "it is quite simple. The gifts of civilisation cannot be the meaningless rubbish you advocates of barbarism would make out. I remember Uncle Paul bringing us home a young monkey he had caught in Africa. With the aid of a few logs we fitted up a sort of stage-tree for this little brother of mine, as I suppose you would call him, in the gun-room. It was an admirable imitation of the thing to which he and his ancestors must have been for thousands of years accustomed; and for the first two nights he slept perched among its branches. On the third the little brute turned the poor cat out of its basket and slept on eiderdown, after which no more tree for him, real or imitation. At the end of three months, if we offered him monkey-nuts, he would snatch them from our hand and throw them at our head. He much preferred gingerbread and weak tea with plenty of sugar; and when we wanted him to leave the kitchen fire and enjoy a run in the garden, we had to carry him out swearing—I mean he was swearing, of course. I quite agree with him. I much prefer this chair on which I am sitting—this 'wooden lumber' as you term it—to the most comfortable lump of old red sandstone that the best furnished cave could possibly afford; and I am degenerate enough to fancy that I look very nice in this frock—much nicer than my brothers or sisters to whom it originally belonged; they didn't know how to make the best of it."

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"'Are we so sure that Art *does* elevate?'"

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"You would look charming anyhow," I murmured with conviction, "even——"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted the Woman of the World; "please don't. It's very shocking, and, besides, I don't agree with you. I should have had a thick, coarse skin, with hair all over me, and nothing by way of a change."

"I am contending," said the Minor Poet, "that what we choose to call civilisation has done little beyond pandering to our animal desires. Your argument confirms my theory. Your evidence in support of civilisation comes to this—that it can succeed in tickling the appetites of a monkey. You need not have gone back so far. The noble savage of to-day flings aside his clear spring water to snatch at the missionary's gin. He will even discard his feathers, which at least were picturesque, for a chimney-pot hat innocent of nap. Plaid trousers and cheap champagne follow in due course. Where is the advancement? Civilisation provides us with more luxuries for our bodies. That I grant you. Has it brought us any real improvement that could not have been arrived at sooner by other roads?"

"It has given us Art," said the Girton Girl.

"When you say 'us'," replied the Minor Poet, "I presume you are referring to the one person in half a million to whom Art is anything more than a name. Dismissing the countless hordes who have absolutely never heard the word, and confining attention to the few thousands scattered about Europe and America who prate of it, how many of even these do you think it really influences, entering into their lives, refining, broadening them? Watch the faces of the thin but conscientious crowd streaming wearily through our miles of picture galleries and art museums; gaping, with guide-book in hand, at ruined temple or cathedral tower; striving, with the spirit of the martyr, to feel enthusiasm for Old Masters at which, left to themselves, they would enjoy a good laugh—for chipped statues which, uninstructed, they would have mistaken for the damaged stock of a suburban tea-garden. Not more than one in twelve enjoys what he is looking at, and he by no means is bound to be the best of the dozen. Nero was a genuine lover of Art; and in modern times August the Strong, of Saxony, 'the man of sin,' as Carlyle calls him, has left undeniable proof behind him that he was a connoisseur of the first water. One recalls names even still more recent. Are we so sure that Art *does* elevate?"

"You are talking for the sake of talking," told him the Girton Girl.

"One can talk for the sake of thinking also," reminded her the Minor Poet. "The argument is one that has to be faced. But admitting that Art has been of service to mankind on the whole, that it possesses one-tenth of the soul-forming properties claimed for it in the advertisements—which I take to be a generous estimate—its effect upon the world at large still remains infinitesimal."

"It works down," maintained the Girton Girl. "From the few it spreads to the many."

"The process appears to be somewhat slow," answered the Minor Poet. "The result, for whatever it may be worth, we might have obtained sooner by doing away with the middleman."

"What middleman?" demanded the Girton Girl.

"The artist," explained the Minor Poet; "the man who has turned the whole thing into a business, the shopman who sells emotions over the counter. A Corot, a Turner is, after all, but a poor apology compared with a walk in spring through the Black Forest or the view from Hampstead Heath on a November afternoon. Had we been less occupied acquiring 'the advantages of civilisation,' working upward through the weary centuries to the city slum, the corrugated-iron-roofed farm, we might have found time to learn to love the beauty of the world. As it is, we have been so busy 'civilising' ourselves that we have forgotten to live. We are like an old lady I once shared a carriage with across the Simplon Pass."

"By the way," I remarked, "one is going to be saved all that bother in the future. They have nearly completed the new railway line. One will be able to go from Domo d'Orsola to Brieg in a little over the two hours. They tell me the tunnelling is wonderful."

"It will be very charming," sighed the Minor Poet. "I am looking forward to a future when, thanks to 'civilisation,' travel will be done away with altogether. We shall be sewn up in a sack and shot there. At the time I speak of we still had to be content with the road winding through some of the most magnificent scenery in Switzerland. I rather enjoyed the drive myself, but my companion was quite unable to appreciate it. Not because she did not care

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for scenery. As she explained to me, she was passionately fond of it. But her luggage claimed all her attention. There were seventeen pieces of it altogether, and every time the ancient vehicle lurched or swayed, which on an average was once every thirty seconds, she was in terror lest one or more of them should be jerked out. Half her day was taken up in counting them and re-arranging them, and the only view in which she was interested was the cloud of dust behind us. One bonnet-box did contrive during the course of the journey to make its escape, after which she sat with her arms round as many of the remaining sixteen articles as she could encompass, and sighed."

"I knew an Italian countess," said the Woman of the World, "she had been at school with mamma. She never would go half a mile out of her way for scenery. 'Why should I?' she would say. 'What are the painters for? If there is anything good, let them bring it to me and I will look at it.' She said she preferred the picture to the real thing, it was so much more artistic. In the landscape itself, she complained, there was sure to be a chimney in the distance, or a restaurant in the foreground, that spoilt the whole effect. The artist left them out. If necessary, he could put in a cow or a pretty girl to help the thing. The actual cow, if it happened to be there at all, would probably be standing the wrong way round; the girl, in all likelihood, would be fat and plain, or be wearing the wrong hat. The artist knew precisely the sort of girl that ought to be there, and saw to it that she was there, with just the right sort of hat. She said she had found it so all through life—the poster was always an improvement on the play."

"'The artist knew precisely the sort of girl that ought to be there.'"

"It is rapidly coming to that," answered the Minor Poet. "Nature, as a well known painter once put it, is not 'creeping up' fast enough to keep pace with our ideals. In advanced Germany they improve the waterfalls and ornament the rocks. In Paris they paint the babies' faces."

"You can hardly lay the blame for that upon civilisation," pleaded the Girton Girl.

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"The ancient Briton had a pretty taste in woads."

"Man's first feeble steps upon the upward path of art," assented the Minor Poet, "culminating in the rouge-pot and the hair-dye."

"Come!" laughed the Old Maid, "you are narrow-minded. Civilisation has given us music. Surely you will admit that has been of help to us?"

"My dear lady," replied the Minor Poet, "you speak of the one accomplishment with which civilisation has had little or nothing to do; the one art that Nature has bestowed upon man in common with the birds and insects, the one intellectual enjoyment we share with the entire animal creation, excepting only the canines; and even the howling of the dog—one cannot be sure—may be an honest, however unsatisfactory, attempt towards a music of his own. I had a fox terrier once who invariably howled in tune. Jubal hampered, not helped us. He it was who stifled music with the curse of professionalism; so that now, like shivering shop-boys paying gate-money to watch games they cannot play, we sit mute in our stalls listening to the paid performer. But for the musician, music would have been universal. The human voice is still the finest instrument that we possess. We have allowed it to rust, the better to hear clever manipulators blow through tubes and twang wires. The musical world might have been a literal expression. Civilisation has contracted it to designate a coterie."

"By the way," said the Woman of the World, "talking of music, have you heard that last symphony of Grieg's? It came in the last parcel. I have been practising it."

"Oh! do let us hear it," urged the Old Maid. "I love Grieg."

The Woman of the World rose and opened the piano.

"Myself, I have always been of opinion——" I remarked.

"Please don't chatter," said the Minor Poet.

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OUR HOPE OF INDUSTRIAL DOMINION

By ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

Author of "Our National Peril," "The Imperial Heritage," "Made in Germany," "Marching Backward," and "The Foreigner in the Farmyard."

IT has been roundly asserted that England's industrial glory is departing. It has been loudly asserted, in reply, that England's industrial glory is taking very good care of itself; but this latter cheering view has been dissipated by the facts, and as the months and years progress, the freshly accumulating facts which are of use as data point with unmistakable emphasis to the fact that, slowly in good times, swiftly in years of depression, the industrial dominion of these Islands is in very truth on the wane. Many are the remedies proposed for the revivifying of the dominion—good remedies, too, most of them; but it becomes daily plainer that not one of them can effect more than a short renewal of the lease, or—to vary the metaphor—accomplish aught better than the partial or complete stoppage of certain of the breaches which have been made in the citadel. For—let our Government rule and legislate never so wisely, let our manufacturers and merchants be never so active and progressive, let our workmen labour never so well and live never so thriftily—there remains the fact of foreign industrial expansion. We can do much to stave off disaster; but we cannot blow up the Vulcan Works at Stettin; we cannot bring about a permanent strike in the United States Steel Corporation Works; we cannot stay the Japs from wrecking their prettiness with cotton mills. One is often accused of lack of patriotism for pointing to the facts; but it has never appeared to me to be the part of a patriot to emulate the ostrich. To shut our eyes to patent facts, just because they are disagreeable and offend our sense of national dignity, seems rather the attitude of a fool, whose patriotism is like to land the country which claims his optimistic regard in serious consequences. This has, indeed, been the case.

But there are evidences now of a better mind. Let me instance, as a conspicuous example, the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney. The economic doctrines professed by Mr. Courtney would place him among that gallant and now forlorn band of enthusiasts the prime article of whose faith is the infallibility of free imports; the main deduction from this dogma being the steadfast belief that English industrialism must progress so long as England keeps the Cobdenite faith. Mr. Courtney, therefore, is not likely to err on the side of pessimism. Yet the able paper on "Jevons's Coal Question," which he read some time ago to the Royal Statistical Society, is couched in a very minor key, and the position set forth therein would justify the gloomiest anticipations. Indeed, Mr. Courtney does not flinch from uttering the gloomy prediction himself. This is how he sums up the evidence of the tell-tale figures of our trade: "The most careless, when brought face to face with these, must see how idle is the optimism which men of repute appear to think good enough for public platforms."

The figures referred to are concerned with our coal and iron trades. I will deal with the latter first. To any industrial nation—to England most of all—this industry is of prime importance. In Jevons's words, "Iron, as the material of our machinery, is almost the best measure of our wealth and power." It is still one of the chief elements in our industrial might. It is an industry in which but a few years ago our supremacy was unchallenged. The four leading producers of the world have been, and are, England, the United States, Germany, and France. In 1870, England's production was greater than that of the other three nations combined, her output being nearly 6 million tons, theirs about 4½ million tons. Ten years later—in 1880—she had lost this supremacy over her combined competitors, her output being

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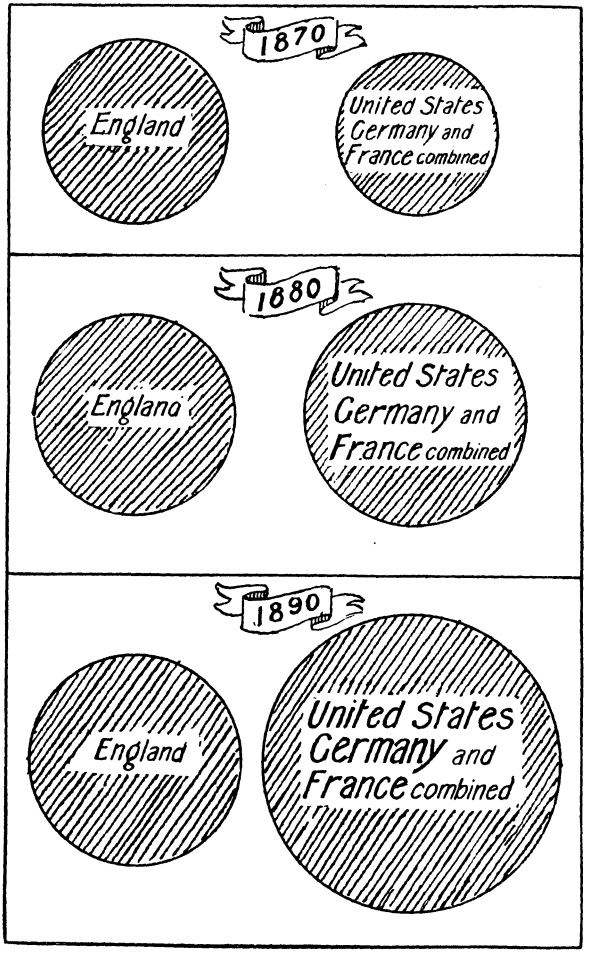
$7\frac{3}{4}$ million tons, and theirs about $8\frac{1}{4}$ million tons. Still, as her production had grown very substantially during the decade, and she remained nearly equal to her three chief rivals combined, notwithstanding the growth of their iron industries, there was nothing then to be greatly alarmed at, and Englishmen could still talk proudly of their supremacy.

But come ten years later, and you find the scene quite changed. In 1890, England's production was not much more than half that of her three competitors—7,900,000 tons, against their 15,800,000 tons. For the first year in her history England ceased even to be first of the four iron-producing nations—she was beaten by the United States, which had an output of 9,200,000 tons. And the years since then have seen our position grow steadily worse. The 1900 figures show that we are hopelessly out of the running with the United States, which produced $13\frac{3}{4}$ million tons, against our output of less than 9 million tons. This brought us within half a million tons of being ousted by Germany from the second place.

And come one year later. In 1901 the United States produced 15,878,000 tons, while England was only about level with Germany, the output from each country being about $7\frac{3}{4}$ million tons. England has ceased to be supreme over her three chief competitors combined — has ceased even to lead them; a young rival now beats her in the ratio of 2 to 1, and another rival, insignificant and contemned a few years ago, contests the second place with her. Notwithstanding, moreover, the great increase in the world's consumption of iron, England's actual production last year was less than in any of the previous six years—less, even, than twenty years ago.

It is a noteworthy and significant fact that the United States can produce pig-iron more cheaply than can England. For pig-iron does not rest by itself. The cost of all manufactures of iron and steel depends on the cost of the crude material. Apart from cheaper manufacture in the later stages, the lower cost of pig-iron in America will alone suffice to make American iron and steel manufactures cheaper than British, and, consequently, cause the former to drive the latter out of the market. This greater cheapness of iron and steel manufactures has been in evidence for some years past already, while the Yankee pig-iron was still some shillings a ton dearer than ours. It is disagreeable to contemplate what will happen when the prices are reversed. The United States, which a few years since were struggling hard to get hold of their own home-market, have now not only well secured that, but have made a vigorous start in a quest after the world-market. True, so great is the American home demand just at present, that American works, notwithstanding their marvellous development, can scarce cope with it; but when that demand slackens, or when the American works shall have been further developed, then will commence an era of competition in the



RELATIVE IRON PRODUCE IN 1870, 1880, 1890.

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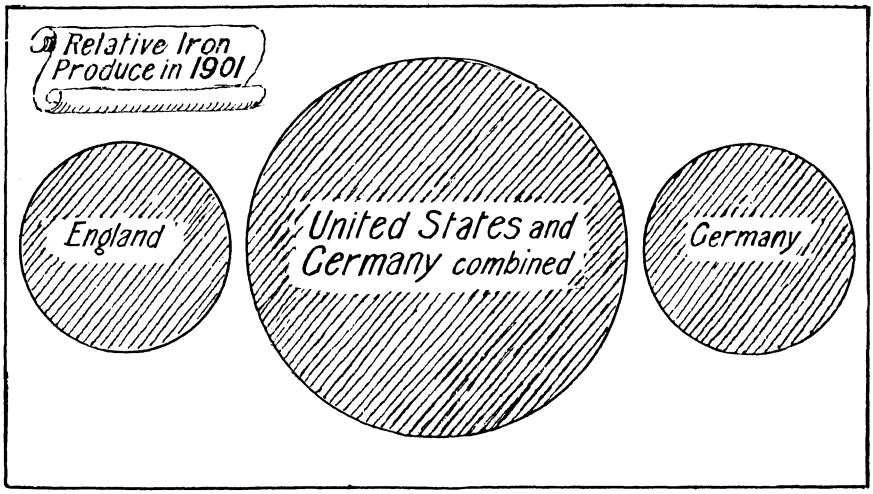
markets outside the United States of which our manufacturers, apprehensive though they are now becoming, have as yet no notion.

A word now about coal. Our possession and exploitation of coal have been among the most potent factors in our industrial development. Yet coalfields, unlike other elements in industrial success—the produce of the soil, and human labour, for examples—cannot be renewed at will. A cloud of smoke, a hole in the ground, and that source of wealth has gone for ever. Great Britain has been given coalfields of surpassing richness; but for several generations past she has, with feverish and ever-increasing eagerness, been emptying them of their precious store. In 1861 her collieries were made to give forth 86 million tons; with the exception of a temporary set-back during the year of the great lock-out, the annual output has steadily grown ever since; in 1900 it was more than 225 million tons. Now, this cannot go on for all time, and some of our colliery districts are already showing signs of exhaustion. Already a Royal Commission has been appointed to investigate the subject; and prudence would suggest the desirability of husbanding our resources, so far as regards the present huge shipments of coal abroad. Last year we sent out of the country 43¾ million tons. This, however, is about 2¼ million tons below the record level of 1900, and there is a prospect that, apart from any Governmental check on the coal export, the increase will not continue much longer; it may, indeed, be converted into a decrease. The United States, which possess vast fields of coal, only now beginning to be exploited in earnest, have passed us in the race for cheapness of production, and have commenced an active and not altogether unsuccessful competition with us for European markets. Though our coal output has been growing, that of the United States has also been growing, and at a far higher ratio, insomuch that their total output, which a generation ago was less than a fifth of ours, now exceeds it. In a way we can watch without much misgiving this repetition in America of our own prodigal scattering of irreplaceable mineral wealth for the sake of temporary industrial advantage; though the knowledge that the United States' store is far better plenished than our own must damp the satisfaction we may be inclined to feel. The fact that gives rise to most serious misgiving is the greater cheapness of Yankee coal. Cheap coal, and plenty of it, gave us our advantage over the rest of the world, placing our manufactures, whose prices were thereby lowered, in a commanding position in the world-market. But, with the passing of the advantage across the Atlantic, will not the resulting command of the world-market likewise pass?



In this brief analysis and forecast I have narrowed myself to two branches of production; but the view might be extended to embrace the whole civilised world and every important branch of industry, and the case against the allegation of England's supremacy would be the more strengthened. But enough has been said to indicate the inevitable trend.

All this is depressing enough, and the out-

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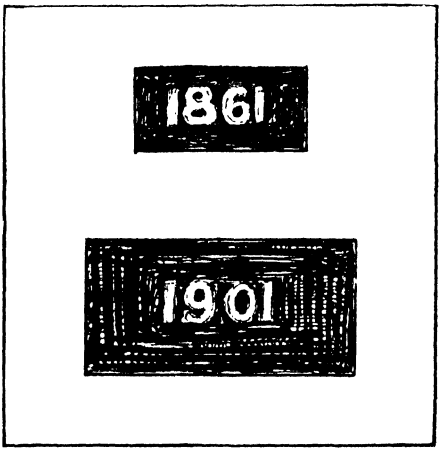
line of the position, as I have thus briefly indicated it, will, I doubt not, be taken in some quarters as fresh evidence of incurable and absurd pessimism. Or it may be said, What good is there in parading these facts, even if they are incontrovertible? Where is the appositeness of your title—"Our Hope of Industrial Dominion"? My answer is: There is yet a hope of a certain continued industrial dominion for the Empire; but, to the end that this hope may have fruition, it is more than expedient that we should honestly and fearlessly face the position, and learn at once what threatens us and what are our possibilities of escape, or at least of mitigating the blows. But before discussing our hope, there are two points to which I would call your attention in passing. The first relates to a cheerful criticism of the foreign menace which is frequently adduced for our consolation, and is very popular withal. "The British people will never be beaten, because of their indomitable character; the qualities which built up that character, and built up our greatness at the same time, still survive unimpaired in the Anglo-Saxon race, and, so long as they last, will ensure us a commanding position in the world-struggle." I cannot but think that there is as much unregulated sentiment as cool reasoning in the utterance of this view—a proud, generous, altogether admirable, boyish sentiment; but still a sentiment, and one needing regulation in the light of discordant and prosaically ugly facts. To quote Mr. Courtney: "The character and energy of the people of Ireland cannot be said to have altered for the worse in the latter half of the century, yet an economic revolution has reduced the people of that island by one half, bringing back the total to something like the figure from which it started when the century began. In England itself we know how a decline in the population of what Jevons called 'old England,' the rural counties, has set in and been maintained, yet no one can say that the dwellers in rural England have degenerated. Use made of the opportunities must vary with the character of the men that command them. But no excellence of character can make men independent of the circumstances in which they are placed."

No amount of Anglo-Saxon energy and integrity will make the earth under foreign countries less prolific in mineral wealth, or their soils less fertile, or their inhabitants less capable of productive labour, less acute as traders. Moreover, with all possible admiration for our own excellent character, we can no longer disguise from ourselves the fact that in respect to the particular qualities which go to the making of successful producers and merchants, we are somewhat deficient in comparison with our chief rivals. We can thank Heaven that we do possess certain valuable qualities, and we shall have need to exploit those qualities for all they are worth; indeed, in one of them, to be referred to later, lies the Hope of which I am writing. There is moral support also in the pluck which will not acknowledge defeat. But economic circumstances, if they be strong enough, can beat down the most determined desire to succeed, though it be backed by unshakable belief in our own powers.

The other point to which I would direct



INCREASE OF ANNUAL COAL OUTPUT IN FORTY YEARS.

your attention just now is the over-readiness displayed by some economists to accept the theory of comfortable indifference. "What does it matter," they say, "if we lose one or two or more trades to the foreigner? We take up others in their stead. A temporary dislocation of the industrial machine, and its energies are quickly switched off on to another track; we are as well off as before."

We have no guarantee of anything of the sort. In the first place, the necessary accompaniment of a temporary dislocation, which certain writers treat so airily, is usually a very serious matter to those concerned in the transfer. What it means in practice is generally something like this. An industry, of old-time prosperous, begins to find foreign competition pressing with ever more suffocating effect. Profits are cut to

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vanishing point; trade falls off. More capital is put into the business and consumed in advertising and the laying down of the latest machinery. Still the grip of competition tightens, and the chances of profit become more remote. Then follow reductions in wages, half-timing, discharge of workpeople, and disastrous labour disputes. Afterwards the closing of works, the rusting of good plant, and perhaps its eventual sale as old iron. If the capitalist has anything left from the wreck, he gathers up the fragments of his fortune, invests in some other business (making the pinch tighter there), or speculates (probably) in gold mines. The workmen go idle for a space—no airy matter with them—and gradually turn their hands to anything they can get; and the chances are against their improving themselves by the change. This is no exaggerated picture of the stages in a Transfer of Industry. From various causes—the whims of public taste, new discoveries and inventions, and the like — these transfers are inevitable incidents in industrial life; but, seeing how potent they are for tragedy to the individuals concerned, besides being extravagantly wasteful, we are scarcely justified in giving airy dismissal to the subject when the number of these transfers is augmented by foreign competition. But there is an even more cogent reason for regarding them with alarm and taking every possible pains to mitigate their frequency. A hint of this reason is to be found in the second volume of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's work, "Industrial Democracy," where it is argued, conclusively and with lucid illustration, that the preservation of particular trades is of prime importance to the country's welfare; and the current Cobdenitish opinion on the matter is relentlessly demolished, albeit the destruction is dealt by friendly hands. Mr. Webb grants that when we are ousted from one trade we can always turn to another—the grant contains a generous assumption—but he reminds us that there are trades and trades; and the trades to which defeated capitalists and workmen—he is concerned particularly with the workmen—can turn in their stress are exceeding likely to be trades wherein the conditions of labour are less favourable than those from which the workers have been ejected; that they will indeed be eventually forced into what he calls the Parasitic Trades—that is, trades which are not economically self-supporting, but use up cheap human labour by the payment of such low wages that recuperation of strength is impossible in them, and the wages have either to be made up in some form by rate-aid, or the industry just battens on human flesh and blood. The country's wealth and wealth power are wasted, and the whole business makes for unhappiness and degeneration among the people.

It is here that a great danger of foreign competition lurks, and because of this, if for no other reason, we need to retain in the tightest grip every possible inch of our industrial sway, so that we may choose our trades. True, recent industrial history shows that the foreigner's attack has not always been directed with major force against our best trades; matches and cheap toys are examples to the contrary. But the phenomenon is easily explained. European nations have only just emerged into active industrial life, which during the time of unchallenged English supremacy was perforce directed into the poor trades, and naturally the preliminary attacks have often proceeded thence. Yet even here we need to make an exception of Agriculture, the Queen of the Industries, dethroned ere her subjects were struck at; and now, one by one, the exception is being extended to the best of our manufacturing industries.

European nations are concentrating their rivalry more and more on our best trades; while the United States—the most formidable of all our industrial foes—already contemn competition with us in the poor or Parasitic Trades. These rags of industry they will cheerfully leave to us.

Now let me leave pessimism and direct your gaze to what I conceive to be the great Hope for our continued Industrial Dominion.

It lies over seas, in the vast Provinces, marvellously rich in potential wealth, which form Greater England, and whose value, after generations of foolish neglect, we are just beginning to recognise. The United Kingdom must wane before the growing industrial strength of the other countries; but what of the United Empire?

In one national quality we are still unapproachable; we can colonise as can no no other nation. We have acquired nearly a quarter of the earth's surface, and less by conquest than as pioneers of civilisation. We have peopled no inconsiderable parts of that magnificent heritage with free and prosperous citizens of the Empire. We have done this, not as our French and German neighbours have performed their poor essays in colonisation, by dint of enthusiastic

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national desire to found colonial empires, but in spite of careless indifferentism. Now, if such triumphs were effected under such untoward auspices, what may we not expect to achieve when, recognising that in the vigorous and determined development of our Empire lies our great hope of continued mastery and prosperity, we throw ourselves into the work with conscious purpose and with the indomitable determination which is still to be found in the Anglo-Saxon race? Here comes in the value of that quality of character which is often invoked uselessly because it is placed in a medium where it has not sufficient room to act, but which in this matter is joined to those favourable exterior circumstances which are a guarantee that the quality will tell in the direction of success.

To attempt an enumeration of the illimitable possibilities of wealth which lie potent within the lands under the Imperial sway would require a volume; and then the recital could contain no more than catalogues and hints. There is not a mineral which civilised man requires for his use which does not exist in profusion in those lands, not an article of food which their soils will not produce, not an animal required for food or burden or clothing which does not thrive in some portion of the Empire, no variety of timber worth having which does not grow in its forests, not a manufacture which cannot be successfully prosecuted there. The world's fish supply can be taken in its coast and inland waters; the world's fleets can safely harbour in its ports. Every sort of climate known on the earth can be found within its borders. It contains the earth's fairest, richest provinces.

And, notwithstanding generations of vigorous and successful colonisation, notwithstanding the growth throughout the Empire of big cities and the founding of thriving agricultural and mining and stock-raising and fruit-growing and timber and fishing and mercantile communities, spread over many hundred thousands of square miles—scarce the fringe of the Empire's capacities has been exploited.

All this may sound to the reader like rhapsody; it is a literal, though inadequate, statement of fact. As it is impossible to sketch, within my limits, the most cursory outlines of the Empire's slumbering wealth, I will speak only of those two test products to which I made reference earlier—namely, coal and iron.

There is hardly a province in the Empire which does not give signs of rich and extensive iron deposits. Australasia is full of it; in three districts of New South Wales alone it is estimated that there are thirteen million tons of ore, containing nearly six million tons of metallic iron. Speaking of the Cloncurry district of Queensland, Mr. R. L. Jack, the Government geologist, has said: "The most striking features of the country are mountains of pure specular and magnetic iron ore. . . . . It is singular to reflect that these deposits, which, if they were located in England, would be colossal fortunes to their owners, are at present absolutely valueless owing to their geographical position." In Western Australia so large is the quantity of iron that it is impossible to work accurately with a magnetic compass. Tasmania's prolific iron deposits ceased to be worked after the discovery, in the early 'seventies, that the ore contained chromium; but this assumed defect is now declared by specialists to be an advantage. Nor do our vast territories in Canada lag behind the Antipodes. To take two sections of one province only for illustration: the hematites of the Mattawan hills and the magnetites of the Atik-okan are, there seems every reason to believe, continuations of the great Minnesota deposits, which now lead the world's production; and the wealth on the Canadian side is thought to be even greater than that across the border, insomuch that, with pardonable violence of phrase, it is declared to be "simply inexhaustible."

And coal is in equal abundance. Of New South Welsh coal the world is already beginning to hear; and one runs little risk of exaggeration in saying that the present yearly output of some six million tons is the merest scratching of the great body of coal which lies waiting for the pick in New South Wales. Western Australia, again, gives such encouraging promise of coal that the Government has already found it worth while to construct a railway specially for the purpose of serving one coalfield. Going again to Canada, you have the enormous areas in Alberta, and stretching away through the North-West Territories to the Arctic Ocean, so rich with the mineral that it is impossible to bound the wealth within the limits of a statistical estimate. Our new province of Rhodesia has recently been found to be rich in a particularly valuable kind of steam coal, declared by analysts to be only just inferior to the best Welsh variety.

Now, are not these giant stores of coal and iron—taken in conjunction, too, with the fact that other forms of potential wealth

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exist in the Empire just as profusely as they—sufficient indication that the Larger England is capable of sustaining—to a very large extent, at any rate—the ancient dominion of the little Mother Country?

Let me cite one other circumstance which conduces to strengthen the Hope. The progress of electrical invention during recent years points to the beginning of another great industrial revolution. There are potent signs that we are rapidly living through the Steam Age and are nearing the Electrical Age. Coal, in that event, will recede into comparative insignificance before water. Already industry is beginning to find in the electrical power generated from flowing water a better and more economical productive force than in the steam and gas generated by coal. The progress of electrical invention, so far as it has already proceeded, has shown us the way to the use of water-generated electric force for most of the forms of energy needed, not only for purposes of lighting and locomotion, and means of communication, but also in ordinary manufactures; and it is fair to prophesy that long ere this century approaches its close, the country which has water power in the greatest abundance will, other things being equal, take a foremost place among the industrial divisions of the earth. Now, there is no part of the world so richly endowed with water power as is Canada. In the rushing torrents which make of Ontario and Quebec a glistening mesh there exists power great enough, probably, to run even the industries of the Mother Country. To go to quite another part of our Empire, Rhodesia, you have the magnificent Victoria Falls upon the Zambesi, which probably will be used to furnish motive power for the Cape to Cairo railway, and will certainly be

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turned to account in the manufacture of the copper from the rich mines in the neighbourhood. To overlook the future of water power when forecasting the state of industry in coming generations, is to lose sight of perhaps the most important factor of any.

The above considerations point unmistakably in one direction—to the expansion of the Empire, not meaning thereby (except in an incidental way) the acquisition of new domains, but rather the expansion of the industries, the development of their wonderful wealth-producing power. We must federate the Empire commercially, and we must have more emigration from the Mother Country to the Daughter Provinces—emigration both of capital and of men. It is often hard for a man to abandon his homeland and its associations and to strike out as a pioneer. But this clinging to the old patch of country is not always possible, and I think I have shown that for a large number of Britishers it will become less and less possible as the years go on. We have to deal, not with our desires and sentiments, but with that same stern Necessity which brought our own forefathers to this country from the East. It is becoming, for many of our young men, a choice, not between staying at home and going out to fill up the Empire, but between settling in one of the Provinces of the Empire, or in some foreign land, such as the United States, a South American Republic, or, perchance, Siberia. Surely the filling up of the Empire, the making prosperous and populous and great a world-wide England, is the better course for the individual, as it certainly is for the continued supremacy of the race. The Saxon descendants of the Aryans must again begin their pilgrimages; and, as of old time, they will go out to conquer wealth and achieve dominion.

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IF NOT THE ROSE.

By ETHEL TURNER.

Scene: *A Picnic. Richard Hargraves is in love with Helen Graham, but she is bestowing her smiles upon Lieutenant Mountcastle. For the pleasure of hearing her name spoken, since he has nothing better to do, Richard takes Jack and Enid, her small brother and sister, out in a boat.*

Enid (*settling herself comfortably upon the cushions*). There, this *is* lovely. Just us. It spoils everything dreadfully when big people come in a boat.

Richard (*getting out the oars*). Am I in the way as much as that?

Enid. Oh! I don't mean *you*, of course. I mean if anyone else had got in—Miss Nelson, or the lady with lace on her umbrella. You can't be comfortable and jolly in a boat with grown-up ladies, can you? And they always sit on the cushions. But you had to come. We wouldn't have been 'lowed to go only 'cause you can row.

Rich. Well, I am glad that someone can find a use for me. But I don't entirely agree with you. I can imagine being very comfortable and jolly in a boat with ladies in it.

Enid (*incredulously*). When they have got lace umbrellas and everything on? Why, they get as mad as anything if you splash the teeniest bit. Now, we don't mind at all, do we, Jack? (*Encouragingly.*) Splash as much as you like, Mr. Hargraves; we don't care.

Rich. But only bad rowers splash, you know. When I take ladies out, I keep them quite dry and happy. And there are lots of nice, sensible girls who don't go out in lace umbrellas. Miss Julia Brient, for instance.

Enid (*scornfully*). Miss Brient! Why, she won't put her hand in the water over the side for fear of sharks. Stop it, Jack! Mr. Hargraves, is Jack to lean over like that?

Rich. Well, really, old chap, I'd be glad if you wouldn't. This is rather a good suit I have on, and it would spoil it to jump overboard. Besides, you make the boat heavier.

Jack (*sitting up, sighing*). Mr. Hargraves, you can see much jollier things if you go along with your head downward. If you like, I'll row, and you can hang over.

Rich. Thanks, Jack, but not just yet. Well, Miss Enid, there's Edith Edwards—she has a plain dress on, and is jolly in a boat.

Jack (*giggling*). He! he! he! Calling that kid "Miss Enid"!

Enid (*who has been much flattered at the grown-up title*). Be quiet, Jack.

Jack (*stuffing his handkerchief in his mouth*). *Miss* Enid! He! he! he! he!

Enid (*administering a secret pinch; whispering*). I won't help you with your sums if you don't be quiet. Miss Edwards! She gets seasick when it's rough, Mr. Hargraves.

Rich. Well, other girls, then? Your sister, Miss Helen, for example.

Enid. Oh! Ellie? Yes, she hasn't got a lace umbrella. We like Ellie to come in boats, don't we, Jack? She can row. (*Regretfully.*) I wish she'd come out to-day; then you needn't have come.

Rich. But it would have been better if she had come, too, wouldn't it? Think how quickly we could have rowed you, she and I. (*Dreamily.*) She and I.

Jack. She can't row much. I can row as well as she can. Once she caught a crab.

Enid (*indignantly*). She can row *beautifully*. Don't you believe him, Mr. Hargraves. Well, of all mean boys! And after her begging for us to come and everything.

Rich. Did she beg for you to come?

Enid. Rather! No one else wanted us to. Mamma said we would catch cold, and Tom and Harold said, "It is no place for kids," and that Miss Julia said, "You aren't going to bring those children, are you?" And then——

Rich. (*softly*). And then?

Enid. Well, when we went to bed, Jack couldn't help crying; he does love picnics so.

Jack. You story, Enid! I never cried.

Enid. You did, you know you did. You wanted to sail your little boat, and you cried like anything when they said we couldn't go.

Jack (*going red*). I never. I was only pretending. It was you who cried.

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ENID. Mr. Hargraves, I didn't cry. Don't you believe him. I'm nine, and I never cry now. But he's only seven, so he has to sometimes.

RICH. Well, what did Miss Helen do?

JACK. Tell-tale—now you sha'n't go fishing with me.

ENID. Don't want to go. He only fishes bully-frogs, Mr. Hargraves, and he never catches them on his hook. He just sits and sits, and holds his line, and they never come up to it, and then he catches them in his hands, and puts them in a bottle.

JACK. Yah! who's a fraidy cat? Frightened of the dog next door!

ENID. Oh! you wicked story! I patted it—truly I did, Mr. Hargraves.

JACK (*fiendishly*). Yes, when it got stuck in the fence, and only its body was on our side!

RICH. (*soothingly*). There, there, Miss Enid. I am convinced that you did not weep a tear. Jack, I take your word as an officer and a gentleman that you were not betrayed to any such weak emotion. But what did Miss Ellie do?

ENID. Ellie?

RICH. Yes, you were cry—you were disappointed at not coming, you know, and Miss Ellie did something.

ENID. Oh, yes. I was f'getting. Ellie came up and whiskered to us that——

RICH. (*mystified*). Whiskered to you?

JACK. Yah, baby! She can't say whispered, Mr. Hargraves; she always says whiskered!

ENID (*indignantly*). I do not! I only said that when I was three. I can say whipskered as plainly as anyone.

RICH. Yes, yes, of course. Well, Miss Ellie whispered to you.

ENID. She whipskered that——

JACK. Yah! yah! Listen to her—whipskered!

RICH. Jack, old fellow, after all, I don't think the extra weight is anything. If you like, you may lean over again and look at the world upside down.

(*Instant disappearance of Jack's head.*)

ENID. Perhaps it is funny to see things that way. May I do it, too?

RICH. Oh! come; no. Two would make it too heavy altogether. Let's see, what were we talking of? Oh! you said Miss Ellie came like a gentle angel to your bedside and——

ENID (*staring at him*). What say?

RICH. Miss Ellie came to your bedside and said—tell me just what she said.

ENID. Oh-h-h! My cushion's coming off, Mr. Hargraves!

RICH. Never mind, never mind. Tell me what Miss Ellie said. Think what a sweet, kind sister she is to you. What did she say, little Enid, when she came up and found you both crying because you couldn't go to the picnic?

ENID. Only Jack was crying, Mr. Hargraves.

RICH. Yes, yes, yes. When she came up and found Jack was crying.

ENID. Oh! she kissed me like anything, and she whiskered—she—whipskered to us not to cry, and to get up early in the morning and be very good, and she would take us to the picnic, and would mind us herself all day. But only Jack has to be minded, Mr. Hargraves. I'm nine; I can take care of myself.

RICH. Yes, I am sure you can. And do you think your sister is enjoying herself, Enid? She ought to, oughtn't she, when she has been so good to you. She was talking to that gentleman in the cream flannel suit, wasn't she? Do you think she was enjoying herself very much?

ENID. Rather! You should have heard her laughing. Oh! she was enjoying herself 'menjously.

RICH. You don't think she would have liked it as well if she had come out in the boat with us? You think she would rather be talking to Lieutenant Mountcastle than to me?

ENID (*fervently*). Oh, yes!

RICH. (*unhappily*). But why, Enid? Do you think he is so very much nicer than I am?

ENID. Oh! I think you are *very* nice, Mr. Hargraves.

RICH. But not as nice as Mountcastle?

ENID (*very apologetically*). He lives on a ship, you know.

RICH. And what else? I suppose he is a great deal handsomer than I am? Eh? Don't be afraid to say so, Enid. I'm not sensitive. I'm an ugly fellow, am I not?

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"'Mr. Hargraves, is Jack to lean over like that?'"

ENID (*gently*). Oh, no! I think you have a nice face, Mr. Hargraves. You can't help your hair being only black, can you? Mr. Mountcastle's hair looks just like Prince Florizel's in my Blue Book. Ellie said it did.

RICH. Oh! she said so, did she?

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ENID. Yes. And she said his manners were like Florizel's, too—so gentle and defelential.

RICH. (*grinding his teeth*). Oh! she said that, too, did she?

ENID. Yes. She said she is always 'specting him to say, "And what may I show you next, madam?"

RICH. (*delightedly*). Oh! she said that, did she?

ENID. Yes. And hasn't he got a pretty name? It is Guy Cecil Mountcastle.

RICH. Yes; hum! I suppose so. Is it very much prettier than Richard Orme Hargraves?

ENID (*kindly*). Oh! you can't help your name, can you? You didn't give it to yourself. Look at me, now. I wish my name was Geraldine, but it will always be Enid.

RICH. But what is wrong with mine, Enid? I didn't think it was such a bad name. There have been some rather fine men in my family with that name, and I used to like it. What is wrong?

ENID (*thoughtfully*). Oh! I don't know—but Richard doesn't sound like Guy, does it? It's just a plain, common sort of a name. There is Richard Jones, butcher, near to us; he's such a horrid man! Once Jack and me——

RICH. Do you think your sister dislikes the name of Richard?

ENID (*gently*). I'm afraid she couldn't help it, could she? And Orme isn't a proper sounding name, is it—like Cecil, or Albert, or Wilfred? It sounds as if it were "arm," and Jack had spelt it wrong. And Hargraves—(*a little shudder*)—it makes you think of the cem't'ry where auntie is buried, doesn't it?

RICH. (*depressed again*). And you think Miss Ellie likes the name of Mountcastle better?

ENID. Oh, yes! That's pretty. It makes you think of lovely things—sponge cakes and lemon syrup—doesn't it? But isn't it funny how well yours crosses out with Ellie's?

RICH. Crosses out?

ENID. Yes, you know—hatred, indifference, friendship, love.

RICH. (*his oars suspended*). I don't know what you mean, Enid.

ENID. Oh, dear! -you know how you do names on a bit of paper. Charlie, next door —Charlie Morris and I do ours, and it comes he loves me and I hate him. So I do—he sets the dog on me. You cross out letters the same and then count them.

RICH. Yes, yes. I remember I used to do them when I was young.

ENID. Well, when Ellie was doing yours and hers——

RICH. (*jerking his oars so violently that Jack is only saved from pitching out by Enid clutching his coat*). What's that? What did you say, Enid?

ENID (*trembling*). Make him sit up, Mr. Hargraves. Jack, you're to sit up; if you lean out again, I'll tell Ellie. You'll be drownded—nearly you was then!

RICH. Oh! never mind him. Tell me, Enid, what was she doing? My name—my name and hers?

JACK. You let me alone, Enid. Stop that, do you hear? Mr. Hargraves, make her stop, will you? You said I could lean out.

ENID (*still holding tightly to Jack's sailor blouse*). You were nearly drownded, and I'm going to hold you now. Mayn't I, Mr. Hargraves?

JACK. Stop it! Take your hand away, Enid; I'm not a baby! Mr. Hargraves, just make her stop, will you?

RICH. Oh! let the little beggar alone. Be a good little soul, Enid, and tell me what she was doing.

ENID. Who was doing?

RICH. (*desperately*). Ellie. Did you say you saw her crossing out her name and mine together?

ENID. Yes. First she did Richard and Helen, and it came "hatred" for both. And then she did Richard Orme Hargraves and Helen Stuart Graham, and it came "love."

RICH. (*wildly*). And what did she say? What did she say? (*Stands up excitedly in boat.*)

ENID (*sadly*). She said I was a naughty girl to be looking over her shoulder, and she tore the paper up.

RICH. (*sitting down in a great hurry*). Here, Jack, sit up. We have to get back to shore at once. (*Rows at a terrific rate all the way to land; secures the boat and jumps out.*)

ENID (*disappointedly*). Why, that was only a little weeny row. I thought we had only just started. You said you'd take us for a good long row, Mr. Hargraves.

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RICH. (*taking a coin out of his pocket*). Look here, Enid, can you buy a little doll for half-a-crown ? I'd like you to get one in memory of this row.

JACK (*bobbing up at his elbow most promptly*). You can get no end of a cricket ball for half-a-crown, Mr. Hargraves. A real stunner.

RICH. (*recklessly*). Then get one, old chap. Here's another half-crown. This has been an A 1 row, hasn't it ?

JACK (*pocketing his coin*). Rather !

"'Then she did Richard Orme Hargraves and Helen Stuart Graham, and it came "love."'"

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Photo by] [*Draycott, Birmingham.*

CAVE-DWELLINGS AT ENVILLE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

CAVE-DWELLERS IN MODERN BRITAIN.

By York Hopewell.

THAT the primitive inhabitants of many countries have been cave-dwellers is a fact widely known, but the average Englishman of to-day is probably unaware that even in the present year of grace, and in his own country, there are still people who live in caves, either natural or cut out of the solid rock. Nevertheless there are, in fact, not one or two, but many, troglodytes or cave-dwellers to be found in the British Isles to-day—some of them living in luxurious and well appointed residences, while others live in caves differing hardly at all from those occupied by their remote ancestors of prehistoric times.

Some twelve miles to the south-west of Birmingham a long ridge of limestone forms a series of hills known as Kinver Edge, and at the base of this ridge there have existed from time immemorial caves hollowed out of the hill. It has apparently occurred to some ingenious personage of our time that these caves were admirably adapted for modern dwelling-places, constructed on a plan so old as to be original to our minds to-day. Pursuing this idea, an effort was made to suit the caves to modern residential requirements and so to adapt them as to pass even the scrutiny of the building inspector. With such success was this idea carried out that a family was eventually allowed to occupy the strange dwelling thus constructed.

Then the idea began to develop. Longing eyes envied this latest form of "house," and as time went on more inhabitants summoned up courage to make a house in the limestone ridge. The front of the caves was fashioned to resemble a row of houses built of the rough stone found in the district, while that part of the roofs which projected beyond the caves was covered with stone slates. At length these cave dwellings became far more comfortable and even luxurious than the less original residences to be found in more pretentious neighbourhoods, and their inhabitants would to-day look with scorn upon those who prefer the poky and ill-constructed houses of crowded towns, with their high rents and damp walls, to the spacious and rain-proof dwellings on Kinver Edge.

The people of Enville—as the village formed by these houses is called—are justly proud of their quaint homes and speak with patriotic affection of Holy Austin Rock, the

stone from which their dwellings are hewn. At the present time there exist three houses in what one may call the upper street of Enville, and three in the lower one. The latter are even more curious than the upper houses, as they are formed entirely by the hollow caves, with a single door and window put into each house by the simple expedient of cutting away part of the front wall of the caves. These doors and windows are invisible until one is quite close to them, so that a novel effect is produced when these houses are approached unexpectedly for the first time.

A mile or two away from Holy Austin Rock one may come across another cave-village. This is known as Drake's Lowe, and is really a sort of cove in an old sea-cliff. You can find a spectacle here on ordinary days which is certainly unique in our Islands. There is a small school built near, and when the bell sounds at nine o'clock a.m., you will see lots of little ones bound out of the doors of the caves like young rabbits, and fairly tumble down the steep paths, for fear of being late at school. You will notice that there are many cave-houses cut out of the solid rock here at Drake's Lowe, and one glaring contrast that will certainly strike you is the glazed black brick used to build the chimneys of the cave-dwellings, and seemingly so out of touch with their surroundings.

After Enville perhaps the most interesting example of cave dwellings to be found in this country is that at Knaresborough, a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Some years back a local weaver, finding his rent a heavy charge upon his slender earnings, determined to make some sort of domicile that would be at least rent free. On the ridge of solid rock which overlooks the river Nidd at Knaresborough he found a spot well suited to his requirements, and proceeded to the best of his ability to transform a small cave into a commodious dwelling, ornamented like a fort and fronted by gardens leading down to the river. Until his death twelve years later this man of the loom carried on his work and managed to create a really fine place of abode, with a strong resemblance, from a distance, to a mediæval castle. Upon his death his son continued his work till the original plans were completed, and constructed gardens and walks to set off the "house," of which he is extremely proud. The dwelling, of which we give an illustration, is perched on the side of a hill and has been named Fort Montague. Its owner is always ready, in return for a small gratuity, to give an account of the place, which ranks among the sights of the town, to the visitors who flock to inspect it, and in addition to its interest as a human residence it affords on a bright summer day a quite unusually fine view of river and woodland scenery.

At Knaresborough, too, is to be found another and, in a different connection, equally interesting cave-dwelling, one the historic fame of which penetrates beyond the confines of this realm, and is known as

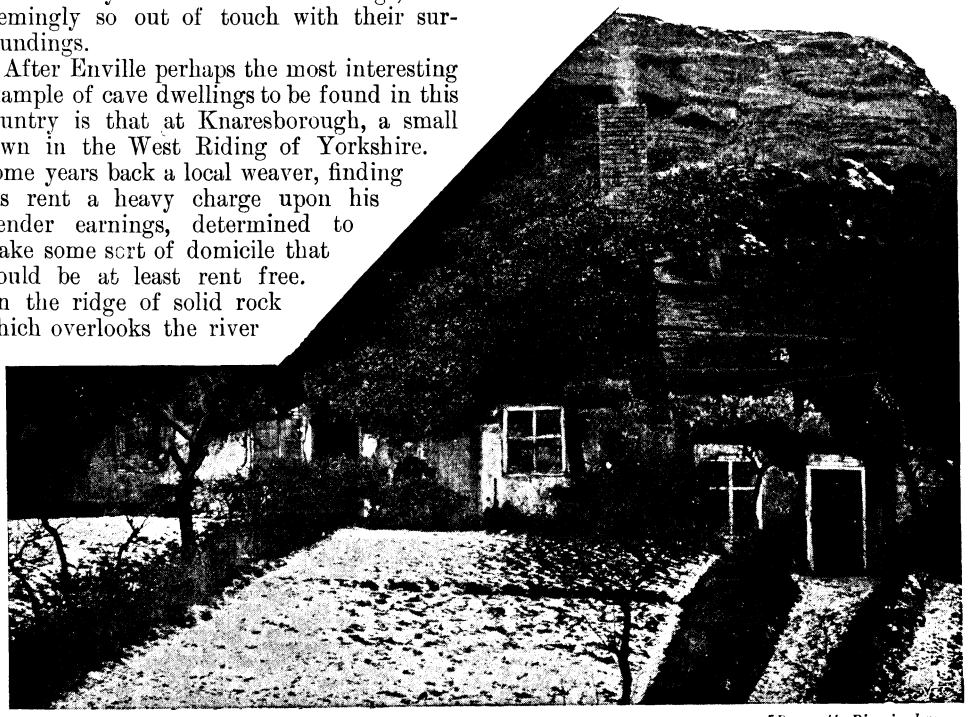

Photo by] [*Draycott, Birmingham.*

THE "LOWER STREET" OF CAVE-DWELLINGS AT ENVILLE.

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Photo by] [*Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

FORT MONTAGUE, KNARESBOROUGH.

St. Robert's Chapel and Cave. As may be gathered from the illustration, the cave is fitted with a door and window, while close by the entrance to the chapel is a rudely carved figure of St. Robert himself. The cavern is known to have been regularly inhabited up to the close of the eighteenth century, and since that time has frequently been used as a temporary residence. The chapel, with its splendidly decorated roof, is hollowed out of solid rock and is, roughly speaking, 10 ft. long by 9 ft. wide, while it measures 7½ ft. in height.

Tradition states that the cave and chapel were made by St. Robert the Hermit in the thirteenth century, but the appearance both of the interior and exterior warrants the belief that the whole dwelling, except the original hollow cave, is of much later date.

This cave it was in which Eugene Aram and Houseman deposited the corpse of the murdered Daniel Clark, and it figures so largely in Lord Lytton's novel dealing with the career of Eugene Aram. Nowadays the place is kept under lock and key, but visitors may inspect the cave on payment of a small fee.

Areley Kings, in Worcestershire, can also boast of a famous cave-house. This is commonly known as the "Red Stone Hermitage." It is not in truth all one dwelling, but consists of a series of rooms, or hollows, cut out of the rock, with many doors and windows made in accordance with the ideas of modern cave-dwellers.

The district for some miles round Worcestershire and Warwickshire seems a favourite one for those folk who prefer the cave-up-to-date as a residence to a modern house, for near Kidderminster there is a room cut into a mass of sandstone, a room which is furnished with chimney, hearth, window, and door, and has served more than once as a "home of refuge" to needy folk.

Seaton, near Exeter, is another town which can boast of modern troglodytes. In the sea-cliff of this little watering-place there stands a cave in which for the past ten or twelve years two Irishwomen made their home. It may at once be remarked that this cave is much more like the primitive dwellings of our remote ancestors than any of those already described, and falls far behind them in the completeness of its appointments. There has been in this case an almost entire absence of effort on the part of its two strange inhabitants to render their abode a comfortable one or to make it ornamental in any way whatsoever. Its floor possesses an uncongenial rake, and only on one side is there a narrow ledge of sand forming a fairly flat surface. Furniture is conspicuous only by its absence, and the sloping floor, which is only narrowly out of reach of the waves, has to do duty as table, chair, and bed. The two occupants of this extraordinary edifice, if one may use the word for such a place, were widows, and their age somewhere about fifty or sixty. It was, in all probability, poverty which first drove them to choose these quarters, and, having got used to their curious habitation, they could not bring themselves to leave it.

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But Seaton is not the only seaside resort which has been used as a regular place of abode within recent years. At Lyme Regis, a village only a few miles distant from Seaton, an old man made his rude home in a cave in the undercliff and lived there as a hermit.

Seaham, on the Durham coast, furnishes another case. Some years ago a Scotch-woman, about thirty-five years of age, was taken to the Newcastle Hospital, who had lived in the Seaham cave for a period of three years. Her dress she had yearly replenished from wreckage which the waves, in a most literal sense, threw in her way, and she was well known locally as a quiet, mild person. Her food consisted principally of the shell-fish which she gathered, or fish which she managed to catch, while her fire she kept burning with dry seaweed. The coast upon which she lived is a singularly stormy one, and now and again some winter wind, more boisterous than usual, drove the water into her retreat, but even this she bore uncomplainingly. The accompanying illustration shows the opening of the cave in the centre of the picture.

A cottage, built of brick, according to its exterior appearance, stands near Stourton Castle. There are splendid sycamore trees rising above it, and pretty gardens in front of it. No casual visitor would ever dream that it was anything but an ordinary country house, standing against a high rock background. But, as a matter of fact, there are many chambers belonging to this cottage which are cut out of the hard stone behind, and which have of old served as hiding-places for the "gentlemen of the road" who used to be in league with a former resident. Nowadays the place is put to more lawful uses, and these chambers form part of the ordinary dwelling-house of days when highwaymen are no more.

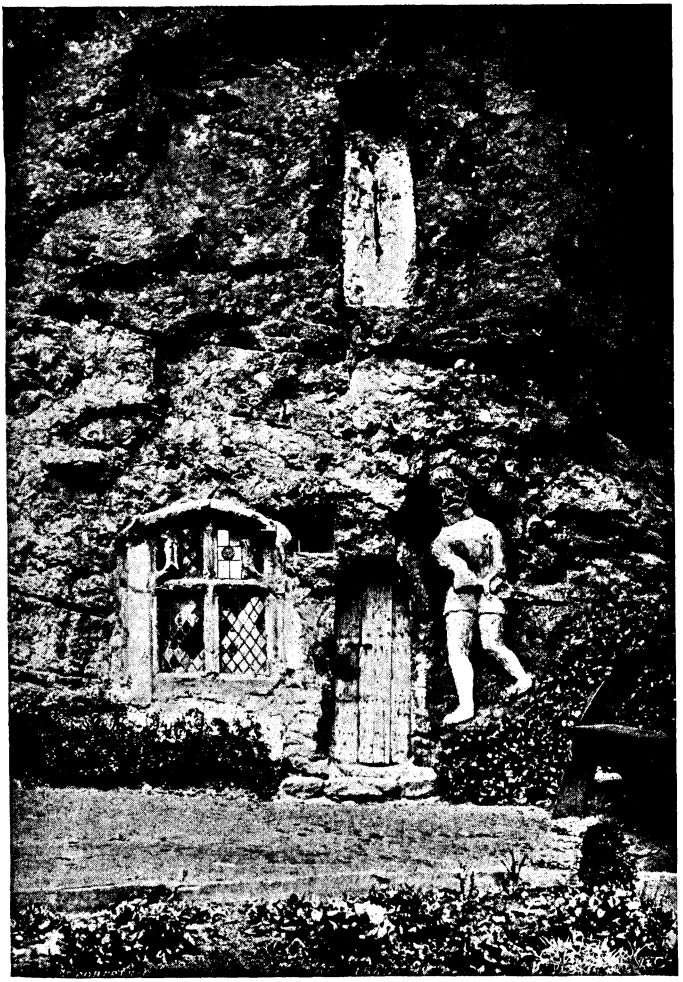

Photo by] [*Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL, KNARESBOROUGH.

Though scarcely one person in a hundred, even in Scotland, is aware of it, that country until two years ago possessed a natural cavern which had been turned into a chapel and properly fitted up as a place for Sabbath worship, and here every Sunday a service took place, attended by a reverential and earnest congregation.

This cave was situated at Lodaig, near Oban, and a local resident, who was frequently present at the service, has kindly favoured us with some details respecting this strange church. It appears that Mr. John Campbell, who had for many years held the position of local postmaster, conceived the idea of using the splendid natural cave at Lodaig as a place of worship. He had acted as pastor to a small congregation for some time, and though their numbers were comparatively few, they were yet more than could

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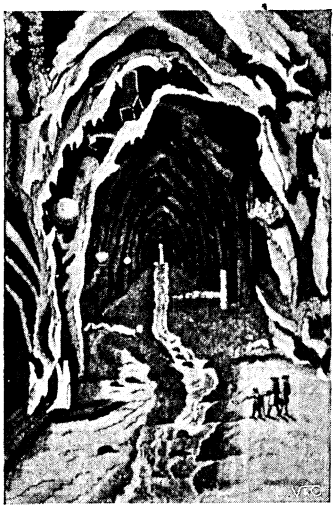
be accommodated in an ordinary dwelling-house. Mr. Campbell, therefore, aided by the members of his little band, commenced by clearing all the rubbish and dirt of centuries out of the cave. When this had been accomplished, rude seats were fashioned from the trunks of trees which they had cut down and brought to the place, while a reading-desk and pulpit were constructed of the same material. The attenders of this curious chapel were locally known as members of



POOLE'S HOLE, THE PEAK.

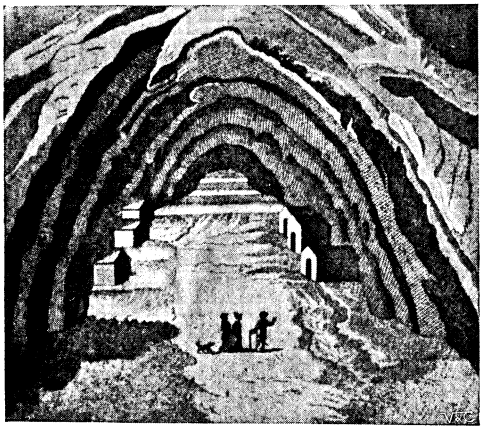
Where one or two aged women, acting as guides to visitors, lived until a few years ago.

"Campbell's Bible Class," and averaged about twenty, though on special occasions their number rose to as many as thirty-five persons. Divine service was carried on regularly in this strange spot for nearly thirty-five years, and then there occurred two events which compelled the interesting congregation to vacate their unique tabernacle. The new railway then in course of construction involved the destruction of the chapel cave, and, to complete the misfortunes of the little band, Mr. Campbell died. So that what was one of the most interesting places of worship in these islands, both from its curious site and from its formation, came to a somewhat abrupt disappearance.

The Castle Hill at Dudley is another place which can boast cave-dwellings, though not among those which any person inhabits regularly just at present. They are, however, in charge of a keeper who certainly resides in them more or less continuously. There are *fêtes* held in them at Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, and at such times the caves are visited by large numbers of people. Moreover, the Birmingham and Dudley Canal goes close by them, so that they frequently afford a temporary shelter to the poor folk who usually live in the canal boats. They are for the most part of limestone formation—the remains of exhausted quarries.

A similar series of caves may be observed at the "Wren's Nest," only about a mile away from Castle Hill, and here some inhabitants—permanent or temporary—have at various times carved and quarried the limestone into large pillars which support a white roof. During the *fêtes* already referred to, all these Dudley caves are lighted by gas!

One of the best examples of a street of houses cut out of the solid rock, and thus really true cave-dwellings, to-day, is that near the well known inn "Stewpony," by the side of Telford's famous canal. These houses are made with doors and windows much in the style of those at Kinver Edge, but they have a curious appearance, and seem to



POOLE'S CAVERN, THE PEAK.

Inhabited in the last century by a family who worked a cotton mill in it.

suggest that their inhabitants are intent on rivalling the celebrated cleanliness of the Dutch village Broek, since the houses—nay, the whole face of the rock—fairly shine in the sun with the amount of whitewash expended upon them. They are very comfortable, roomy dwellings, however, and much liked by their residents. This is the *locale* of one of the best of Mr. Baring-Gould's recent novels, "Bladys of the Stewpony."

In all probability no one nowadays resides

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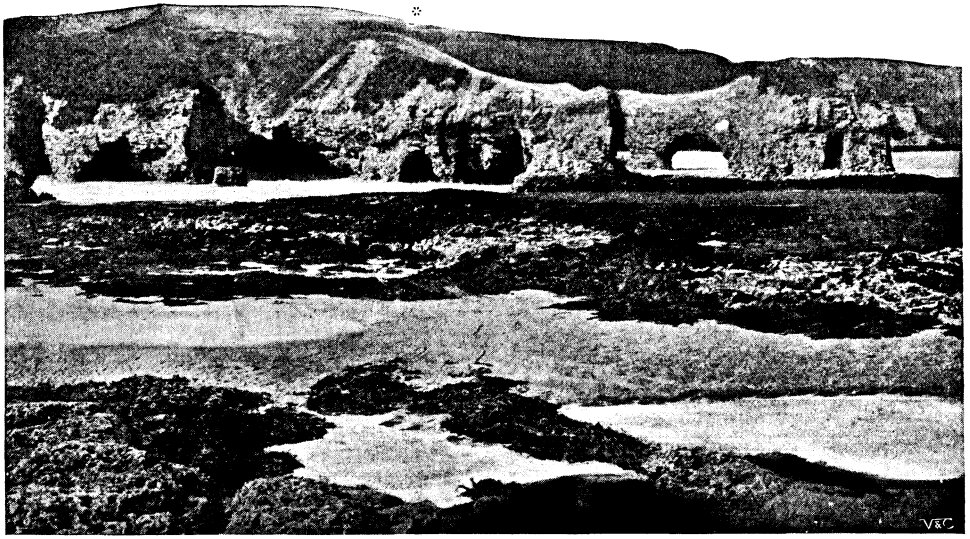

Photo by] [*G. Wood, Middlesbrough.*

A CAVE ON THE DURHAM COAST INHABITED BY A WOMAN FOR THREE YEARS.

entirely in the famous Peak caverns, near Buxton, though many local guides spend days and nights in the summer time without ever leaving the caves, and it is an incontrovertible fact that in the middle of the last century more than one family inhabited the Peak caverns. We give an illustration of Poole's Hole, where the old women who acted as guides to visitors lived for many years. Another picture of this cave, celebrated as one of the finest natural caves in this country, shows us a part of it which bears the unique record of having been used as a cotton mill during the early part of last century. Here a man and his wife set up housekeeping and contrived to earn a living by spinning cotton. As their family increased, and sons and daughters came into the business, there was established a regular community of cotton-spinners in this Derbyshire cavern.

The necessities of more space as the family and business grew, and the onward march of civilisation, which decreed that in the reign of Queen Victoria a cave was scarcely the proper spot for such a colony, made those folks at last forsake their strange dwelling-place, and since then the authorities have taken care that Poole's Cavern should not form the sleeping-place of human beings, unless such should be visitors to it who had unwillingly to stay there for the night, from having lost their way. And the prospect is not sufficiently alluring to cause many to do so!

Ireland is full of caves, which are often used to-day by the poorest of the peasantry as dwelling-places, when things have become so bad that they cannot raise the rent of a "grand house." One of the caverns which have thus done duty many and many a time is that of Dunmore, in Co. Kilkenny. Much has been written, both in our own and in former days, about the cave-dwellings of Ireland, and many, if not all the writers, have assumed that such dwellings were quite things of the past, and that peasants only dwelt in such caves as this when they were driven to them by war and persecution! But those who know the subject thoroughly, even as it stands to-day, know differently. And, indeed, much as our minds now revolt against the idea of human beings living in so rude a fashion, and earnestly as we desire to stamp out all relics of barbarism, it is no perversion or exaggeration of the truth to say that there are many caves in the United Kingdom which are much better fitted for human habitation, and would be far healthier and roomier for a family, than are some of the modern jerry-built erections that our crowded towns and villages are so familiar with at this beginning of the twentieth century.

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SIR ALBERT'S FALL.

By H. C. BAILEY,

Author of "My Lady of Orange."

GAY in crimson velvet, down the moss-grown woodland path came a boy with a serious face. Through his girdle a dagger was thrust, and the silver hilt of it flashed sometimes, when the oak-boughs swayed to let in the sun. None other weapon he bore; he stalked on carelessly, a very peacock amid the sober hues of the wood. But his face belied his gay garments; for his face was thin, with deep-set, black eyes; its broad, low forehead overhung high cheek-bones, and below a huge, square chin jutted far beyond his straight, thin lips. There met him a brawny, big-boned lad in leather jerkin and dull iron helm.

"Hey! Sir Page of my lady!" he cried, with a laugh.

"Ho! Sir Lout of my lord!" said the page.

"Fair words, Harry. I called you nought but your name."

"Nor I you, most worshipful," said the page. At once, with a laugh, he of the jerkin sprang at the page and clipped him in his arms. They swung hither and thither for a little, till the heel of the heavier man stole behind the page's. Too quick for voidance, his heavier bulk shot forward, and, tearing the sinewy, velvet arms away, he flung the page on his back in the springing bracken, then stood with his arms akimbo, laughing. The page laughed, too.

"Call quits, Bertram," he cried, as he rose on his elbow. He rubbed his ribs. "Heaven save the man you wrestle with in three years' time!"

Bertram scratched his head.

"Now, Harry, there was a message I had," he said thoughtfully. "Oh, aye! The Lady Rosamund would have you come quickly. Sir Albert of Shere, our friend the Weasel, has come a-visiting."

Harry's heavy brow wrinkled. "The fiend take Albert of Shere!" he muttered.

"Why, so he will—at his own time. But why call him?"

Harry walked on frowning, and at last he said—

"Because my lady fears him—and, fiend seize him! so do I."

"So do not I—him nor any man," said Bertram the man-at-arms, and flung back his head and laughed.

"I have walked with my lady five times in her garden, Bertram, when Albert of Shere was with her, and I know he spoke to her each time of love."

Bertram burst out with a laugh.

"And what does a boy know of love?" he cried.

"Enough—oh! laugh, you fool!—I know enough," said the page sharply, with the majesty of sixteen years afire. "I tell you, Bertram, she bade him go, and she flushed, and again she bade him go—till at last he went. But he came on the next day. I hate Albert of Shere!"

Bertram scratched his head.

"Doth she love him?" he asked.

At that, whate'er the cause may have been, Harry blushed dark.

"How could she?" he cried sharply.

Bertram shook his head.

"The saints may know," said Bertram. "What do women love?"

Then Harry blushed a second time.

"My lady is true to her lord," said he.

"I do not understand women," said Bertram.

"But I do," said Harry the page, and they went on together to the Castle.

The Lady Rosamund sat in her bower, and a maiden stood beside her. Close to her chair, leaning forward to bring his lips close to her ear as he talked, sat Albert of Shere. Harry the page came in upon them. Sir Albert gave a sneering smile.

"So here is Master Popinjay," he said.

"Sir Albert's servant in all things—saving my lady's honour," said the page quickly, and Sir Albert's black eyes gave him a sharp glance. Then Sir Albert leant back carelessly in his chair.

"So Lord Charles comes back on the morrow?" he asked.

"Aye," said Lady Rosamund, bending over her embroidery, and then for a little while they talked lightly of things indifferent, while the colour passed to and fro in the lady's lovely face. Sir Albert's eyes were

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"'Aye,' said Lady Rosamund, bending over her embroidery."

fixed on her; but the page as he watched them closely saw that she looked at him never once. At last Sir Albert rose.

"Will you walk in the garden a little, my lady?"

She rose at once, as if it had been an order, and signed with her hand to Harry.

"Nay, let the popinjay stay!" cried Sir Albert. And then in a lower voice, "I have something to say—something I must say, Rosamund." Quickly she looked up at him and quickly her eyes fell before his. She went out slowly without a word, and the page saw that her steps faltered.

So they two went out to the garden. But of what Sir Albert of Shere said to her that

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was the wife of his friend no man knows much to this day. Something you may guess from this. There was a little maid picking gillyflowers behind a great hedge of privet, and she saw and heard and told how Sir Albert caught the Lady Rosamund's hands in his and said—

"Come with me, Rosamund—you must, you shall!" But the lady, straining away from him, cried—

"Never, never! Never while my husband lives!"

For a little Sir Albert held her; then he let go her hands, and she stumbled back and was near to falling. Sir Albert watched her and smiled.

"So it shall be, then," said he, and he turned and was gone.

From the bower window the page saw him mount his horse and gallop away as if the fiend were in him. Afterwards the Lady Rosamund came back, and she sat in her chair and sobbed. The page fell on his knee and asked if he could do aught to help her. She smiled at him through her tears.

"Nay, Harry; I have been true—I have been true," she sobbed. "And to-morrow my lord comes home."

On that morrow, in the early morn, Bertram, the man-at-arms, rode out with half a dozen more to bring back their lord from Guildford town. Harry, out in the courtyard before the sun was up, saw them go, and laughed and ran back to his chamber.

The sun was mounting high over the southward hills, when there came to the Castle of Abinger certain horsemen. From the gate the Lady Rosamund watched; but as they came nearer the light died out of her eyes.

"Albert! Albert!" she muttered, and stared wide-eyed and pale and trembling.

Sir Albert of Shere spurred forward, reined up his horse, and sprang to the ground at her feet. His black eyes blazed through his vizor, his armour was dented and bloody. He pushed the iron bars of the vizor up and bared his face; then, as she saw his hot, flushed cheeks, he caught her to him and kissed her.

"Ah, lady! my lady now! My lady and love!" and he laughed jollily. Sir Albert was ever debonair. But the Lady Rosamund struggled in his mailed arms.

"Shame, Sir Albert!" she cried. "For this will my lord have vengeance." Then Sir Albert let her go a little, let her lean back still in his arms; and he laughed in her face. One of the grim swordsmen behind Sir Albert laughed to his fellow.

"Her lord! Hark to her! Her lord!"

At that she guessed something. She fell on her knees, still in Sir Albert's grasp. She lifted her clasped hands to him and she cried in a very pitiful voice—

"Sir Albert, tell me, where is my lord? By the faith of Our Lady, tell me!" The tears welled over and flowed down her pale face. But Sir Albert laughed again; and now his laugh was ill to hear.

"Give her her lord!" he cried. Then two men brought something that was flung across a saddle; and they tore a cloak from about it and flung it down in its broken, bloody armour before the lady's eyes. The helm was beaten in; but she knew her husband's face, and she flung herself wildly down in the dust upon him and kissed the mangled face of the dead.

By this time her waiting-women were coming forth, and her page Harry withal. They stood stricken with wonder in the courtyard. Only the page came on slowly. In a moment Sir Albert raised her and held her dumb with pain. He kissed her lips and pressed her to him.

"Come, love," quoth Sir Albert. "Now will we go in and make merry, for our joy is come at last."

She lay still and silent on his breast. The pain had seized her heart. So he held her while Harry the page came ever slowly forward, hiding the silver hilt of his dagger with his hand. With a shriek she woke from her pain.

"Murderer!" she cried. "Murderer! Ah! foul as the fiend!" and she struck his face with her open hand. A swift scurry of feet was behind her; with his little dagger the page sprang at Sir Albert's neck and struck. But the dagger broke on the mail, and Sir Albert dashed him heavily to the ground. There he lay stunned and still.

"Nay, lady my love," said Sir Albert. "Nay, speak me fair," and he drew her closer. In one wild effort she thrust him from her a little; or ever Sir Albert knew it, she caught from his belt his own dagger and drove it deep as the hilt in her own breast.

"Good Lady in heaven!" cried Sir Albert. "Ye fiends of hell!" he muttered, and in his wonder he let her fall. He stood looking at her, helpless and dumb.

The Lady Rosamund lay by her husband's side, and her blood flowed fast. Of all the men there was none that moved, and her women turned and fled away. So she lay there and so she died. They say that the

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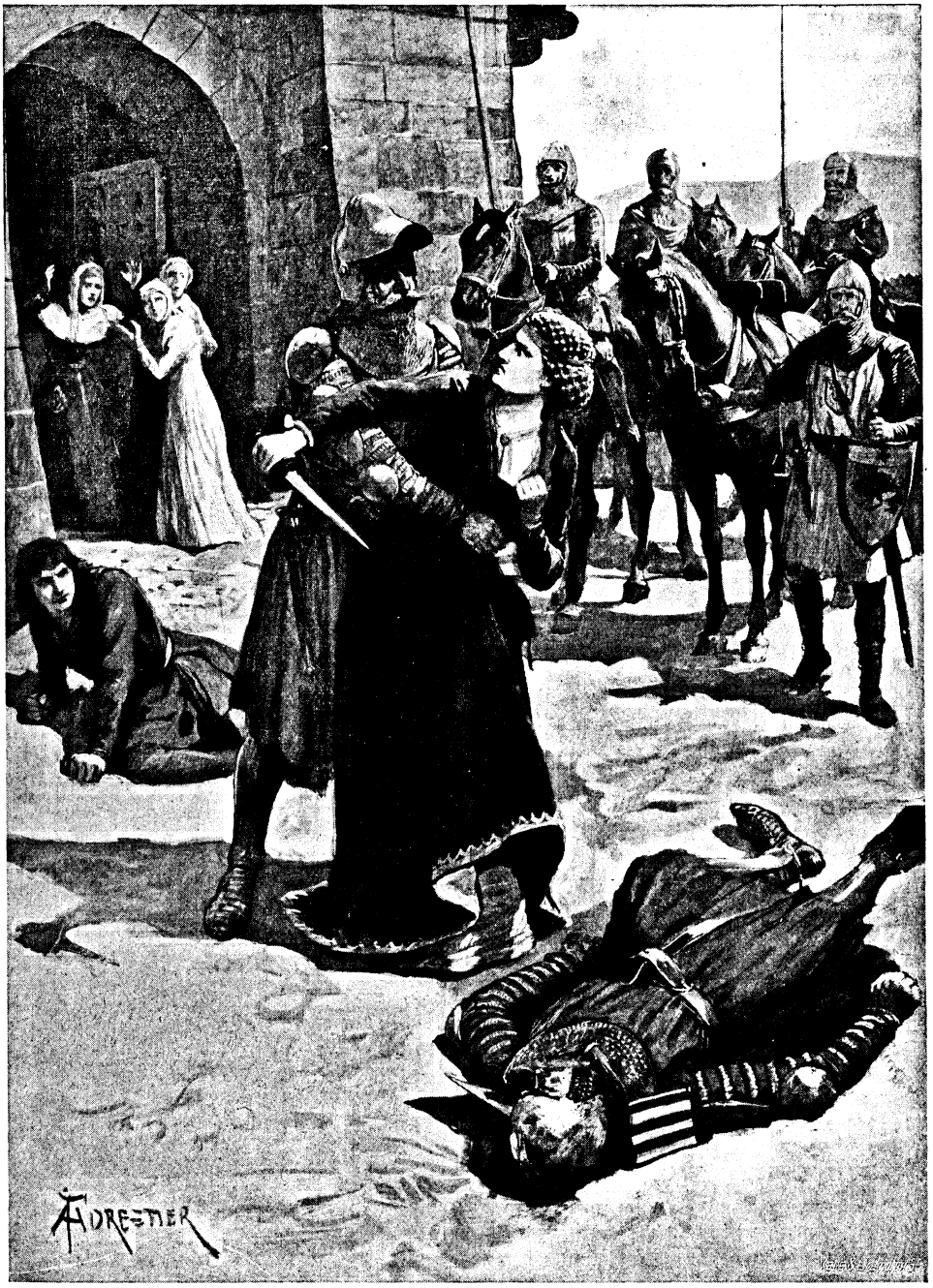

"She caught from his belt his own dagger and drove it deep as the hilt in her own breast."

look in her eyes was glad. Sir Albert gazed at the work of his hands; and he gazed long and he said nought. At last he turned.

"Hang me that whelp of a page!" he growled.

But Harry the page was gone.

Sir Albert swore long, rolling oaths.

"Go catch him, ye fools!" said he, and he stood leaning against the gateway looking at the dead.

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Harry was gone in his crimson velvet, and one of Sir Albert's men caught the glint of the colour through the trees. He dashed forward with a shout. Harry ran on, ran through the wood with a long, swinging trot. Hate and rage burned hot in his heart. His ears still sang from the fall, but his grey eyes blazed. His lady was dead, and the boy yearned with a fierce desire for vengeance. He ran craftily, giving the chase many a thicket to force, but the swell of the rising downs tried legs and lungs, and two of the better horses were close behind him. Close behind him, and on him now! He heard the men's oaths; once as he dodged round a tree he felt the swish of a sword. It was a mad and hopeless game he played, and for all his high heart he knew it. At last he caught his foot in a bramble, stumbled, and fell. He heard the man-at-arms laugh above him as he tried to rise. And then through the thicket above burst a huge horse and man. All the weight of both came crashing down on Harry's foe as Harry staggered aside. Another of Albert's men riding up ran himself on a long sword's point before he was aware, and Bertram, wheeling quickly, cried—

"Up with you, Harry!" and dashed in his spurs as Harry sprang up behind.

"Ride!" gasped Harry. "Twenty men on the track!"

Bertram, born and bred in the woodland, swung his horse out on a forest path and urged him on. His head was bare of helm, and round it a great bandage was roughly tied. Albert's men came galloping on and gained on the burdened horse. With one glance behind Bertram turned and broke out on the greensward of the downs. His teeth were set and his face was pale and grim. Clear of the wood, he rode westward along a narrow level path; his keen eyes were fixed on the swell of the downs. Suddenly among the junipers he saw a dark horse, whose rider scanned them closely and fingered something long and thin. Bertram rose in his stirrups.

"Shoot!" he cried. "They murdered our lord!"

The horseman sprang to the ground; close on the instant his bow cried shrill, and the foremost of Albert's men fell headlong from his saddle and rolled away down the hillside. So fared the second and the third. But Bertram checked his horse; as the first of Albert's steeds galloped riderless by, he snatched at the hanging bridle. Soon he was mounted on it, and Harry the page in his own old saddle.

The arrows had stayed the chase. Sir Albert's men fell back to the shelter of the wood. The archer mounted and spurred towards them.

"Who be these knaves?" he cried angrily.

"They slew our lord; they ride with Albert of Shere."

"And he slew our lady!" cried the page.

"Martha, our Saint!" growled the archer.

"How, Harry, how?"

"Albert came—flung our lord dead before her—then spoke to her of love—she slew herself with Albert's dagger," said the page.

Bertram gasped.

"She was a high lady," said the archer at last. Bertram said nothing; but he looked back at the valley where Abinger lies and then at Harry. Both knew that they had the same desire. Then Bertram began to speak.

"Albert set on us in a narrow place. Some ran. I fought there till my lord fell with Albert's sword a hand-breadth in his head. Then I broke through and away. I marked you in the wood, Harry, then saw Dick wood-ward on the hill."

"Those peacock clothes," growled the archer.

Harry looked at Bertram.

"It is in my mind that you saved me, Bertram," said he.

"Humph! Dick saved both. Bah! but for the rats that ran we might have made a fight of it. To be beat by Albert!"

The page looked at him.

"If you had seen our lady——" he said, and paused; but his eyes told the rest. That was no time to speak of honour or wounded pride. His lady lay dead in her blood.

"Saint Martha! she is past pain," said Dick the archer. "Holy Martha! so may we be soon—they come on again!"

"Ride to Silvermere! To my father!" cried the page.

The archer chuckled.

"By'r Lady! To see Albert the Weasel before Black Harry of Silvermere!" he cried.

"God grant I may!" said the page through his teeth.

The chase swept on over the downs towards Horsley, over the close-cut, springing turf, through the bright summer's day. The men who had served the Lord of Abinger took vantage in every turn and twist of the hills. For Dick wood-ward knew every crease of the downs as a child knows his mother's breast. So they rode on, up and over the crest, and down on the

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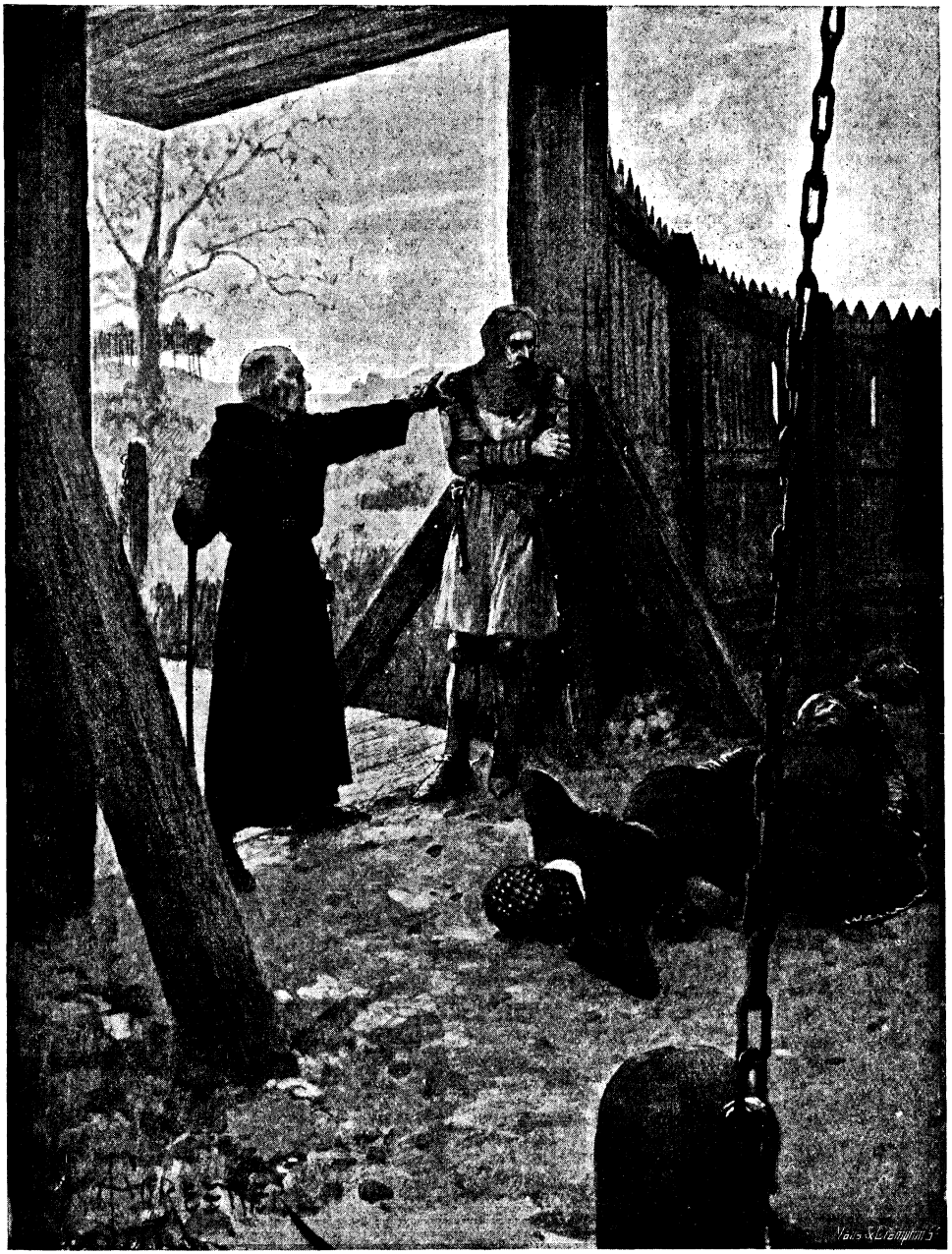

"At last, when the afternoon was old, came the priest from Wotton."

westward side, heading ever for Cobham and Silvermere. And Albert's men toiled after them.

But Sir Albert stood by the gateway, leaning his head against it, and still he looked at the dead. One of the women who crept near, as women will, to watch, tells that his breath came hard, that he seemed to mutter to himself. He did not stir from his place.

Harry the page and Bertram and Dick came down through the rich meadows of the valley, and still they spurred on westward, till at last, when the sun was falling slowly toward the moors, they came, all riding abreast through the heather, to the track

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that ran where the great highway runs now betwixt Guildford and Kingston by the Thames. Breaking out on the road, they came full in the midst of a great cavalcade and checked their steeds perforce. From the rearward a great voice cried—

"Who are ye that trouble our array?"

Then Harry the page turned quickly and saw a tall man on a black charger coming towards him through the press; and at once he slipped from his horse and knelt.

"Justice, my lord King, justice!" he cried.

"That we deny to none," said Edward the King. "What is your plea, lad?"

Harry told the story on his knees; told how, for love of his friend's wife, Albert of Shere had slain his friend, and how the lady was dead by her own hand. And as he told it the King's face blanched and his dark eyes shot forth fire. Men say that he thought the while of his own wife, the fair Queen Eleanor, who sucked the poison from his wound away in the Holy Land. Harry ended his tale and Bertram stepped forward quickly.

"I swear that these things are true, my lord," said he.

For a moment the King answered nothing.

"We will seek this knight," he said coldly at last. So the cavalcade turned away towards Abinger.

At Abinger, Sir Albert still stood watching, and no man dared speak to him, so terrible was his face. But at last, when the afternoon was old, came the priest from Wotton, a man who feared nought but God. He walked unfaltering to the gate and stood before Albert and said—

"Sir Knight, you have sinned a deadly sin." Albert lifted his eyes; his face was white as the horse of death, and in his eyes was the pain of hell. And he looked at the priest and said—

"Sir Priest, that have I."

"And I bid you confess and repent."

"Confession is not for me," said Albert of Shere, and his eyes fell again on the dead.

"I charge you in the name of God," said the priest, but Sir Albert did not heed.

Down the winding road through the wood came the King's company, but Sir Albert saw them not nor heard them. Before the gate they halted, and no man spoke to his fellow. They gazed and wondered. The King rode forward before them all, his Chancellor by his side.

"Albert of Shere, what work is this?" he cried in a loud voice. Sir Albert looked up and saw that it was the King; he did not move from his place, but he said, and all the company heard him—

"For lust I have slain my friend; for lust I have slain his wife."

The King's face blanched again, again his eyes shot fire. The Lady Rosamund lay there dead before him.

"Hang him!" he cried; "hang him there on the tree!" Four men came forward at the word. But the Chancellor whispered in the King's ear—

"My lord, my lord, this is not law!"

"I know not whether it be law, Robert Burnell," said the King. "This I know—it is justice," and the Chancellor dared not speak again.

Sir Albert did not move from his place. The provost's men came to lay hands on him, and he watched them come; then as one touched him his eyes fell again on the dead, and on a sudden he tottered and fell forward on his face, with his arms wide-spread, and he lay on the ground like a cross. A silence fell on all. Slowly the provost came forward and bent over him. For a long time he knelt, loosing Sir Albert's armour. The steel clashed faintly as he moved it, and at last he let Sir Albert fall again on his face. His eyes were big with wonder as he rose.

"My lord, my lord," he stammered, "the man is dead!"

The priest crossed himself and fell on his knees. The knights about the King muttered oaths and prayers. Robert Burnell, the Chancellor, drew in his breath.

"God hath judged," said the King very quietly.

"But I would have had him hang," muttered Harry. He looked at Bertram and said through his teeth: "'Fore Heaven, Bertram, I would have had him hang."

Bertram did not answer, and perhaps he did not know his mind, for he had not loved the Lady Rosamund as Harry the page had done.

And so fell Sir Albert of Shere, who was tempted and greatly sinned; and this is the story of it as it is writ in the old book, where at the end of it these words are set: "Ladyes and gentles, you that have grace for Sir Albert in your hearts, I would well that ye pray for his soul. And you that have no grace nor pardon, I pray you think of your sins and leave Sir Albert to God which died for us on a tree."

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"THAT HAIRPIN!"

By Harold Lindon.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

According to a dictionary definition, a hairpin is "an article used by women to keep their hair from disorder"—a purpose, by the way, in which the indispensable toilet accessory is not always successful!

No doubt the hairpin was originally intended by its inventor for the purpose described by the modern lexicographer, and has only subsequently developed the more particular use of making charming woman more charming still. A woman unequipped with a hairpin is unequipped indeed! She is reduced to a helpless unit of humanity—"a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," with the accent on the "hank"!

But the harmless, necessary hairpin was destined to fill a bigger place in the life of woman—and man than ever was contemplated by its inventor.

In the Stone Age, the hairpin must have been a formidable instrument, but now, perfected by science and machinery into a slight, doubled-up bit of enamelled wire, it seems unpretentiousness itself. Yet its possibilities for usefulness would seem to have no limit. In emergencies it is a treasure; it can be called upon at a moment's notice to perform prodigies.

"Adroitly the looped end of the hairpin is inserted."

"For carrying light parcels, what can be better than the ubiquitous hairpin?"

Observe a woman struggling with her gloves. She is far from home. No friendly buttonhook is nigh wherewith to guide the obstreperous button into its native slit. Suddenly she has an inspiration. Her dainty fingers seek the mysterious recesses of her back hair; and lo! there

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immediately appears the solution of the buttonhole crisis. Adroitly the looped end of the hairpin is inserted through the many slits, a sharp, quick twist of the wrist—and hey, presto! the gloves are buttoned securely, and she is made happy.

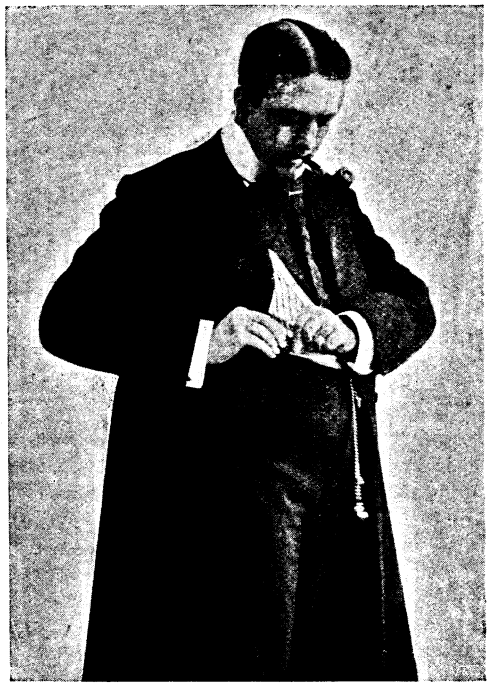
And again we see the hairpin called into requisition. Buttoned boots were called into existence to worry mankind of both sexes—for if the buttonhook be mislaid, where are you? A lady, of course, is unperturbed. She resorts to her stock of hairpins. But man—poor, weak, unresourceful man!—how he suffers in such a situation! When his fingers are full of blisters, and his nails are reduced to rags, he is in despair; but then does thoughtful woman extend her hand to help him. And in that hand is the ever-blessed hairpin. Another triumph!

"A man's pipe won't draw. Again comes the useful little article to fulfil another mission."

As a soother of domestic troubles the hairpin is unequalled. A man's pipe won't draw. Again comes the useful little article to fulfil another mission; the obstruction is removed, and peace is restored to the fireside.

And when the hanging-up chain-loop of a man's overcoat gives way, some friendly lady will save the collar of that garment from

"And when the hanging-up chain-loop of a man's overcoat gives way, some friendly lady will save the collar of that garment from eternal unshapeliness by offering the distressed owner one of her hairpins."



"And the overcoat is not the only masculine garment to which the handy little hairpin has proved a friend in need."

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"Again, as a set of hooks for hanging an old china plate to a drawing-room wall, the hairpin scores distinctly."

"See how deftly the wife trims the lamp-wicks with one."

As a book-marker and paper-cutter you will find a hairpin almost as useful as the regular things for such work.

"And where is the woman who does not know enough to render herself independent of a bodkin when she wishes to run tape through a set of curtains?"

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eternal unshapeliness by offering the distressed owner one of her hairpins—which apparently can always be spared without the risk of a sudden hirsute catastrophe happening to the giver! With thanks profuse the appreciative man, straightening out the wire, twists the ends through the eyes of the chain-studs. Then, happy in the knowledge that his coat collar is saved, he proceeds to hang the garment by the extemporised "hold-up" upon the hook.

"That hairpin!"

And the overcoat is not the only masculine garment to which the handy little hairpin has proved a friend in need.

"A couple of hairpins form excellent substitutes for trouser-clips when the regulation accessories are missing or mislaid."

Readers who cycle will appreciate the hint—if they are not already aware of the fact—that a couple of hairpins form excellent substitutes for trouser-clips when the regulation accessories are missing or mislaid. They will cause less injury to the cloth than many of the old-fashioned sort still, alas! sold by cycle agents and others; of course, they must be carefully inserted.

When your key-ring smashes—as key-rings frequently do—don't allow your keys to lie about to be lost. Simply get a hairpin, place your keys upon it, and twist the ends securely together. This suggestion, if carried out, will save a lot of hunting about for lost or mislaid keys before a new ring is obtained.

For carrying light parcels, what can be better than the ubiquitous hairpin? Bent as shown in the photograph, the lower hooks are passed under the string by which the parcel is tied up, the top bent portion being placed over the finger.

With a couple of hairpins it will be found quite an easy matter to hang a good-sized parcel upon the handle-bar of a bicycle—ladies who go shopping awheel should make a special note of this.

In the home we find the hairpin utilised for a variety of useful purposes. See how deftly the wife trims the lamp-wicks with one every afternoon!

I have seen several photograph stands formed of two or three ordinary hairpins ingeniously twisted so as to form a neat set of supporting legs, the pictures being gripped by their upper portion.

Again, as a set of hooks for hanging an old china plate to a drawing-room wall, the hairpin scores distinctly. The ends of two strong ones are turned backwards to form hooks, which grip the edges of the plate. A piece of tape is then passed through the loops at the back and secured at the joining, the plate being then ready to be hung by the upper stretch of tape on a nail in the wall. And where is the woman who does not know enough to render herself independent of a bodkin when she wishes to run tape through a set of curtains? It would really be difficult to find any article of human attire which in the smallest degree approaches the hairpin for all-round utility.

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THE GOLD WOLF:

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the City offices of the great financier, Dudley Hatton, a man still young in years, though old with over-work, and world-wearied from the same cause combined with the domestic bitterness of his loveless marriage with a worldly woman of title. Dudley is dragged, by a genial but ne'er-do-well Irish friend, from his offices to the consulting-room of a great specialist, who tells him he is on the brink of a complete nervous and brain collapse, and the total abandonment of all his great financial work and its greater ambitions can alone save him. The great financier goes home to break the news to his disdainful wife. Alone he awaits her return from some late-prolonged social function. Surely her disdain will break down before this crisis in his fortunes? No; she refuses to make any response to his claim upon her sympathies, and the questions involved in the specialist's pronouncement only move the hard woman to fresh scorn in the heated discussion that ensues. In a sudden access of fury Dudley loses all consciousness of himself and his actions, and in the early dawn the Lady Hermione is found dead in her room—from heart failure, in the opinion of the doctor who has recently attended her.

CHAPTER VIII.

PATRICK FOXALL HAS A GOOD THING.

IN a little restaurant off Oxford Street at six o'clock upon a January day, six months after London had heard of Lady Hermione's death, Patrick Foxall expounded to a learned circle those mysteries of horse-racing which are not for every common man. A close observer, perhaps, might have complained that the gallant Irishman's plumage, usually so brilliant, betrayed those migratory habits of which we have treated in another chapter. Certainly, some of Patrick's old smartness had deserted him; and while his flaming scarlet waistcoat was no less remarkable than before, and his light frock-coat did not lack the fashionable cut, nevertheless brass buttons missing from the one, and the frayed lapels of the other, gave small support to those stories of good luck with which he delighted his diminishing satellites. Times, indeed, had changed for Patrick Foxall. No longer did a throne in the splendid restaurant by the Strand harbour him or stand for the place of homage. He spoke, as ever, of his great friends, of the confidence my Lord This, or the Earl of That, reposed in him, of the familiar days he had enjoyed in princely houses; but discovery stalked close behind him, and the avidity with which he snapped up the stray cigar, or the pains he was at to borrow even the humble half-crown, were in themselves eloquent of his true condition. This, be it known, was not the fault of the system, by which Patrick should have made his fortune at the gaming-tables. The bank at Monte Carlo would certainly have been broken had he found capital to back him. But friends were reticent and strangers unbelieving. Pat came to the conclusion that it was a dismal world.

"Faith! me and Jack Farrer, that was a Little Go Flyer at Cambridge, worked it out together, and not a figure could ye find fault with! I was off to Monte the next day, and the whole town heard of me winnings. The gold that I have fingered, gentlemen! There wasn't a portmanteau could keep the lids of it shut to be bought in the town! Twenty-four times did I stake the maximum and win it, as the papers told ye. 'Twas a sensation, not to be forgotten!"

He looked about him for applause, and the "pigeons," delighting in his bombast, helped it willingly on its way.

"A nine days' wonder, Pat!" was Lord Alfred's gentle insinuation. Patrick heard him with mingled feelings of scorn and regret.

"'Tis the curse of the country, is this same gambling spirit!" he continued sagely. "If the Parliament was wise, they'd pass a Bill and put it down. I'll ask you what you'd have done with red called forty-two times, and forty-one on the paper? Where's a prudent man in the face of it? Nowhere, me bhoys, just nowhere! There's Jack, that was the reserve for the Tripos, and me that is a wonder at the x + y's; and will ye believe that the pair of us was wrong? Faith! 'tis nonsense entirely! There's a system here in this pocket that would make the fortune

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of the Rothschilds themselves if I had the mind to part with it. But I'm one of the old sort. I stand shoulder to shoulder with me friends, and they shall share with me at a pony a man! 'Tis the want of capital, bedad! that ruins every honest industry."

He crossed his legs and looked profoundly wise; but his hearers shook their heads, for they had heard of Patrick's system before.

"They broke you up, Pat, didn't they? Sent you home carriage paid?" one of them asked.

"Faith! I came home third class—me, that has travelled with princes! There was a young man at Cannes that had a fancy to play piquet, and no second father could have treated him more kindly. He paid the fare to Paris; and Maurice, the costumier, the Lord be good to him! was the gentleman altogether. 'You'll mention me name in the papers you honour with your contributions,' says he. 'And, bedad!' says I, ''tis columns I'll fill!' So are the mighty fallen, gentlemen; so is Patrick Foxall become a footstool to his enemies."

He permitted a tear to drop into his whisky, and, observing a certain coldness on the part of those who feared that he was about to borrow money of them, he persisted with his reminiscences.

"But he will rise again," he said, after a contemplative pause; "like the phœnix, the ancient Patrick will emerge from the ashes! He will be glorious in resurrection, gentlemen. His philosophy is the poet Tennyson's. He would have been a poet himself had he the mind."

He stared about him fiercely, and then, like a child repeating a verse, he began to recite:—

> "I hold it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones:
> That men may rise by timely loans—
> From I O U's to right good things."

He wound up with an expressive "Bow-wow!" and the verse, being an inspiration, brought to his recollection something he had quite forgotten.

"Which reminds me," said he, before the applause had died away, "I have a tip for the Spring Handicap I would not utter aloud in this room—not for a bag of gold! You will not be wanting to hear it, gentlemen. 'Tis the curse of the country, this same gambling, and you'll take a warning by old Patrick!"

He spoke very playfully, knowing his audience. The "pigeons," in their turn, no sooner heard the word "tip" than they were all ears. Patrick, everyone said, had been born under a lucky star. He was shabby and down-at-heel to-day, but to-morrow would find him in a blaze of splendour; and his tips were "real good things." So his hearers became all generosity. One filled his glass, another whispered that "If a sovereign," etc. He received their worship kindly and unbent to them.

"I am off to Cambridge to-morrow," said he, "and I'll send ye a wire when I get to Newmarket if it's all right. Barton, the trainer, goes to the last shirt-button on the chance. I know me friend, Lord William, is in it, for his confidential letter tells me as much. You shall all share, me bhoys, and old Pat no luckier than the rest of them! He needs it, bedad! The star of his firmament is temporarily obscured, and clouds enshroud him. He needs all the luck he will be getting just now!"

It is to be observed that the excellent Patrick was careful not to name the horse which should work these wonders; fearing that his hearers might press the point, he changed the subject cleverly.

"Tell me now," he asked, as though remembering it suddenly, "have any of ye seen or heard of me friend, Dudley Hatton? 'Tis a question I meant to ask ye long ago. I hear strange stories, gentlemen, and I'd know if they are true or false. What's become of Dudley, what's keeping him out of London? Some of you will inform us, though 'tis not Pat Foxall, faith! Here am I, that was own brother to him and better, wanting word from him these twenty weeks or more. 'Tis a mystery entirely—and his fortune going to the devil, I hear!"

Lord Alfred Troon, who made it a business to remember all the unpleasant things said about his friends, could be loquacious enough when scandal was the topic.

"Hatton's in Scotland, I believe," he said, with some vanity; "no one quite knows, but I think that's the place. He went away the day after the funeral, and there is not a man in London has seen him since. Of course, people talk. If is true that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, you could understand it all. I am not speaking of my own knowledge; but there is every reason to believe that Lady Hermione died under very curious circumstances. They say she was hunted by the Jews; and when he could not pay, the crash came. Of course, it may not be true; but if it is, I should like to know why Dudley Hatton disappeared."

This profound disclosure moved the com-

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"Dudley took the child's hand in his and, rising, began to cross the cliff path with her."

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pany greatly. While the speaker dropped the ashes from his cigarette with the air of a man who is thinking very deeply and is gravely affected by his own story, others, who knew nothing whatever of it, gave their version and added ornament to the original. Old Pat alone was silent.

"If Hatton and Hatton are going smash, they're a long time about it," said one youth, a little wiser than the others. "All sorts of rumours are afloat in the City; but nothing comes of them. Of course, Jan Beckstein and the South African gang are delighted. Dudley Hatton would have wiped the floor with them if he had remained in London; but when he shut up shop, they got their innings."

"They are saying in the clubs that Hatton's lost his reason," said another, whose worldly goods amounted, perhaps, to fifteen shillings and a cigarette-holder. I wonder if it is true? He certainly went up like a rocket and came down like the stick. I suppose he felt his wife's death very much—at least, that's the only explanation."

Old Pat heard the slander with a contempt he was at no pains to conceal. Like all his race, he was a staunch friend, an unrelenting enemy.

"Some of you knew Dudley, I think?" he asked, when the tongues had ceased to wag and the company settled down to a pious memory of the departed; "he did a turn to one or two of you, I think?"

They shuffled at the recollection and the truth of it.

"As an acquaintance," said Lord Alfred, "he was a very pleasant man."

Patrick began to drum with his fingers upon the marble table. He was very angry, and his temper would out.

"Aye," he said ironically, "'twas not backward ye were at the champagne when his house was open! Since you've all had your say, I'll put in my word! Let me be kind to you, gentlemen, and tell you, as I told you once before, that you are very pretty liars, every one of you!"

He blew out the match which he struck to light a new cigar; and while they uttered exclamations of protest and tried to make a jest of it, he drew his chair nearer to the table and beat it with his fists until the glasses shook.

"No," he went on proudly, "Dudley Hatton's not in Scotland, and he's a thousand miles from the bankruptcy court! Aye, if there was one of you that had the money to buy his postage stamps, he'd be a rich man! Tell your friends, the Rothschilds, that I, Patrick Foxall, say it. Tell them that I am here to help a man that's been a brother to me. Say that Dudley Hatton's coming back to London; 'twill be true, I swear it. He comes with me. We'll give you the lie together, me bhoys!"

He turned a defiant gaze upon them, and, surprised at the onslaught, they began to excuse themselves. If this earnestness of friendship was a rare mood with him, it was none the less estimable. The "pigeons" said that Pat certainly knew something of the mystery attending Dudley Hatton's disappearance, and that, even at the price of this fiery invective, they must hear it. They would tell it to-night to astonished diners.

"What do you know, Pat?" Lord Alfred asked him; "you must know a good deal, or you would not be so angry. Tell us all about it. You owe it to Dudley."

Patrick, in sooth, knew nothing at all, except at second hand; but the old pride of acquaintanceship followed him even in adversity; and, unwilling to confess his ignorance, but very desirous of applause, he evaded the direct issue cleverly.

"A pretty piece of mendacity you'd make of it if I opened me lips!" he snapped, unloosing his collar and wiping his face with a monstrous blue hankerchief. "'Tis the way of the world all the time. Let a man turn his back for a moment upon those that knew him, and there will be chalk marks all over it before he shows his face again. Nice friends ye are to Dudley Hatton, faith! I'll tell him so when I see him Thursday!"

"You are going to see him Thursday, Pat?"

"Indeed and I am."

"But you say that he's not in Scotland?"

"'Tis a true word."

"Perhaps he's at Newmarket," said a youth with a tallow-candle face and a tremendous stock.

"He's not in Newmarket, and he's not in Scotland!" was the dignified retort. "He's just in the West of England, and 'tis a hermit's life he's living. I had it by intimate letter this very day. Believe it or not, as ye please; but Dudley Hatton is just a wild man of the woods. He's living in a hut, and there's no man has spoken to him since he left this same London. Me letter tells me that a figure of marble could not close the lips tighter or be less to the world. But we shall change all that, gentlemen; we shall give Jan Beckstein and his gang a bit of news they'll not be wanting at all! 'Tis

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me, Patrick, that says it—me, that is Dudley's friend!"

He buttoned his coat with the air of a man who had solved a nation's difficulty. The plain truth was that Patrick had been ignorant as the rest of Dudley's whereabouts until that very morning, when chance had brought him face to face, in Regent Street, with Lady Hermione's maid, and he had stood to gossip with her. How, or by what means, she possessed the secret of Hatton's disappearance, Pat could not then discover; but a few of his magnificent compliments, the promise of theatre tickets, and a delicate reference to her enhanced beauty, had accomplished much. The girl said that her master was in Cornwall. Pat determined that very instant that he would go to Cornwall, too.

"Mark me words," he said proudly, standing before them as a judge omnipotent, "Dudley Hatton will come back, and those that have forgotten him will be taught to remember. I say no more. 'Tis a fool's Paradise his enemies are living, and they'll need wings to crawl out of it presently. Tell your great friends that; say that Patrick Foxall has spoken!"

He strode from the room defiantly. The "pigeons," remembering how many of their cigars he had smoked, how many glasses he had emptied, hurried after him vainly. The tip for the Spring Handicap! Pat had forgotten all about that!

And is it possible that there was no trainer at Newmarket, no secret or valuable intelligence, no tip, after all? Had Patrick invented it? His enemies might say so with justice.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXILE.

THE rugged Cornish cliff was steep and forbidding, but Beryl Garth climbed its winding path with a child's nimble feet; and so soon as she was at the summit she espied her friend awaiting for her and ran up to him breathlessly. It was already late of a February afternoon, and the aureole of the West spread, with diminishing splendour of its golden arc, the last glory of the day. No human thing could be seen upon the lonely moor which shelved away from the desolate headlands. There was no token of life about the upstanding castle wherein Beryl lived. Fishing boats drifted lazily on the windless sea, but did not speak of fishers or their toil. No sounds were in the air, none but that rolling music of the beach which neither storm nor calm might hush. The splendour of the western flame touched all things in its mellow path. The day went out with the tide to the rhythm of the wordless song.

Beryl found Dudley Hatton just where she had expected him to be, sitting upon a rude stone bench whence you could look across the moor to her own house and eastward to the distant villages beyond Black Head. He wore, as he often did, a riding-coat of black, and breeches to match, and one of those soft felt hats which the war bequeathed to a comfort-loving nation. Beryl did not know what Dudley might be; but she thought sometimes that he was an officer from Plymouth who had come to St. Vestall's for a holiday; and an officer stood, at present, for her only fashion of hero.

The child crossed the grassy slope at a gallop, and, regarding her new acquaintance a little apprehensively, she remembered that she was very late. When she had recovered her breath, she told him what had kept her.

"I'm sure I'm late," she said in her grown-up way, which delighted him by its artlessness; "that's the worst of being late, you are always sure of it. When I was running down the hill, I said, 'He'll think I've forgotten, and go away.' But you didn't think it, and you didn't go away; and I'm glad."

Beryl was fifteen; but she had lived all her life on this wild Cornish coast, and got her education as she could, and was the oddest mixture of the matron and the child that a man might find between London and St. Ives. While at one moment she would speak of household cares as though the fortunes of her home depended upon that little wise head, at another she would be looking for Wyemarke and the fairies in the placid, weedy pools of the sleeping bay. Her simplicity was no less engaging than her girlish curiosity. She had found Dudley out when he had been but a week in this newly discovered solitude; and he, who had wished to shut himself away from men, became, he knew not how, the guardian of her pretty confidence.

"What shall we talk about, Beryl?" he asked, while he watched her bright eyes and the flush of excitement which gave new colour to her healthy cheeks—he would not tell her how much the child's voice meant to him in those hours of the reckoning.

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"My father is ill," she said, the words running away with her as they always did; "not very ill, you know, but angry with the clergyman. He rode away to Bodmin and says he won't be back until Thursday. I know it isn't true, because Dave Evans was at the house just now, and when Dave Evans comes, father always gets better. They'll be up all night and wake me—they do that often. I can just see the boats under my window, and I wonder, wonder, wonder why? But you'd never like Dave Evans," she went on at a breath; "his hands are big and red as—as crabs. And when he says, 'You'm look well the morning, miss!' I could box his ears for making such a noise. And he doesn't like you, Mr. Hatton; he says 'You'm mysterious.' I wonder if you are? As if one cannot live where one likes, without asking other people!"

Dudley was interested in this unflattering description of Dave Evans. He anticipated that such a life as he led among the sparse people of this fishing village would give employment to its busy-bodies. Courteous and kindly to all, no hermit dwelt more absolutely alone. The cottage which harboured him was the humblest of its kind. The faithful Courvoisier, installed in an inn at St. Vestall's, was not to be bribed with the ale and the cider of a gossip-loving village. Not a word could be drawn from him. The fishers were left to their own inventions, and while some said that Dudley was a lawyer from London wanting to buy the land, others shook their heads and were profoundly mysterious. Ah! what they could say, "if they had the mind to"! but not having the mind to, they maintained a discreet silence. For the matter of that, St. Vestall's had no need of a mystery. The castle on the headland, wherein Beryl's father lived, was food enough for any curious appetite. Gossips asked questions about it every day. The questions were never answered.

"I am sorry that I give so little satisfaction to Mr. Evans," Dudley said, when Beryl had finished her story; "perhaps he has got a house to let, and would like me to take it. I must see the old man for myself. These poor people have nothing else to do but to talk about someone, I suppose. Well, it doesn't hurt me, and it doesn't hurt you, Beryl, so let them talk as they please."

Beryl hastened to correct him.

"Oh! they've a lot to do," she said; "they work so hard. Sometimes it's in the daytime, sometimes it isn't. I hear them all night under my window; and they walk about just like shadows. Then the boats go away and it is all quiet, and if I'm frightened, I don't tell anyone. Of course, it is silly, but you cannot help it. If your father is in trouble——"

"You never told me about that, Beryl."

"I can't tell you everything—and—and—you wouldn't care. Father's bothered about a lot of things, but he never says anything to me, except when breakfast isn't ready. I know he's in trouble, just because he doesn't tell me—and it is lonely up there, and—and—I wish you were my father, Mr. Hatton!"

She said it with a child's earnestness, and in it might be read the whole story of one whose life had lacked both love and light. The pathetic look which passed into the man's eyes when she spoke, the sudden distraction of his manner were lost to her in the sense of her own loneliness and isolation. There had been no event in her life so memorable as this coming of a stranger to Black Head. Her chance encounter with him on the lonely moor, his gentleness, his friendship, surpassed in wonder the fables of the fairy tales. That day-dream could not last, Beryl said. As happiness had come, so would it go, without warning or farewell.

"Yes," she went on, looking away over the flaming sea as though thither lay his home, "I wish you were my father. You would never go to London then; and, of course, you will go now. People only come here because they want to go away. It is for change, and it does them good. I never get any change, and it doesn't do me good. When you go to London, I shall think all day, and look in the pool to see if you are coming back again; and the pool will say, 'Never! never!' And I shall go on looking, and there won't be anyone there, for, of course, there couldn't. It's all nonsense, and yet we do it. If I were old, thirty or forty, I believe I should still look for Wyemarke in the pool."

"Is thirty or forty so very old, then, Beryl?"

"Oh! it's lots! Of course, you are not thirty or forty. I should say—let me see—yes, that's it! I should say you were twenty-three."

He smiled at her conception of youth.

"I am thirty-seven, Beryl; think of it—thirty-seven! That makes me an old man, you know, a very old man! I am just like one who has all my life behind me, and nothing, nothing to look forward to! And you—you have got all the world before you; and some day you will go to London.

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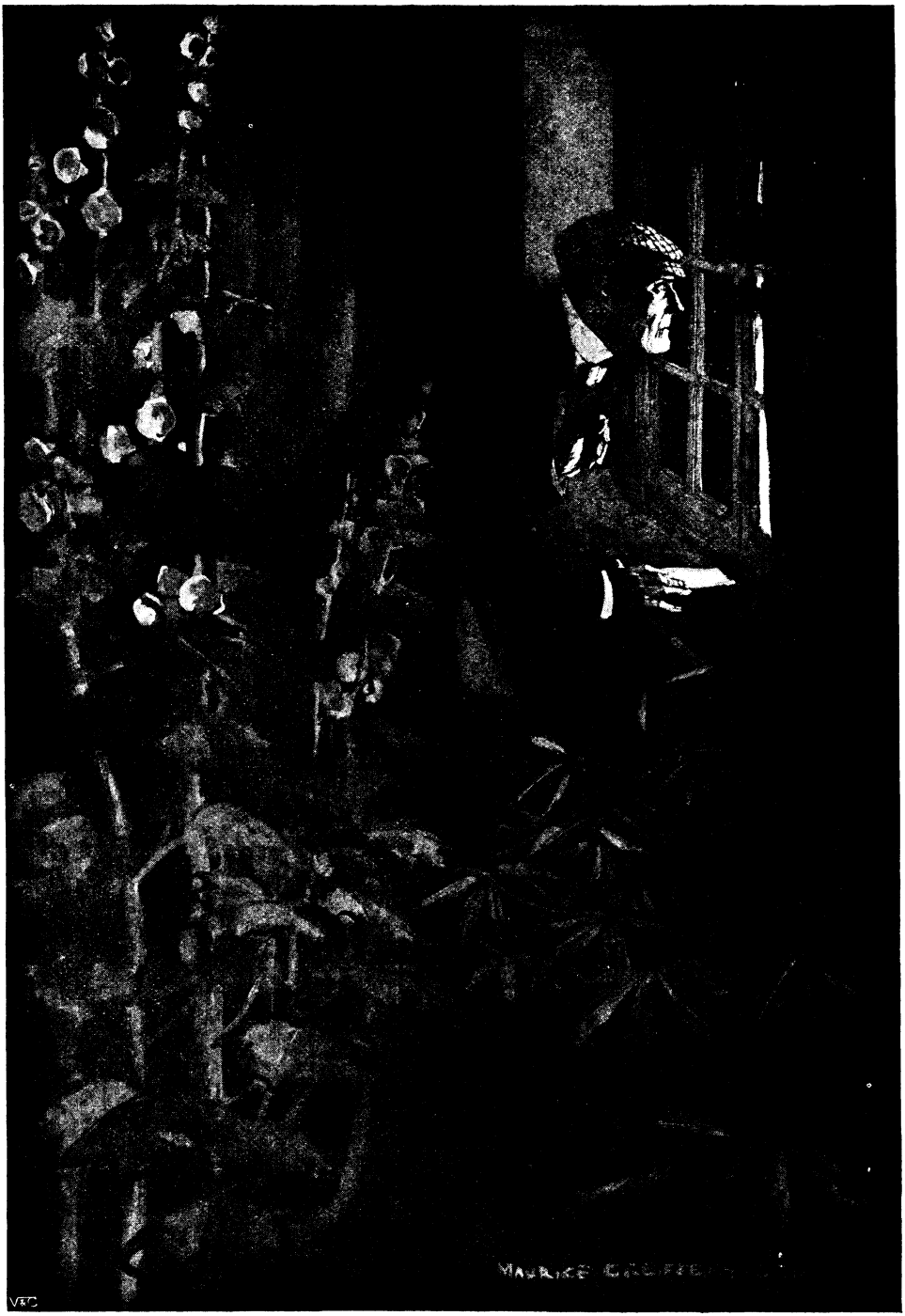

"For quite a long time he stood there, a still figure in the deep shadow of the night."

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and you will see it all, and you will think of these days, and perhaps regret them—yes, perhaps you will regret them."

He was speaking more to himself than to her; but Beryl did not like this kind of talk at all, and she hastened to quarrel with it.

"I should like to go to London, because you'd be there, and we could see things," she said quickly. "When the books come, you shall read me all about it; and it will be better than Wyemarke, won't it? My father never reads, and I don't believe he knows what books are. 'A girl's place is in the dairy,' he says; and so I go away and lie on the grass and dream all day. You couldn't do that in London, because there is no grass—Amelia, our servant, used to say so. There were only policemen and soldiers in London, she said; but, of course, she didn't know."

Dudley scarcely heard her. For six months he had shut London from his thoughts, as a man shuts an evil memory. This childish prattle was opening vivid scenes to his mental vision. He beheld a great city, the strife and stress of it, the glitter and the light, the ill and the good. And he thought that never more would the gate of it be open to him.

"In London," he said, as though speaking his thoughts aloud, "in London, little Beryl, are all the riches of the world. In London men stoop to gather gold all the day, and their hands are hurt and their eyes blinded. They do not see the sun, and the treasure turns to ashes in their hands."

Beryl opened wondering eyes. This story, surely, would not be in the books.

"Oh! but it's very silly of them," she said, after she had thought about it for quite a long time; "and—and do they do it if they don't like it? Aren't there the shops and the theatres and things? I'm sure I shouldn't like London if there are such silly people in it. Let's talk about something else—the books. You promised me——"

Dudley came out of the shadows with an effort and remembered that Beryl was speaking. Her philosophy amused him, as a child's philosophy always did.

"Of course we will," he said brightly; "every day, when the sun shines. I've sent to London, Beryl, and old Port, the postman, will surprise you some morning. There is something else, too. What do you think of a bicycle, little Beryl?"

"No!" she said, her eyes blazing, "you never thought of that, never?"

"It should be here to-morrow—at least, I hope it will. I'll teach you how to ride, and we can go to Falmouth together and see the shops. That will be jolly. I hope your father won't mind. We must talk to him about it."

She became grave at this mention of her father, as though the word were some blot upon her happiness.

"Oh!" she said coldly, "father will not mind. No one cares about me—no one at all!"

Dudley took the child's hand in his and, rising, began to cross the cliff path with her. The sun had set now. A hazy mist loomed above the moor. The night struck damp and chilly, and his heart sank with the day.

"Little Beryl," he exclaimed, as though some great impulse of a forgotten love compelled him to speak, "do you really wish that I were your father?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she said gladly.

"I wish it, too!" he exclaimed fervently. And, bending, he kissed her forehead.

* * * * *

Dudley left Beryl at the cross-roads after promising her that to-morrow would find him at the rendezvous. Her home, the Headland House, as the fisherfolk called it, was plainly to be seen from this place; and its gloomy outline, black against the western sky, seemed typical of the silence and unfriendliness to be found within its inhospitable doors. Beryl said that her father would not return to-night, and that she would be very lonely until to-morrow came. "But there is always Amelia, and there is always the dog," she remembered; "and you can talk to them."

Dudley, accustomed to the wayward moods, consoled the child with the old promises. He, too, was going to a lonely house. In this, indeed, he found a bond of sympathy between little Beryl and himself. The world had cast them out to this fellowship of sea and moorland, and each could bear something of the other's burden. If anyone had told him six months ago that these February days would find him alone and forgotten, exiled by his own act, thrown down from the ladder of life, the silent mystery of a Cornish village, he would have believed him to be a madman. But so it came to pass. He had fled from men, had journeyed hither, thither, to shut the vision from his eyes. And he had failed, failed utterly; and the night brought him the vision still; and by day he found no rest.

He watched Beryl until the shadow hid

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her, and then struck out across the narrow path by which his own cottage must be reached. Night began to close in upon him as he walked; the wind was rising; sea-mists loomed up above the barren moor. In such a place, at such a time, a man might well believe that he had found the ultimate solitude of his desire and had become the master of it. The moaning blasts which swept the valley echoed Dudley's heart-broken lament. The gathering darkness enveloped him as the shadows of his oblivion. None could see him here, none charge him, none console him. The voice of the accuser was his own. He walked with the dead woman's figure at his side and knew not how she had died.

A lamp burned in the sitting-room of the cottage, and when Dudley drew near he perceived Courvoisier's shadow upon the mean white blind. Nothing could change the fidelity of this prince of servants or send him to better employment. City or solitude, palace or hut, it mattered nothing to Courvoisier. He followed his master like a dog, asked nothing, did not complain. If he had a grievance just now because he must find a lodging in the village, and not, as he would have wished, under Dudley's roof, he never spoke of it. Night and morning he was ready with his skilful service, and but for him his master might have lived on no better fare than the bread and the milk which the farmers sent. Dudley surprised Courvoisier to-night arranging the letters and papers upon the writing-table which stood in the one bay window of the cottage. From time to time the valet held an envelope very close to the candle and examined it with a minute scrutiny. Some men would have suspected an action so unnecessary, but Dudley thought nothing of it. "He does not wish me to be troubled by busy-bodies," said Dudley. Courvoisier was undoubtedly a treasure.

In the cottage itself were many signs of the man's foresight and attention. Poor cabin of a place that it was, Courvoisier had done marvels with it. His had been the letter which brought the snowy linen, the rare cut-glass from London; his had been the order to the shopkeepers at Plymouth for the little *secrétaire* and the comfortable lounge and the pictures which hid the time-stained walls. Nomads he and his master might be, but Courvoisier would put soft carpets under their feet and recall the forsaken luxuries. Dudley remembered that cottage in after years and wondered if in all England there was one like it. But he would not have revisited it for a fortune.

It was about five o'clock when he had taken leave of Beryl, and a quarter of an hour later, perhaps, when he opened the cottage gate and waited a moment, as though some light would shine out to him from the black house on the headland. Though he had no reason for it, an unusual anxiety for little Beryl troubled him to-night. If the village gossips were to be believed, Rhoderick Garth's fortunes were precarious to the last degree. Dudley asked himself what would happen if ruin overtook the Headland House, and little Beryl were driven out. She would come to him, of course—there was no other of whom she might ask help. And where would he harbour her, what provision make for her? His old prudence could busy itself now even with such fanciful possibilities. How different six months ago, when the gold world had been his kingdom and he the master of it!

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He entered the house and found Courvoisier busy with the teacups. A bright fire burned in the little grate, a kettle hissed cheerily upon the old-fashioned hob. There were lights everywhere, for Courvoisier understood his master's objection to the darkness and wisely provided against it. A table in the bay window had an orderly litter of newspapers and letters, even telegrams from London. Dudley regarded them wistfully, but knew that he would not answer them. James Macalister, his right hand in the great house of Hatton and Hatton, had been the one man who had heard from him since his wife died. But Macalister knew his determination now; he rarely troubled him. A clever, shrewd man, he did his best in those untoward circumstances which threatened the fortunes of their house. But he understood that the guiding brain had ceased to think; that the creative genius was with them no longer; that in the end the house must fall, the harvest of ruin be reaped. Dudley, on his part, believed that he had ceased to care. What had money to give him now? Could it lift the shadows and show him the hidden truth? could it banish the torment and the doubt? He said that it could not. He would have bartered all his fortune for that gift of self-acquittal which the truth about Hermione's death alone could pronounce. For the rest, he shunned the world; he sent no message even to those who had called themselves his intimates. And Courvoisier abetted him;

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he hid the letters when they had been one day upon the table.

"A telegram from Cambridge, from Mr. Romer," the valet remarked, when his master came in. "The reply was prepaid, and I said, 'Writing.' I thought you'd wish that, sir."

Dudley, throwing his soft hat into the corner, drew a chair to the fire and poured himself out a cup of tea.

"The boy wants money, I suppose," he commented drily. "He would hardly take the trouble to write to me if he did not."

Courvoisier snuffed the wick of a candle and, being a just man, endeavoured to do justice to Dudley's nephew.

"There are a good many letters from him upstairs," he said quietly. "They tell me he's called three times in Park Lane; I always found him a very nice gentleman, sir."

Dudley's face lost its hard look. He had forgotten that big, merry English lad in these months of exile; but he remembered him now—his boyish light-heartedness, his manly common sense, and the many other attributes of the public-school boy. And, all said and done, he believed that "Bous," as they called Romer at Cambridge, was fond of him.

"I will write to-morrow," he said in a kindly voice; "remind me, Courvoisier. Is there anyone else, anything of interest?"

"Miss Mary sends down a comforter and some home-made jam. She's at Chislehurst with her friends, sir."

"May she stop there!" said Dudley, poking the fire impatiently. "Does Mr. Macalister write to-day?"

"There's a telegram here, sir; I could not deal with that."

Dudley took the yellow paper in his hand and read the message twice before he took its meaning. It concerned the Great Southern Railway, in whose fortunes he had so vastly interested himself. What would happen to the Great Southern now? How long since he had asked himself that question? Macalister said that the shares had fallen two that day. Dudley tossed the telegram into the fire angrily.

"They will fall a good many twos yet," he thought.

"Is that all, Courvoisier—nothing in the village, nothing new?"

Courvoisier, spreading a white cloth upon the dining-table, showed his contempt for the village of St. Vestall's with a gesture.

"There's not been anything new in this village since Adam, and he's about the latest!" he reflected a little contemptuously. "We've poor company at the inn, I do assure you, sir; mere gossip, and vulgar at that!"

Dudley pulled the cushion up behind his back while he smiled at his servant's notion of vulgarity.

"I was thinking of Rhoderick Garth," he suggested interrogatively; "he's a little later than Adam, is he not?"

Courvoisier hastened to correct himself.

"Oh, yes, if it's of him you are speaking, sir. Mr. Garth, to be sure, is a curious gentleman. You will hear plenty about him down at the 'Blue Dragon'; and no wonder, too, seeing the way he greases their wheels!"

"What do you mean by that, Courvoisier?"

The valet balanced a silver fork upon an outstretched finger and fixed his eyes upon it. He had not words enough to explain himself by useful evasion.

"Well, sir, it's over-delicate to speak of. There are some who say that he gets his brandy too cheap, and some that it might be dearer. I don't know nothing about that myself, but it's good brandy, regular *fine champagne*—and not over-priced when you know where to get it!"

"And you are a connoisseur, eh, Courvoisier?"

"Well, sir, I do know a glass of good brandy when I taste it—and, excusing the liberty, I have brought a bottle for your own particular use."

Dudley had heard nothing so amusing for a very long time.

"What!" he cried, "you would make a smuggler of me?"

"Not that, sir: it's bought and paid for, I do assure you. And there's little more to be got where that came from. The Excise is precious sharp with these poor fisherfolk, sir."

"But Mr. Garth isn't a poor fisherfolk; he's a magistrate, you know."

"That's it, sir; and his brother, who died last month, was Excise officer down here. I won't say nothing about putting two and two together, because they don't make four in these parts, not by a long way. But it's not forbidden to draw an interference, and that the people will do, sir."

Dudley knew that he meant "inference," but he would not have corrected Courvoisier for all the world.

"Does the village, then, seriously suggest that Garth is a smuggler?"

"Oh, no! not that, sir. The village takes

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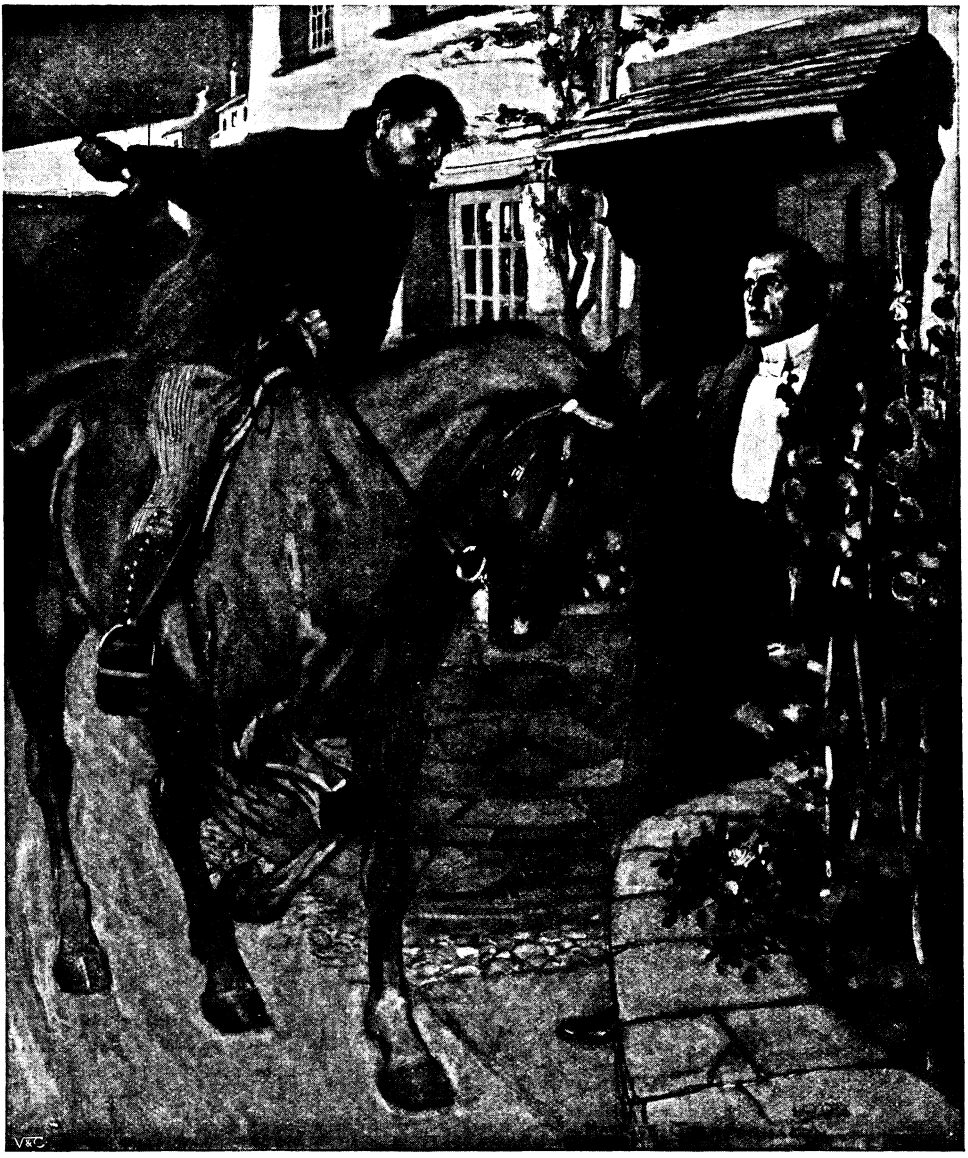

"'Yon chaps are hunting me for a keg or two of good brandy.'"

what it can get and is thankful. But, you see, the old house is a queer place, all said and done. The cliff's full of cellars, as the story goes, and the late Mr. Garth was fond of port wine, particularly fond of it. This one's fancy seems to be old brandy. If a poor fisherman comes over from France with a bottle or two, or a keg, maybe, in his cuddy, it's natural he should look to the gentleman of the district? I do hear that Mr. Garth has done a wonderful trade in brandy these five year or more."

"His brother being an Exciseman, and he a magistrate! It is lucky we live in a free country, Courvoisier."

Courvoisier shook his head.

"Not so free, begging your pardon, sir. The new officer is a teetotaler, they tell me, and no gentleman. We have all our troubles, and I suppose Mr. Garth has his. They say down in the village that the writ's out against him. I do hope it isn't true, sir, I do, indeed. There is no such brandy anywhere hereabouts, as the best judges say."

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"And the vendor on his way to prison? Is that what you mean, Courvoisier?"

The valet protested in his humble way against a conclusion so unpleasant.

"Indeed, sir, I hope not. Mr. Garth is a wild gentleman, but I should be very sorry to see misfortune overtake him. And the young lady, too, Miss Beryl—I would not have it happen for worlds!"

Dudley was silent at the mention of little Beryl. "Yes," he said to himself, "it is always the children who pay, in these cases, be they great or small. For the rest he gave little thought to the story. It was quite possible, he imagined, that many a keg of brandy came ashore duty free on that wild coast; but that a magistrate and a petty lord of the manor should use his house for systematic fraud upon the Excise, seemed to him a fabrication worthy of St. Vestall's. Rhoderick Garth would be clever enough to avoid the law. Little Beryl would remain in the bleak house on the hill, and he, Dudley—he would go, aye, who knew whither?

"A pretty scandal, upon my word, Courvoisier," he said at length. "Let's hope, with the nigger who heard about the Flood, that it isn't all true. You can bring me another story to-morrow morning; I am much interested."

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Dudley dressed for dinner at a quarter to eight, and at nine o'clock Courvoisier left him. Even here in this Cornish waste the old habits of civilisation were thus far respected. He lived in a cottage, but the fashion was that of Mayfair. Though he professed no longer to value money, money ministered daily to his comfort. Here, to-night, upon the table were candlesticks of silver, and rare Venetian glass, and wine of historic vintage, and cigars which only a rich or a rash man might presume to smoke. He accepted these things as a matter of course, without reflecting upon the zeal and devotion which had provided them. He would have missed them had they not been there, but missed them uncomplainingly. And Courvoisier's was the ministering hand—so much went without saying. It was bad enough, the valet had said from the very beginning, to live a wild man's life; but exile was not a sufficient reason why the common necessaries should be denied them. And in Courvoisier's eyes the costliest brands, the very finest cigars constituted these necessities. He had a fine palate for these things himself, and his tastes were properly expensive. "If Mr. Hatton starves, I won't!" was his argument; and certainly he did not.

This far-seeing seneschal, indeed, ordered all things well in that band-box of a house. In attendance almost with the daylight, he did not quit the cottage until the last duty of the night had been performed. There upon the table would be the daily papers nicely cut; the fire blazed cheerily, a kettle hissed merrily on the hob; there were bottles and glasses on the dining-table. Thick curtains shut out the view of the distant sea and the bleak house on the hill. Lamps and candles made the little room as bright as day. No man could do more, Dudley would say sometimes; and yet Courvoisier had a good deal more to do. No sooner had he quitted the house on this particular evening, than he slammed the garden gate ostentatiously, and this being done he ran back to peer through that crevice of the window curtains he purposely had folded. For quite a long time he stood there, a still figure in the deep shadow of the night. Every act, every movement his master made could be seen by the patient servant. How much he would have given to know of what that silent man was thinking! Nevertheless, Dudley remained inscrutable. For an hour, at least, he neither moved in his chair nor looked once towards the window. When, in the end, he stood up and began to put out the candles one by one, and the firelight shone brightly upon his troubled face, Courvoisier started back and fled from the place as from a house accursed. "He's dreaming still," he said; "he's dreaming still. Well, let him dream! It's worth a fortune to me!"

Dudley, in truth, was dreaming, and his valet, it may be, was the one man in all the world who read those dreams aright. Here, in the silence of the night, when the curtains shut out the west wind's doleful blast, and men and cities were far away, and he thought that none watched him, and sea and moor and village were alike forgotten, he lived again through the feverish hours of his life's great tragedy. Nothing could shut that picture out, no force of will destroy it. From every flame of the ebbing fire, from every shadow of the room, the eyes looked out to his as though to question him. He wrestled, like one in an agony, for the truth he had lost; but the truth defied him. And the visions were about him always. They re-created the past, compelled him to live through it, stifled his cries, put an iron hand upon his heart. Resist them as he would, they carried him back to the evening of the

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day when Oliver Chaplin had warned him, and he had known that the end of his ambition was at hand—all wagered, all lost, in that lust of gold. Every detail of the terrible night thrust itself upon his awakened brain. He remembered how he had dined at his club, had returned to his home and had wished to speak to Hermione—the love which animated him, the sympathy he craved. And he had failed to win any response from her; she had closed the treasure of a woman's heart, and for him it was not to be opened. The moments of that scene recurred one by one, the pity of it, the end! He saw the woman he had loved lying dead before him. Once more he knelt and kissed the lips which never would answer him again. Once more he cried passionately, "Hermione! why do you not speak to me?" He recollected how that servants had come to the room, and he had heard whispered voices, and a figure had thrust itself between him and the dead. But none of these things was the truth. Why had she died? In what way had he contributed to her death? Might it even be that he was a murderer?

Dudley trembled at the thought; he crouched lower over the fire. The figure of his dead wife stood at his side; he tried to speak to her, but his lips could not utter the words. He touched her hand; it was cold as stone. But the eyes, which had no message for him in life, did not reproach him now that she was dead. He thought they looked down upon him with the love that he had known in the forgotten years. And he would have drawn the figure to him and pressed it close, so that Hermione might say, "You are not guilty"; but the spell was upon him, he could not cast it off. When, at last, with one supreme effort he recalled his reason and started up with a loud cry, the picture vanished as it had come. And the fire had burned itself to ashes then; the room was in darkness, the long night at its zenith.

CHAPTER X.

STRANGERS AT CASTLE GARTH.

DUDLEY was stiff and cramped in every limb when he awoke, and his first thought was of bed and sleep. Usually these dreams left him weak and unstrung, and his experience upon this February night did not prove the exception. His hand trembled when he groped for the candle, and he struck several matches unavailingly before he could get a light. Dreams such as his were potent in their continuing impressions; and even when the candle was lighted and he had peered into every corner of the room, the idea still remained to him that he was not alone. The figure of his sleep hovered about him. Nervous and troubled, he imagined that he could feel a cold breath on his cheek, and the velvet-like touch of an unseen hand upon his own. This hallucination he conquered with difficulty, and was about to quit the room, when some sound from the still world without arrested him, and he became aware that a horse was being galloped upon the cliff road to the north, and that the rider, whoever he might be, must pass the cottage gate. Such an event at such an hour was rare enough in that bleak place. Dudley remembered what Beryl had told him of trouble in her house, and of her father's journey to Bodmin; and, wondering if the horseman were in any way connected with it, he slipped on his fur coat and went out to the garden.

A bitter blast of the night slammed the door behind him and extinguished the candle he had lighted. He could hear the thud of hoofs upon the road very clearly now, and they approached him rapidly. But this was not the most surprising thing; for when he looked over to the headland he saw lights in the windows of Garth's house, and, more wonderful still, the lanterns of some big ship upon the sea. From this, anon, a searchlight flashed out, and, showing all the heights, the great cliff and the waves breaking in the bay, the stony moor and the sleeping grassland, it fell upon the figure of the galloping horseman and made it plain that others pursued him. Dudley knew in a moment, then, that Rhoderick Garth had not been to Bodmin, and that here was the story of his trouble. The man was riding for his liberty, and could he but gain the crest of the ridge and strike the shelving country behind it, he might yet go free. Dudley had seen no race so pretty since he left Cambridge. After all, he remembered that men do not suffer great things for defrauding the Excise. He wished heartily that the fugitive might escape.

Rhoderick Garth's horse was sweating heavily when he came up to the cottage gate, and the man himself had the wild look of one who knows that discovery is at his heels. He wore a short seaman's jacket and farmer's breeches of cord; but the wind had robbed him of his hat, and his curly black hair tumbled like a woman's about his face. So

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powerful was the ship's light that the man and the horse had the appearance of a statue against the background of the hills.

"Is that you, Mr. Hatton? I thought I saw a light from down yonder. Well, I'm riding to Bodmin and may not be back for a day or two. Will you look after my little girl so long? Yon chaps are hunting me for a keg or two of good brandy. Time I make the moor, I'll lead them a dance, surely! Good-night to you, Mr. Hatton—you will not forget Beryl?"

His horse was champing and rearing while he spoke, and he did not wait for any answer. Behind him, in the hollow of the cliff, mounted police urged forward at all their speed. Dudley had lost sight of them as they went down; but now the searchlight showed him their peak caps rising on the crest, and he feared that Garth would be taken.

"Ride, man! hurry!" he said, "they are right on your heels!"

Garth laughed bitterly as he let the horse go again.

"Aye!" he said, "the brandy burn their throats! But I'll teach them yet, Mr. Hatton, I'll teach them yet! Good night, and good luck!"

He raised his whip, and his horse plunged forward at the gallop. Every acre of that ground was known to him, and he rode a perilous course where others would have fallen. The police, on their part, believed that he was already taken. They cantered by the cottage door as men sure of their prey.

"What's the matter, sergeant?" Hatton asked them, "what's the charge?"

The sergeant answered him over his shoulder—

"Murder, likely enough! That's the charge!"

Dudley turned up the collar of his heavy fur coat and leant against the railings, waiting for the end. He could see Rhoderick Garth at this time not more than fifty yards ahead of his pursuers. They appeared to gain upon him, and yet it was difficult to judge distance by such a light. At one moment he thought the man was taken; at another he said he was free. It was years now since he had been at a coursing match, but this wild ride recalled it to his memory. Here were quarry and dogs, just as they had been then; the shadows were the warren. Let Garth make them, and he was safe. But would he make them? No, his horse was down! Headlong, man and beast went rolling together. It was impossible to believe that the fugitive had yet a possibility of escape. Nevertheless, the impossible was realised. As the police drew up, their horses shied away from the prone figures; the sergeant was thrown, and before the other could bring his horse to obedience, Garth sprang up and was in the saddle again. He gained the ridge this time; the shadows hid both pursuers and pursued.

Dudley waited many minutes at the cottage gate, half believing that he would see the two return with their prisoner between them; but no one appeared, and presently, in groups of twos and threes, the villagers began to make their way toward Castle Garth. Changing "Good-night" with one or two of them, Dudley found his own curiosity provoked and set out himself to learn the truth of the affair. It was in his mind that the sergeant had merely spoken figuratively when he named "murder" as the charge. Rhoderick Garth's dealings with the fisherfolk had been discovered, perhaps, and were serious because of their extent. Dudley did not know what penalty might be imposed upon a man who smuggled brandy; but he could not believe that it was severe. His anxiety was for the child, awakened to such a lively story of the night. And Beryl would be expecting him. Indeed, she had been waiting for him a full hour or more, and he was but half way across the cliff road when she came running up to him, too breathless to tell her story.

"Oh! I knew—I knew you'd come! The house is full of men—and I was frightened! I do wish father were here! They say it is Mr. Thorpe, the Excise officer. I don't know—I ran away! Oh! what can it mean? what can it mean?"

She was a pitiful figure: dressed in a woman's cloak that was too big for her, and wearing no hat, so that her long, fair hair was caught up by the wind and wrapped about her neck like wheat about its sheaf. Her eyes were tearless; she did not complain. If it were impossible that she knew the moment of that night, nevertheless, the magnitude of her misfortunes was chiefly seen in her father's absence. "Why did he not come? would he ever come?

"He went away yesterday; but he must have come back! I heard a noise in the night, and oh!—and oh! there was such a bright light on the sea! And then they came up to me, and I heard father's voice, and I ran away to you. There's someone hurt at the house, and they've sent for the doctor. It wasn't father, for I saw his face.

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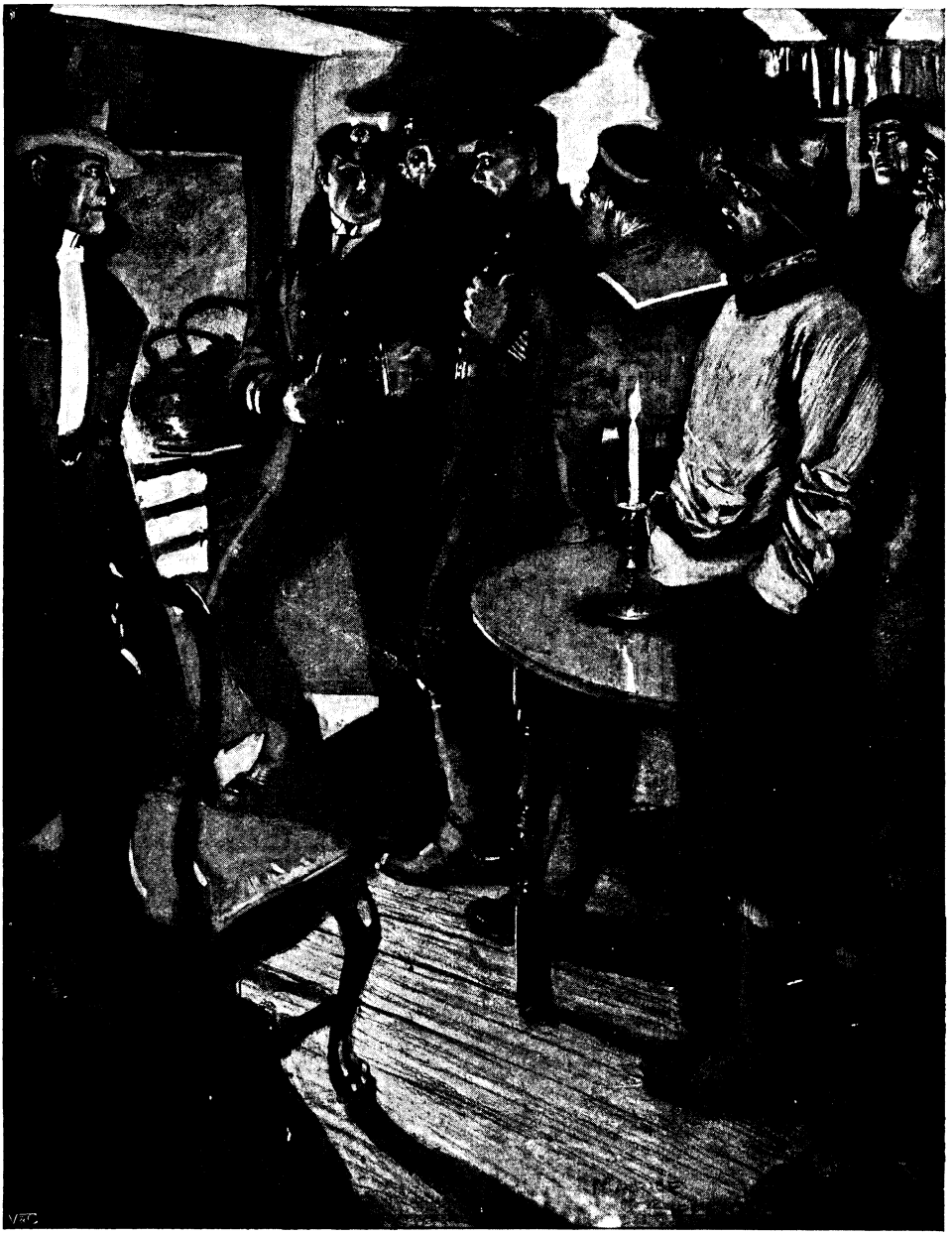

"He admitted that the prisoner had not been taken."

What shall we do? We can't go back there until father comes."

Her story seemed to make all things clear to Dudley, both the reason of the sergeant's words and of Garth's flight. There had been a quarrel, he imagined, at the Castle, and a man had been struck. Afraid of his own act, Garth had fled the scene; it might be, was already on his way to Bodmin Gaol. And if this were so, what tale should he tell to the child who asked with tearless eyes for a father she might never see again?

"We'll go down to the village, Beryl; that's what we'll do. You must sleep there to-night, and I shall come early in the morning. Here's old neighbour Yoxey, and he'll take you down to the inn. Don't cry about it, brave one, but just run away

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and sleep. I'll come first thing in the morning and try to bring you good news."

Beryl put her hand upon his arm gently. Her eyes were still tearless.

"You'll go away now," she said; "oh! I know—you must go away!"

Dudley laughed to cheer her.

"Yes," he said; "but I shall come back to-morrow!"

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A neighbour took the child from the scene, and Dudley hurried on to Castle Garth. He could see that there were several fishing-boats beneath the headland, and men rowed to and fro between them and the Revenue cruiser which had anchored in the shelter of the bay. A searchlight still played upon the face of the gaunt cliffs and illuminated the heights so clearly that every window, almost every stone, of Beryl's home was plainly visible. In the courtyard itself he found a group of chattering neighbours, with some of the Coastguard and Excisemen from Falmouth town. The villagers were not a little surprised to see the stranger amongst them, and they made way for him respectfully, each offering a version of the story—for those in charge to contradict. Dudley answered them with a brief word of thanks, and a smart young officer, recognising that he had not to do with anyone from the villages round about, bade him come to the kitchen fire and warm himself.

"I've been looking for the little girl," he said kindly; "but she ran away. I think we frightened her."

Dudley told him that Beryl had gone down to the inn, and then asked the graver question.

"What has happened? Why has Garth fled?"

"An ugly job, sir. The cellar downstairs is just about as full of brandy as a ship of rats! We came up here at the order of our people in Falmouth, and Garth turned on us. Jack Fowler, my mate, has got something which will last him a twelvemonth. He was knocked down with the butt end of a gun; lucky for Garth that his skull is thick! I don't suppose he's going to die, but the doctor will have trouble with him. It's a seven years' job for him that did it."

"They have caught him, then?" Dudley suggested. "He passed my cottage an hour ago at a gallop, and I saw there were officers at his heels. Yes, he must have been caught."

The man filled a pipe of tobacco and answered indifferently—

"We have not heard yet, sir. You see, they wouldn't tell us. He knows the country like a deer and may slip them in the darkness. But he'll never come back to this house, take my word for it. And what's to become of the child, ask that? Most people hereabouts are too poor to be able to do much for anyone. 'Tis the workhouse for the little girl, I imagine—and pretty soon, too!"

Dudley said nothing. Here in this Cornish wild he was learning day by day the value of those riches he had stored so fruitlessly. Poverty, want, suffering were about him on every side. And he could alter it with one stroke of the pen! Exile at least had taught him this. A man of his fortune could find a thousand such cases—could bring happiness into countless homes and be none the poorer for it. What, after all, was the meaning of that hoard for which he had ventured his leisure, his liberty—it might be his very reason? Figures in a bank-book, bundles of scrip, bonds, shares, the black boxes which locked up his investments. In how many an English house would a hundred pounds of that money be wealth beyond the dreams! And he, of all men, surely had the call to become the people's almoner! He determined that he would begin with Beryl Garth. He tried to imagine what would be the feelings of a child snatched from this gaunt life to be set in the midst of luxuries of which even her roving imagination could have taught her nothing. Yes, Beryl must go to London to-morrow. And he, himself? Was he justified in wrecking the fortune he had built up when, by fortune, happiness such as this might come into the world? Dudley said for the first time in his life that the ambition of riches might be justified.

"I think that I can find a home for the little girl," he said quietly, as he lighted a cigar at the blazing fire. "I must see Mr. Richardson, the vicar, in the morning and speak to him. He was a friend of Garth's, I think?"

"Yes, sir; and a wonderful shock it will be to him, I'm sure; not, I suppose, that he'll be sending his brandy back—that would be too much to expect, even from a clergyman! But he'll be extraordinary sorry to hear that Garth's taken—as I suppose he must be by yon noise."

He indicated with the stem of his pipe the courtyard outside, into which a horse

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came clattering over the stones. One of the sergeants had returned from the moorland—he whose horse had fallen; and he limped into the kitchen presently with a doleful tale. To all who asked of him news of the missing farmer, he answered irritably that they must learn patience. In the house, and by the kitchen fire, he admitted that the prisoner had not been taken.

"He be passed by us, surely, in the dark," was the confession. "'Tis like looking for a round stone in the shingle these moonless nights, but you'm be certain sure the daylight will show us something. And how's poor Jack Fowler doing?" he went on to ask. "'Twere odd that he should get a clout from Justice, seeing that he be here at Justice's bidding!"

He drew near to the fire, repeating this sententious reflection; and while someone helped him to Garth's brandy, and others, coastguards, farm-hands, and neighbours, crowded about the ingle, the company began to speak of the missing man's good-fellowship and of its astonishment at this night's work.

"He always were a neighbourly gentleman, that I do say!"

"And a shining light at Sessions, who'll deny it?"

"He'd never come it over a poor man that had a drop of cider in his vitals!"

"As reg'lar in church, time Sundays, as the parson himself!"

"And now, neighbours, you'm prepared to hear of the closing of this house."

"Aye, what's to become of the darter, Beryl Garth? That be what I'm asking."

"She's had no eddication to speak of, and her hands is not big enough for the milking-pail. She'll be going to London as a governey; 'twere wisdom, surely. What's the good of singing and playing on the pianner, if it's not to make a governey of her?"

The rest agreed. Castle Garth must find a new tenant. Many knew what they would do with the child in such a case; but none offered her a home.

* * * * *

Dudley did not quit this company of gossips until eight o'clock on the following morning. The second of the police-officers had returned then, no more successful than his fellow, and as doleful. He spoke of a lamed horse and of a dismal night of failure. "But all the countryside is wide awake," said he, "and there'll be many looking for Rhoderick Garth." Dudley imagined that these things would be known already in the village; and although his eyes were hungry for sleep, and the long hours of waiting had tired him, nevertheless he set out briskly for the "Blue Dragon," where Beryl slept. His interest in the petty affairs of this little world of fisherfolk seemed to him as remarkable as it was real. He found himself by turns excited, anxious, conscious of impending change. Was it possible that the course of his own destiny might be altered by this night's work? Would he enter again upon those activities he thought he had for ever abandoned? Would a child lead him out of the solitude to the old life and say, "Behold! it is new"? And if she did, would the shadow pass from him? He knew not what to believe. He went on wonderingly; and as he went he espied Beryl on the seashore waiting for him to come.

It was a sunny morning of a premature spring, and the sea lay spread out before him like a sheet of limpid silver. A shimmer of light quickened the fresh young grass; the air was biting as a draught of winter's strength. He had never seen the white cottages look so white, nor the beach give so many jewels of the sunshine. Indeed, the day invigorated him, and he began to feel that these months of rest were working some miracle at last. He could laugh now at Oliver Chaplin's threat. He crossed the grassland with a young man's stride.

"Beryl, what are you waiting for—why are you not at St. Vestall's?"

She had been lying on the sands by a still, clear pool which the tide had left; but she sprang up as he drew near and held out both her hands.

"I couldn't sleep—couldn't—couldn't!" she said. "Oh! where is my father? where have they taken him?"

He took her hand and set out towards the cottage.

"We will talk about that by and by, Beryl. I want to speak to you about something else. Let us go up to the cottage and get some breakfast."

She followed him with docility; but when they had gone up a little way, she stopped as upon an impulse and exclaimed—

"You are going away, then—oh! I know you are going away!"

"Why do you think that, Beryl?"

"I dreamed it. I saw your face in the water this morning. You were going away, and there was someone else with you."

"Someone else?"

"Yes, yes; she wore a white dress with gold on the shoulders, and diamonds like

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stars; and her black hair was all done up in bands, and——"

He stopped her with a low cry. The figure of which the child spoke was that of his dead wife, Hermione!

* * * * *

At twelve o'clock upon that very day the Rev. John Richardson, the vicar of the parish, received a cheque for a thousand guineas for the fisherfolk who lived about Black Head. At one o'clock Dudley sent a long telegram to James Macalister, instructing him what part the house of Hatton and Hatton should play in the coming financial crisis. Many hours had not passed before London knew that the master mind was at work again, and that the reign of its enemies was over.

(*To be continued.*)

IN SUMMER SHADE.
From a water colour by Hal Hurst.

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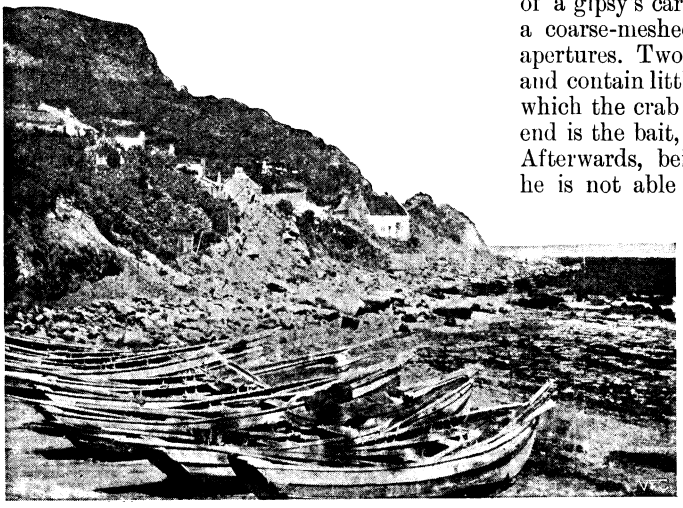
THE GENTLE ART OF CRAB-POTTING.

By Cutcliffe Hyne.*

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

JUST as the rat-trap of the land does not disdain to capture mice, ferrets, or eke the evasive rabbit, so the crab-pot of the sea also cheerfully imprisons all lobsters which come within its clutches, not to mention congers, starfish, jellyfish, and any other ocean wanderers which chance to visit its lure.

Rat-trap setting may be practised by the amateur with some modicum of success, especially if he has no objection to injuring his own domestic cat. But crab-potting is entirely a business for the professional.



A YORKSHIRE CRABBING PORT.

In the first case, the crab has no visible "runs" like the rat, but hides himself in the water coverts when he is of sufficient size to be commercially interesting. He gets his living amongst the weed jungles which grow on rocks which never dry even at lowest ebb tides. To know the whereabouts of these requires the accumulation of generations of local knowledge, which is carefully guarded and handed down from father to son. In the second case, a fleet of crab-pots is rather an expensive thing to purchase, and a very tedious affair to make. And in the third case, the fascination of handling live, active, angry crabs soon palls.

The crab-pot is quite a crude sort of affair. Noah may well have invented it, and it has remained without improvement from his day to ours. The floor is a rough oblong grating of wood, eighteen inches by twenty-nine, on which is lashed a rude sinker of iron kentledge. On this are arched hazel sticks, after the fashion of those which support the tilt of a gipsy's cart. Over the arched sticks is a coarse-meshed net, perforated with four apertures. Two of these apertures are round, and contain little tunnels, also of net, through which the crab enters. Opposite each tunnel end is the bait, which the crab stays to eat. Afterwards, being a very brainless creature, he is not able to rediscover the path of his ingress, and so scrawms about the floor of the pot in durance vile, till the human biped who has planned his capture hauls up the trap and annexes him. The two other apertures of the crab-pot's side are square, and covered by a flap of net. These are for putting in the bait and tying it in place, and for taking out the spoil when caught.

The crab-pot fishers generally work in pairs, owning one coble and two fleets of pots, which make up some sixty in all. Overhauling one fleet of pots per tide—that is, the two fleets per day—is quite sufficient work for a couple of fishermen. They have not the smallest difficulty in loafing away the remainder of their waking hours.

At the beginning of the season they set off with the pots piled high across the coble, as shown in one of our photographs, and, with the brown lugsail deep-reefed to clear them, sail off to the ground. The pots are all ranged, ready made fast to one long line—the pot-string—with some six to ten fathoms drift between each pot. This line has corks lashed on to it every four feet, so as to make it floaty and keep it from fouling

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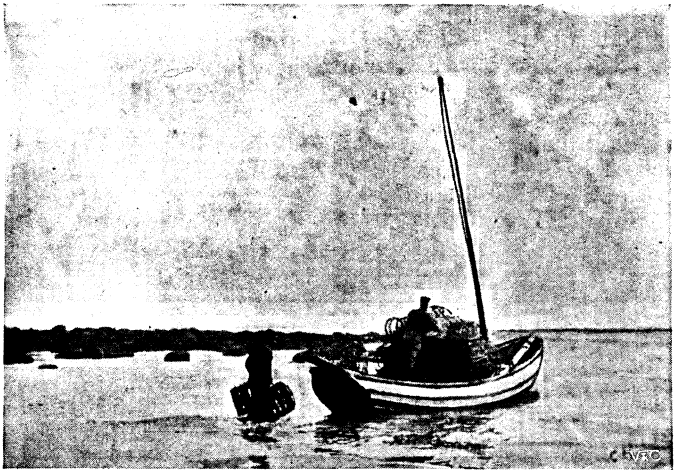
the bottom. And at either end of the line is a buoy, which marks the position of the pots beneath the water.

"Shooting" a fleet of pots—that is, launching them down to the sea floor—is a simple matter. One man rows the coble, and overboard goes the buoy and the first pot. The tethering cork-fringed line bobs



LOADING FOR THE GROUNDS.

out over the stern, and when it tautens, overboard goes pot number two, and so on. The business is light and easy. The only difficulty is with the man at the oars, who has to keep the coble moving in the right direction.

But "fishing"—that is, hauling up—a fleet of pots is a very different matter. The coble is usually plunging, the pots are heavy, and the line cuts the fingers. Once the pot is on board, the two flap doors have to be opened, the catch extracted, new bait lashed in position, and the flaps made fast again. All this requires manual skill. A big crab or a big lobster pulled straight up from the sea floor is a very different individual from those lethargic unfortunates one sees feebly clawing about on a fishmonger's slab. A good specimen of either family can nip off a thumb or a finger with gusto and ease, and as a consequence they have to be handled warily.

A box with a lid stands handy on the floor boards of the coble, and into this both lobsters and crabs are chucked higgledy-piggledy, though the lobsters, being of an extremely cannibalistic turn of mind, have their guns spiked—so to speak—by having their mischievous claws tied up with a piece of rope yarn, to prevent them from biting off the outlying limbs of their fellow prisoners.

It is not all the catch which finds its way into this lidded box. To begin with, there are at least half a dozen varieties of crab which are uneatable, and still get into the pots; and these are thrown into the sea whence they came, with what could hardly be called a prayer for their future welfare. And then occasionally a jellyfish gets foul of the pot or the line, and daubs everything with slime, which stings the fisherman like nettles on every part that it touches. Occasionally, too, a six-foot conger eel gets in, and stows

YORKSHIRE "COBLES" USED FOR CRABBING.

the whole of his unpleasant carcass away in some marvellous fashion. But he pays for his mistake. He is promptly cut up and used to bait the other pots. Conger makes even better bait than gurnet or haddock. Besides, taken under those circumstances, he is fresh, and the crab likes his fish meals fresh. He will not eat stale fish. That is kept to sell from the shops

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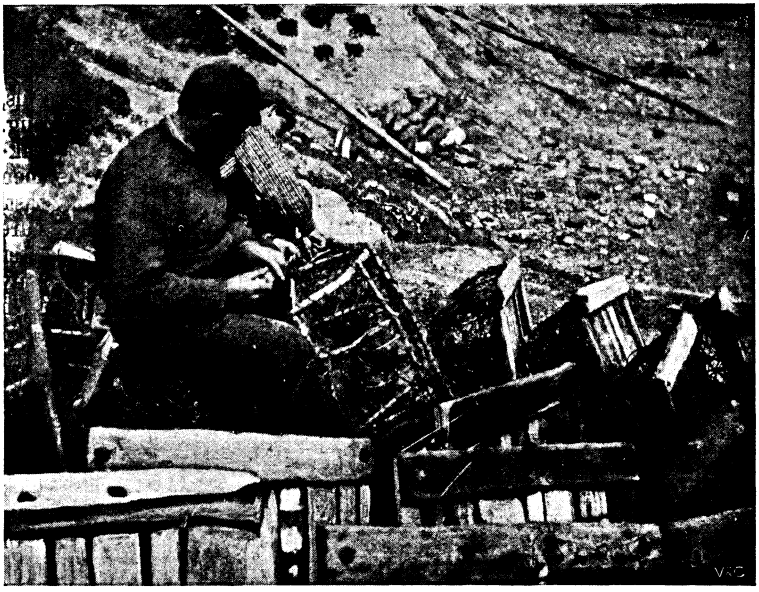
ashore, to ladies, especially those who are beginning housekeeping.

Thirty pots manipulated in this way count as sufficient work for one tide, and when they have been gone through, the coble mast-heads her brown lug, and away she races to shore with the spoil, to catch a train. The fleet of pots, once taken off, does not return to dry land again till, by scouring about on a rocky sea floor, they imperatively demand an overhaul. The frequency of this varies. With good weather a fleet can stay out an entire season. But, on the other hand, with one heavy gale the fishers may lose their entire stock of pots.

AT WORK ON THE POT-STRING.



MENDING CRAB-POTS.

The cobles race "in fer t'sod" at the best of their speed; near the beach, and run down sail; unship their long, deep rudders, and get out oars; turn round, and back in stern first. The high-booted men step over the side and draw them up, and the lidded box of mixed shellfish is carried up on to the sand.

Their wives and agents are there to meet them with barrels to hold the catch. The lidded box is opened and its contents sorted. Lobsters, black and glistening, are packed separately, and the dull brown crabs by themselves; and on the top of them is placed a layer of sea-weed as a last earthly consolation before the end comes in the cauldron of the boiler.

There is plenty of demand for crabs and lobsters, and prices rule high for the retail purchaser. But the fishmonger takes a large share of the profits; the working outfit of the fisherman is costly and constantly needing repair, and his takes are precarious. Some days he may have half a boat-load of the armoured monsters; other days he overhauls a fleet of pots without getting a decent pair of nippers for his pains. No professional fisherman ever con-

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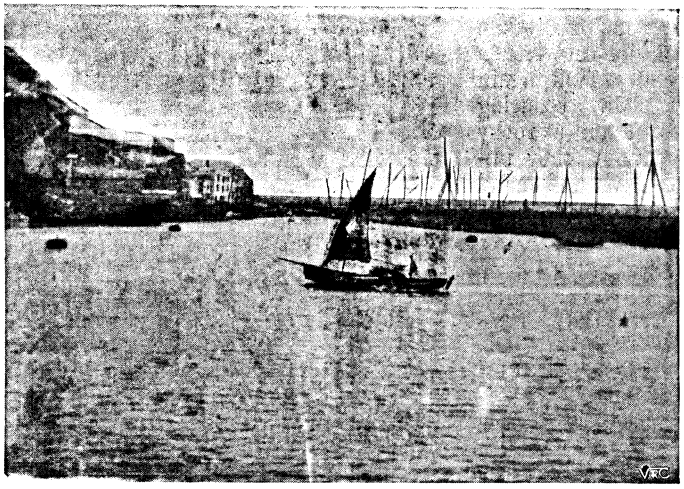
fesses his trade to be a good one, but the crab-potter has some reason for heartfelt abuse of his branch.

It is fortunate for the crabber that his work is carried on during the finest months of the year, as the close season for crabs and lobsters covers the winter months, and the shellfish are at liberty to fatten themselves as much as possible for the return of the enemy in due season. In the worst months of the year the hunter has no occasion to put to sea in his coble or boat for the purpose of attending to his traps, nor need he then have any misgivings as to the safety of his pots in case bad weather springs up.

It is the custom in some localities, as soon as the crabbing season is finished, to sell the pots and gear which have been used in order to secure the shellfish. These things are put up to auction, and at times go astonishingly cheap. A far-seeing fisherman who is a bit of a capitalist—and with him a five- or ten-pound note is a small fortune—will seize an opportunity like this to replenish or augment his stock of appliances, keeping them by him until the next season comes round. Then he is prepared to go straight to the grounds and begin operations, in which respect he has a very great advantage over the unfortunate fellow who has just managed to struggle through the winter on board a coaster, steam-trawler, or smack, and who, if he does manage to get hold of a coble, pots and gear, works practically the whole season under the burden of a mortgage, the necessary purchase-money having been advanced by someone else.



IN FROM THE CRABBING GROUNDS.

COMING FROM THE CRABBING GROUNDS.

When neither crab nor lobster is to be had, the hunter must needs find other fields of labour, for, like most of us, he must work for his living. As a rule—I am now speaking particularly of the men on the Yorkshire coast, where crabs and lobsters are probably found in greater abundance than on any other part of the English coast—the crabber will spend the winter months on board of some fishing-craft or coasting-vessel, if he is fortunate enough to be able to get a berth; but frequently he must of necessity kick his heels on the beach, the competition for any position on board of such a vessel being intensely keen.

It is very difficult to form anything like a correct estimate of the earnings of the crab-hunter. In no other calling is the element of chance more marked than in this. I was talking with a man recently who, in the course of two or three nights, had a run of luck which meant for him quite a little fortune. He and his partner came from

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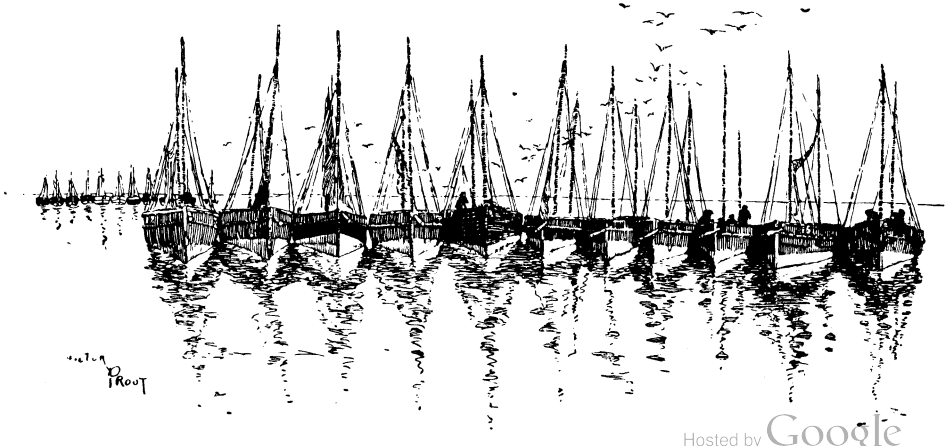
the grounds with more than five pounds' worth of crabs as the result of one haul. On the next visit the pair were even more fortunate, for this time the value of the catch, after deducting the auctioneer's and other charges, was more than six pounds. And so it happened for a third time. But my informant had another story to tell to set parallel to this, and that was that at one time they sailed to and from the crabbing grounds daily for two entire months without making a profit of a single penny. Generally speaking, it may be taken that the crab-hunter, year in and year out, makes just enough to live decently in the modest station of life to which, in his simple belief, it has pleased Providence to call him.

There is one very interesting circumstance in connection with the crabbing on the Yorkshire coast which cannot fail to be of universal interest, inasmuch as it relates to the food aspect of the matter. This is, that the cooking of the crab differs materially from the method which is adopted on some other parts of the coast. It is the practice in certain districts to place the crabs in cold water and then heat it to boiling point, the unfortunate creatures being by that means slowly done to death. The recommendation of this system is understood to be that it enables the utmost delicacy of taste to be retained in the crab for the subsequent enjoyment of the consumer. The Yorkshire crabs are more fortunate than this in their departure from the world. They are taken from the salt water and put into cold fresh water, a change which has the singular effect of drowning them. When life is extinct the crabs are put into boiling water, and when sufficiently cooked are withdrawn and despatched immediately to the various markets.

CRABS BARRELLED FOR MARKET.

I may revert to one other point of interest—the bait. A crab is like an invalid—he must be tempted; and he will scorn anything that is not of the best. Wherefore it is necessary for the fisherman to get the best bait obtainable, and it sometimes happens that his bait will cost him more than he realises by the sale of an entire catch.

On the whole, I can give a personal guarantee that it is far pleasanter to eat crabs and lobsters than to go catching them.



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Mr and Mrs Ranger

by W. Pett Ridge

With Misfortune intervening

"WIPE your boots well," commanded Mrs. Ranger insistently from the kitchen, "bring your overcoat through to the scullery, 'ang up your hat, and walk quiet."

A large, mild-looking man, with his face set in a frame of light whiskers, came obediently on tip-toe through the passage. Mrs. Ranger, looking up from her desperate work of ironing, frowned at her husband.

"Ah!" she said bitterly, as she took a fresh iron from the fire and placed it perilously near to her plump cheek to test its warmth, "I see what you want to do. You want to wake up baby."

"I can't altogether say," replied Mr. Ranger, with the cautious air of one anxious not to irritate by direct contradiction, "as I do."

"Oh, yes, you do," she declared emphatically; "and don't you go hinting that I'm a story-teller the moment you put foot inside the 'ouse." Mr. Ranger, in the scullery, sighed. "What's it you say?"

"Never said nothing," he replied soothingly.

"That's your low artfulness," retorted Mrs. Ranger. "If you were anything like a man, you'd answer a civil question when it was put to you."

She ironed hard for a few minutes, not feeling sure of her argumentative ground; but when Mr. Ranger, having washed his face at the sink, reappeared, she was again ready for the attack.

"What makes you 'ome so early to-night?" she demanded.

"Committee meeting didn't last long," explained her husband. "I'd got everything ready for 'em, and they'd only got to agree with it all."

"And the rest, I s'pose, are drinking away in public-'ouses like anything, and never giving a thought to their poor, 'ard-working wives at home."

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"Well, my dear," he said genially, from the fireplace, "they ain't 'usbands of yours."

"Don't throw that in my face, John," she said pathetically. "I know as well as you do that I could have made a better marriage than I did; but don't, don't——"

"What I mean to say is——"

"I know what you mean, John," she said tearfully, "but I don't think *you* ought to turn against me. It's bad enough when I go home on Sundays and take baby, to hear my sisters talk. 'Well, Emily,' they say, 'whatever you could see in the man beats me.'"

Mr. Ranger hummed a cheerful tune and opened the evening paper.

"I suppose I must have been off me 'ead," said Mrs. Ranger, as one anxious to find excuses for grievous error. "I can't account for it any other way." She turned a white garment, pressed heavily on the iron, and ran it up and down. "If you'd been good looking, I could have understood it."

Mr. Ranger laughed.

"I was never what you'd call a pretty man," he said jovially.

"If you'd had a pleasant manner about you," went on Mrs. Ranger, "that would have been something. As it is," here she touched her eyes with a corner of her apron, "as it is, I'm simply a laughin'-stock for one and all."

"I say, my dear," protested Mr. Ranger, "really!"

"Oh! a lot *you* care!" she cried fractiously, and applying herself again to her work. "I tell you, I'm getting pretty well tired of it. There's only one good thing about it," she said, with gloomy hopefulness, "it can't last after I'm dead and gone."

"Shall I read to you?" asked Mr. Ranger submissively, after a pause.

Mr. Ranger selected a column in the back page of his evening paper, a column in which unexpected aphorisms had for next-door neighbours a cookery recipe or a hint on fashions.

"'It is stated,'" read out Mr. Ranger, "'that black velvet will be all the rage during the ensuing season; it will not, however, be worn by—by *débutantes*.'"

"By what?"

"By—by *débutantes*," repeated Mr. Ranger doubtfully.

"Don't you dare refer to such creatures!" ordered Mrs. Ranger solemnly, and Mr. Ranger proceeded, in a chastened tone—

"'An old Oriental saying is to the effect that a wife and her husband should meet but once.'"

"There's something in that."

"'If all the hairpins that are lost in London during a year were placed on end, they would reach part of the way to the North Pole.'"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Ranger, now genuinely interested. "Is that a fact, John?"

"It's in the paper."

"Wonder where they pick up such things."

"'A useful sideboard,'" read on Mr. Ranger, greatly encouraged, "'may be made by procuring three old orange boxes, staining them the colour of mahogany——'"

"Your mother never said anything more about that chest of drawers of hers," said Mrs. Ranger, reminded of one of her numerous grievances. "That's your family all over."

"Understanding was," he remarked gently, "that you should have 'em when she was gone."

"She don't show much signs of going."

"I'm very glad," said Mr. Ranger slowly, "to say that she don't."

"Oh!" wailed Mrs. Ranger desolately, giving up work and subsiding into a chair, "oh! that it should have come to this. To have a 'usband who sets himself amongst your enemies, who snaps your head off directly you open your mouth, who hates the very ground you walk on!"

"My dear! my dear!" he protested.

"Don't speak to me, you—you—I don't know what to call you. You don't know how to treat a good wife, you don't."

"But I only——"

"John," she said, with forced calm, "I can't trust meself to talk to you. Go straight to bed at once, before I lose me temper."

This, it is to be observed, was no special occasion in the Ranger household, but merely the usual evening performance. Mr. Ranger, out at six in the morning to the works in Camden Town, and away all day, was engaged sometimes in the evening with business concerning the benevolent society of which he was secretary, and the pent-up conversation of his wife—who declined to mix with her neighbours in Charles Street—found itself culminating by the time he reached home, and was thereupon poured down on his patient head as hot lava from a volcano. This had lasted now for a year or two, but although experience had dulled the first feeling of resentment, Mr. Ranger was still far from the point where enjoyment is

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situated, and the almost certain knowledge that he would be met by upbraidings made him a quiet, reticent man during the day, so that one or two of his colleagues began to doubt him, suspecting secret mismanagement of the society's funds, the only thing in their opinion likely to make a man thoughtful and reserved. The habit of nagging should have been checked in Mrs. Ranger at the start; this remedy had been neglected, and she now comported herself, with rare exceptions, as though she were the least happy of wives—this in spite of the small baby whose efforts to amuse on Sunday afternoons would sometimes conquer her, on which occasions the Ranger household found peace under the beneficent rule of the infant autocrat. When the baby relinquished his position, and retired to his bassinette, the normal condition of affairs was resumed. Once or twice to Mr. Ranger came the thought of flight to a distant land, but he pushed this aside; he did, however, leave home suddenly one Saturday evening on the excuse that he had heard disquieting news of his mother's health. He kissed the baby, and would have kissed his wife, but she, disappointed in her evening's exercise of words, dared him to do so, and he sighed and went out.

"'There's a warrant going to be taken out against Ranger.'"

Half an hour later two men called at the house in Charles Street. On Mrs. Ranger answering the door, they inquired in an important whisper whether Mr. Ranger was at home.

"Then he's got wind of it, Bill," said the first man, on receiving the answer.

"So long as he's got clear away," said Bill mysteriously, "*we* needn't grumble."

"We're friends of your 'usband's, ma'am," explained the first man.

"Pot-house friends, I suppose," retorted Mrs. Ranger.

"Not exactly," said the first man patiently. It seemed as though this type of wife was no stranger to him. "I wouldn't go so far as that. Can we step inside the passage for a moment?"

The two went in and closed the door.

"Anything you've got to say, say it sharp," requested Mrs. Ranger. "I've got work to do."

"To break it gently to you, ma'am," said Bill, "there's a warrant going to be taken out against Ranger for embezzling the funds of our society."

"Which of you is it that charges my husband with that?" demanded Mrs. Ranger.

"It isn't either of us," said the first man hastily. "It's a chap named Wilks, a man that personally I can't stand the sight of."

"He's too hasty, is Wilks," corroborated the other. "He runs past himself."

"Wilks got an idea into his head——"

"First one he ever had there."

"That your 'usband's accounts were all wrong, so he goes into them with one or two other equally woollen-'eaded members, and they report that everything's at sixes and sevens. They goes, therefore, to-morrow, they does, to the police court, swears black's white and white's no colour at all, and a warrant'll be issued. We hears of it, Bill and me——"

"I 'eard of it first," said Bill.

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"And we puts our 'eads together and we says, 'Let's give him the office,' we says. 'Let's give him a chance of getting away.' And here we are."

Mrs. Ranger turned up the little oil lamp with an unsteady hand.

"I'm much obliged to you," she said quietly. "I sha'n't forget your kindness."

The two men, who could take upbraidings with calm, showed confusion.

"Where's he gone to, ma'am?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," she said steadily.

The two resumed their hats, and one opened the door.

"You can count on us, ma'am, if he gets caught."

"But he sha'n't be caught," said Mrs. Ranger. And closed the door after them.

She ran upstairs and, as a first step, had a good cry, silently, because baby was asleep. Then she felt capable of seeing everything clearly. Ranger had probably not gone to his mother's—that announcement was part of the ruse—but there was a chance of finding him through that address, and hurrying to the telegraph office, she despatched a wire, ordering him on no account to return home. There remained other precautions to be taken. The man named Wilks had once paid some attentions to Mrs. Ranger's sister, but an economical habit of paying for nothing had prejudiced him in the eyes of the young lady, and his dismissal had incensed him against the family. To her sister Mrs. Ranger hurried by tram, and, the safety of the small boy at home urgently in her mind, hastily arranged a scheme with her young sister by which Mr. Wilks was to be asked to join a party on Monday, at ten o'clock in the morning, to go to Chingford. As to the question of expense, Mrs. Ranger gave her sister half a sovereign, and told her to convey with the invitation the fact that the trip would not cost Mr. Wilks anything: he would be unable to resist this, and Ranger would at least have another day to make himself secure. Returning home with all speed, she found that her boy, awaking in her absence, had roused the district with his appeals for the presence of a mother; that a neighbour had left her own children, who were ill, to soothe him.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ranger, in the awkward way of one unused to give this form of recognition. "I'll do as much for you some day. How're yours?"

"Not more than middlin'," said the neighbour dolefully; "what I hope is that it's nothing catchin'."

There was money in the Savings Bank, and all of this could be withdrawn in a day or two and placed somehow at her husband's disposal. This might enable him to get abroad somewhere. She and baby could follow later. Thinking out the details on Sunday, it suddenly occurred to her that she had considered no plan which necessitated their separation; that, despite all the bitter remarks she had made to him, she was now only anxious to see him safe and be with him again. Indeed, she reproached herself already for her unkindness. This, probably, had driven him into confusion with his accounts, and a desire—say—to back horses. It was always betting that ruined secretaries. On Monday morning she received a postcard from him.

"Shall not return just yet. Thanks for telegraph message. Love to baby and you.'

Mrs. Ranger was found, to her great confusion, in the act of kissing this card, when a knock at the wall from her neighbour signified that her presence was requested in the back garden.

"It's scarlet fever," said the neighbour, weeping, "and they've all got to go away."

"So sorry."

"I thought," sobbed the neighbour, "I thought I'd tell you, because—because, you see, I went in to see your little boy the other night——"

Mrs. Ranger flew away from her and closed and locked the scullery door. She ran upstairs with a confused fear of finding her baby in the last stages of illness, but that young gentleman, engaged in manœuvring a tin train, met her with cheerfulness, begging only that she would for just one moment assist him in his labours by acting as tunnel, a part that could be played by any adult prepared to go down on hands and knees. But slightly reassured by this, she undressed the baby, subjecting him to a close examination, which he, as one full of the responsibility and worry of conducting a railway, felt bound to resent. He was astonished out of powers of speech by finding himself at this hour of the morning placed in bed and evening prayers said over him with unusual fervour. Master Ranger began to have fears for the sanity of the world.

The economical Mr. Wilks had been caught by the bait thrown out by Mrs. Ranger's sister, and the two men who had called on Saturday night called again to inform her secretly that no application had been made

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at the court that morning. They were extremely anxious that Mrs. Ranger should on no account tell them where her husband was, so that they might, if occasion required it, swear an affidavit of ignorance without a blush. They also comforted her to some extent by informing her that there had been a "whip round" amongst the dissentient and anti-Wilks members, and that with the money thus obtained it was proposed to procure the services of an accountant of repute, gifted with an ability to tell good figures from bad. So far as Mrs. Ranger was herself concerned, it appeared to her not very material whether her husband were guilty or innocent; her duty was to help him. Despite her worries, she could not help recognising that she now felt towards him as she had done in the old days of courtship. He possessed her thoughts as he had not done since that time. One or two wives whose husbands belonged to the society, and to whom the information had been dutifully repeated, called during the day to offer condolence.

"They're all alike," said one wife at the doorway, disappointed at not being asked inside, where discussion could have lasted an hour or two with comfort. "The more you 'ear about them, the more convinced you get that there isn't a pin to choose between 'em."

"I mustn't detain you," remarked Mrs. Ranger politely.

"Me time's me own," said the caller lightly. "As I was saying, this world wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the 'usbands."

"I'm sorry you're in trouble," said Mrs. Ranger.

"I wasn't thinking of myself. I was thinking of you."

"Me?"

"Why, yes," said the astonished caller. "Everyone knows how he's treated you. I don't wonder you used to speak your mind pretty plain. Other people used to blame you, but I——"

"My good woman," said Mrs. Ranger impressively. "Listen to me. Me and my husband were always very fond of each other, and if we ever had any words, it was my fault."

"Think what you're saying," implored the other woman.

"It was my fault, and I don't care who knows it. He's always been the best of husbands to me, and when this little affair is explained——"

"That'll take a bit of doing."

"Good morning," said Mrs. Ranger shortly, "and thank you for calling."

"You'll never," promised the caller solemnly to the next lady whom she honoured with a visit, and to whom she repeated this conversation, "you'll never find me doing a kind action again."

The Rangers having been at one on

"He goes into them with one or two other equally woollen-'eaded members."

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the question of thrift, it appeared that the amount invested in the Savings Bank exceeded the amount which Mr. Wilks had announced as the total of the defalcations. Mr. Wilks, having slightly over-eaten of gratuitous food at the Epping picnic, was indisposed for a day or two, and in his continued absence progress in the matter of police court proceedings was stopped. Mrs. Ranger contrived an elaborate scheme whereby her husband could proceed from his mother's house to Milford Haven and take thence a steamer for America; she wrote to him briefly, giving these directions and ordering him on no account to reply, but to act instantly in accordance with her instructions. Master Ranger showed continuous interest in his railway business and, for a baby expected to sicken with a grievous complaint, exhibited considerable sprightliness, expressing now and again a keen anxiety to see his father, thus causing tears to come very near to his mother's eyes. She waited anxiously and without much hope for the accountant's report, and when news came that Mr. Wilks had recovered from his severe attack of indigestion, she braced herself for the worst. The ship by this time would have left South Wales, and she thought continuously of her husband making his lonely way to a strange land. A single knock that came to her door on Thursday evening made her leave the doctor, who had called to see the baby, and hurry downstairs.

"Mr. Ranger, to his intense astonishment, received a hug and a kiss."

"John!" she whispered affrightedly.

"I ought not to have called," admitted Mr. Ranger humbly.

"You should have been on your way to America," she cried, pulling him in and closing the door.

"You told me to go, I know."

"Then why didn't you go? Why are you here now?"

And the lamp being out in the passage, Mr. Ranger, to his intense astonishment, received a hug and a kiss.

"I say," said the surprised Mr. Ranger, "do you know who I am?"

"You're my dear husband," whispered Mrs. Ranger. "But they sha'n't catch you."

"Well," he said good-humouredly, "we *should* look a bit silly if they caught us like this. All the same, give us another kiss."

Another knock came, and Mrs. Ranger, pushing her husband into the front room, locked the door and, holding the key behind her, went to answer it.

"It's all right, Mrs. Ranger, ma'am," said the two men.

"That there Wilks," added one of them, "is nothing more nor less than a——" He refrained from a description.

"The accounts are not wrong, then?" cried Mrs. Ranger.

"Come out right to a penny."

"'Ere," said the voice of Mr. Ranger from

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the front room, "who's saying anything about accounts? Let me out!"

"There's been a little misunderstanding, old man," explained one of the men, as Mr. Ranger reappeared.

"I'll misunderstand you," he threatened, "if you suggest there's anything wrong with my accounts!"

"It was Wilks."

"Well," said Mr. Ranger, "I'll Wilks *him!* And as I guess from what you say that there's been a lot of trouble over it whilst I've been away attendin' to my old mother, I'll resign."

"But we're going to subscribe and give you a silver teapot."

Mr. Ranger wavered and looked at his wife. She replied with a glance of appeal.

"Very well, then," he said. "Under the circs, I agree. But, mind you, no more Wilksing."

When the deputation had returned thanks and withdrawn, and the doctor had assured them that Master Ranger had been much too artful to catch the dreaded epidemic, an idea suddenly occurred to Mr. Ranger.

"Let me see," he said thoughtfully, "did I have that second kiss or did I not?"

"I really forget, John," answered Mrs. Ranger demurely. "But as I owe you a good lot, perhaps I'd better——"

"Pay up," suggested Mr. Ranger.

A SEASIDE STUDY.

From a drawing by St. Clair Simmons.

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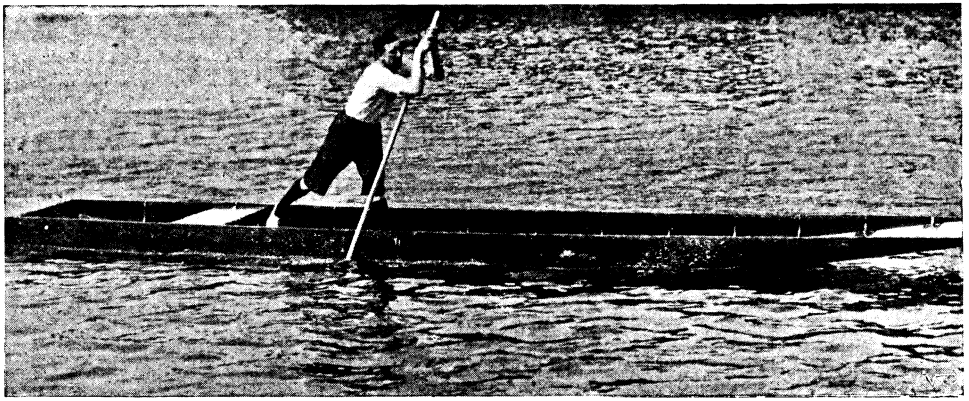

MR. J. H. SECKER.

PUNTING.

By JERRARD GRANT ALLEN.

IT is in the spring that the mind of the well-conducted river man lightly turns to thoughts of punting, pricking, sculling, canoeing. And at the outset it may be well to define the difference between the first of these. To punt is to propel a punt by putting the pole on the bottom of the river and walking from end to end of the craft—a coarse and unscientific method, though well adapted for the conveyance of heavy loads. To prick is, on the other hand, an art, and consists of standing in the stern of the punt and propelling it by means of a series of pushes. Ordinarily, however, the one verb, punt, is used for both these operations, and in this article we will follow the more general term.

At this time of year it may not be unseasonable to give a few hints in the art to the uninitiated. And first of all it is necessary to insist on that central fact which is the very essence of the pastime—namely, that a *punt, possessing no keel to hinder its revolutions, can be turned with extreme ease.* It is impossible to emphasise this too strongly, and only a wholesome fear of the editorial blue pencil prevents my writing this sentence over and over again. The novice will do well, in beginning, to select a light and not very long punt-pole—say twelve to fourteen feet—and, of course, the initial experiment should be made in some rather shallow water at a point where the river-bed is naturally gravelled. If such a bed can be found up a backwater, it will ensure both room and seclusion, without which the first lesson will be a trial rather than a pleasure. During the experimental period the learner will also be well advised in punting from the bow—the punt moving stern foremost. This will prevent cramping in the small space in the box at the stern, and also avoid drenching the stern cushions if they are left in the boat. A punt two feet nine inches in width is the best size in which to learn.

The next thing to acquire is position. Of course, one should be able to punt on either hand indiscriminately, but the ensuing directions are for punting on the left-hand side. Place the left toe in the sternmost "knee," and the right in the knee in front of it, and face the side. Put the pole in the water, grasping it as high up as possible, first with the left hand, bringing the left shoulder slightly forward, and as soon as the other can reach above it, with the right, the latter being on top; then throw the weight on the pole. When the hands come down to about the level of the chest, prolong the stroke by bending the left knee, taking care to keep the rest of the body quite straight, except the right knee, which may be slightly bent. At first the tendency will probably be to push the stern away from oneself, turning the bow of the punt to the left. If this happens, the hands should be put about a foot apart, and by simultaneously pushing with the right hand

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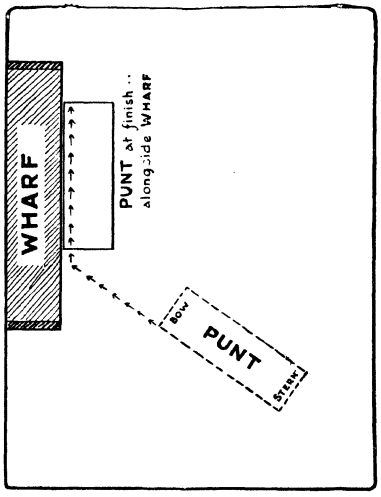
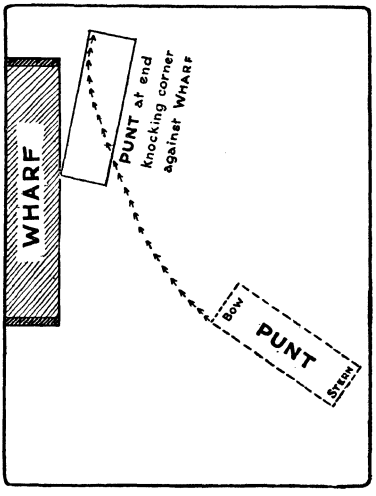
and pulling with the left, this deviation can be easily remedied. After a little practice the punt will keep a comparatively straight course, and any slight turn to either side from it can be remedied by using the pole as an oar before completing the stroke. This is best done by making the left hand the fulcrum of a lever, and pulling the top end of the pole with the right hand—towards oneself to turn the bow to the right, and *vice versâ*. During this stroke about three feet of pole should be beneath the surface of the water.

Having acquired the habit of propelling the craft correctly, it is necessary to learn how to put the pole in and out of the water without allowing any drippings to touch the boat or any of its occupants. In extracting the pole, first draw it for a short distance through the left hand, and then bring it up hand over hand, using the fingers only; then, gripping it in the left hand about three feet from the base, release the grip and, giving it an impetus with the right hand, let it run through the left until it touches the bottom. If during this manœuvre the hands be held well away from the body, with the fingers themselves below the hips, the water from the pole will be found to run harmlessly off into the river.

At first great difficulty will be experienced with the pole, which to the uninitiated always appears to be a clumsy and heavy weapon; but a few hours teach one to handle this automatically and halve the weight by a proper system of balancing. The advice which I myself always give to the novice is, *Remember that anything will turn a punt; never try to go fast; never try to take a heavy load; and never go out on a windy day.* All these things are important. Punting, though a very pleasant and graceful amusement, is not, and never can be, perfect as a method of locomotion, and a boat, which can be made the most luxurious of sofas, is better adapted for lounging, what time the overhead sun is too fierce for heavy exercise and the bee is droning on the river bank, than for use as a mere hack. As for going fast—well, the man who aims at this has no soul for the river, your true artist caring more for precision than speed. Precision, indeed, should be his Ebenezer, and he who attains speed and prizes of gold and silver is also the man who can spend hours on the water pottering and practising how he can best bring the punt up to a pier, never touching at any point till the whole craft strikes simultaneously, or endeavouring to make headway against the swiftly flowing stream of some half-flooded backwater. Punting is an art, not an exercise, and we do not place the pavement artist in front of the President of the Academy merely because he draws his pictures more quickly.



A SHARP TURN: THE RIGHT WAY TO BRING IN A PUNT RIGHT UP AGAINST WHARF.



A GRADUAL TURN: THE WRONG WAY TO BRING IN A PUNT, WITH STERN KNOCKING WHARF.

In bringing a punt up to a pier, never be precipitate in making the turn. Can I too often reiterate that the least thing will turn a keel-less boat? Go forward obliquely, and only when the bow is within three or four inches of the pier, make a sharp turn. The accompanying diagrams will show the right and wrong methods, with their results.

Of course, the novice should always begin by going down stream, so that the current does not tend to turn his craft; but after a while, when some proficiency has been attained, he will be wise to practise, first against the normal stream, and later against

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the swollen and rapid current of some mill-stream with open sluices.

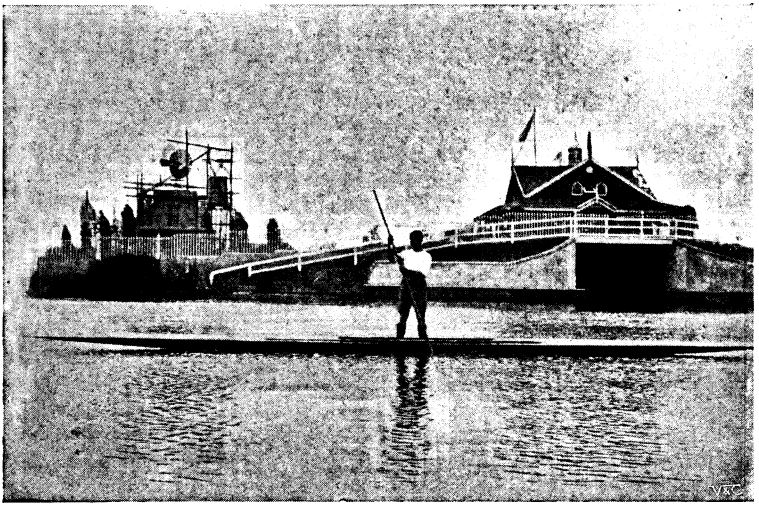
Without doubt it is this dependency upon winds and currents which constitutes the chief disadvantages of punting. In fairly still water and on a calm day one has more control over a punt than any other form of river vessel; but given strong currents or a heavy wind, and even the expert will find progress is only to be made by the most careful judgment.

MR. C. R. MULLINGS.

MR. C. R. MULLINGS IN A THAMES PUNTING CLUB 2-FT. PUNT.

but to return to the comparison with the artist, you simply put a pencil on paper and move it, to draw a picture. One of the banes of the puntist's life is mud. You are gliding along quietly and smoothly, your pole having come cleanly off the gravel bottom, when on a sudden your passengers feel a jerk and an unexpected halt, and you are clinging hard to your pole, which has stuck two feet deep in the muddy river-bed. The first experience

Of course, there are many other difficulties to be overcome, and a feature of the difficulties of the puntist is that they are so rarely appreciated by laymen. Nothing among river sports is more difficult to do than to punt well. "Why," I overheard at Henley, "anyone can punt; you simply put the pole in the water and push!" True



MR. C. R. MULLINGS AND THE BOATHOUSE USED AT THE THAMES PUNTING CLUB REGATTA.

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MR. C. R. MULLINGS, AMATEUR CHAMPION.

of this kind not infrequently means a ducking for the operator, for by some extraordinary freak in the fashioning of the human brain it is a twenty to one chance that, given these circumstances, the novice, with the punt floating from beneath his feet, will refuse to let go of the pole, and incontinently cling to it, occasionally even allowing his craft to slip away and leave him, a pathetic, if ridiculous object, on the pole, which, helped by his weight, slowly declines towards the water. When one comes to mud, the only thing to be done is to go very gently, giving the pole a twist with both hands at the end of the stroke, which will free it without difficulty. It is curious how local the mud is, and it is often possible to get away from it by merely crossing to the other side of the river.

Another, though less disconcerting, trouble is depth. This, of course, can almost always be eluded by keeping well to the bank; but occasionally, for some reason or another, it is impossible, for a time at least, to avoid the deep water. Of course, if the water actually comes over the pole, there is nothing for it but paddles, on the use of which I hope to speak later in this article. When, however, the water is merely inconveniently deep, thereby much reducing the length of the stroke, it is an excellent plan to turn the right hand, bringing the knuckles on top, when it gets to about two or three feet above the water. Many experts in punting argue that this shows want of style, but I have seen the stroke made use of by many faultless exponents, and have always found it both handy and graceful, though it should only be practised when there is real need of extra impetus.

Of things to avoid there is no end. Chief among them, perhaps, is the back-bending, or camel-stroke. Though beloved of the incompetent, this has nothing to recommend it, and is both ugly and tiring, causing the back to ache at the end of a very few minutes. It is important to take care that the whole body should be straight, but not rigid, with the exception, of course, of the knees, which, as has been already remarked, may be bent while making a stroke. Another ugly habit is that of allowing the hands to climb up the pole during the stroke, hand over hand. A more sure sign of the "water-booby" it is difficult to imagine. The action is ungainly, and the benefit, to the man who has learnt the proper use of the pole, non-existent. Do not contort the body when pricking, by twisting it round to look ahead. It is just as easy to turn the head, and one finds that, always hugging the bank, one seldom requires more than to glance at the bow of the boat. Moreover, in bringing the left shoulder forward at the beginning of the stroke, one has ample time to observe any immediate obstacles. When a degree of competence has been attained, the final choice of a pole must be a personal matter, upon which it is difficult to give advice. Personally, I go in entirely for such lightness as can be combined with perfect rigidity. A bamboo

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pole is an excellent tool if once one can get the knack of using it without wetting oneself, a task which the notches render somewhat difficult.

Punting is one of the few exercises which is of equal attraction to both sexes. Indeed, women are often the cleverest exponents of the art. At several of the summer regattas—notably Maidenhead and Cookham—by far the neatest work is that done by the weaker sex. At Cookham, indeed, I remember seeing a little girl, apparently about fifteen, boldly competing in the regatta, and only losing to Miss Lumly, then the lady champion of the Thames. But regattas are not the real criterion of punting. One sees the best and most graceful work done by people who seldom or never attempt to win a prize, but punt for the love of it. Any afternoon, for instance, the wet-bob at Bray may see Mr. R. B. Birnbaum—in my opinion one of the most skilled puntists of the day—out, often alone, in a slim racing punt, attaining, apparently without effort, a quite extraordinary speed, and skirting obstacles with the nicest precision. Or the visitor to Reading, who chances by land or water on the village of Sonning, may, perhaps, espy a well known lady puntist practising some difficult stroke up the surging waters of the mill-stream.

Photo by] [*Marsh, Maidenhead.*

MR. W. H. GRENFELL,

President of the Thames Punting Club; winner of Thames Amateur Championship, 1888-89-90; *who yearly presents a gold medal to winner of Professional Punting Championship.*

MR. P. W. SQUIRE,

Hon. Secretary of the Thames Punting Club.

And of such is the kingdom of punting—the man who punts for a prize, even if he be successful, is seldom the man who deserves one. Your true artist is he who will spend hour after hour negotiating an almost impossible stream, amply repaid by the thrill which goes through him at every obstacle overcome.

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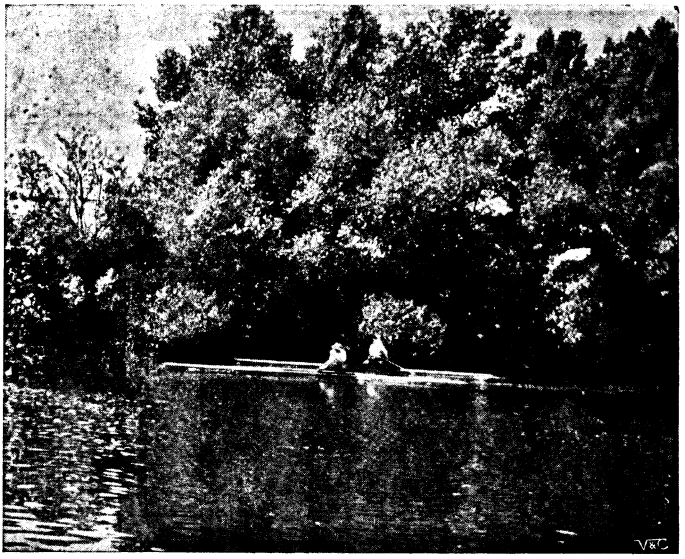
In conclusion, a word must be said about paddling. Always see that the paddles are in the punt before starting, and never leave the wharf without at least two. When using these, sit in the stern and (assuming that the paddling is on the left) grasp the paddle about half a foot above the blade with the left hand, and with the right cap the end.

Thus you use the paddle as a lever, the left hand acting as the fulcrum. Never take the paddle out of the water. When the stroke is finished, correct any bias towards the right by turning the wrists and gently pushing the flat blade away from you; then, cutting the water with it, bring the blade back to position for the next stroke.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. W. R. NICHOLSON,

Winner of Seniors' Race, Thames Punting Club Regatta, 1901.



MR. C. R. MULLINGS AND FRANK HARRIES (TRAINER) PRACTISING ON THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE.

The diagram will show the approximate direction in which the blade should travel.

In double paddling the two operators sit side by side, and it is well that the steering should be left entirely in the hands of the more skilful. The non-steerer should still feather the paddle back to position, taking care to keep time with his or her more expert companion, and, of course, never taking the blade out of the water.

Not the least of the advantages of punting lies in the fact that, depending infinitely more upon skill than mere brute strength,

MR. C. R. MULLINGS AND FRANK HARRIES.

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PUNTING ON THE THAMES.

From a drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.

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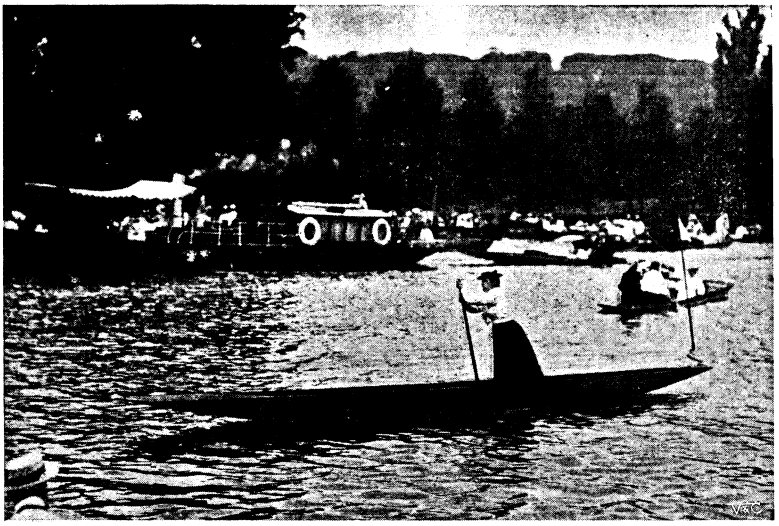
the punter does not find himself debarred from taking part in the pursuit at a comparatively early age—as is the case with so many sports. Of course, the actual champions are generally to be found among young men, but no one can be said to be past punting till they are also well past the prime of life in other respects.



MISS M. COLEMAN IN THE PUNTING COMPETITION AT COOKHAM REGATTA.

Of the social side of the recreation much might be written. It is a useful accomplishment to the young man who is always in demand for picnics and other river gaieties, while a punt is indubitably the most comfortable craft from which ladies may witness a regatta. The extreme ease with which it may be turned makes it a comparatively light task to avoid collision with other boats, while the small space required for propulsion renders it possible to make headway when it would be impracticable to do so with any other kind of boat.

Naturally, such few hints as can be compressed into a WINDSOR MAGAZINE article are by no means the whole art and science of the puntist, but it is to be hoped that they may be of use at least to beginners in an amusement which, without doubt, exercises an extraordinary fascination over young and old alike.

GETTING READY TO START FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

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A BORDER RAID.

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell and Gertrude E. Donaldson.

WHERE there is a broad line of demarcation between the territory of a conquering race and that of a sub-hostile native one, friction is apt to occur constantly, and the border fringe to become frayed and worn and irregular.

But at Sikander Khel, on the Tochi frontier, there had been a season of peace, of brooding calm that seemed to augur a placid subsidence of rebellious feelings and resignation to the rule of the almighty "Sahib." The autumn's spell of truce for the reaping of crops had come and gone; and the winter, with whose advent there might have been expected an outburst of petty warfare, was waning tranquilly without even a cattle raid to break its monotony.

"Things seem to have settled down lately," remarked Captain Helsdon tentatively, as he stepped from the stone watch-tower of the Fort; "the Waziris are turning over a new leaf. What do you think, Yusuf?"

The man whom he addressed, and who was scanning the distant Spin Kotal (White Pass) attentively, shook his head, saying nothing, as one whose knowledge is beyond speech. He was, perhaps by reason of this very reticence, considered the oracle of Sikander, and his words when he vouchsafed them carried weight and conviction; for what Yusuf did not know, was, in the eyes of his compatriots, not worth knowing.

"You think it is only on the surface?" pursued Captain Helsdon.

Yusuf's gesture of response was significant of many thoughts, and, turning, he walked slowly away.

"Something is up, then," said Captain Helsdon to himself in meditation. "I wonder what?" His mind dwelt on this problem all the time of his morning's duties, and was still occupied with it when in the afternoon he rode across the valley, with its terraced fields and fruit trees, towards an outlying fortified homestead which belonged to a native official in English pay.

So absorbed was he that he did not even notice the approach of another rider who was sauntering leisurely towards him over the rough ground which did duty for a road, until only a few yards lay between them.

Then, lifting his eyes with a start, he said, and there was delight as well as surprise in his tone, "Miss Mannering! Out here all alone?"

The girl, in whose beautiful, serene, grey eyes a touch of amusement lurked, answered quietly—

"I prefer it."

They had met by this time, and he was preparing to turn his horse's head on a level with hers, but now he hesitated, saying—

"Does that mean a dismissal?"

She laughed softly. "Oh, no; it only means a defence of Ronnie. He would look after me all day long if I would let him, but I am accustomed to freedom at home, and I claim it here."

"Still, I think he is right. At home it is different; here freedom may not always mean safety."

They were riding side by side, and Captain Helsdon was studying her face, and wondering why the heat of this northern station had not changed its exquisite fairness, nor robbed the pretty proud lips of their fresh rose colour.

"I should love an adventure," she replied. "I thought when Ronnie was ordered up here that we should have the chance of all sorts of delightful things; but the natives seem so tame and crushed. They never break out, Captain Helsdon. What is a raid like when you have one—if you ever do?"

"It is not very exciting, as a rule. A few men, about six or seven, sally forth in a primitive sort of way, taking their provisions for three or four days in skin bags, and attack the herdsmen, who are, of course, armed, carrying off the cattle and camels, and sometimes women also, whom they hold till a ransom is paid."

"They only want to steal, then?"

"Not always. Sometimes there are fights about land, rights of way, and toll, or about the water from the canals; and then there are blood feuds. The *mullahs* settle these generally."

"Who is that man?" she demanded suddenly. "I am always meeting him, and he looks at me in such a strange way."

Laurence Helsdon's glance followed the

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direction of hers and rested on Yusuf, who, leaning negligently with his back against a rock, still gazed with an air of self-communion in the direction of the Spin Kotal.

"That is a personage," he said, lowering his voice—"a quite unique character in his way. The man is a sort of lay-*mullah*, and acts as a medium between the priests and the people at times. They hold him in great respect about here, and he practically does what he likes. He is in and out of the Fort often, and has been known to give us useful information. But lately he is silent."

"And you want him to speak?"

"I should like to know what he is turning over in his mind."

"I shall try to persuade him. Ride on ahead, and wait for me round the spur of the hill; I will go slowly past him." Her face was alight with interest; to give Phrasie Mannering some difficult task to achieve was to make life worth living to her.

The loveliness of her face, with its delicate colouring, dainty contour, and expression of reflective calm, did not suggest certain qualities that she possessed—those of enterprise and courage being amongst the most dominant. It was this element of incongruity about her that constituted her chief charm; and to Captain Helsdon her unexpectedness, after the commonplace of Anglo-Indian life, had come as a refreshing and piquant attraction.

His first impression that she was just a pretty ordinary girl, to whom as a sister of his subaltern a little civility was due, had gradually given place to a different feeling, which he believed to be only a state of mild wonderment as to what she would do next. He obeyed her directions, though sceptical as to their result, and riding on was lost to sight round the bend of the hill path.

Phrasie slackened her horse's pace to a walk and, dawdling past Yusuf, stooped to examine her stirrup as though something had gone wrong with it.

But Yusuf's gaze and thoughts, centred on the horizon, did not waver.

"Won't you help me?" she said in the vernacular of the district; for she had picked up some of the language even in her short sojourn there.

He came slowly to her side; looked at the stirrup, tested it, and was moving away again when she said petulantly, "People who are always looking at great things in the distance overlook the little things nearer home. Yet the little things are the most important."

The dark eyes dwelt for an instant on hers, and he said briefly, "True."

"I, for instance, may appear to be of small consideration; but a little matter may kindle a great fire. What if I ride alone through that pass you regard so fixedly?"

He was looking down as she spoke; when he looked up she saw that he understood her.

"Ride not alone anywhere," he said.

"But I ride alone always, everywhere," she answered.

Yusuf, however, merely salaamed and returned to his post by the rock.

"Well, did the Oracle speak?" asked Captain Helsdon, laughing, as she rode up to him.

"Yes."

"He did? What did he say?

"He warned me not to ride about alone."

"He was quite right. You will follow his advice, Miss Mannering; and you know it is against orders that a woman shall ride without escort outside the boundary of the Fort." His voice had a ring of anxious entreaty.

"Do I look like a person who follows advice—or obeys orders?" she asked in reply.

"You look——" he broke off in confusion. What had he been going to say? She looked to him the impersonation of all that was desirable in womanhood; rebellious brown hair breaking into unorthodox little turns and twists, like her temperament, and framing a white forehead; slate-coloured eyes in whose depths the long fringe of lashes made provoking reflections, a little straight nose, and a mutinous mouth and chin; in addition to these attractive details, a complete absence of self-consciousness that seemed to him as rare in a very pretty girl as it was delightful.

"Well," she said, smiling, "I look what I am, no doubt—very self-willed. Nell tells me so."

"By the bye," he answered, "how is your sister-in-law? This place does not suit her at all, does it?"

"Not a bit, poor dear! She has fever again. Ronnie is taking care of her, and I must go back and take his place. Good-bye, Captain Helsdon."

She flicked her horse smartly and rode away at a canter, leaving him with a sensation of disappointment. They had turned off the rough track into the wider and smoother Boundary Road, so she disappeared at a fair pace towards a long, low line of buildings forming the cantonments. These were the quarters of a regiment of Native Infantry and a Native Mountain Battery of Artillery,

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"She was lying in a hammock."

a civil officer or two, and the military officers in charge of the troops, with their belongings, of whom Ronald Mannering was one, with his wife and sister.

As Captain Helsdon watched Phrasie Mannering's slight figure vanishing out of sight, a sudden conviction flashed upon him —the conviction that this girl had become precious to him, too precious to be allowed to risk her safety outside the Fort. She must be prevented from taking these lonely rides, for it was no light risk that she ran; and if persistently rebellious, she must be compelled to obey. He would speak to her brother on the subject.

This resolution he carried out the same evening. It was after dinner, and he found the brother and sister seated in the small verandah of their bungalow, breathing a little fresh air before turning in for the night. After some light conversation Phrasie left them to go and see whether her sister-in-law were asleep and the *ayah* in attendance on her, and Captain Helsdon seized the opportunity to unburden his mind of what he had wanted to say.

"Mannering, one word seriously with you while your sister is not in the way. It's about these solitary rides of hers. They won't do. She must keep within bounds, for how can we expect the women not to break rules, if they know that the officer's lady continually disregards them? Can't you persuade your sister to see it from this point of view? You don't mind my urging the matter strongly, I am sure."

"Mind! very much the reverse. But what's a fellow to do with a perverse little witch like Phrasie? She's had her own way all her life—that's why she's here, for you and I know that Sikander Khel in the hot season is not the place for our womenfolk. I know it to my cost, with my poor wife constantly down with fever. But she would come, and so would Phrasie, though, if I had had my way, she would have been in a P. & O. steamer, half way home by this time."

"Heaven forbid!" muttered Captain Helsdon under his breath, adding aloud: "Well, exercise in the cool of the evening is, of course, essential to her. So, may I suggest that, when you can't leave Mrs. Mannering, you will let me do duty as escort? Just send me word, and I'll be on the spot without fail."

At this moment the conspirators were disturbed by Phrasie's return.

"Nell's awake, and she's better, and she

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wants you, Ronnie." Captain Helsdon stood up to say "Good-night," and with the touch of Phrasie's hand there came a look in his eyes which she had not seen before, a look which brought the vivid colour to her face as she turned hastily away.

He had nearly betrayed himself, but fortunately not quite; for had he done so, his services on escort duty might not have been accepted so readily as he wished.

Phrasie Mannering liked Captain Helsdon very much, but her liking for him was at that critical stage which, with a girl of moods and fancies, requires caution; for, if attacked prematurely, she may beat a hasty retreat, alarmed that her affections are about to be rushed, before she has even allowed herself to dream of the possibility of falling in love. Four times within the following week these two rode out together, mutually enjoying each other's companionship, whilst Helsdon was never tired of watching the wavy tendrils of hair dancing in the breeze above her forehead, and the varied play of emotion on the girl's face, as their topics of conversation turned from grave to gay.

Then came an afternoon when Nell Mannering, temporarily free from fever, was able to accompany her husband, and Phrasie, pleading laziness and a headache, stayed at home.

She was lying in a hammock in the verandah of her own room, and as she swung to and fro she could see the plain stretched out before her—away to where it skirted the mountains, high, inaccessible, save where a tiny speck marked the entrance to the Spin Kotal—for Phrasie, the Forbidden Land.

Now, as her eyes fell upon this spot, a sudden thought came to her. She would give anything just to ride a little way beyond the entrance to the pass, to see what lay beyond it, in those wild fastnesses, which no white man had been permitted to explore.

Why were Ronnie and Captain Helsdon so tiresome about her rides? She was not frightened; no one had ever said uncivil words to her outside the Fort, nor threatened her in any way.

Her arms were raised and formed a pillow for her wilful little head, which for a few moments she turned away from temptation, towards the wall. Then, slowly, it came round again; Eve-like, she looked and longed, and in a minute more she sprang to her feet.

The horses were out, but Ronnie's pony was in the stable.

She ran to the corner of the verandah and, calling to a *syce*, told him to saddle the pony immediately. The next instant, with fast-beating heart and mischievous delight, she was getting into her riding-habit, and a few moments later was cantering briskly over the Boundary Road and along the rough track where Captain Helsdon had met her just a week before.

Soon she had come to the end of the bridle-path, and was obliged to draw up and go carefully, for the country was rough, and all trace of a roadway had disappeared. But her animal was a hill pony and knew well how to pick its steps, so she trusted to its guidance, merely keeping its head towards the desired point. Once or twice she looked round, to see if by chance Captain Helsdon, who was on duty and therefore not likely to know of her exploit, were in pursuit of her. But the place seemed deserted; not a soul was to be seen, and with a sigh of relief she continued on her way. One man, however, leaning against the wall of the Fort and gazing across the valley, raised a hand to shade his eyes from the glare as he watched her riding away.

Meanwhile Phrasie was revelling in the thought of the effect her escapade would have. How angry Ronnie would be that his authority was defied! And how long Captain Helsdon's face would grow, with that disapproving glance which she had seen once or twice lately, and which she rather liked to provoke!

Presently she was beyond the cultivated patches of ground, and the stony hills frowned down upon her, throwing a darkening shadow across the intervening country between her and the mouth of the pass. But it neither quenched her spirit nor abated her expectation, and she rode on, undaunted.

Now she was at the threshold, and, with a little gasp of excitement, she turned the pony's head into the narrow gorge.

Not a sign, not a sound; a silence immense, a gloom inexpressible, with the great grey mountains rising on either side; and below, this atom of humanity and her small steed, whose hoofs, as they struck upon the solitude, seemed to send a thousand echoes ringing all around.

For the first time since she started, Phrasie experienced a slight feeling of apprehension. The loneliness, the vastness, the cruelty of these bare, rugged rocks towering above her, oppressed her with a sense of uneasiness, and she suddenly felt that she did not care to go on. Moreover, the daylight, which

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"Having tied her wrists and ankles."

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had seemed bright outside in the open, was quickly fading, and she began to fear that it was later than she had thought, and that darkness might overtake her unawares, for the sun sets without twilight in the Eastern world.

A little in front of her the pass took a sharp turn to the right. With rapidly diminishing courage Phrasie resolved to turn back when she reached this point, for the track there seemed wide enough for her to get her pony round more easily than in the narrower part.

But as she neared the place, without warning of any kind, there rose from behind the rocks some half-dozen figures, and with sudden terror she realised that she had fallen into a trap.

They were tall, dark, fierce-looking men, with brown faces and brawny limbs, clad in robes of blue and red; knives and pistols were stuck into their girdles, and they carried guns in their hands. They talked and gesticulated wildly as they ran towards her.

Her intuition told her that these were raiders, and that they would probably take her for a spy.

In another instant she was dragged from her pony, a cloth of some sort was flung over her face and head, she was lifted off her feet and borne along whither she could not tell, the rest of the party following behind, shouting and calling to one another. She cried out instinctively, "Help, Ronnie! save me!" though, with the hopelessness of despair, she knew he could not help her now.

These men of the hills can climb like goats, and she felt herself travelling at a great pace higher and higher, then down, and up again, for what seemed to her an eternity of time. She was taken along, her feet often above her head, her limbs frequently jerked and wrenched, though her captors did not appear to want to hurt her. At last, when she had almost ceased wondering how long this mode of progress would continue, they suddenly laid her down and uncovered her face, having first tied her wrists and ankles tightly together, thus making her a prisoner, and escape impossible. She sat up and looked round her. She believed that she was in a tent or enclosed place of some sort, for there was little air, though the atmosphere had become perceptibly colder. But it was too dark to see what were her surroundings, though the sound of voices told her that the raiders were not far off.

What did they mean to do with her? Would they kill her, or try to get ransom for her later? How frightened Nell would be at her absence! and Ronnie, how miserable! And Captain Helsdon—what would he think of her or what had become of her? If the pony had escaped, it would certainly go home to the stable; but if not—would they come to look for her? Would they, *could* they find her? Or would she be for ever an outcast among a strange people, in a strange land?

Phrasie was brave and strong-minded, but what she had gone through had shattered her nerves, and, seized with a cold shudder of terror, she burst into passionate tears.

Meanwhile Ronald Mannering and his wife had come in from their ride and, though somewhat surprised to find Phrasie out, took it for granted without inquiry that she had gone for a stroll within the cantonments. But when the dinner-gong sounded, and still she did not appear, Ronnie began to ask questions.

"Missie Sahib went out riding about two hours ago."

"Riding! What did she ride?"

"The Sahib's pony."

"My pony!" exclaimed Ronnie. "I never thought of that. This is one of her pranks again. I wonder what on earth has become of her? I only hope she has not come to grief."

"Ronnie, it's serious. You know what Captain Helsdon said before, and Phrasie is so reckless. Do go over to the mess-house and ask his advice."

Captain Helsdon was at dinner when Mannering hastily entered, and he saw by the expression of the latter's face that he was considerably perturbed.

A few words explained the situation, and Captain Helsdon rose from the table, accompanying him out of the room.

"I think I know where to find her. No doubt she has been caught by the darkness and lost her way, but I'll ride after her and bring her back. Go home to your wife, Mannering, and say she's not to worry. Your sister always had a fancy for exploring the Spin Kotal, and I would bet a fiver that's where she is."

He spoke lightly, but he looked grave; and as soon as Mannering had left him his anxiety was only too apparent in his face. His horse was ready as soon as he was, and he galloped off along the Boundary Road. Where the path branched off, a man stepped from behind the low stone wall, right into the pathway, obliging him to pull up with a jerk, and a hand was laid upon his bridle-rein.

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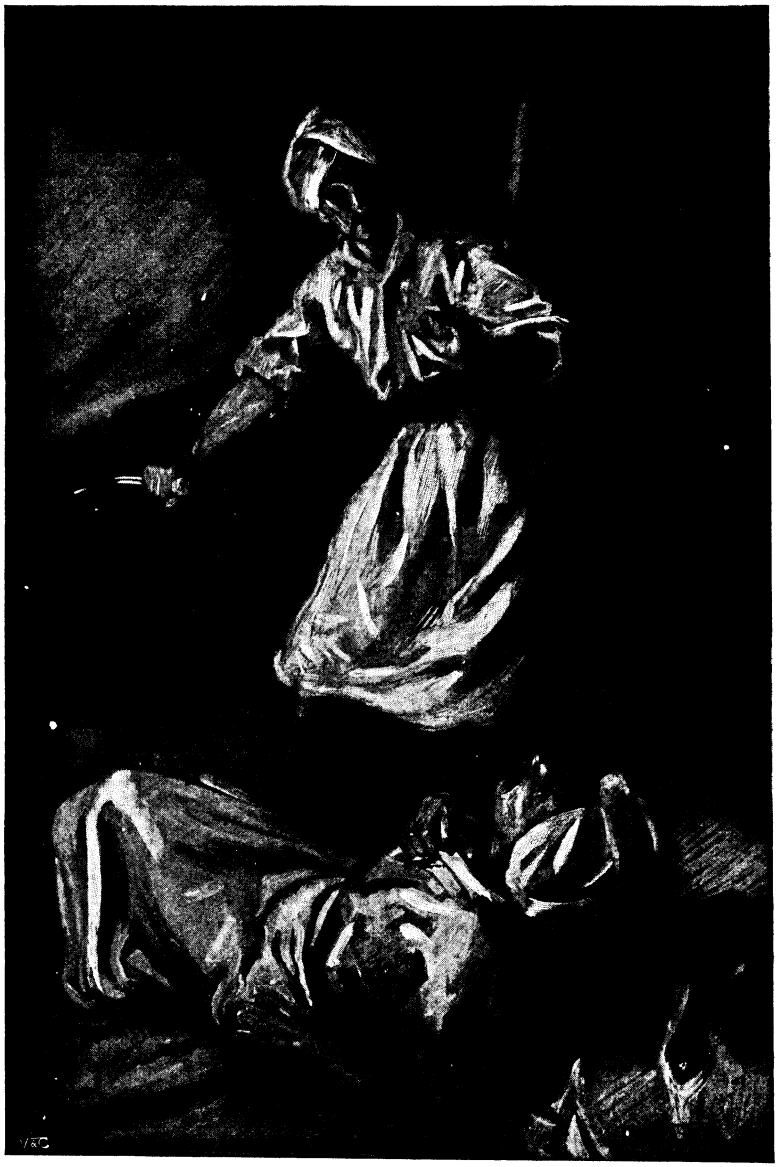

"'This night I have taken the life of the man.'"

"Who goes there?" he called, at the same time grasping his revolver, which, with due precaution, he had placed in his belt. Then, as he peered below the turban, trying to scan the countenance of the man who stopped him, a voice he recognised muttered a salaam.

"You, Yusuf! What have you to say to me? Be quick, for I am in a hurry."

"The Sahib seeks the lady who says one thing and thinks another."

"What do you mean? Of whom are you speaking? Tell me, Yusuf, for there's not a moment to be lost."

He tried to restrain his impatience, for it occurred to him that this man might help him.

"The Mem-Sahib said, 'Look not at great things in the distance,'" imperturbably continued Yusuf; "but she gazed at the mountains until they drew her to them. She is there," he added, with arm outstretched in the direction of the Spin Kotal.

"Is this true, Yusuf? Can you take me to her? Show me the way, I'll follow."

"The way is impossible for the Sahib; none but a Waziri may follow me there."

"Where? Do you mean that Miss Mannering is a prisoner? Let go my rein. Yusuf, if that be so, I must go back and turn out an escort immediately."

"Ride not back, Sahib, as you love your life. If you would save the lady, ride not back. The raid was planned for to-night, and I was waiting only for the sign to warn you. She has fallen into the hands of the raiders."

"To what end shall I go forward, if she has fallen into the hands of our enemies? Tell me, Yusuf, how can I, alone and unassisted, hope to rescue her?"

"The Sahib must trust me and I will do this thing. The words of the *mullah* have power. Listen. I will go forward, and the Sahib shall remain here until I bring tidings.

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If daylight breaks before I come again, then the Sahib shall call out his men and face the perils of the Spin Kotal. I have said." This was to indicate that Yusuf's last word on the subject had been spoken.

Laurence Helsdon paused and there was silence.

Was this man to be trusted? Hitherto he had proved himself loyal to the interests of the British Government, when mediating between the officials and the frontier tribes. But the ransom of an Englishwoman was another matter. Yusuf might have been bribed sufficiently to give the raiders time for carrying off their prize to such safe custody as would enable them securely to make their own terms. On the other hand, what could one man do against a band of armed hill-men? It was simply giving his life into their hands.

Yet the thought of Phrasie during the long hours of the night seemed more than he could endure. At last he spoke.

"So be it, Yusuf. This woman's blood be on your head; her honour is in your keeping, for, look you, her honour is my honour. You understand."

Yusuf gathered up his long cotton garment, tying it round his waist in preparation for running at high speed, then in a flash he disappeared into the surrounding gloom, and Helsdon was left, a solitary sentry, on the pathway. His first act was to ride back to the guard and send word to Mannering that he had news of his sister, who could not, however, be expected home before morning. They might trust him to bring her as soon as possible. Then he returned to where he had parted with Yusuf. How slowly the time crept by! Hour after hour, and still no sign of those he listened for. Every now and then he struck a match and glanced at his watch, as though by so doing he could keep the minutes from ticking on into that morn he so much dreaded. For he feared Yusuf would not return, though hoping against hope that every moment might bring him.

Occasionally the stillness was broken by the cry of a jackal, the bark of a pariah far away, or a night-bird's jarring note; but for this the silence was profound. The stars shone brightly, and at about one o'clock the moon rose, flooding the earth with its brilliance, as light as day. This enabled Helsdon to see a long way ahead of him, and the thought that he could watch more easily for the sign of Yusuf's approach cheered him a little.

Two more hours had passed by, and he was beginning to despair, when suddenly he discerned the outline of a form in the distance coming slowly and uncertainly towards him. It seemed to be that of a human being, but of a dwarfed or deformed shape, and Helsdon's spirits sank to zero, while he uttered an audible sigh.

But as the figure approached nearer and nearer, he was able to perceive more perfectly the nature of it.

It was a man—he could see the lower limbs moving as they neared him—and the man was bent almost double; he carried something across one shoulder on his back, evidently a heavy burden, for he stopped now and again to steady it when it slipped.

Was this an honest wayfarer, or was it a ruse of some treacherous enemy to get close to him and then put a bullet through his head? Helsdon drew out his revolver, on guard for a sudden attack.

The creature with his burden was close now, within hailing distance, and Helsdon called out in the native tongue, "Who goes there?"

No reply. The man came slowly on, and Helsdon could hear his heavy breathing as he toiled along.

With a shake of his rein Helsdon brought his horse forward to meet him; and as he came alongside, with a dexterous movement the man slipped the weight he carried off his back, and gently laying it on the ground raised his face to give the customary greeting to a stranger.

"Yusuf!"

"The damsel sleeps, Sahib; she has not known the perils of the way. Take her to her people."

Laurence Helsdon sprang from his horse and knelt down beside what appeared to be a long, thick bundle of white linen. But as he peered more closely he saw that a thin piece of muslin covered what was evidently a face, and on snatching this away the features of Phrasie were disclosed to view. The dark lashes fringed the white, cold cheeks, the lips were pale, the tiny curls of hair were dank and wisp-like; there was no sign of life.

"You scoundrel! you have killed her!"

Yusuf had stood by, watching the Sahib with grave contemplation. His black eyes flashed, and his lip took a scornful turn at Helsdon's exclamation.

"Sahib, listen. It is seven hours since we parted, and in that time I have travelled many miles. A Waziri is not a man until he has learnt to steal within the tent of his enemy and take his life. A *mullah* may make entry anywhere. This night I have taken

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the life of the man who guarded your white lady, and none shall know or hear of it until the sun has risen, when they awake and prepare to come and make terms for the ransom of the damsel. I found her spent and worn with weeping, and I knew that she would be safer during our journey if she slept. Therefore I gave her water to drink in which was mixed the powder that giveth sleep. Then I wrapped her in this grave cloth, so that if, peradventure, I should be met by the way, no one might see the garments of the damsel, which would have betrayed that she was European. She lies now in the trance that feigneth death; she is not dead, Sahib. Your servant is weary and would sleep. Salaam."

He turned on his heel to depart, but Helsdon stopped him.

"Stay, Yusuf; add yet one more service and help me lift the lady to my horse. Trust me, your night's work shall be rewarded later on."

"The damsel said, 'Look not on great things in the distance.' I am content to think this a small thing I have done. The honour of the Sahib was in my keeping, and it is safe."

These words he uttered while he helped Helsdon to place the unconscious Phrasie before him on the saddle; then he stood motionless, gazing after them as they rode away.

A few days later, Phrasie was lying on a couch in the morning-room. She was only just convalescent after a sharp attack of fever, brought on by the alarm and exposure to the night air. She was a very pale edition of her former self, and there was a strained expression about her eyes, not good to see, which told how serious the shock of her capture had been; but there were a new sweetness and gentleness in her face that made it more than usually attractive. An *ayah* came softly to the door.

"The Captain Sahib would speak with you. Will you see him?"

"Yes, certainly; let him come in."

The woman drew aside the bead curtains that framed the entrance to the room, and when Helsdon had passed she dropped them after him. He came quickly up to Phrasie, then paused, hesitating, for the formal words he had meant to speak died upon his lips. She held out her hand, raising two penitent grey eyes, filled with deprecatory tears, to his, and Helsdon dropped on one knee beside her as he clasped the hand in both his own, while she murmured—

"Don't scold me. Please forgive me. I will promise never to be disobedient any more."

Then the man's self-control gave way. "My darling! my darling! how I thank God to have you safe once more! It was a terrible time, for I love you so; I love you, dear, you know!"

She let him take her in his arms and kiss the tears away. Presently she said—

"I did not know how much you were to me until I thought I should never see you any more. It was so awful, in that tent with those wild people, cut off from you and Ronnie, and everyone, without hope of rescue. Is it true that Yusuf saved my life?"

"Quite true. I have wanted to tell him ever since how much we owe him, and to give him some token of gratitude; but he has not turned up since that night. It bothers me a little, for these Waziris are treacherous beggars, and if they find he played them false, no doubt they will make him pay the penalty."

"Oh, yes, he must be found. I cannot rest until I see him and thank him myself. It was so splendid of him. Do you know, I always felt as though Yusuf was to be linked in some way with my fate. I had a sort of presentiment of tragedy the first time I ever saw him."

"We will do all that he will let us do for him," said Helsdon. "I am having search made for him everywhere."

And then they drifted into lovers' talk of past uncertainty and future happiness. So it was dusk before Helsdon left the bungalow to return to his quarters for mess.

As he reached the top of the steps at his doorway, he stumbled over something which lay partly in the passage and partly inside his room, and, striking a match, bent down to see what it could be. The man that he sought lay there, so still that at first he thought him asleep, until the glint of metal caught his eye.

A long, sharp knife transfixed a paper, and passing through Yusuf's body, pinned it to the floor beneath, and on the paper were inscribed some characters which Captain Helsdon deciphered with a grip of anger and of sorrow tightening at his heart.

"*Thus shall all traitors bite the dust.*"

It was as Captain Helsdon feared. Yusuf's fidelity had brought its own reward, and Phrasie's girlish caprice had been paid for at a heavier price than she had imagined possible. So, in the midst of all her happiness, she wept many bitter tears over this cruel ending to her deliverer's life.

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"MOTHERS OF OUR KINGS TO BE." BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.

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THE WEASEL AND HIS FAMILY.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

G. H. STORER, F.Z.S.

BOLD and active, lithe and muscular as a snake, with something of the blood-thirsty disposition of his more powerful and detested relative the polecat, the weasel is generally looked upon with but little favour. Personally, I must confess, I have a sort of affection for the weasel. I never catch a glimpse of his slender little figure as he disappears beneath the sheltering roots of some old tree, or see his sharp, bright eyes peering down upon me from the hedgerow bank, without recalling to my mind a thousand pleasant recollections of the happiest of my schooldays, when, lessons over—perhaps in company with a friend or two with similar tastes to my own, but more generally alone—I wandered amongst the meadows and green lanes in search of natural history curiosities. On such expeditions as these it was that I first became acquainted with the weasel, for whether we walked in the fields, or by the hedgeside, his brown coat and white breast were generally to be seen rustling among the herbage. As often as not he would boldly cross the path before us, with the air, very droll in a creature of his diminutive size, of one who had studied the art of self-defence and was conscious of his power. Did we venture within the prescribed bounds of some wooded preserve, allured by the sight of an uncommon bird, the weasel proved our fellow-trespasser. Thus connected as it has always been with pleasant associations, the weasel is still dear to me.

THE WEASEL.

By the gamekeeper, and by some other persons, too, the weasel is very differently esteemed. Along with many other creatures, and some of them equally undeserving of the title, the keeper reckons the weasel "vermin," and as such untiringly slaughters it whenever he gets the chance. If you examine Velveteen's "museum," you will notice, on the tree-trunk or railing on which he displays his spoils, the attenuated, half-dried carcasses of so many unfortunate weasels, each suspended by means of a nail driven firmly through the centre of its flat little head, or by a string tied round its neck, whilst around are arranged, row upon row, the mortal remains of various crows, owls, hawks, a few stoats, a fitchet or two, and a number of cat's tails. Some of these animals, particularly the sanguinary fitchets and those cats which have deserted the domestic hearth for a life "'neath the greenwood tree," are doubtless exceedingly harmful to the game, and the keeper would be failing in his duty to his employer did he not destroy them whenever possible; but in the case of the weasel I think the animal is far more "sinned against than sinning." Now, I am not going to say that the weasel does not occasionally vary his diet with a little game when it comes in his way, yet he is usually content with much humbler fare. He is the ever-active enemy of that farmyard pest the brown rat, trailing it as pertinaciously as a bloodhound would his victim, following it through winding burrows and tortuous passages until he effects its capture. A full-grown rat is by no means a despicable antagonist, and a single bite from his powerful teeth would do great havoc on the body of so small an animal as the weasel. The latter, therefore,

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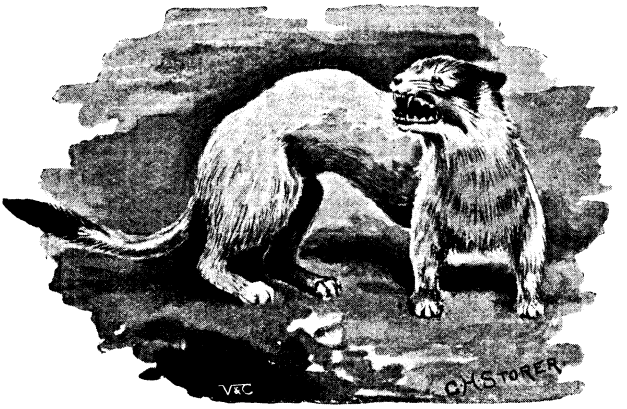
endeavours to attack from behind. He springs upon the neck of his prey, and, driving his sharp canines into the flesh behind the head, holds on like a bull-dog until his victim falls. Even the tiny mice

STOAT IN SUMMER COAT.

are not safe in their retreats. The long, vermiform body and short legs of the weasel allow him to pass readily along holes the mice have made, and numbers are tracked out and seized in their fastnesses. For this purpose he frequents the farmer's ricks and barns, and thus renders good service to the husbandman. Like the rest of his tribe, he appears to take delight in shedding blood, for he kills many more than he can devour, evidently finding pleasure in destruction. He also preys upon birds, which he captures with much address. I once saw a weasel seize a sparrow. It was in the summer, and a large haystack had been newly erected. Near the further end of this stack I heard a great number of sparrows disputing and fighting among themselves, as is their wont—for everyone knows what a quarrelsome bird the sparrow is—so I walked up softly to watch them, when I perceived, creeping stealthily along by the edge of the stack, a fine weasel, his eyes eagerly marking the combatants, whilst he moved noiselessly as an Indian, and, taking advantage of every whisk of hay and irregularity of the ground, carefully covered his approach. Suddenly he made a spring, the outermost of the sparrows was seized, the rest fled in clamorous confusion. As I hastened up, the weasel turned and hissed, showing his teeth, but immediately raising the bird in his mouth, he made for the hedge and disappeared into his burrow with his prey.

Rabbits sometimes fall a victim to the weasel's voracity, as will be seen from the following anecdotes; but their more destructive enemy is the weasel's larger relative, the stoat, who also successfully overcomes the fleet and timid hare.

For many years Kitty Malone was a well known character in the south of County Cavan. She was a widow, but hale and hearty, and whilst her son worked in the stables of his master, she attended to their garden, the frill of the neat little cap she always wore forming a sort of halo to her honest face, and her laughing grey eyes beaming a welcome to every comer. Kitty has now gone to her rest, but Paddy, her son, inherits his mother's frank, open expression and merry eyes, though he has not her ruddy complexion. One day Kitty was busy, as usual, digging potatoes for their midday meal, when she observed a rabbit bolt from the thicket of trees which bounded one side of the plot, and make towards the open, every now and then looking back fearfully at a weasel * who held on doggedly in pursuit. The rabbit had not gone many yards before it stopped and crouched upon the ground, when the weasel immediately mounted its neck and ended its life. Kitty now hastened forward, when the weasel straightway forsook his prey



STOAT IN PARTIAL "ERMINE" OR WINTER DRESS.

and returned to the cover whence he nad come. Whilst Kitty was still rejoicing at her good luck, out came another rabbit, and

* This animal was probably an Irish stoat, which is everywhere called "weasel" in Ireland. The true weasel is not found in Ireland.

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again did the weasel overtake and capture it. "My dear little fellow," says Kitty, addressing the weasel, "maybe you will fetch me another rabbit." Whereupon, as Kitty affirmed, a third rabbit was hunted out and despatched; but when she, growing selfish from her exceeding good fortune, and "axing pardon if she made too free with him," wished for another, saying that "surely such a clever fellow would never miss one to an old woman," the weasel left her and she never saw him more. Kitty reached home laden with her rabbits, and ever afterwards cherished a lively affection for the weasel tribe, to one of whom she had been indebted for a good dinner.

This is not the only instance that has come to my knowledge in which man has benefited from the work of the little hunter, for on another occasion a friend of mine carried home six fine rabbits, all taken by the unaided exertions of one and the same weasel.

A SWORN FOE TO "VERMIN."

In both of these cases the individual weasel referred to had evidently discovered a bury containing a family of rabbits, and its sanguinary disposition and love of destruction had urged it to hunt out and destroy every member of the colony on which it had intruded, to the ultimate benefit of a third party. It is a remarkable fact that when chased by a weasel, the rabbit seems to be fully aware that its burrow, which is the first place it makes for when pursued by a dog or by man, will be no refuge from its tiny foe, and accordingly always seeks the open. The weasel, with nose to the earth like a diminutive sleuth-hound, follows the trail. If speed alone decided the issue, the rabbit would often doubtless escape; but so afraid is it that it screams with terror, glances from side to side to mark its foe's approach, slackens its speed, finally stops, and silently awaits the death-blow of its relentless enemy. The weasel invariably opens the veins at the back of the head and retains its hold until it has drained the blood. In birds it prefers the brains, which I have noticed to be the case with many other carnivorous animals. Rats also regard brains in the light of a delicacy, as I found out whilst staying with a gamekeeper whose house was overrun at nights with them. I had shot several birds, which I intended to preserve the following day, and left them in the kitchen during the night, but next morning each had the back of the skull removed and the brains gone. Their bodies were scarcely touched elsewhere.

The weasel is exceedingly bold, and when met by man or dog will often dispute the passage with them. I was walking one afternoon with my dog "Scott," a collie pup

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of four months, when a half-grown weasel crossed the road before us. I endeavoured to capture it, and tried to make "Scott" assist. He, however, romped around the weasel, but did not attempt to seize it, whilst that animal, instead of making direct for the hedge, where it would have been in safety, backed slowly before the dog, sitting upon its haunches every now and then, and crossing its forefeet above its nose in a very impudent manner. Upon my making a more determined attempt to catch him, the little fellow went towards the hedge, but very deliberately, turning round to watch our motions at every step.

The most interesting instance of the audacity of the weasel I have ever heard was recently told to me. Two friends were out in Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, and whilst one of them went to examine some object of interest at a distance, the other lay down upon the grass to rest. This gentleman, it seems, had a sardine sandwich or two in his coat pocket, and presently he felt something evidently trying to force an entrance. He put out his hand quickly and found he had a weasel in his grasp. He threw the animal to some distance from him and lay down again. Within a few minutes the weasel was again struggling at his pocket. and not until he had repeatedly driven it away did the determined creature relinquish its designs upon the lunch.

The weasel is not slow to resent an injury, real or supposed, and many instances might be mentioned in which he has summoned others of his species to combine in resisting the intruder. On one occasion a man who sought to kill one with a stick was attacked by a colony of from fifteen to twenty, who rushed from beneath a rock on hearing the cry of their friend. The infuriated creatures sprang upon him, rending his hands with their sharp teeth and attempting to reach his throat. He was so fatigued with fighting them, and from the blood he had lost, that but for the timely appearance of another person, who routed the antagonists, the poor fellow would certainly have succumbed.

In the following narrative it would seem that the weasels combined to evict the unwitting trespasser upon their privacy.

In a wild portion of Westmorland dwelt, many years ago, "Old Biddy," an itinerant tea-dealer, who often travelled six or eight miles from home to visit her scattered customers. One day, Biddy, being near Shap Fells, and wearied with her long journey, had seated herself upon a heap of stones to rest, when she was attacked by a company of weasels, upon whose domain it appears the poor widow had unintentionally encroached. But Biddy shall tell the story herself, as it was narrated in the *Penny Magazine*, April 1st, 1837. It seems that she had scarcely taken her seat when a single weasel looked out from beneath a mossy stone and chattered at her with manifest displeasure. "I saw the thing was angry," related the old woman, "but I had often seen a vexed weasel before, and therefore thought but little about it. But presently a second, and a third, and a fourth made their appearance, all evincing evident tokens of displeasure. I had been looking at the two or three that grinned, and cherred, and chattered in a way I must confess I did not much admire, when, on looking in a contrary direction to the place where I had put down my bundle, I verily believe there were over a score chattering and tearing at the blue handkerchief. I think I should have let them have the tea quietly, although God knows I could have ill afforded to lose so much; but when I got up to go away, I believe another score, at the fewest, came running up right in front of me. Some of them were already within the reach of my walking-stick, so I struck at two or three of the nasty, impudent things, but in a minute four or five of them were scrambling up my clothes, and one or two got as high as my neck and shoulders. I now struck, and kicked, and punched, and screamed, and in truth I scarcely know what I did; and although I know that I killed and lamed a few of them, yet I sincerely believe they would have got the better of me at last if it had not pleased Providence so to direct it that a shepherd's dog, having been attracted to the place by the skirmish I was making, came to the top of a neighbouring bank and began to bark with all its might; and the instant the vermin heard the barking of the dog they all disappeared under the large stones, except, perhaps, some half-dozen that I had managed to discomfit. But I did not stay to count them, for, hastily snatching up my torn bundle, I ran faster than I remember to have done for many a long year; and I took good care in the future not to come near any more stone heaps." This, as nearly as possible, was the exact relation given by "Old Biddy" of her strange adventure with the weasels, and at the time when every circumstance was fresh in her memory, and before the bites and scratches upon her person had wholly disappeared.

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PHEASANTS ATTACKED BY A LARGE PINE-MARTEN (NOW NEARLY EXTINCT).

We have thus far seen only the black part of the weasel's character; let us now look at the other side of the picture. Strange as it may seem, this fierce and bloodthirsty little creature has been tamed and has proved a most affectionate and engaging pet. Strossi possessed one which became so dear to him that on its death he wrote a Latin elegy lamenting his loss. But by far the best account of a tame weasel is that given by Mademoiselle de Laistre, whose little pet was so docile that he drank from her hand, and made his mistress's chamber his place of residence. "During the day," says she, "it sleeps inside a quilt, entering by a place that is unsewed in its edge, which it accidentally discovered. At night I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty before I am up in the morning, after a thousand gambols it comes into my bed and reposes in my hand or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture and spend half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers and nibbling at them with its teeth like a little dog, leaping on my head and on my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard's distance, if I present them to it. It exhibits much adroitness and cunning to obtain any wished-for object, and is so capricious at times as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye during all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them, immediately desists,

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and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively that the moment I awake it, however sound its sleep may be, it instantly resumes its gambols with as much spirit as before it slept. It never is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it greatly detests, in which case it displays its displeasure by a kind of low murmur, quite opposed to the sound of its voice when pleased." The affection of this weasel for his mistress was such that he distinguished her voice "amid twenty others," and searched everyone in the room until he found her, when he evinced his delight in many graceful antics.

Almost equally common with the weasel, and even more abundant than that animal in Scotland, the stoat greatly resembles it in form, colour, and habits. It is, however, considerably larger, for whilst a full-grown male weasel will measure about eight inches, with a tail two inches in length, the male stoat will average ten and three-quarter inches, with a tail six and a half inches long. The female stoat is always very much smaller than her mate. One old male stoat which I measured in the flesh in September, 1892, was seventeen and a half inches from snout to tip of tail. The tail itself was six and a quarter inches, but the vertebræ only extended four and a half inches, so that the tuft of hair, which is so conspicuous a mark in the stoat, measured one and three-quarter inches. By this tuft at the end of the tail, which is black and gives to the tail a slightly clubbed appearance, the stoat may be always quickly distinguished from the weasel; in all other respects, except in size, the two creatures are very similar.

In the Midland counties of England the stoat seems to prefer woody situations, whilst the weasel frequents the open country, and on this account, I expect, the stoat suffers more at the hands of the gamekeeper, for I have noticed that the keepers' trees in our large woods have more dead stoats than weasels. In Scotland even the bare and stony tracks on the highest mountains are haunted by them.

Being larger and more powerful than the weasel, the stoat is most destructive amongst game and poultry, but it also preys largely on rats, and will even pursue water-rats in a river and kill them in their burrows beneath the bank. Rabbits are easily overcome and usually make no resistance whatever; but I once heard of a hare which, though frightened, bravely attempted to defend itself against its relentless enemy. The screams of the poor creature attracted the notice of my informant, who was at work in an adjoining field. On looking over the hedge he perceived the unfortunate hare endeavouring to keep off the attack of a stoat. Every time the stoat sprang forward the hare knocked him down with a blow from its fore-paw, and even whilst the observer watched, the determined creature made several unsuccessful attempts at the neck of the hare. On the man coming forward the stoat desisted and slunk away, but the hare was too exhausted to run with speed, and would certainly have fallen had the combat been continued much longer.

The stoat is remarkable for the change in colour which its fur undergoes, according to the season of the year. In the winter it becomes wholly of a creamy white, with the exception of the tip of its tail, which always remains black, and in more northern countries the stoat is then known as the costly and much-prized "ermine" of commerce. In Scotland this change is general in winter, especially in the Highlands, and on Ben Nevis the stoats are reported to retain throughout the year their white winter coat. In England, possibly owing to the milder climate, a perfectly white stoat is unusual, in most districts many individuals retaining in winter some vestige of their brown summer dress. The Irish stoat remains brown throughout the year, thus resembling the weasel, which is not known in Ireland; for white weasels, though they have occasionally occurred, are exceedingly rare. Many thousands of the skins of the ermine are annually brought to England from Norway, Russia, Siberia, and North America. I have found that sunlight has considerable effect on the colour of ermine fur, which, when freshly taken from the animal, is almost pure white. Exposure to sunlight soon converts it into a pale yellow, which fact on one occasion gave rise to a curious appearance in a stuffed ermine in my collection. The creature was partly covered up in a glazed case, and when it was taken out, the exposed part was straw yellow, whilst the other half of its body retained its original whiteness.

From their services in keeping in check the noxious tribes of rats and mice, the weasel and, in a less degree, the stoat may justly claim some consideration at the hands of man, their utility in this respect tending somewhat to counterbalance their many shortcomings; but their cousin the polecat has scarcely a single redeeming trait in its character. Its superior size, cunning, and bloodthirstiness render it a most unwelcome

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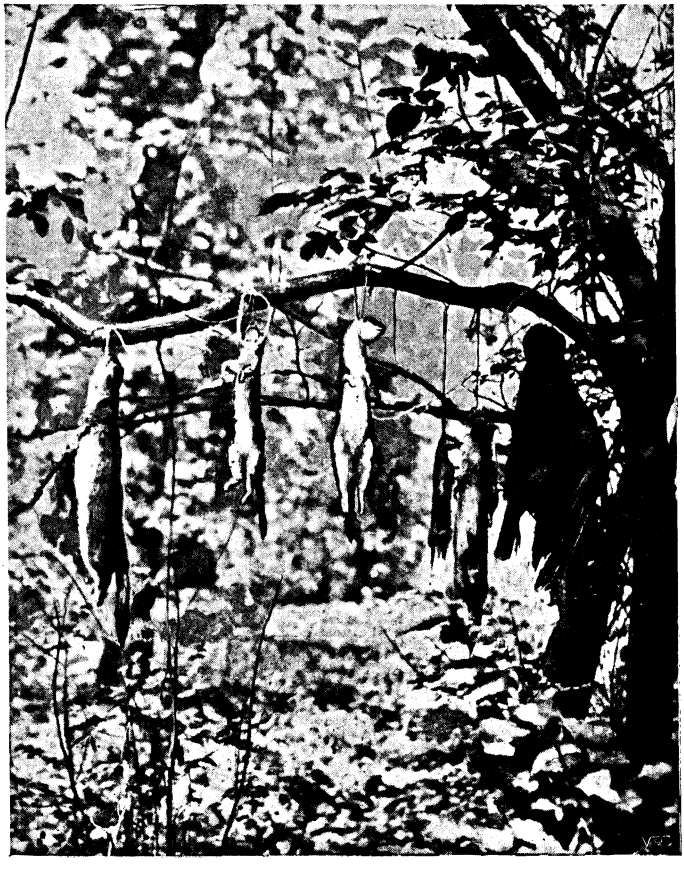
resident on a game preserve, where it will do as much damage as a fox, or perhaps even more; and alas for the man whose poultry-yard is visited by the sanguinary marauder, for few of the birds will it leave alive! Thus a single polecat is charged with having destroyed sixteen turkeys in one night, and on another occasion ten ducks were slain, and the little assassin, having glutted himself with their blood, lay up in the pen, from which he marched forth with the greatest coolness when the door was opened next morning. Like all his family, he is "game" to the last degree, and even if in fighting he sometimes follows the old tactics of the Chinese and bombards his enemy with a discharge as noisome as the stinkpots of the East, yet he is ever ready to defend himself with those sharp, trenchant teeth with which Nature has so liberally supplied him. When cornered by a dog, the polecat does not quietly wait to be worried, but flies in the face of his enemy and hangs on to the muzzle, from which the dog has no little trouble to dislodge him. Yet in one respect has the polecat profited mankind. He has given us the ferret, which is nothing more than a semi-domesticated albino polecat. The term "polecat-ferret" is still applied to those dark individuals whose fur shows traces of the colour of their ancestors. Although bred for so many generations in captivity, the ferret yet retains much of the savage nature of the wild denizen of the woods. I well remember one instance of the fitful humours of the ferret. A school friend of mine took great delight in breeding and rearing ferrets, and had many so tame that he was accustomed to let them out from their hutches into the yard and allow them to wander about his person. He possessed a beautiful white jill-ferret of which he was very proud, and which was generally quiet and docile enough; but one day, whilst he was exhibiting it to a circle of admiring friends, the animal suddenly sprang at his face, and, driving its teeth into the flesh of his nose, hung on and would not loose its hold. Of course, attempts were made to choke the ferret off, but to little purpose, and the creature permitted itself to be almost strangled before it let go its grip. The poor lad bore on his face, in the shape of sundry little red spots, the marks of the disaster for days afterwards.



IN "VELVETEEN'S MUSEUM."

Most of the weasels possess a pair of scent-glands which secrete a yellowish fluid of unpleasant odour, and which is freely discharged when the animal is attacked or disabled. This is most powerful in the polecat, amongst our native weasels, but even in the common weasel is sufficiently disagreeable. I was once, when a boy, the unwitting cause of much annoyance to two elderly friends at whose house I was staying and with whom I was a great favourite. I had received a dead weasel by post which I was anxious to preserve, and my elderly friends expressed a desire to witness the performance. In dissecting off the skin I unfortunately cut across the

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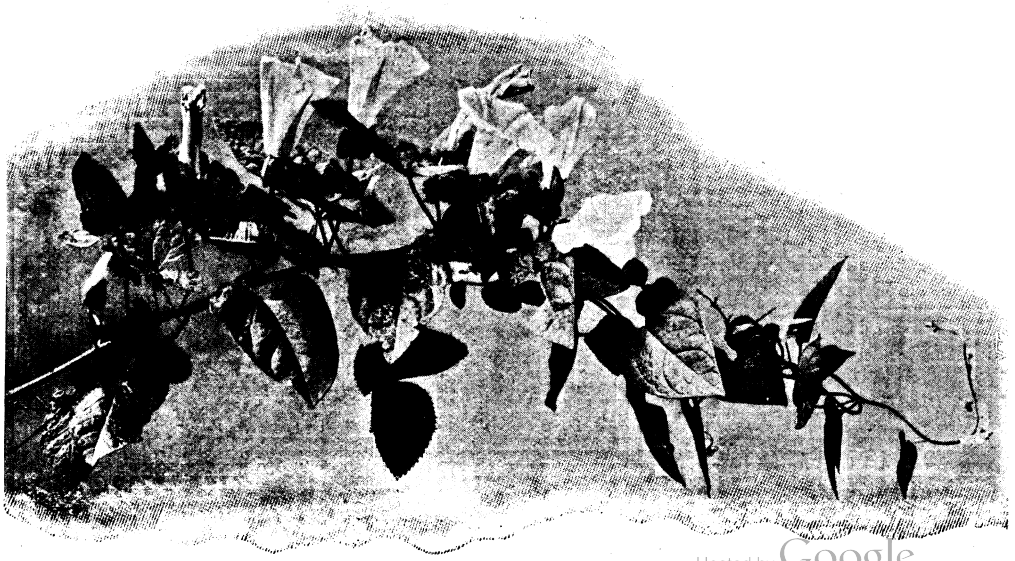
scent-glands. Instantly the room was filled with a smell resembling a concentrated essence of garlic and musk, and my two friends hastily vacated their seats and beat a quick retreat. It was some little time before I could appease their wrath, for the odour is persistent and clings to everything the fluid has touched—in fact, it was not until after many washings that my hands were entirely free from the taint.

The steel trap has been responsible for the almost total extinction of the polecat in many parts of the country, and the same is also true of the beautiful and active pine-marten, a creature nearly as large as a small cat, with a valuable fur and a bushy tail, and the grace and agility of a squirrel. He is more arboreal in his habits than the other weasels, abounding chiefly in thick forests of pine and fir, the branches of which he traverses with ease and swiftness, though in the Lake country, where he still maintains a precarious footing, he haunts also the rough "screes" of the fells, and only takes to the woods to rear his young. In Cumberland, strange though it may seem, he is, or was until recently, hunted in the winter with a mixed pack of beagles or foxhounds and terriers. When roused, the marten flies over the snow in a series of great bounds, and goes off at a good pace at first, but soon tires and is easily run down unless he reaches the rocks, in the crevices of which he quickly hides himself. In Ireland the marten seems much more generally distributed than in Great Britain, having been recorded from most of the counties in recent years. The prey of the marten is chiefly birds, upon which he steals noiselessly as they roost amongst the pine branches. In this way he overcomes pheasants when asleep, creeping quietly upon them and seizing them before they are aware of his presence. At other times squirrels suffice him, and he occasionally varies his diet with a few eggs. If he descends to the ground, he tracks hares, rabbits, and mice, and it is chiefly when in pursuit of "ground game" that the marten himself is trapped. With us the marten is not sufficiently common to render its fur of value commercially, but numbers are imported from Northern Europe, and the furs of the American marten—very like, if not identical with our own animal—are greatly esteemed. The richest and darkest furs are obtained by the trappers in the Nipigon district of Canada. A friend, who has been most successful as a marten trapper, tells me that he finds the flesh of an ermine a most useful bait for a marten-trap.

Other valuable fur-bearing weasels are the mink and pekan, or fisher-marten of America, and the much-prized sable of Siberia; so that, although we cannot admire the ferocity and love of slaughter so characteristic of the race, we are yet bound to admit, or at least the ladies amongst us, that we are much indebted for many comforts to the small and lively little animals we know as weasels.



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THE COURAGE OF A COWARD.

By ALICK MUNRO.

FOUR Englishmen were dining together at the Hôtel Braganza, in Lisbon, and the talk was of a heroic deathbed.

A famous Portuguese doctor had caught the bubonic plague from one of his patients; and, master both of the cruel pain and of the panic of mind which is a symptom of that loathsome sickness, had treated himself as an instructive case, and had dictated calmly and steadily, for the benefit of his fellow-men, an account of all that he suffered, till the end came. His last words as his breath caught had been: "This is death. Good-bye! My breath is infectious now; let no one come near me." And then he turned to the wall: his work done, his clinical lecture over, pain and panic alike conquered, that the world might be the gainer by an expert's witness of his own torment. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili!* says the adage; but the clay that could go down to the grave thus is the kind that is moulded into heroes.

Three of the four men had followed the body to its resting-place in the Prazeres Cemetery—the "Place of Joys"—Lisbon's beautifully named burial ground. The fourth man, the host of the other three, had not, and he now sat silent while his guests spoke of the noble end of a brave man. His mouth was quivering and his fingers were twisting the corners of the table-cloth into hard rolls. And his brow was hot with shame, and cold with self-scorning anger, in turns.

Presently he spoke, and his voice came dry and harsh—

"What if he was a coward after all?"

The three men looked up at him in astonishment, and one of them frowned.

"That sneer is in bad taste, Rawson," said he quietly.

"Aye, but I want to know!" returned Rawson, in the same grating tones. "What if he was a coward all the rest of his life? He made a noble end—would that atone? I want to know, I say!"

His voice, as he put this question again, sank to a rasping whisper, but some strange emotion clanged in it. The three men stared at the shaking lips and the fingers which clasped and unclasped, and then they looked away. It seemed scarcely decent to spy upon such distress.

They were none of them unduly fond of the man, though they were eating his dinner now. He had come down upon Lisbon some two years before—whence no man knew, and he had never told. He made acquaintances, as an Englishman must among his compatriots in a foreign capital; but he had no friends. No one liked him; a few respected him, for he was honest; and there was one who loved him. But she was only a low-class Portuguese, a girl whom the English colony did not know.

"See here," he said again, more calmly this time; "can't you fellows give me an answer? I only want to know what you—three ordinary, average Englishmen—think. If a man has lived a coward, and yet dies game—does that wipe the slate?"

"Why?" asked the man who had spoken before.

"Why? Well, because it's my own case, that's all. I've been a coward all my life, the paltriest coward. I enlisted once, because I was afraid to face the consequences of—no matter what. A pretty soldier *I* was! D'you think I don't know that? I was in action once, on the North-West frontier. I ducked to every bullet, and turned cold sick at the sight of steel. Look at the illustrated papers!—see the portraits of the brave young fellows who are being killed out there in South Africa, maybe at this very minute, and tell me—if I made an end like that, would those who knew me be willing to forget the rest?"

The three men looked at one another, and the one who had spoken first said slowly—

"It depends. I think they would. But it depends upon what is 'the rest.'"

"The rest? Put it as low as you like, and you won't be wrong. For one thing, I was a Gordon Highlander, and—and I never got my discharge!"

"Deserted?"

"Three days before Dargai—because I daren't face the ping of the bullets! That's the kind of hound I am! And I haven't the pluck to put a knife into the place where my heart should be!"

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He sat back in his chair and laughed. It was a strange ending to his burst of self-denunciation, and the three men started and shivered at the sound. They looked at one another and cast about for some answer to make; and then one of them put his arms on the table and leaned forward. He spoke slowly, trying to find excuses, like a man dabbing splashes of whitewash where he knows they will not stick.

"I don't know," he began tentatively. "You have pluck enough to tell us this, so——"

"Only callous—perhaps only callous!" came the answer bitterly. "But go on."

"You can go home and give yourself up."

"And be sent to the front?"

"Yes."

"No!"

He shot out the word with a scream, and in a moment laughed again savagely at his own emotion. Then he put his elbows on the table, and staring fixedly at the three men in turn, asked them to hear him for a sentence or two, because to-morrow they would cut him dead in the street. He took his own pale, flabby soul and laid it bare for them to see, and felt a savage pleasure in dissecting out its utter worthlessness. He would go home, he told them, and give himself up to the military authorities—yes, he would go home—if only he were sure that they would clap him into an English prison and keep him there. But they wouldn't; they would pat him on the back, and call him a patriot for returning to his colours in the hour of his country's need. And then they would pack him aboard a transport, and send him to South Africa, to win his V.C. or to eat a bullet.

That bullet was the point. If he were met on the landing-stage by a firing party, placed with his back to a white, sun-kissed wall, and shot for a deserter or a poltroon—well, then, he believed he could face the levelled muskets with a steady eye. Death would come quickly, inevitably, and almost painlessly, and there would be no suspense. But at the front it was different. To charge up to the enemy's trenches, to hear the whistle of the bullets, and never see an ear

"'What if he was a coward after all?'"

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of the man who fired them, or to lie through a long day behind a bush the size of a cabbage plant, with the shrapnel bursting above him, and men around him dying with a scream, or bearing their hurts with patience or with blasphemy, each man after his kind—these were the things, the horrors of slow-drawn torment, which he could not face. He was a coward—a coward to the marrow of him, and he knew it; so there was no use in going, was there? England doesn't need cowards. English officers probably wouldn't know what to do with one when they got him, since he is a brand with which they are not accustomed to deal. Shoot him? Oh, yes, that would be the best way, no doubt; but they wouldn't do that.

"Why do I tell you all this?" he went on, talking with a level doggedness now, like a child reciting a hated and shameful task. "Oh! because there's going to be an accident one of these days, and I don't want people to put wreaths on my grave—if I have a grave—and to talk pitying nonsense about my supposed virtues and my sad end. You three are to tell them the truth. Not just yet, though!" he added, after a pause. "I'm tired of all this, and, of course, there's not much use in a cur like me continuing to live; but—oh! well, I daresay you've heard—there's a little girl, you know. She's only a fish-girl—low class Portuguese, with a dash of the Sallee pirate in her ancestry, I think. But she's pretty, and she says she loves me, and—oh! must you go?" he broke off, as his guests rose grimly to their feet. "Yes, I suppose you must. I should not have had the right to grumble if you had cut me short ten minutes ago; but thank you for hearing me out. I won't ask you to shake hands."

The three men went out silently, and Rawson was left alone. The muscles of his face were working queerly, and the dull misery of the scorned was in his eyes. He sat for perhaps twenty minutes and then called for his bill. The smallness of the amount surprised him, and he asked the waiter if that were all.

"Sim, senhor," said the man. "The three senhores Inglezes paid three-quarters of the bill when they out. There is only one quarter left for the senhor to pay."

Rawson winced, then laughed, and then went out into the night.

The December rain, coming in heavy squalls between the glimpses of the moon, drenched him to the skin and made him shiver. The gutters of the steep Lisbon alleys ran in brown torrents, and the dull whine of the cable-cars on the hills, and the sharp rattle of the mule-cars on the level, represented all the traffic of the usually busy streets; no one who could possibly remain indoors ventured out on a night like this. And yet, between the icy rain-showers, the night-picture was beautiful enough. The moonlight shone on the white marble of the old palaces and on the glazed and figured tiles of the newer houses, and glinted from the rain-filled pools between the rough cobbles of the streets. And the wet tram-lines drew converging silver threads in the roadway. Here and there clumps of evergreen trees in the gardens made dark blots against the whiteness of the houses, and a narrow street running north and south showed the lights of the shipping dancing on the swollen Tagus. It was all very beautiful, but it was cheerless and cold, and Rawson shivered heavily and huddled his shoulders up closer round his ears as he hurried along.

An empty mule-tram overtook him and he boarded it. It was going towards Belem, down the river, and that was the direction which he wished to take. He walked on for about half a mile beyond the tram terminus, till he came to a cottage, built back from the road a little, and peeping white through the mulberry and loquat trees which screened it. The cottage was his own property, but for the present he had lent it to Nella the fish-girl and her brother Pedro.

He knocked at the door, which opened and framed a picture in the lamplight. Rawson let his gaze dwell upon the picture for a moment, and a feeling almost of contentment rose in his tortured soul; for the thought came to him that here was a heaven where even the coward might dwell, and forget the world where other men fight and are brave.

"May I come in, Nella?" he asked. "I am late to-night."

"Yes, come in. Pedro is out with the boat. He will be back in an hour."

"Then we have an hour to talk. I have things to say to you before he comes, little one."

He went into the cottage, placed Nella in a chair, where the lamplight fell upon her face, and himself sat in the shadow and wondered at her beauty. She was only a fish-girl, of course; but then the fish-girls of Lisbon are a race apart from the rest of the Portuguese, and have remained so for generations—for which Heaven be thanked! For in their short skirts, showing bare feet

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and trim ankles carrying them daintily over the rough cobbles, and with one rounded arm holding the fish-basket poised on their shapely little heads, they make the only vision of womanly grace which you shall see in a long hour's pacing of the Lisbon streets. Their perfect proportion of figure; their grace of easy movement, lissom in youth and stately in age; their delicate profiles, cut something after the Grecian type; their dead white complexions, set with a mounting of black hair and large, dreamy eyes—all these mark them as different clay from their social superiors. For the Portuguese senhoras are dolls at twenty and hags at forty; they are pretty sometimes, beautiful never. But the fish-girls are models for the sculptor when they are young, and for the painter when they are old. They are never pretty, but they are often rarely beautiful.

Rawson feasted his eyes for a moment in silence; and then he began to talk, quietly, dispassionately, watching in the girl's face the effect which his words made. He told her the same plain, unheroic story which he had told to his three guests in the Hôtel Braganza; but he told it in fuller and more careful detail, for he was asking the judgment of the woman whom he loved. She understood him, and her big eyes grew troubled, and her lips trembled as she listened. At first she wondered; then she doubted; then in a rush of pain she believed. And yet this was the man who for the last two years had been a Providence to her and to her brother Pedro; who had taught her first to speak his tongue and then to read it; who had whispered to her that one day he would ask her to be his wife. He had taught her to say the names of the heroes of the past, and had read to her from great books of the brave deeds they had done; for the self-scorning coward had taken a morbid delight in schooling the girl he loved in the tale of his race's valour, and had made the courage of an Englishman a thing to be worshipped, a thing to be unquestioned in her thoughts. He had taught her to hate a coward; and now—he said that he was a coward himself! Oh! why had he done this? A year ago she would not have cared—but now! He had taught her too well; he should have left her in her loving, trustful ignorance.

Rawson saw in her face the shipwreck he was making of his hopes, but he went on with his tale—a little less smoothly than he had begun, with a little more effort, and with an occasional choking catch in his utterance. But he went on. She stopped him at last with a cry and a gesture. Then there was silence for a space, broken only by the girl's sobs and the man's heavy breathing. And then he asked her to be his wife.

She refused him. He tried to plead with her, but she brought out a bundle of English picture-papers he had given her and showed him the portraits of the handsome lads who had died, who were dying now, for their country's honour. She uttered no word of reproach. She did not bid him to go and do likewise. But she gave him a gentle pity which cut deeper than if she had scorned him, and with a dreary little smile she thanked him for telling her the truth. And the next moment in a burst of weeping she called him cruel, because he had not left her to believe a lie.

He went out again into the night; for there was nothing to be gained by staying. He did not want her pity; it hurt too much. He had asked for her love, but he had forgotten that though there are many women who can love a blackguard, and some who can love a brute, there are few, perhaps even none, who can love the confessed coward.

He met Pedro returning from the fishing, and passed him with a curt "Good-night." Then he went down to the riverside, to where the fishing-boat was lying. The rain was coming down in cold sheets now. He was going to loosen the painter, when he remembered that the boat, though his own property, was also Pedro's means of livelihood. He had a roll of Portuguese paper money in his pocket. He placed all the larger notes in an envelope, wrote in pencil on the outside, "For the boat," and retraced his steps to the little white cottage. A sound of voices came out to him, and a woman's sob; but he did not go in. He slipped the envelope under the door and returned to the boat. He cut her loose, jumped on board, and pushed out into the stream.

A heavy land flood was coming down yellow with the ebb, and out in the centre the Tagus was running a seven-knot race. An hour would carry him out past the Bugio lighthouse and the submarine cable station at Carcavellos, into the open sea beyond the bar; and after that he would set a rag of sail and let her run before the strong nor'-easter, till—till when? He left the question of his bourn undecided at present.

He was committing suicide. The man who feared death more than he feared dishonour was seeking death of his own free will. The idea struck him as curious and he laughed aloud. But it was true.

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"Sobbing and cursing in delirium."

He cleared the bar in about an hour and then stood out to sea. When morning broke he was out of sight of land; the breeze had dropped to nothing and he was rocking on the long Atlantic swell. In the afternoon the breeze rose again from the east and he ran before it for an hour. Then for another hour the desire of life took him again like a frenzy. He put the boat about and tacked and tacked against the wind for the shore of Portugal. He was hysterical with the weakness of fasting and with the strain of the long battle against himself; and he wrung his hands with extravagant gestures of despair when he realised that, against the wind, he could never hope to make the land. Then there came another reaction; he grew calm again and despised himself for his lack of resolution. But he felt that his strength was going; he might have a return of the terror fit any moment; better cast off his rudder and his oars—now—while his strength lasted!

He did so and then reeled heavily forward and fell to the bottom of the boat in a faint.

And when the light of the second morning broke he was sobbing and cursing in delirium, and trying to paddle the heavy boat eastwards with his hands.

Four days later he awoke to consciousness again. White-painted wooden walls were round him, and the throb of a screw and the uneasy creaking of timbers told him that he was in the cabin of an ocean liner. So he had been rescued, after all! He wondered how and he was thankful—and the next

For he meant to steer his boat straight out westwards into the Atlantic as long as his strength lasted, and then he would throw away his oars and his rudder, and wait. A merciful wave would no doubt swamp him, sooner or later.

The thought came to him that perhaps he might be picked up and rescued, and he asked himself whether somewhere at the back of his mind there did not lurk a faint hope that such might be the end of his adventure. He put the question to himself honestly, and thought that he answered it truly when he told himself that he did not wish to be saved. But, all the same, he would put the attempt to return out of his power; for he did not quite trust himself. There was a certain grim courage about all this which he did not see.

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moment, remembering what he had set out from Lisbon to do, tried to tell himself that he was not. Before he had settled the question a man came into the cabin.

"Hullo!" said the new-comer. "Sane again, old man, eh?"

"Who are you?" asked Rawson feebly. "And where am I?"

"Aboard H.M. Transport No. 97—late Castle Liner, *Cawdor Castle*," was the answer. "I'm the doctor."

"Where are we?"

"Somewhere off the thick end of Africa."

"Bound for?"

"Table Bay, of course. Where else? Feeling better, aren't you?"

"Yes. No," said Rawson doubtfully. "I think I wanted to die."

The doctor sat on the edge of the opposite bunk and swung his legs. He had something to say, and he was casting about for a way to say it. There was a moment's silence and then he spoke—

"Are you a good liar?"

"Eh?" said Rawson.

"You'll be all right in two days, you know, and you and I have got to make up a lie of some sort between us, to account for your presence in that cockleshell of yours so far from land. I've pieced out the true yarn pretty well from your wanderings in the last day or two, and—I'm not going to let you tell that! What's the lie to be? The C.O. is a babe, and the skipper's a pal of mine; so it needn't be a very good lie."

"Oh," said Rawson weakly, "I'll tell the truth. I've a notion I prefer it—matter of principle, you know—and, anyway, it's easier."

"But I say I won't let you tell it."

"Eh? Why?"

"Because, man, there's better stuff in you than you know! I've learned *that* from your ravings, too. Give yourself a chance. You're a well set-up chap, and you can ride and shoot a bit, I suppose. You can volunteer for a troop of irregular horse, or something of that sort."

"And be shot?"

"You were trying to commit suicide a day or two ago."

"Alone, yes!" said Rawson bitterly—"with no one near to criticise my way of doing it. But there are newspaper men at the front. I should be shot in the back running away, or knifed skulking in a hole. Doctor, I know myself!"

"You don't. You think you do, but you don't. You'll find your manhood out there on the veldt, I tell you, and take it back as a present to that girl of yours in Lisbon. What's the lie?"

Rawson laughed, thought for a moment, and then said with a shrug—

"You must invent it for me. Have it your own way. Say what you like, and I'll say ditto to it."

"I shall expect to be asked to the wedding," said the doctor.

They set about their task—the doctor with a gleeful enthusiasm, the patient with a dull acquiescence, wondering that anyone should think him worth the trouble of so much painful invention. Their story was not a good one; it halted in its probabilities and went dead lame in the matter of motive. But it served; for the C.O. and the skipper swallowed it without winking, though the skipper told the doctor afterwards unofficially what he thought.

Rawson landed at Capetown and spent a week of torment, hiding himself in obscure lodgings. His old fear got him by the throat and would not let him do the thing he had come to do. He tried to tune himself up to the enthusiasm round him, and failed, and at last, in a white anger at his failure, went out and offered himself as a volunteer, praying furtively all the time that he might be rejected. He was accepted and was sent up country; and again he failed, for his comrades found out the man he was and shunned him. He was in action twice, and the first time fired off all his cartridges uselessly into the air, in a sobbing frenzy of terror; and the second time kept his gun clean, for fear that he should kill a braver man than himself.

Then came a long night march to a distant strategic point. It was intended as a surprise to the enemy, and ended, as more than one of these marches did in the early days of the war, in a surprise by the enemy. The guides were at fault, or treacherous, and the British general did not know where he was. When morning broke, Rawson's company found themselves on an open hillside, within five hundred yards of a strongly posted enemy, and more than two miles to the left of the position they had been intended to occupy. They were ordered to throw themselves on their faces, take what little cover of stones or shrubs there was, and try to hold the position. But the cover was not enough; the bullets played like the jumping of grasshoppers round them; and minute after minute a man was struck, and died with a quiver and a convulsive turn. Rawson

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sweated where he lay behind a boulder and tried to make himself small by pressing his face down into the sand.

Then the line began to waver. First one man and then another ceased firing and began to make short rushes from cover to cover towards the rear. The officers cursed them, and the men cursed back in growls. The check was becoming a rout.

And then it was that Rawson had his brief fit of madness—the madness which works impossibilities. He saw other men giving way. Then they were cowards, too—greater cowards than he was, for he was lying where he had been ordered to lie! He smiled as with the joy of a new discovery and rose slowly to his knees. A bullet shattered the rifle in his hands. He gave one puzzled look at the broken weapon; then laughed and stood erect. The wind of another bullet through his hair made him take his felt hat off. It was perforated with two clean round holes. He waved it to the enemy and bowed elaborately, and a third bullet broke his middle finger and flicked the hat out of his hand.

"Lie down, you wooden fool!" shouted an officer behind him.

A few more bullets whistled harmlessly past him as he stooped to pick up his broken rifle. Then the fire from the enemy's lines ceased suddenly. They perhaps wanted to see what the madman would do if he were left alone; and perhaps they admired his madness. He leaned carelessly on his rifle and spoke to the men around him. He had been a sergeant of the Gordons, and he had a sergeant's vocabulary. With a wealth of vituperation, strong especially in genealogical particulars, he told them exactly what sort of scum they were, and painted their future for them with ruddy detail. Then he began to dress the lines from where he stood, criticising their formation, their uniforms, their ten days' beards and their unwashed faces, with cruel fluency and point. He was the smart soldier bullying a draft of "rookies," or dressing down the awkward squad, and revelling with a connoisseur's enjoyment in the blossoms of his own chaste eloquence. He forgot entirely where he was.

But the patience, or the curiosity, of the enemy held out no longer. A rifle spoke from their lines, and Rawson's left arm dangled limply in its sleeve. He gazed about him with a half vacant expression and saw that a man had taken advantage of the lull in the firing to crawl back to the cover of a rock twenty paces in the rear. He ran up to the man and kicked him back to the place he had left.

"He ran up to the man and kicked him back to the place he had left."

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The skulker cursed him, and then cheered him, and the whole watching company took up the cheer. Then half a dozen Boer rifles spoke at once, and Rawson dropped, with a bullet through his shoulder, beside the man he had kicked to duty.

There was a smile upon his face; for, after all, these bullet wounds were not such terrible things as he had thought! And the next moment he fainted from the pain.

But he had saved the honour of his company. The rot stopped and the men began to crawl forward instead of back. Boulder by boulder they crept up, until at last the cry came, "Fix bayonets!" But the waiting enemy did not quite wait for that.

"Pluckiest thing I've seen yet, and that's a big word, by Jove!" Rawson heard someone behind him mutter presently, and he opened his eyes to know what the action which called forth such praise could be. He, the coward, was interested in plucky actions.

"Hullo! my hero!" said the same voice, "coming round to life again, are you? Lie still a minute and let me see to this arm of yours. You didn't give it much of a chance, rushing about like that after you were winged. H'm! thought so—compound! You'll get the V.C. for it, I dare say; but just now—lie still, can't you!—your business is merely to live. We'll see about the other after."

"Don't chaff me, doctor," murmured Rawson weakly, "and don't call me names. Of course I know I'm a coward."

"Oh! you do know that, do you? A coward? D'you happen to remember the name of the village where they breed your brand of coward? It's valuable knowledge. Whisper it to Bobs, if you've got it. He'll send for a ship-load!"

And everyone told him the same tale. Men wanted to shake hands with him, and ladies came to the hospital ward at Capetown to see and pet him. He wanted to believe that they were right, but in his heart he knew that he had still the same old fear. Was he, then, a brave man, because of that one act?—or was he a coward still? Well, Nella should decide.

He got his discharge and went to Lisbon. When he landed on the quay, the three Englishmen with whom he had dined at the Hôtel Braganza some months before met him and told him he owed them the price of the dinner they had eaten that night. They had paid the bill, they said, by a mistake, and they were sorry. But would he dine with them to-night to make up?

He found Nella in the same little white cottage where he had left her sobbing on that night of winter and misery. He sat down and told her a plain tale, glozing nothing, magnifying nothing; and then, doubting still and fearing, he asked for her judgment.

She bent over and kissed him on the brow.

"Silly boy!" she said. "Have not your great books told you that the bravest are those who fear, and yet do? Or is that wisdom not in the books? Then perhaps it is my love that has taught it to me."

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THE LOVERS' LEXICON AGAIN!

Binks has taken the opportunity of saying a sweet word or two to his *fiancée* under cover of the band. Suddenly the music stops, and Binks is heard passionately whispering, "Oh! you darling little goosie poosie!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A MATTER OF ARRANGEMENT.

By Harold White.

"WILLIAM," I said as kindly as possible, "it will either have to be found, or we part company—that is the right expression, I think, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said William, scooping up the luncheon crumbs.

"How the deuce it could be lost passes my comprehension!" I added, glancing at the vacant space on the mantelpiece where the photograph used to stand. I missed it. It was not only pretty in itself, but I valued it; times had changed, but I say I valued it.

"P'r'aps Mrs. Groom knows something about it," suggested William, without apparent interest.

"Nonsense!" I rejoined irritably. "You know as well as I do that Mrs. Groom hasn't been near the place since nine this morning."

William apparently gave it up and went on with his crumb-scooping.

"Did I understand, sir," he said, after a pause, "that you was to be back at tea-time with the young lady and her aunt, sir?"

William's remarks generally have a significance, and with practice it is possible to gather what that significance is. This time I saw at once what he meant by a certain poise of his head and the meditative manner in which he picked up the table-cloth.

"Confound your impertinence!" I said. "Look here, William, I'm not going to have you arrange my rooms according to your notions of propriety, or whatever it is. That photograph will have to be produced and put up exactly where it always stands."

"As you please, sir," said William. "I will see that it's looked for."

"Do you think I want you to manage my matrimonial affairs?" I went on. I was angry with him.

"I shouldn't take the liberty, sir."

"Who's going to notice the things?"

William took the middle of the table-cloth from his mouth and folded it neatly before he replied.

"Oh! I think they notice 'em, sir. It's my belief the women see with the backs of their heads. Besides, sir, it's natural that they should take stock, coming for the first time."

"And suppose they do?"

"Well, sir," said William, "in my opinion what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve after, and least said soonest mended. Of course, sir, that may be only in my station of life, sir."

"Do you imagine that any woman would think that I have lived for three-and-thirty years without the diversion of feminine society?" I put it to him.

"They may not think it, sir, but they like to believe it."

"But that's nonsense."

"Very likely, sir. It's my belief it's very much

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this way. A woman don't, no more than a man, imagine things in a general way; but if she finds a hook, she hangs a deal on it."

"But don't you see, William," I said, "that this entails a life of perpetual deceit?"

"I don't see, sir, beggin' your pardon, that any man is bound to incriminate himself."

"That is casuistry," I said. "Where, William, where are your ethics?"

"I don't know, sir. Perhaps I never had any, sir. I'm not familiar with the word."

"If you had," I said, "you would see that the one great condition of happiness between a man and a woman, who are, or who are to become man and wife, is perfect confidence. There should be no secrets. Nothing should be kept back."

couraging vagrancy and drink, and things. My natural impulse under the present circumstances is to have no skeleton in my cupboards and no photographs concealed in the wardrobe in my bedroom—and then a man of experience tells me that if I let that impulse go, the results will very likely be appalling. I gathered, William, that the results in the other cases were appalling?"

William lifted his eyebrows and nodded.

"Then your advice, as a man of experience, is to arrange the mantelpiece without including the photograph?"

"Seeing what's written on it—— "

"Seeing what's written on it, you think that on the whole it would be as well to—er—exclude the photograph?"

THE REASON WHY.

CALLER: But I thought you were vaccinated last year?
VACCINATED ONE: No; I only wore the ribbon because it went with my new dress.

"Some have tried it, sir," said William, and paused thoughtfully. "I think if I was to look, sir, I might find the photograph in the wardrobe in your bedroom? Shall I look for it, sir?" he asked, walking to the door.

"Stop!" I said. "You say some have tried it. In your experience?"

"I've lived in married families, and I *have* come across it," said William.

"How did it work?"

"Oh! lor'!" said William, and said nothing more.

"How often," I said, "are our naturally good impulses checked by the knowledge that if we let them go, they will only lead to harm in the end? My natural impulse is to befriend the beggar in the street, but I know that I shall only be en-

"If it isn't a liberty, sir," said William.

"The mantelpiece will look very empty without it," I suggested.

"Yes, sir; that's in the nature of things, I suppose, sir," said William. "P'r'aps it is as well to get used to it, sir, if I may make so bold."

"Yes, yes. And are there any other improvements you would suggest?"

"No, sir," said William glancing round. "I think we shall show up pretty well as we are."

"I will take your advice, William," I said. "And when I am married, William, you shall come and arrange my matrimonial squabbles for me."

"Thank you, sir," said William, "I couldn't undertake it."

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VILLAGE SCEPTICISM.

SHE: I don't 'old wi' they weather prophets—they ain't no good at all.
HE: Well, anyway, they give us the tip the other day about the storm.
SHE: What good did that do? They didn't stop it from coming!

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SHE: I am sure there are many girls who could make you far happier than I could.

HE: That's just the difficulty; they could, but they won't.

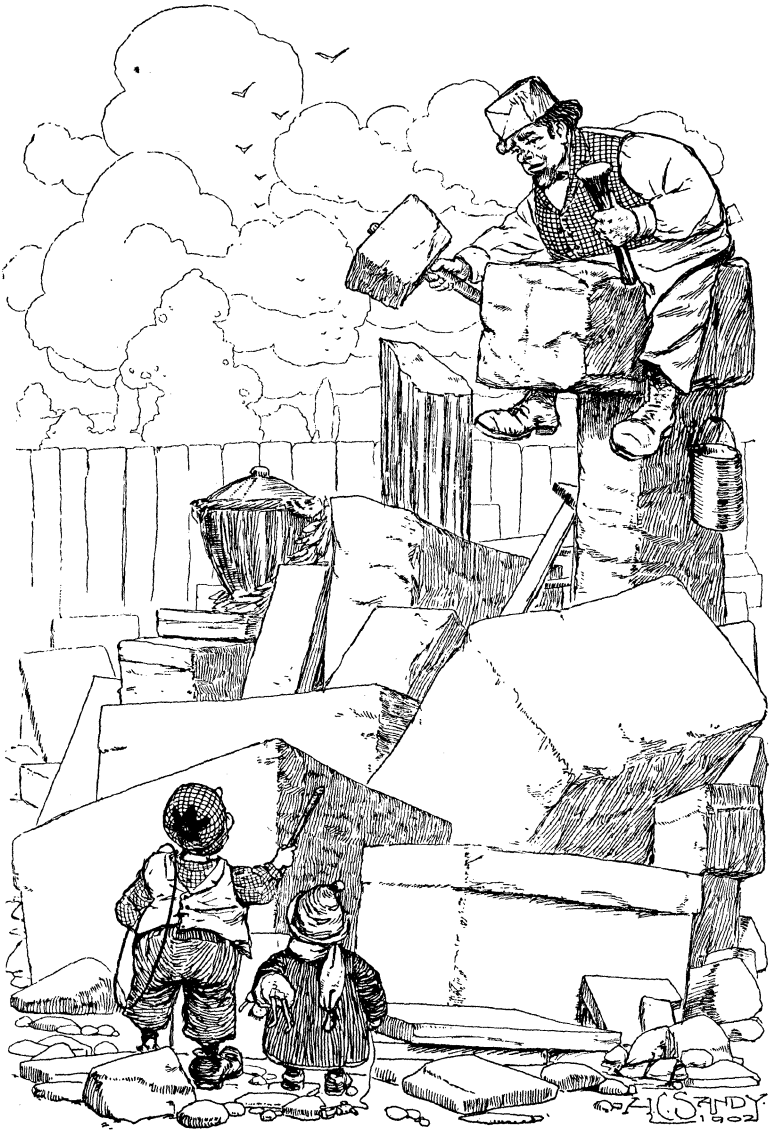
THERE was a distinct air of chastened resignation about him, as he penned the following note: "Dear Miss Brown,—I return herewith your kind note in which you accept my offer of marriage. I would draw your attention to the fact that it begins 'Dear George.' I do not know who George is, but my name, as you will remember, is Thomas."

"YES," remarked the kind friend the day after the reception, "she said she knew your family well, and that your grandfather was a butcher."

The aristocrat of a generation, without turning a hair, replied: "I was aware she was old, but I hardly thought her old enough to have known my grandfather."

SMITH: Poor Jack may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side.

JONES: Is it possible? I wondered what he had died of.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

INQUIRING YOUTH: Pardon me, but "Are You a Mason?"
JUDE THE OBSCURE: No, my child; I'm a monumental sculptor.

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"PHYLLIS." BY ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A.

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A QUESTION OF MONEY.

By ROBERT BARR.*

WILLARD DENMAN sat at one of the little round tables in the Café Germania, where a customer may have brown Munich beer in a big stone mug with a white metal lid. The *café* was very full, so also were some of the *habitués;* and on a raised platform at the corner were seated the members of a Viennese band, giving forth music in the smoke-beclouded room. Denman was waiting for a friend, and had turned a chair face forward against the little table, that a place might be ready for him when he arrived. With his fountain-pen the young man had just written a cable despatch, in answer to a trans-Atlantic message that lay before him, mutilated somewhat in its English, as is the habit of Italian telegraph offices, but still understandable, which was lucky, for more often than not a telegram in a foreign language comes out second best after an encounter with the system of Italy.

A breezy individual made his way through the smoke and the throng to the vacant chair, tipped it back and sat down in it. "I'm late, as usual, Willard," he said, "but that is one of my official prerogatives. So I won't apologise, but will make it up in beer, now that I am here."

"There is little use of being United States Consul in Naples if you can't do as you like, Jimmy. There isn't any too much money in the office, so one must seek compensation in other directions."

"Do as I like? That's exactly what I can't do. I'll be hanged if every citizen of the great Republic that blows in on me in Naples doesn't seem to imagine I'm a sort of man-of-all-work for him. And I'm expected to be polite, and to fetch and carry for all concerned. Truth to tell, Willard, I'm tired of it; I've a notion to chuck the whole outfit and go back. Now, to-night, I was kept at my office long after business hours by a persistent man who would not take 'No' for an answer—actually thought I was lying to him, and had the cheek to intimate as much."

"And were you?"

"Certainly I was; but it was not etiquette for him to throw out any hints about my lack of veracity. It was all on your account, and I'd indulge in any amount of fiction to oblige a friend. He wanted your address, and wanted it badly; but I didn't know whether you were anxious to see him, so I prevaricated and told him that if he came in to-morrow morning I'd see if I could get it for him."

"That's singular. No one has been looking for me for years past. I thought and hoped I had been forgotten over in the States. What was his name?"

"Here is his card. Colonel Beck, of New York."

"Colonel Beck! Thunder!"

"Know him? Don't wish to see him, I take it?"

"No, I don't, and I'm much obliged to you, Stokes, for holding him off. How long is he going to stay in Naples?"

"Said he was going to stay till he found you."

"In that case I'll strike for Calabria or Sicily or somewhere; get among the real brigands and avoid this pirate. He used to be a broker in New York, and probably is yet. Supposed to be rich through fleecing innocent lambs like myself. The shorn lamb, however, avoids the wolf, so I'm off to-morrow morning."

"What's the use of leaving now if your fleece is gone? He can't hurt you. Did he shear you in days gone past?"

"It's a long story. What strikes me, however, is the coincidence of old Beck turning up at this moment. There is, in fact, a coincidence within a coincidence. Read that cablegram."

Denman shoved over to his friend the message he had received that day from New York. The Consul wrinkled his brows over the Italian-English of the despatch, and made out its purport to be as follows:—

WILLARD DENMAN, Naples.

Have you that block of Northern Pacific? If so, send me particulars and full powers to deal. Act at once. Stock booming, but expect a crash shortly. Come over yourself if you can, but come immediately. The block will make you rich, if you still possess it and realise without delay.

STANLEY FRASER.

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"Who is Fraser?" asked the Consul.

"He was my partner during my disastrous business career in Wall Street."

"Then why not go right over and see him, instead of taking that trip to Calabria?"

"Because I don't want to go, and because it is not necessary I should go. Read my answer to his cablegram," and the young man handed to his friend the document he had written before the other came in.

STANFER, New York.

Stock in Broadway Safe Deposit vaults. Drawer nine hundred seven. Mailed you ten days ago key and legal papers. Make what you can, and we will share even.

DENMAN.

"Oh! I was wondering where I had seen the name Stanley Fraser before!" cried the Consul. "Were those papers you signed in my office, a week or two since, the documents referred to?"

"Yes.'

"That's very strange. You sent them across ten days before you got the request for them."

"Exactly. Those shares had rested for years in the Safe Deposit vaults. Fraser had never referred to them, and I had never referred to them, yet I suddenly made up my mind to throw them on the market."

"Why, that almost makes a person believe there is something in this thought-wave theory—telepathy, or whatever they call it."

"I am afraid it has a much more prosaic origin. A fortnight since you told me there had been a tremendous rise in Northern Pacific stock. That set me thinking, and I remembered I had thirty thousand shares hidden away in Drawer 907. The stock was of no use to me, so I thought I might as well discover how badly some other fellow wanted it. So I threw the onus of selling on my friend Fraser."

"You must have a good deal of confidence in him to give him a free hand like that. What's to hinder him from bolting with the money?"

"Nothing at all, except that he won't do it."

"I love to meet this charming confidence in one's fellow man, these cynical times. I thought you said he was your partner, and that the partnership was disastrous."

"Yes, but it was not Fraser's fault; nor mine, either, I suppose. We were class-mates in college. He worked his way through. My father paid my expenses. When we graduated, I was reasonably rich, and he was extremely poor. He was eager to work, and I was equally willing to loaf, so we joined his force to my lack of it and plunged into Wall Street. I furnished the capital, and he did the hard work."

"I see. And at the winding up, he had the cash and you had the experience?"

"Not exactly. Neither of us had the cash, but he had the experience. We were caught in the panic of '93. I imagine it was lack of experience on the part of each of us. I became disgusted with business methods and pulled out, realising all the money I could. My shares in the Northern Pacific, with which railway my late father had been connected, proved utterly unsalable, so I locked them in a drawer and came away to Naples, to live cheaply and see nobody. Fraser was more optimistic. He hung on, and has been getting along well, I understand. To tell the truth, he has helped me out on various occasions when I ran low, and I am very grateful to him. If I became rich again, I should not have the slightest hesitation about entrusting him with everything I possess, as, indeed, I have done on this occasion."

"So that was what disgusted you with America. I am disappointed with your story. Wasn't there a woman concerned at all?"

"No."

"Where does our friend Colonel Beck come in?"

"Beck is a man whom my father befriended in the early days. He was a western lawyer, I think, who did some legal business for the Northern Pacific, and came first to New York on behalf of the road. I believe my father became his security, and that Beck succeeded even beyond expectation. My father was a shrewd judge of men's business capacity, and Beck certainly justified his faith in him. During the beginning of my brief career in Wall Street, the Colonel took a great interest in me and expressed much gratitude towards my late father. He seemed desirous of helping me along in somewhat the same way that my father had helped him along. He had a good deal to do with our affairs, and, naturally, I placed as much of our business as I could in his way, and I imagine he lost no money in his dealings with us. When the pinch came, Fraser thought we might pull through if we could raise twenty thousand dollars. I took this block of Northern Pacific to Colonel Beck, and asked him to advance me the twenty thousand and hold the stock as security. He refused."

"Perhaps he did not have the money?"

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"He made no pretence of that sort. In fact, he said that if I would substitute New York Central for Northern Pacific, we could make a deal at a somewhat exorbitant rate of interest; but when he learned that all my Central stock was gone, he shrugged his shoulders and jocularly remarked that N.P. was N.G. I have never seen him since, and somehow have no particular yearning to meet him now."

"I appreciate your feeling in the matter. By the way, Willard, there was a very pretty girl with Colonel Beck—a *very* pretty girl, and charmingly attired. She did not say a word all the time the Colonel was talking, but she looked unutterable things and was deeply interested in our conversation. I thought she was a trifle disappointed when I told the Colonel I didn't know where you were. I supposed she was the Colonel's daughter."

"The chances are," mused Denman, "that the young lady was Miss Sadie Beck, niece of the old gentleman. She was rather a handsome girl when I knew her."

"Ah!" drawled the Consul, "then there is no particular reason why she should be anxious regarding your whereabouts?"

"None that I am aware of."

"I thought, perhaps, she might prove a dangerous rival to that most charming young woman, Miss Gertrude Marlow."

"What do you mean, Jimmy? Are you trying to become humorous?"

"I am always humorous, Willard, my boy, and, furthermore, am a person of great insight, although few know that except myself. My insight leads me to the conclusion that Miss Marlow thinks much of you."

"Nonsense! Miss Marlow is a very rich woman, while I have barely enough to live on."

"All the more reason you should take advantage of the goods the gods send to you."

"'Hallo, Willard, old man! I am mighty glad to see you!'"

"I thought I had told you I was done with commercialism. If I do not choose to give up my life to the pursuit of the dollar, it is not likely I am going to marry for money."

"But Miss Marlow is not only beautiful and rich, she is a nice girl besides."

"Quite so, quite so; and that is one reason, Jimmy, why we should not discuss her."

"All right. What do you wish to discuss? You told me you desired to consult me on a question of money. Is it this matter of the Northern Pacific stock?"

"No. It is a project of much less importance; and now I will enact the first part of the programme."

Denman called a waiter, gave him the cablegram and a five-hundred-lire note.

"Take or send that," he said, "to the telegraph office, and bring me the change."

The waiter departed, and Denman leaned back in his chair, thrust his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, assumed an air of wisdom, and began to talk like a sage.

"Stokes, the idle man in Naples has duties thrust upon him which he should not ignore."

"Dear me!" cried Stokes in alarm, "I hope you are not going to lecture me on my official duty. I do the best I can, and if I am idle, it is not for a professional loafer

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like you to chide me. I am upholding the dignity of the United States Government in this benighted spot, while you roam at large, doing absolutely nothing."

"Jimmy, I was not referring to you when I spoke of the idle man; I meant myself."

"Oh! that's all right, then. Fire ahead! You have plenty of scope. I agree beforehand with any censure you may be pleased to place upon yourself."

"Thanks, Jimmy! Thanks! You always were a generous, agreeable fellow. Still, the reformation I propose to bring about is to apply to certain Neapolitans rather than to myself."

"Yes, we are all more prone to reform the faults of others than tamper with our own. Expound the position, Willard."

"The position is this. A great number of indolent Italians are accumulating a competence by palming off counterfeit money on innocent foreigners like myself. Now, as far as my slight influence goes, I propose to stop this amiable game. That estimable waiter whom I called just now has been disagreeably expert at the business, and I have suffered grevious loss at his hands. By and by, he will return and load me up with counterfeit notes and leaden coin. I wish you, as an official, to mark these coins and place your initials on the bogus paper currency, seal up the amount in an envelope, and to-morrow we will descend on the rascal whom we have entrapped."

"Oh! that's your scheme, is it? Well, if I had been in your place, I should have risked a note of smaller denomination than five hundred lire. A hundred-lire note would have done just as well."

"No, it wouldn't, Jimmy. The cablegram alone costs a hundred and twenty lire. Ah! here comes the brigand!"

The waiter approached with great deference and counted out the money three francs short, but these were restored with many apologies when his attention was called to the deficit. He could not understand these Americans, sometimes so lavish with their money, at others so unexpectedly sharp at the counting of change. The Consul marked the various items in the amount, placed the result in an envelope, which he sealed and put in his inside pocket.

"From the hurried examination I have made of this wealth, Willard, I am convinced that it is nearly all bad. I feel it in my bones that you are going to lose on the present transaction; better have stuck to Wall Street. Do you wish me to write any official protest in the premises to be presented at the head of this villainous waiter?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind what I shall do, Jimmy, except that I shall call at your office in the morning, and there mature my plans, with your assistance."

"If you call at my office, you are more than likely to run against Colonel Beck. I expect him there bright and early."

"By Jove! I had forgotten about the Colonel. Still, there is no hurry about this. I can drop in on you later, when the Colonel has moved on."

All arrangements, however, bow to Chance, and Chance now intervened to upset their plans. A burly, florid-faced man with white moustache loomed up before them, and a heavy hand smote Denman on the shoulder with a force that made him wince and bite his lip to restrain a cry of resentment. "Hallo, Willard, old man!" shouted the stranger, "I am mighty glad to see you! Been searching the town for you; called on that stuck-up Consul of ours, but he pretended he knew nothing about you. I suppose he thought I believed him, but the undersigned wasn't born yesterday, and I had met talented prevaricators before. Oh! by Jingo! this you, Consul? I didn't notice you at first. Well, I stick to all I said. You told me this evening that you didn't know where Denman was, and now I find you sitting here with him. I think, by Jingo! that you owe me an apology."

"I owe you nothing, Colonel, not even my appointment. Every man who drifts in on me appears to think I am indebted to him for my place. I beg to inform you that it is no part of a Consul's duty to bestow addresses upon any stranger who happens in on him."

"That's all right, Mr. Stokes," replied the Colonel genially, drawing up a chair and seating himself uninvited at their table. "It isn't the habit of your uncle Ben to get left, and I knew I would find Denman ultimately if he was in town. Say, Willard, you ought to be in New York nowadays. Things are booming there."

"I have had enough of booms," replied Denman without enthusiasm.

"Nonsense! It's absurd for a young man like you—and a talented man, too, if I may be allowed to say so before your face—to chuck things up the way you've done. You came by your talent honestly enough, for your father was one of the best men in business I ever met; and I wouldn't be what I am if it wasn't for his assistance, as I am always willing and glad to admit. And, by

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the way, Willard, did you ever sell that block of Northern Pacific stock you had during the panic of '93?"

"I never did."

"Got it yet, eh? Well, I congratulate you. Now, at the present moment that would form a very nice little nucleus to begin on, and you can count on me to help you till everything's blue. It would be a pleasure to me to extend to you the same courtesy I received from your father."

"The stock wasn't much of a nucleus last time I tendered it to you, Colonel," said Denman drily.

The Colonel threw back his head and laughed boisterously.

"Oh! you haven't forgotten that episode yet? Well, you bolted from New York so quickly that I hadn't any chance of giving you an explanation."

"No explanation was needed, Colonel Beck. You refused me the money I required, and were quite within your right in doing so."

"Yes, but why did I refuse you—why? Answer me that, Willard."

The Colonel, with great good nature, placed his hand lovingly upon the shoulder of the other.

"Your conundrum is easy enough," replied the young man nonchalantly. "You didn't want to let me have the money, that was all."

"Certainly I didn't; certainly I didn't; and you should be very thankful to me that I refused. I knew Wall Street a great deal better than you did, my dear fellow, and that money would just have followed the rest into the pit."

"I quite believe you."

"Yes; but you didn't believe me then; and you left New York in a huff, without ever giving me a chance to explain my position."

"If you had been anxious to make an explanation, Colonel, there was plenty of time to do it in. That was seven or eight years ago, and a letter to Naples costs only five cents."

"True, true," cried the Colonel, in the bluff manner of an honest but misunderstood man. "I might have expended the five cents, as you say, if I had known your address; but you had got on your high horse, and had said things which a younger man should have hesitated before applying to his elder. Now, I don't pretend to be any better than my fellows, and I admit I was offended. Such usage coming from you, Willard, I confess, hurt me."

The American Consul, finding himself an unneeded third in what was drifting into a private discussion, pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

"I must bid you good-night, Denman," he said; "I have another appointment. I

"The stout Colonel, with visible emotion, clasped Denman warmly by the hand."

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shall see you at the office to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Don't go, Stokes. The Colonel and I have nothing private to discuss," returned his friend, while the Colonel sat silent, as if he thought this was not a true statement of the case. The Consul, however, persisted in his withdrawal, and Colonel Beck heaved a heavy sigh of relief as he watched him disappear.

"Yes, my boy," continued the Colonel, in a tone that had more of sorrow than of anger in it, "I don't think you treated your friends very well. I don't think you should have jumped at the wrong conclusion as quickly as you did. I would willingly have let you have the money if I had not known it was certain to go into the hands of Fraser, a man in whom I have absolutely no confidence. I don't expect you to sympathise with me in this, for I hear you have stuck by him through thick and thin. Nevertheless, I say now, as I said then, that I have no confidence in him, and I think you should not have been so quick to throw over an old friend like myself."

"You don't seem very logical, Colonel. In one breath you accuse me of throwing over an old friend; in another, of sticking by an old friend in whom you have no confidence. The truth is, that Fraser stuck by me when there was absolutely nothing to be made out of me."

"And well he might," cried the Colonel, "for he had already squandered your fortune!"

"You are wrong there. Not a penny of it stuck to his fingers. The losing of my fortune was the fault of Fate and of the panic; not of Stanley Fraser."

"Oh, well, Willard, it is all long past, as you have said. I'm not making any complaint, although I must say I did expect a little more consideration from your father's son than I got. I had the money ready for you, and would have paid it over to you without any security whatever, if you had but given me a promise that you would not have entrusted it to your partner."

"It was for my partner I wanted it."

"Exactly. I knew that; but, as I said, and say still, I had no confidence in him. The money was ready for you, and I expected you to return. When you did not, and I made inquiry for you, I found that you had left for Europe. It was long after that I learned your address."

"It is quite possible I was mistaken, Colonel. I always was rather hot-headed; and if in this case I made an error, I now offer apology."

"It hurt me, it hurt me at the time," murmured the Colonel in reminiscent tones; "but if only myself were involved, I would never have said a word. I am a man of the world, and am accustomed to the ups and downs of the world. I make no pretence that your silent desertion caused me permanent grief. I resented your impetuous action, but would never have spoken if no one else had been concerned."

"No one else concerned? I do not understand you. Who else was concerned?"

"Well, to speak frankly, as between man and man, I think you treated my niece Sadie rather badly."

"You astonish me, Colonel. I never treated any woman badly."

"I have been all my life a very busy man," rejoined the Colonel, with more of severity in his tone than had hitherto been the case, "and I frankly admit that much went on in my own household of which I was not cognisant. During the first years of your residence in New York you visited us somewhat frequently."

"Well, what of it?"

"Your father was an old friend of mine—my benefactor, as I might say—so I trusted his son implicitly."

"Well, what of it, I repeat?"

"What of it? This much of it, that I did not know until you had left New York that the affections of my niece were centred upon you."

"You are quite mistaken, Colonel."

"Do you mean to say there was never anything between you two but ordinary friendship?"

"I mean to say nothing of the sort. It is not a question for two men to discuss. But since you have broached the subject, I may tell you what you probably know already, that the last interview I had in your house was with your niece. She received me with great coolness and parted from me without visible regret. To put it quite plainly, Colonel Beck, the niece quite shared the uncle's feelings regarding me. Financially, I was broken, and consequently was of no further use in New York either to man or woman."

The stout Colonel placed the tips of his fingers together over the most corpulent portion of his person, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and drew a deep sigh.

"My hasty young friend, I see exactly what happened. You left me, enraged because I refused to lend you money. You

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said to yourself, 'This man, whom my father befriended, refuses in a crisis to befriend me.' That was no state of mind in which to visit a young lady proud and sensitive. Something in your manner must have jarred upon her. Girls are of finer texture than we brutal men. Her seeming coldness was merely offended dignity, and you left her presence under a misapprehension, as, indeed, you left mine. She expected your return, but you never came back. It was long before I even suspected that anything was wrong between you two, but I knew that Sadie had received offer of marriage after offer of marriage, some of them most advantageous, but all proposals she rejected. The utmost confidence existed between us. She is to me as if she were my own daughter. I expostulated with her one day, and to my surprise she burst into tears and then confessed her preference for you. I must say that for a time I was filled with resentment against you, but this feeling gave way to sorrow at seeing my girl waste her life through misplaced love. I have spoken to you with the utmost frankness. Sadie is dearer to me than everything else in the world beside."

For some moments after the Colonel finished his exposition of the case Denman maintained silence. The Viennese band was playing a lively selection, and he appeared to be listening to the music, but with troubled brow. The place seemed rather unsuited for a confession of love, and the tidings brought no particular joy to the listener apparently. At last the young man spoke.

"Does Miss Beck know—was she aware that you were going to speak to me on this subject?"

"Certainly not. I doubt if she would thank me for my interference, because, as I said before, she is a proud girl. I don't think she knew you were in Naples until she heard me ask the Consul about you. When I was questioning him, she seemed rather eager to hear his answers, but she said nothing until we were outside."

This coincided with the account given by Stokes of the visit, and Denman evidently became more and more perplexed.

"What did she say when you were outside?" he asked.

"Oh! she wanted to know why I wished to see you, and I told her it was on a matter of business. This didn't quite satisfy her, so, being pressed, I mentioned that block of Northern Pacific stock which you offered to sell to me once, and said I thought I could dispose of it for you to advantage, if you still possessed it. Sadie knows nothing of Wall Street affairs, so, of course, this explanation seemed quite reasonable. Besides, it was quite true, for I do wish to make a bargain with you about that stock whenever you feel inclined to come down from the clouds and discuss mundane affairs."

"What do you expect me to do—I don't mean about the stock, but about Miss Beck?"

"It is not for me to make any suggestions in the premises, my dear fellow. You are a man of honour. You have made a mistake which involves the happiness of an innocent person. I have put the matter before you with a plainness which is, I think, exceptional. The next move must rest with you."

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Grand Hotel."

"Then, with your permission, I shall have the pleasure of calling upon Miss Beck to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock, if that hour is convenient."

The stout Colonel, with visible emotion, clasped Denman warmly by the hand. "You are a good fellow!" he said, "and growing more and more like your father every day. When you meet my niece, you will let no hint escape you of this conversation?"

"Most assuredly not."

"I came to see you," continued the Colonel, "about the Northern Pacific stock, remember that; and, of course, you call on her for old friendship's sake on learning she is here with me."

"You may rely upon my tact, Colonel."

His mission accomplished, the Colonel seemed to hesitate between going or staying, his attitude that of a man wondering whether it is better to leave well alone or to proceed further. Finally he said: "By the way, Willard, in order that we may make our conference the more legitimate, how about that Northern Pacific stock of yours? I am willing to buy it outright, or to sell it for you, just as you choose."

"I am not quite in the position to make a deal at the present moment, Colonel."

"I thought you said that you still held the stock?"

"So I do, but I don't care to make any move regarding it just now."

"Delays are dangerous, Willard."

"I know they are," rejoined the younger man shortly, with a finality of tone which showed the elder that nothing was to be gained by continuing the discussion; so the good man rose and bade farewell to his friend with a cordiality that was almost over-

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done, and left the other to his thoughts, such as they were.

Willard Denman had little sleep that night. The ghost of an almost forgotten love haunted him, and the apparition, as is usually the case, was most unwelcome. He had certainly left the girl with brusque abruptness, thoroughly convinced that she was as mercenary as her uncle, ready to throw him over because he had failed on Wall Street. Then he had possessed the eager confidence of extreme youth; now, in his maturer years, it occurred to him that he had often been mistaken in his estimates of people. Might not an error have been committed in this case? The manner of Colonel Beck had all its ancient bluff heartiness, and there was certainly a show of reasonableness in his presentation of the case. Time had long since mitigated the sting of the refusal. At the moment of asking he had thought the money would have saved both himself and his partner. The continuance of the panic, however, convinced him that the money would have melted ineffectually and vanished like the rest. If his estimate of the situation had been so far astray, might not his judgment of both uncle and niece have been equally erroneous? There was but one thing for a man of honour to do, and that was to stand the brunt of his mistake, no matter what the cost. He was not the first to pay, with interest compounded, an early debt, and in this case the restitution was the heavier because a fairer and younger woman had become mixed with his dreams, a woman about whom there could be no suspicion of self-interest, for she was richer than he could ever hope to be, and this very fact had hitherto prevented him from declaring himself.

Next day the problem presented no more alluring aspect than it had done during the troublesome night. As the hour of the interview approached, Denman's dejection increased. He did not visit the Consul as he had promised. In fact, he had entirely forgotten the financial transaction of the night before. He walked along the promenade by the sea-wall fronting the fashionable quarter of Naples, with haggard face and bowed head, striving to collect his thoughts, although, so far, those he had succeeded in collecting proved of little use to him. Suddenly he realised that his name had been called once or twice, or oftener, and, looking up quickly, he saw a carriage draw to a standstill at the kerb, and from it smiled the fair face of Miss Gertrude Marlow, the girl who caused his meditations on another to be so disturbing. There was a tightening at his heart as he stepped forward to greet her.

"Why, Mr. Denman," she said, "you seem forlorn. You look as if you had lost every friend you had in the world."

Denman brought a wry smile to his lips.

"So far from that being the case, Miss Marlow, I have just found two friends who, I thought, had forgotten me, and upon one of them I am just about to call."

"I hope your friend anticipates the interview with more pleasure than you seem to do. I was sorry to see you looking so worried, and so took the liberty of accosting you, an action that is considered in Naples most improper. However, I always say that my carriage is, like the Consulate, part of the United States, and so, while driving in it, I lay claim to all the privileges of the American young woman."

"Indeed, Miss Marlow, your charitable action needs no defence. I am already infinitely the better for having seen you. I was never more down-hearted in my life than on this promenade."

"Was it really so serious as that?" asked the girl, a quick shade of sympathy coming over her beautiful face. "Is it anything in which I can help?"

"You have already helped by speaking so kindly to a despondent man. No, I am confronted with one of those problems with which a man must wrestle alone."

"You should cheer up," said the girl breathlessly. "Remember that no situation is so bad but it might be worse, although I am afraid that is but dubious consolation. If I can be of any assistance, you will call upon me, won't you?"

"I am very grateful for your sympathy, Miss Marlow."

"We compatriots must stand by one another in a foreign country," she added, as if fearing he might imagine her too complaisant. Then she drove on, leaving him with his unfulfilled mission the harder of accomplishment because of her greeting. Nevertheless, he made the plunge.

The years had passed lightly over the blonde head of Miss Sadie Beck, who greeted him with subdued sweetness, a touch of melancholy in her voice. As the Consul had very truly said, Miss Beck was an amazingly pretty girl, who dressed with an elegance that suggested Paris.

"Through a chance meeting with your uncle last evening, I learned that you were in Naples, and I asked permission to call."

"Yes, he told me he had met you," replied

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"'In the old days you used to call me Sadie.'"

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the girl simply. "It gives me great pleasure to see you again, because, if you remember, we parted rather in anger," and Sadie raised her blue eyes to his, only to sink them again to the carpet with just the slightest possible suggestion of a little quivering sigh; indeed, the eyes themselves, large and pathetic, gave token of unshed tears.

"Miss Beck——" he began, but she interrupted him in tremulous tones; a crystal drop actually became visible on the long eyelashes.

"In the old days you used to call me Sadie."

"But the old days are gone for ever."

These words were his last effort against the silken web which he felt surrounding him, and he knew himself to be a brute as he uttered them. Their effect upon the girl was instantaneous. She sank down by the table, flung her arms upon it, lowering her face upon them in a storm of weeping.

"Oh! not for me! not for me!" she cried between sobs. "You may forget the old days, and I see you have forgotten them. Leave me, then! leave me to my memories! Why, oh! why did you seek to see me again?"

That settled it. He placed his hand upon her heaving shoulders and spoke soothingly to her.

Some minutes later Denman came out of the hotel and went direct to the American Consulate.

"Hallo, old man! what's the matter with you?" cried James Stokes. "You are white as a ghost."

"I'm all right. Didn't sleep very well last night. See here, Stokes! I just called to say that I wish you would forget part of the conversation we had yesterday."

"Easily done! Which part, for instance?"

"What I said about Colonel Beck. I did the man an injustice. He has convinced me of that."

"Oh! has he? You mean, then, he didn't refuse you the twenty thousand?"

"He refused it from the best of motives. I was rather a strenuous fool in those days, and thought everything should come my way. If I didn't see what I wanted, I imagined all I had to do was to ask for it. I left New York in a temper, and I realise now that I did worthy people a great injustice."

"Someone else was involved, then, as well as the Colonel?"

"Yes. I was engaged to his niece, and, as there is no secret about it, I may as well inform you that that engagement has been renewed to-day."

The Consul whistled and then checked himself, as if this indication of surprise were not quite appropriate for so serious an announcement.

"Well, Willard, I congratulate you. She is a very handsome girl."

"Extremely so," answered the happy man, turning to leave.

"Oh! by the way, how about that money the waiter gave you last night?"

"Hang the waiter!" replied Denman, as he disappeared through the door.

Again the frivolous Consul whistled, then he murmured: "It's all very well to say 'Hang the waiter!' but I doubt if that's the penalty in Italy for passing counterfeit money. Thunder! I don't like this situation a little bit, and I rather distrust that Beck crowd."

The friendly Stokes pondered deeply over the situation, until his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the Colonel himself. He had come in quest of letters, for the Consulate was post-office-in-ordinary to various tourists from the States.

No mail bearing the name of Beck had arrived at the Consulate, and the inquirer was turning away when Stokes acted with quick heedlessness, which must be the excuse for what followed. In his own defence he used to say afterwards that the presence of Colonel Beck so corrupted him with an atmosphere of Wall Street that he couldn't speak the truth if he tried.

"Oh! Colonel, one moment. You are an old friend of Denman's, aren't you?"

The Colonel turned on his heel.

"Yes. Why?" he asked.

"I'd like to speak with you a moment about him, if you don't mind. I'm an old friend of his, too, but unfortunately I'm poor, and so, however willing, I can't be of any assistance to him. Did he speak to you last night about money matters after I left you?"

"No," said the Colonel, drawing down his brows.

"Ah! that's just like him. I came away to give him the opportunity. I owe you an apology for my treatment of you when you first came into the Consulate. Of course, I knew Denman's address, but I thought you might be a creditor of his, and goodness knows the poor fellow has had enough of them."

"Why, what do you mean? If he owns that Northern Pacific stock, he's a rich man,

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"The bewildered Consul was shortly after in possession of a large cheque."

richer than you have any idea of if he sells at once. He can realise millions on that stock at the present moment."

"Then he hasn't told you what he did with it?"

The ruddy face of the Colonel seemed to become mottled, and he moistened his lips as he said—

"No. What has he done with it?"

"Well, in spite of all I could do, he sent it over to a friend named Fraser in New York. He hasn't even a scrap of writing to show for it. You know Wall Street, so I need say no more."

The Colonel apparently knew Wall Street, for he gasped—

"The eternal fool!"

"Exactly. Still, Denman's a good fellow, and we mustn't let him sink. I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't mind stumping up a bit to help him out."

"Hasn't he any other resources?" asked the Colonel.

"Not a cent, so far as I know. All his hopes were centred on that Northern Pacific stock, and now that's gone."

"Well, I must say, Mr. Consul, that you have a good deal of cheek to ask me, a complete stranger to you, to spend money on an idiot who doesn't know enough to hang on to a fortune when he has got it."

The Colonel turned away, and the removal of his broad back disclosed a lady standing there whom the Consul had not noticed, and whose presence seemed to fill him with consternation.

"I—I—beg your pardon, Miss Marlow, I didn't see you come in. I am so sorry to have kept you waiting."

"It was only for a moment, Mr. Stokes, and doesn't matter," said the girl, with an uncertain smile which convinced him she had heard. "I called to see if there were any letters for me."

"Yes, here is a bunch."

She took the package, but remained standing there in an attitude of hesitation. At last she said—

"I was an unintentional eavesdropper. I heard part of your appeal to the gentleman who has just left, and I thought I caught the name of Mr. Denman."

"I was afraid you had heard," replied the perturbed Consul; "and now I must throw myself on your mercy. You will say nothing of this to anyone. Denman would never forgive me if he knew what I have just said to the Colonel."

"He shall never know from me. I saw him this afternoon, and was sure something had gone wrong. I surmise that the appeal you made to the man you call the Colonel has had little effect. Will you accept me as a substitute, Mr. Stokes?"

"Really, Miss Marlow, I don't know what to say. Denman and I were engaged in a little financial transaction last night which I expect to turn out badly. I think he will lose some money by it, but it is not at all serious, I assure you, not at all serious."

Miss Marlow smiled, but was unconvinced.

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"It will be a secret in exchange for a secret," she said. "I will give to you whatever money Mr. Denman needs, and you are never to tell him, as I shall never tell what I overheard in this office. In your own words, we must not let a good man like Mr. Denman go under for lack of a little assistance, and it does not matter who the friend is that supplies it."

So the bewildered Consul was shortly after in possession of a large cheque, which he did not know in the least what to do with, nor how, decently, to return it. His fiction had led him further afield than he intended, and he cudgelled his brain for a way out of the difficulty.

Denman passed another unrefreshing night, but solace came in the morning in the shape of an early letter and an important cablegram.

"DEAR MR. DENMAN," the letter began. "How inscrutable is the human heart! For seven long years I have yearned to see you, and at last this desire was gratified. You were the idol of my younger days, and were my first love—my first and only love, I may say; and yet I write these words as calmly as if I were inditing an order to my dressmaker. I find what I should have known before, that we cannot light a fire with a heap of ashes. I know you will think me wayward and changeable, especially after my emotion when you spoke of the olden days. But am I to blame that I find myself changed and fancy I see a change in you also? There can never be anything between us, Willard, but that pure friendship which becomes more and more of a solace as we grow older. I give you back your promise of to-day. It will be useless to call upon me, for my uncle and I will have left for Rome before you receive this letter. But believe me,

"Always your friend and well-wisher,
"SADIE BECK."

"Well, by Jove!" cried the astounded man, as he finished the epistle. "The girl is honest, after all, and I have not been able to conceal my real feeling towards her. I am afraid I have kept faith in the letter, but not in the spirit. However, thank God for her decision! Her letter does not betray a broken heart, even if I had conceit enough to think I had caused her suffering."

It was a jubilant man who called upon the Consul in his office that morning, but the burden of worry seemed to have shifted to the shoulders of the official, which served him right for his wrongdoing. A man should always be truthful, as the Consul was finding out.

"Anything new this morning, Willard? You seem brighter than I have seen you look for a day or two."

"Yes, rather important news. It seems to be my fate to come into this office and contradict what I said the day before, so I am at it again. The Becks have left suddenly for Rome, and the young lady jilts me, so that engagement is off."

"Oh! What is the reason of their change of plan?"

"No reason at all, as far as I can make out. Surely a woman doesn't need to give a reason for preferring Rome to Naples?"

"No, I suppose not. Oh! by the way, Denman, you know that bogus money you got from the waiter. Well, as you wouldn't attend to the matter, I went up there clothed in all the thunders of official position and sternly demanded good money for bad. What do you think was the outcome?"

"Denied liability, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it. The man put his hand in his pocket and forked over good coin of the realm without a whimper. So, you see, there's no object lesson and no fuss, after all our trouble."

"Why, that's very strange. Talking about money, Stokes, I've just got a cablegram from New York. Forgot it till the present moment. By Jove! If you'll believe it, I'm a millionaire two or three times over, and all through that Northern Pacific stock."

"And the becoming of a millionaire was such a triviality that you never thought of it until I mentioned the change of your five hundred lire?"

"Oh! it's no triviality, Stokes, but it slipped my mind for the moment. More important things had occurred. And now I must be off to see another friend, and find out if my good luck is going to continue further."

"Ah! I suppose that means you are going to announce another engagement to-morrow."

"Perhaps," said Denman, with a laugh, as he left the Consulate.

And sure enough the deceitful Consul felt compelled to express great astonishment when he learned that Gertrude Marlow and Willard Denman were to be married. He made up his mind to enclose the unused cheque in a letter to the lady when he sends in his wedding present.

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LAND WON FROM THE SEA.

By Beckles Willson and H. Golding.

It is an historic but possibly unjust reproach against Englishmen that as a race they are averse to change. A philosopher has said that the English are as fixed and rigid as the little island they inhabit. Now that philosopher's metaphor, though he may not have been aware of it, was quite unsound, for so far from being "fixed and rigid," this Kingdom was, and is, physically speaking, in a fluid state—its mountains for ever changing their altitude, its rivers their depth, and its coasts their outline; and where cities once stood the ocean now flows, and, *per contra*, on what was formerly the bottom of the sea flourishing towns are now built.

BRADING HARBOUR, ISLE OF WIGHT, VIEWED FROM THE TOWN OF BRADING; RECLAIMED FROM THE SEA BY SIR HUGH MYDDELTON.

In some quarters not a little alarm has been recently occasioned by statements concerning the erosion of our coasts; and many anxious inquiries have been made as to whether in other parts of the Kingdom there were not compensating forces at work, which had long been engaged in reclaiming English territory from the embraces of the sea.

Land, as any farmer knows, is a made article. Nature having the recipe, she proceeds to manufacture it in full view, it may be said, of the people of these Islands. The rivers may carry down to their mouths tons of sediment from the hills and mountains, or the sea may cast up millions of tons of shingle, sand, or marine shells. But, as might be expected, the process of winning land from the sea is slow and tedious; while, on the other hand, as we know, mighty tracts, such as Lyonesse, portions of North Wales, and the country about Winchelsea, have been submerged in a single night. Taken as a whole, the "historic diminution," therefore, is far greater than the gain; but if we except these great catastrophes, we may, perhaps, venture on the assertion that, loss and gain taken together, there is almost, if not quite, as much land in England to-day as there was a matter of—say—five hundred years ago.

That part of England which was not visible England in the time of Julius Cæsar comprises some thousands of square miles. It is to be found along the shores of the Thames, on the coast of Kent and Essex; in Lincolnshire, and in many other parts.

Romney Marsh, together with Walling and Guilford Marshes, containing about 60,000

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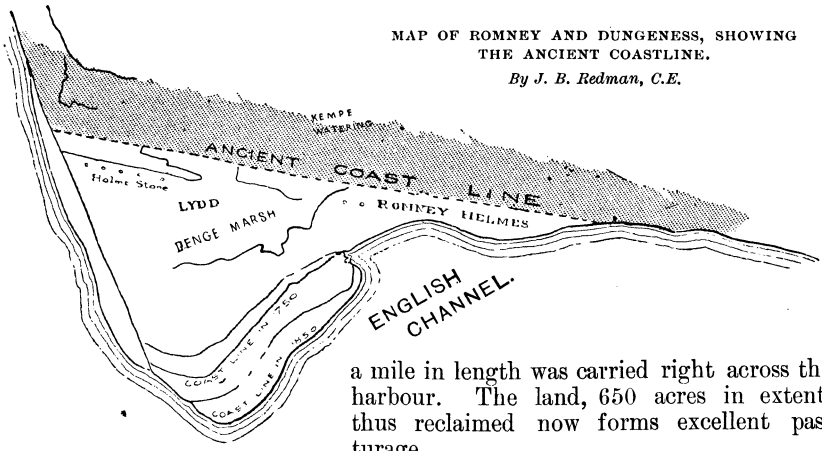
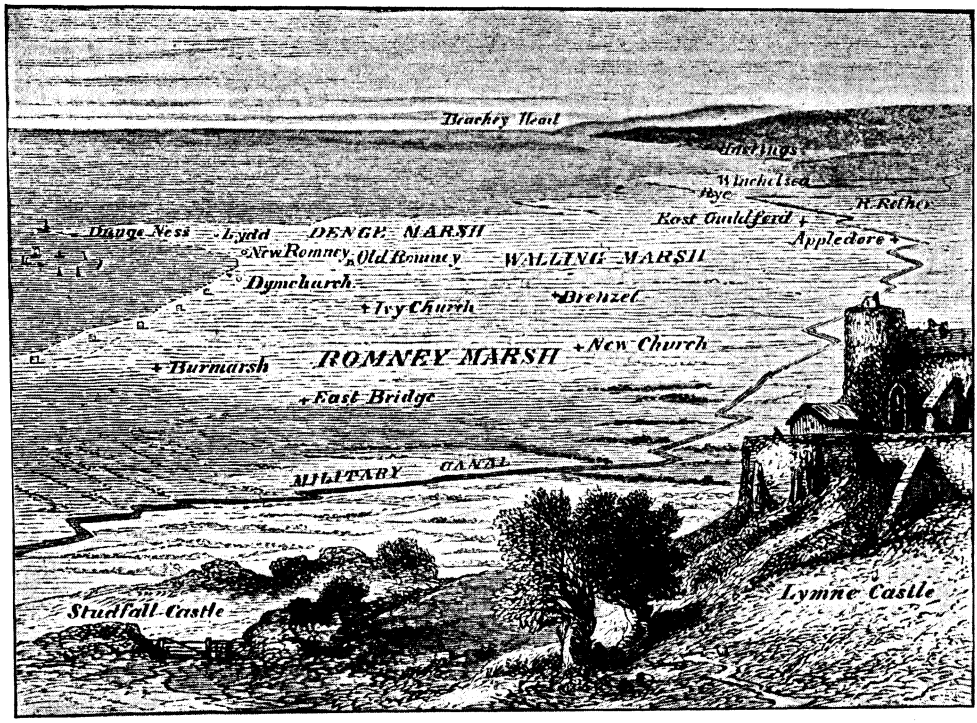


MAP OF ROMNEY AND DUNGENESS, SHOWING THE ANCIENT COASTLINE.
By J. B. Redman, C.E.

acres, is the earliest enclosure of which we have any record. In later times, particularly in the seventeenth century, the Dutch, with their native skill in the art of embanking, were employed in this country. When Sir Hugh Myddelton projected the reclamation of Brading Harbour, in 1620, he called in the aid of Dutch engineers, as in Canvey Island, in 1616, when one-third of the acreage of the island was granted to a certain Joas Croppenburg, a Dutchman, in consideration of his keeping the walls surrounding the island in repair. At Brading, however, the sea soon got back its own, and continued to keep it until 1878, when, after much difficulty, an embankment more than a mile in length was carried right across the harbour. The land, 650 acres in extent, thus reclaimed now forms excellent pasturage.

In Lincolnshire, in 1626, the celebrated Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, with various Dutchmen and Flemings, was engaged to reclaim the Bedford Level or the Fen land.

Some of the principal enclosures of recent years have been made on the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts; part of Sunk Island, in Yorkshire (the whole of which is reclaimed land); Pagham Harbour, Sussex; islands in Handford Water, Essex; Brading Har-



MAP SHOWING THE LAND ABOUT ROMNEY, KENT, RECLAIMED FROM THE SEA.
Ships used formerly to sail over all this territory.

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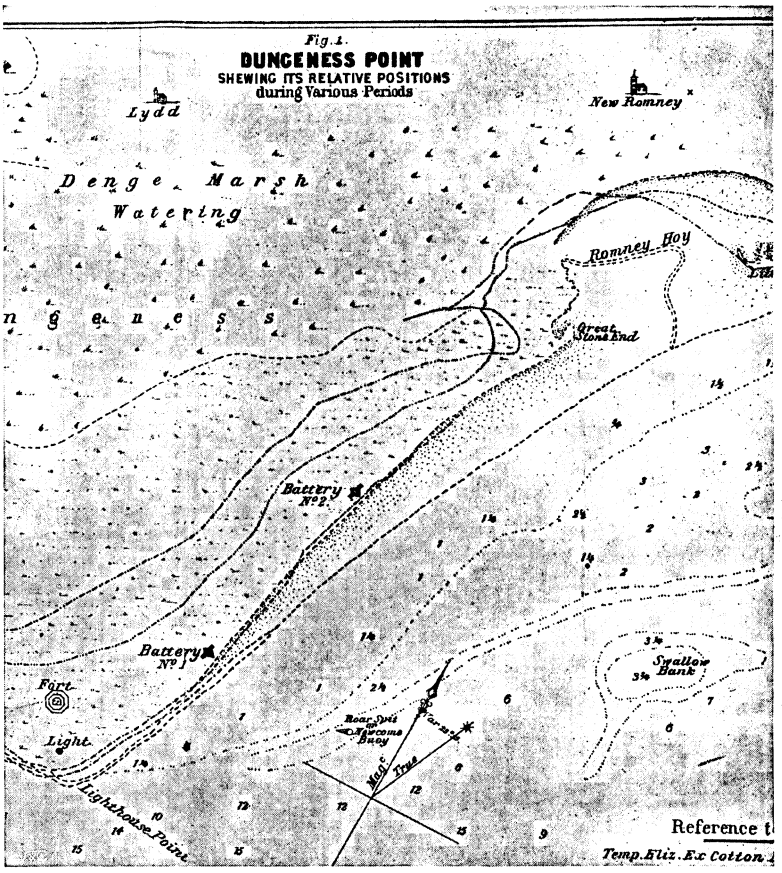
bour, in the Isle of Wight; and parts of the estuary of the River Dee. The reclaimed land of Lincolnshire amounts to more than 680,000 acres, or more than 1,000 square miles. In the estuary of the Humber, about 290 square miles have from time to time been gained from the sea. An old rhyme says of the Humber—

"I blunder, I bluster, I blowe, and I blother, I make on the one day, and I mar on the other."



The tendency of the sea to throw up sand upon many parts of our coast is so great that during the last four or five centuries it has cost millions of money, not merely to keep open a passage for shipping, but to preserve a sufficient channel for the discharge of the united waters of rivers. A constant effort is being made by Nature to stretch these various barriers she has previously erected across the several estuaries, so as to shut out completely the low grounds from the sea; and the attempt is only counteracted by artificial means.

And now, what converts these shifting sand-banks into firm, dry land? Amongst the causes is the singular disposition of certain plants, such as the marram, to collect around them and hold in a network of their fibres and branches the loose and shifting sands.

There is hardly anything of this kind more interesting than to watch one of these land-making plants grow. Perhaps accident sends a seed or stem upon a shingle bed, with scarce enough sand to cover the first root. The root loses no time sending around its creepers, and these arrest some portion of the sands blown hither and thither by the winds. The plant multiplies itself; the sand accumulates, layer after layer, and still new creepers are spread out in search of newly collected sand. Soon a small hillock is formed, and eventually, by the continuation of the same process, a ridge many feet in elevation, or a sand-cliff towering above the waves. These formations may be studied to perfection in the neighbourhood of Skegness. A plant will multiply itself five-hundredfold in a single year, and some of the creepers have been found to be twelve yards long.

This is one of the processes by which land is wrested from the sea, and, by the assistance of man, finally added to Britannia's account. A good plan of reclaiming land is that adopted by Colonel Cheyke, of Rawcliff, Yorkshire, in 1825, in the formation of 1,600 acres of valuable land. It is known as "warping"—that is, by enclosing a given space, upon which the turbid waters of the adjacent streams precipitate their silt. Nearly all water, and especially river water, holds enormous quantities of mud suspended: if this water is captured and allowed to

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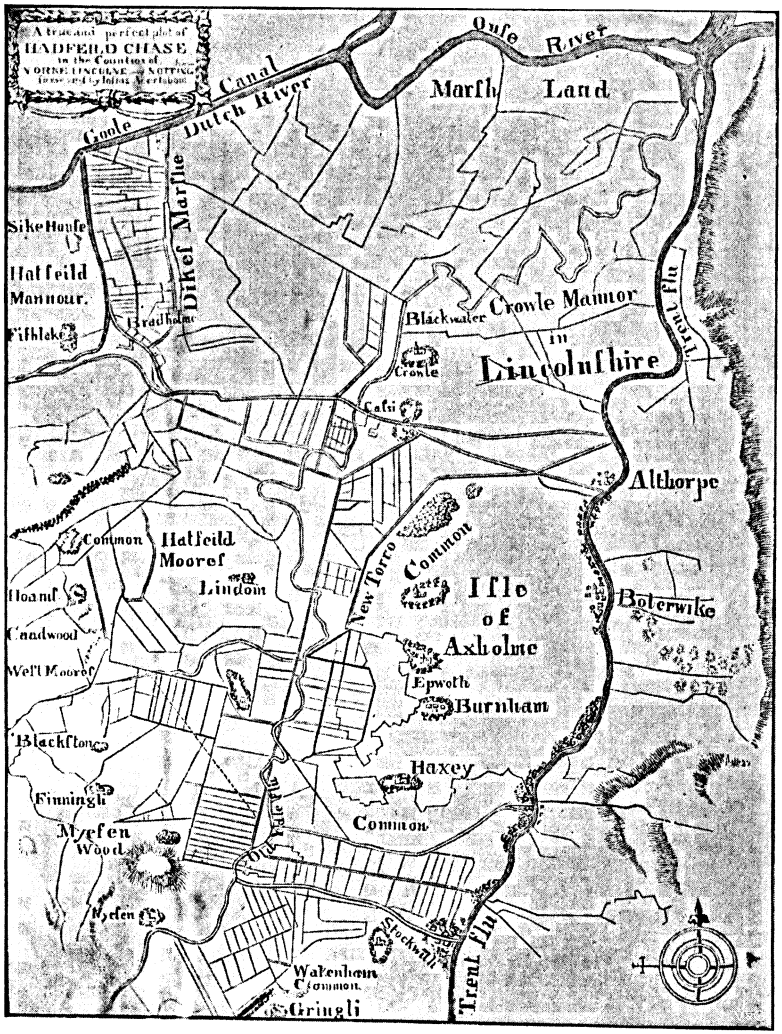
remain inert for a year, a deposit of several feet of soil results.

Sunk Island is situated on the north bank of the Humber estuary, and has a coast-line of about six and a half miles. It contains some 7,000 acres of enclosed land under cultivation, the property of the Crown, and separated from the mainland by a narrow creek. There are other tracts in the vicinity of 3,000 acres more, making altogether 10,000 acres of rich alluvial soil, most of which has accumulated during the nineteenth century. In the time of Charles I. the island did not contain more than nine acres; and, being then two miles from the Yorkshire coast, could scarcely be seen at high water.

Soon after the sea was shut out from the new land, the marine grasses and vegetation began to die and decay, and in the course of a year fresh-water grasses appeared. After the lapse of about three years a tolerably good surface of pasture was formed, capable of sustaining a considerable number of cattle. Perhaps the most surprising thing was the spontaneous appearance of an entire covering of white clover only three years after the exclusion of the sea water.

If one examines an old map of Kent, one will see that there was formerly a wide stretch of water to the westward, several miles in breadth, between Lydd and Sussex. There is an old charter of King Offa's, granting to the Archbishop a tract which appears to be the northern part of the present parish of Lydd, it being described as having the sea to the north-east and west of it. Romney Marsh was once deep and navigable sea.

Its origin as land was as follows: In primeval times some part of the vast mass of shingle which comes up the English Channel from the westward lodged against a long line shoal in this quarter, the progress of the beach being thus arrested at Dungeness, and divided into two drifts, forming a sort of triangular lagoon between Hythe and Rye, the two sides being severally about fourteen and ten miles long. Into this interior basin, sand, shells, wreckage, river and other deposits began to accumulate, until in process of time a marsh was formed. At any rate,



THE ISLE OF AXHOLME, OVER WHICH EARLY ENGLISH VESSELS USED TO SAIL.

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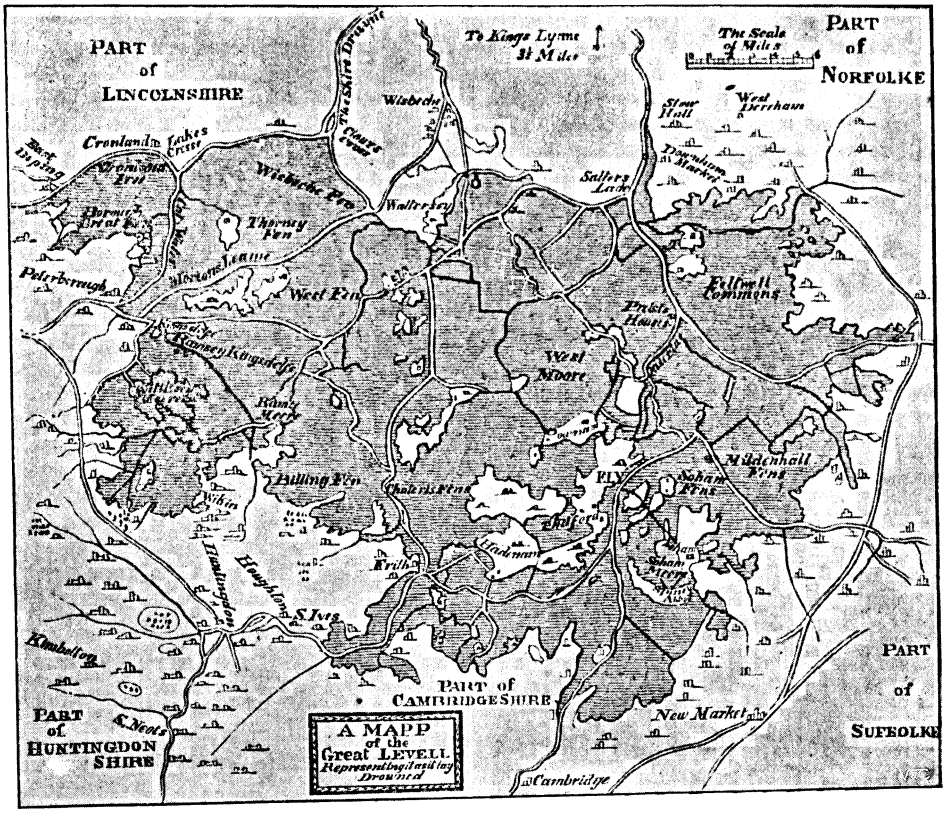

THE ISLE OF ELY, SHOWING THE FEN DISTRICT WON IN MODERN TIMES FROM THE WATERS.

Romney Marsh was never left by the sea. Were the banks removed to-day, the sea would submerge a great part of it. Dymchurch Wall, by means of which the sea is kept at bay, extends for about four miles and is more than twenty feet high. The accumulation of beach continues, and land is forming here perpetually. The lighthouse at Dungeness was built in 1792, 100 yards from the sea at low water. In 1844 the distance had increased to 190 yards; it is now about double that.

Old and New Romney were formerly seaports, as was also Lympne. From the latter place, described by Leland as "sumtyme a notable towne and haven," the sea is now more than two miles, a great part of the shingle so intervening having been converted into land.

Oxney was first an island, afterwards a peninsula, and is now joined to the mainland. Appledore was frequented by the Danes as a harbour.

The first tract of what is now known as Romney Marsh to be reclaimed was an island, upon which the town of Old Romney stands to-day. Gradually embankments were extended southward as far as New Romney, where an accumulation of beach was quietly going on. The ancient seaport of Lydd, too, stood upon an island in the sea, as also did Old Winchelsea, Guilford, and Ivychurch. At a later period Burmarsh and the surrounding country were reclaimed, the islands vanished one by one, and the sea became dry land.

From time to time additions were made by reason of the shingle deposited along the coast, which process left several towns, once important seaports, stranded quite far inland. Such was the fate of Lympne, the ancient *Portus Lemanis*. Where the Roman galleys were rowed the spectator may to-day behold sheep grazing. Hythe, one of the Cinque Ports, and having much traffic with France, is now silted up by shingle, upon which new ground the School of Musketry practises. Old Romney, past which the Rother came to flow, and an important seaport, is now two miles from

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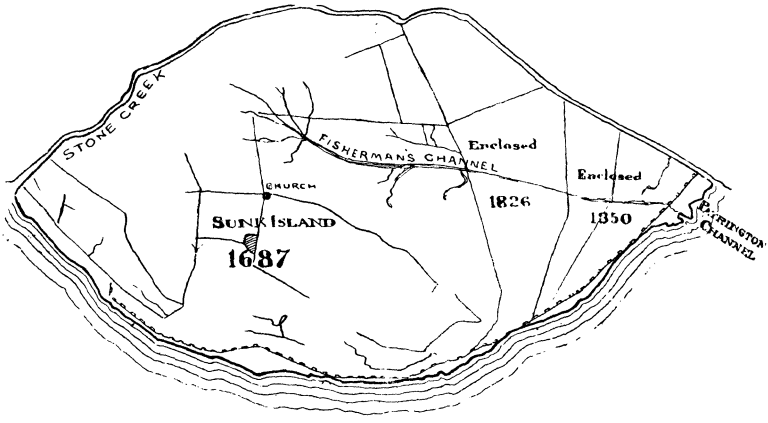
the sea. Its successor, "New" Romney, after a career of prosperity, woke up one day to find its haven gone.

There is, perhaps, no spot in the Kingdom where we gain land more rapidly than at Dungeness. This point, running almost due south, accumulates shingle so quickly that a mile a century is a moderate average of the gain. Rye, a Cinque Port, is now two miles from the sea. Winchelsea, once a celebrated port, is now relegated to the interior by about the same distance.

The Archbishops of Canterbury, as heads of the foundation of Christchurch, Canterbury, being the principal proprietors of the soil of Romney Marsh, the tracts which they from time to time wrested from the waters show the progress of reclamation. These additions used to be called "Innings," as, for example, we find recorded the Innings of Becket (Primate from A.D. 1162 to 1170); Baldwyn (from 1184 to 1190); Boniface (from 1243 to 1270), and so on. In addition there are Innings of various private persons, such as Elderton and Scadway. This shutting off of the sea went on from age to age. One result of all this embankment was to block up the rivers, so that where such a great stream as the Rother formerly ran has long been dry land. A generation or two since, a large vessel, supposed at first to be Danish, was uncovered in a certain farm. Indeed, this is not the only foundered ship which has been dug out of the modern soil.

Hastings presents another striking illustration of our ever-changing coast. Several costly attempts have been made in recent years to provide the town with a much-needed harbour, but so far without success. Yet the rank of Hastings in the Cinque Ports confederacy is sufficient to show that anciently the town possessed a harbour as important as any in the Kingdom. What has become of it? It is exceedingly likely that the modern town is built on the very site, and that Saxon galleys rowed and sailed where are now busy streets and magnificent buildings. It is curious to reflect that of all the Cinque Ports, Dover is now the only one of maritime importance, and even Dover Harbour is only maintained by incessant labour and enormous expense. Romney and Hythe have, like Hastings, long since been built upon, and Sandwich, though still in a sense a port, is now nearly two miles from the sea. Even so recently as 400 years ago it was a flourishing haven. Within sight of Sandwich is a slight eminence on which stand the crumbling remains of Richborough Castle, the Roman *Rutupiæ*. The twin fortress of *Regulbium* (the modern Reculver) that guarded the northern entrance of the channel at that time separating the Isle of Thanet from the mainland, has been almost swept away by successive sea encroachments, though even so recently as Leland's time it stood "wythin a quarter of a myle or a little more of the se syde." Yet the capricious sea, which has annihilated one half of the site of Reculver and would speedily devour the rest but for a restraining wall, has deserted its old boundaries at Richborough, and left the Castle, beneath which the Roman vessels used to anchor, high and dry, with a great shingly plain and a double-looped river between it and the sea.



THE WHOLE OF THIS AREA, SEVEN MILES LONG BY FOUR WIDE, HAS BEEN WON FROM THE SEA.

The tiny shaded section shows the size of Sunk Island in 1687.

It has been computed that a fifteenth part of Kent has been added to it since Roman times, and a tenth as regards fertility and value. These surprising changes have chiefly taken place in the Isles of Thanet and Oxney, Romney Marsh, and the estuaries of the principal rivers. Heavy storms suddenly throwing bars along the coast, and raising many thousand loads of shingle or ooze of the sea, invite the accumulation of alluvium. A great

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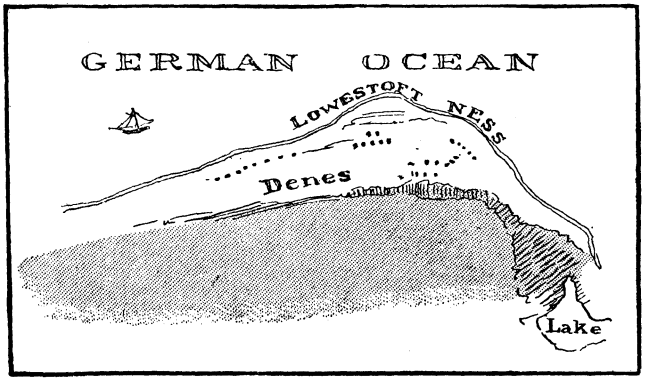
tract of land has been formed in the vicinity of Rye and Winchelsea, for the former place in the reign of Elizabeth was situated in an estuary.

The leeward side of Langney Point, near Eastbourne, has much increased during the last century. The sea formerly flowed up to the hills at Pevensey, and an ancient map shows a considerable inlet here. Pevensey Bay not only did not exist in early times, but the sea washed the base of the slope on which Pevensey Castle stands. Langney Point is quite modern. It is not seen on Nowell's map of 1576 ; and consequently the sea is believed to have receded ten yards a year over a space of two centuries. Even at present that represents about the average gain of land here.



LAND WON AT LOWESTOFT.
Formerly the waves flowed right up to the cliffs.

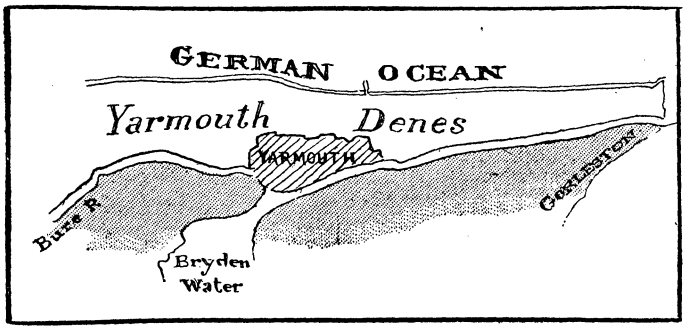
Where the great ships of Elizabeth's day used to anchor in Pagham Harbour is now smiling pastureland, the harbour having so silted up that only the smallest vessels can enter. At Southampton there is a long spit of modern land, on which Calshot Castle is built, with its accompanying dwelling-houses. Calshot Point is one mile in length, and was formerly exactly like its newer neighbour the Brambles Spit.

Between Portland and Bridport there is an enormous collection of shingle, extending along seventeen miles and forming the famous Chesil Beach. It encloses a sheet of water ten miles long, known as the Fleet.

Yarmouth in the time of Canute was but sand in the sea, only beginning to be seen at low water in Edward the Confessor's time, and to be dry land from 1040 to 1090. The story of the growth of the town has been quaintly told by an old writer :—

"As the sand upon which Yarmouth is built did grow to be drye, and was not overflowen by the sea, but waxed in height and also in greatnes, much store of people from the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk did resorte thither, and did pitche tabernacles and boothes for the enterteynenge of such seafaring men and fishermen and merchants as would resorte unto that place, eyther to sell their herringes-fish or other comodoties, and for providenge such things as those seamen neede and wante."

By the courtesy of the municipal authorities we are enabled to reproduce an interesting chart drawn in the reign of Elizabeth from an eleventh century map. This clearly shows the then existing estuary formed by the rivers Yare, Waveney, and Bure. Yarmouth stands upon the island at the mouth of the estuary, Lowestoft opposite the left corner of the island, and Caister opposite the right corner. Norwich is near the top of the map. The villages of Reedham, Burgh, Bungay, Harleston, and Haddiscoe, now miles inland, were then directly on the coast, and their inhabitants lived by fishing.



YARMOUTH IS BUILT ON A SAND-BANK.
In recent times the sea has been pushed still further back so as to form "The Denes."

Although much land had been reclaimed in early times in Essex, it was not until the reign of James I. that a rich tract comprising hundreds of thousands of acres was practically won from the sea. Not many centuries

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ago, what we call the Fens were entirely abandoned to the waters. The ships of the Danish sea-rovers used to sail as far inland as Lincoln, near which place ships' ribs and timbers have recently been found. The Isle of Ely once occupied a site in the midst of a wide waste of waters.

In the county of Norfolk alone, by the exclusion of the sea, thousands of acres in the interior have become cultivated lands. Once, as the ancient map below shows, the sea flowed right up to Norwich.

Lowestoft Ness is—perhaps we should rather say was—a bank of sand thrown up by the sea, three miles long, projecting from the base of the original cliff and forming a protection to the town. On the whole, however, Lowestoft must be held to have had the worst of the encounter with Mother Ocean, for in recent years the "nose" has been so roughly buffeted as to have quite lost its shape, and the lighthouse on the beach has had to be several times removed inland. The last occasion was in June, 1899, when the beacon was placed on a site 150 feet from high-water mark. Yet less than eighteen months afterwards it was reported to Trinity House that the distance was then only 95 feet, representing a consumption by the sea in that brief period of nearly 60 feet of foreshore. It is estimated, indeed, that in less than twenty years 500 feet have been engulfed.

We wonder if it is generally known that many thousands of acres along the Thames from London to Sheerness are new land, won by much toil and perseverance from the marine despot.

Ships used to sail over the spot to the east of the Royal Palace at Greenwich afterwards called Combe Marshes. In the reign of Henry VIII., Plumstead Marshes were submerged by the waters. The Isle of Dogs is modern land. Even so late as the sixteenth century it was often overflowed, and recovered with difficulty. A striking example of the alteration of the coast in modern times is in the ancient channel of the sea between the Isle of Thanet and the other parts of the county. Here was formerly a perfectly navigable strait, no less than four miles across at its southern end, up which vessels used to pass to and from the Thames, instead of rounding the Foreland as now. Ebbsfleet, close to the southern end, was where Hengist landed, to be followed a century and a half later by Augustine and his band of forty monks. Earl Godwin, we read, sailed through this strait with his fleet. Soon afterwards we find it nicknamed the Wantsume (*i.e.*, diminishing). In Edward IV.'s time only small boats could pass through it, and finally the sea was entirely shut out, and the whole has become a fine level of meadows, hardly inferior to any in England.

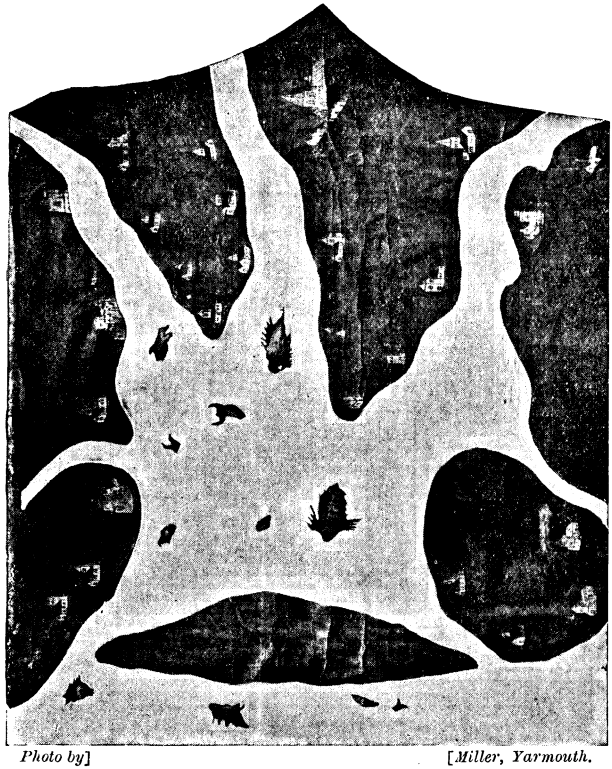

Photo by] [*Miller, Yarmouth.*

A QUAINT ELEVENTH CENTURY MAP SHOWING THE SEA FLOWING RIGHT UP TO NORWICH.

Yarmouth is built on the island at the mouth of the estuary.

Canterbury, or rather its old-world suburb, Fordwich, was once a port, an arm of the sea finding its way right up to it. The foundations of the present city are fourteen feet below the original ground. But the harbour has long been covered with farms, gardens, and dwellings. An anchor was found at Broomsdowne, two miles away. The little village of Bekesbourne, near Barham, was a member of the port of Hastings, and bound to assist in furnishing ships in case of war.

On the river Medway, at Strood, nearly the whole of the present town is built upon

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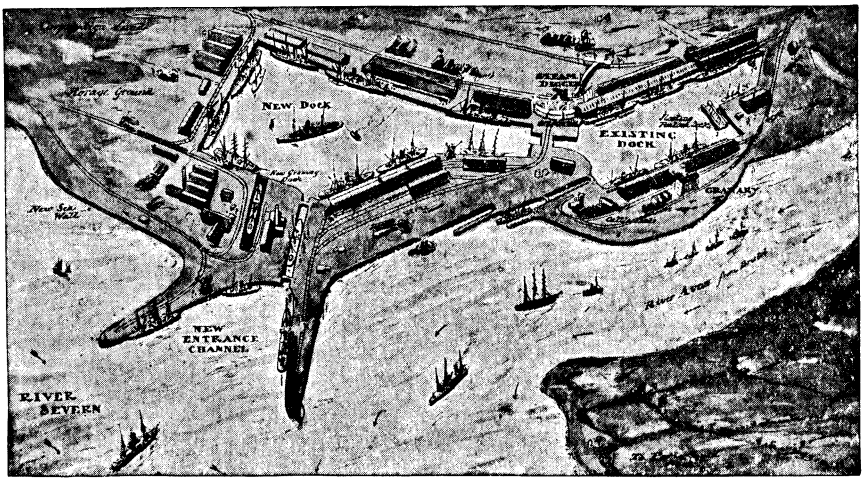
ground gained from the estuary, though now much raised. Tunbridge and Yolding are built on the sites of fresh-water lakes. In the Thames, at Crayford, was in former times an estuary divided into two branches. At Southfleet there was another, up which the Danish fleets used to sail. Another was at Deptford. But all these commodious havens have become dry land, and where ships used to anchor the yeoman now tills the soil.

The northern portion of the Isle of Man presents a remarkable instance of the simultaneous "give and take" action of the sea. From the Point of Ayre southward to Ramsey is a flat region comprising some forty square miles, in striking contrast to the hilly nature of the rest of the island. Within comparatively recent times this was all under water, and even now a considerable area, known as the Curragh, is still fenland. The tidal currents sweep round the weakly made coastline with tremendous force, undermining the low cliffs on the westward shore and carrying the sand and shingle round the Point to the eastward side. Thus one side of the island is being constantly denuded and the other added to. What is known as the "high" lighthouse was built about eighty years ago close to the then high-water mark, but so rapidly has the coast on this side grown that the beacon is now a quarter of a mile inland, and it was found necessary to erect another lighthouse in 1890 closer to the shore. The neighbouring channel is also quickly shoaling from the same cause, and were it not for the force of the tidal currents, it is possible that a century or so hence would see the "Land of Home Rule" literally united to the rest of the Kingdom, and the House of Keys would have no alternative but to lock its doors.

A notable instance of the value of land won from the sea is found at Avonmouth, near Bristol. Only last March the Prince of Wales cut the first sod of a huge new dock that is to cost the city two million pounds. Yet the dock and its appurtenances are being constructed upon land which almost within living memory was under water. Off the mouth of the Avon is the tiny Dumball Island, and ships bound for Bristol used to pass between this and the mainland. Now the channel is fast silting up, and the river must be entered on the other side. Soon, in all probability, the island will be part and parcel of Gloucestershire.

In the adjoining county of Somerset are vast tracts of grazing-ground, wrested within the last few centuries from sea and river. Where is now the "Isle" of Athelney, that impenetrable hiding-place in the midst of the marshes where Alfred gathered strength to fight the Danes, and, incidentally, allowed the famous cakes to burn? The most diligent search will discover to-day only an insignificant knoll, scarcely distinguishable from the rest of the rolling plain. Names of places such as Yatton, "gate-town," still preserve the memory of sluices used to control vast bodies of water where now all is good dry land.

Enough evidence has been afforded to show that England, in a geological, and even in a cartographical sense, is no hard and fast definition, but embraces unknown territory which has been, and may yet come to be, at the bottom of the sea.



THE NEW DOCK AT AVONMOUTH.

The new dock at Avonmouth is being constructed on land which almost within living memory was under water.

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INTERCHANGEABLE PARTS.

By B. A. CLARKE.

WHEN Mr. Tyrell heard of the friendship that had sprung up between his ten-year-old son and a common boy, he, like a good, middle-class parent, forbade it sternly.

"Why?" said Claude. "He is a very nice boy."

"Nice boy! A child from the gutter!"

"He isn't, truly. He lives at the very top of a house."

"Your mother has seen him; she says he is quite ragged."

"Well, he isn't!" (the small boy spoke vehemently—almost rudely). "He mends his own clothes, but he isn't ragged. Whenever there is a hole that shows, he sews it up at once."

"I am surprised at you, when you have a nice home, wanting such a companion; and as to bringing him into this house—which I hear you did—it is a wonder we were not robbed."

"Bunny Ford is not a thief, and he isn't a cad, either. Some boys would call him a cad, but he isn't; he is chivalrous. Mayn't I go to tea with him on Saturday?"

"Absurd; you will be asking him here to tea next. You must tell him at once that you are to have nothing more to do with him."

"What can I say?"

"Anything. Goodness me! it is easy enough. He must find some boys in his own class to play with."

"I can't without hurting his feelings."

Mr. Tyrell laughed derisively; and, indeed, the notion of a boy who does his own mending and lives in a garret having feelings is sufficiently ridiculous.

Claude went out into the garden and mused. It was a bright afternoon, and he was very miserable. The sun streamed down gaily upon the flower-beds, as if no friendship had just been murdered. And Claude had to piece together a verbal garment wherein to bury it—a garment that should hide the scars and make it appear that the poor slain friendship had died naturally. He made little progress, but from his cogitations one conclusion emerged—that it was as impossible to defy his father as to obey him literally. Claude had lent the Rabbit a really fine collection of lead soldiers, the arrangement being that Claude should call for them on the Saturday afternoon and stop to tea. This would have been explained but for Mr. Tyrell's innuendo about the Rabbit's honesty. As it was, the youngster feared a fresh outburst should his father hear of this crowning imprudence.

Claude, even now, did not consider it imprudence. In spite of what had been said, he did not believe the Rabbit to be a thief—so loth are children to take their opinions about friends from wiser grown-up people who have not seen them.

He would not stop to tea, but would explain the situation, bring away his treasures, and be back before his father returned from town.

Unfortunately for the small boy, Mr. Tyrell returned very early on that particular Saturday, and caught a glimpse of him in an up train. Suspecting Claude's errand, he took a ticket to King's Cross and followed his son—a quarter of an hour behind. He knew where to go—indeed, it was his seeing an envelope with a weird address in Claude's handwriting that had first opened his eyes.

When Claude reached his friend's abode he found the garret door locked.

"He always locks the door when he goes out, and takes the key," said a woman on the floor below. "He is that old-fashioned you never saw. I expect he will be back soon."

"All right," said Claude cheerfully, and to pass the time he went for a short walk.

While Mr. Tyrell is approaching from the Trafalgar Road there is time for a word about Roger Ford's very remarkable gift. He had a wholly unaccountable power over adults. Men and women are commonly considered grown-up children, but that is not quite correct, for the child is still there, just as it was twenty, forty, or sixty years ago—there, but asleep. Now and again, at rare intervals, the slumber is broken. The Rabbit had this strange faculty—he would call, and the forgotten child must answer. To him every adult was a possible playfellow. He would lure respectable tradesmen from their carts to play

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cricket with him against lamp-posts, and by chalking geometrical figures upon the pavement could draw purple-faced matrons into them, and set them jigging up and down, kicking little stones.

"I wonder 'ow I come to do that?" they would say, when they paused, gasping and out of breath. "I haven't played 'hop-scotch' since I was a slip of a gel."

And now Mr. Tyrell was to fall. He was nearing his destination—had turned from the Trafalgar Road into Lytton Street (from which Berger Court branches) when he met a small, bareheaded boy, kicking an empty condensed-milk tin, with so admirable a burlesque of a tricky Association forward that Mr. Tyrell laughed aloud. The child did not kick and run only, but combined these motions with a dance step that seemed the very rhythm of dancing blood. Mr. Tyrell as he watched became entangled. His toes tingled. As the player passed, the man shot out his left foot and deprived him of the tin.

"There is nothing to grin about," said the child (Mr. Tyrell was smiling with elation); "I could take it away from you."

Claude's father looked at the empty tin longingly and then kicked it tentatively. The child charged him and was repulsed.

"Really," said Mr. Tyrell to himself, "I am playing remarkably well."

He walked some twenty yards, keeping the improvised football just in front of him, and repelling all attempts to dispossess him. Approaching a lamp-post, he took a flying shot and scored a goal.

"I could whack you at other games," said the street child.

"What are they?"

"In the room where I live there are splendid games. I'll show you."

He danced along, Mr. Tyrell following, his feet unconsciously adapting themselves to the child's hop and skip. When the boy entered a house, the man paused at the door, wondering what the parents would say (as a child Mr. Tyrell had always been shy with adults); but his conductor looked back over the banisters with a finger crooked so cunningly that follow he must. At the top of the house the guide unlocked a door and ushered him into a garret. In the corner was a deal table covered with lead soldiers.

"They don't fight like that," said Mr. Tyrell. "Why don't you extend them in open order on the floor, or put them into a fort?"

"I have bricks," said the Rabbit, displaying a large box that his school teacher had lent him.

"Good!" said Mr. Tyrell. "Give me half the bricks and half the soldiers, and I will lick you as I did at football. Have you pea-shooters and peas?"

"Rather."

"The child charged him and was repulsed."

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Having built and manned their forts, the opponents took up positions to the right and left of them respectively, so that they could shoot diagonally without fear of hitting one another. Mr. Tyrell's sprawl upon the floor was a recollection of the days when he had shot at Wimbledon.

In the battle that ensued, the methods of the combatants were widely dissimilar. The Rabbit, who kept his mouth full of peas, relied upon rapidity of fire, his antagonist trusting in high muzzle velocity and a low trajectory. His lung power was great, even for a man, and he exercised it to the full, his neck and forehead becoming like those of a conscientious cornet-player obliging with "The Lost Chord." Beneath his bombardment walls bulged and parapets went crashing down upon the soldiers behind them. A glorious sense of power came to Mr. Tyrell. Nothing, he felt, could live under his pitiless cannonade.

The moment came when he could claim a victory.

"You haven't won! You haven't won!" shrieked the Rabbit. "Mine are not all dead."

He pointed to one (a corpse obviously) at an angle of forty degrees, whose bayonet, wedged between bricks, prevented his falling to the ground.

Mr. Tyrell vainly argued the point, but in the end lay down again sulkily and resumed firing. It was vain. Protected by a heap of *débris*, the corpse could defy him indefinitely, and while he was wasting ammunition a lucky shot by the Rabbit laid low a whole company. Considering that the war was really over, this was virtually murder.

Mr. Tyrell sprang to his feet.

"That man of yours has been dead ever so long. I will not go on with such foolishness."

"Then I win," said Roger Ford.

"How can you say such a thing? You are trying to best me."

"It's you that are cheating!"

They were still wrangling when the door opened and Claude strode into the room. Coming upstairs, and hearing his father's angry voice, he had fancied that his disobedience was being visited upon Roger; but a pause upon the threshold—a pardonable hesitation in the circumstances—enlightened him. His father—that Olympian, whom he worshipped rather than loved—was playing and quarrelling upon equal terms with a child from the streets—a mere ragamuffin!

"Thank you, I will take my soldiers," he said, speaking in the most icy and adult tone (in jealousy there is only one age), and kneeling down began to pack them swiftly into their box.

The two late antagonists looked on, nervous and embarrassed.

"That was my father you were playing with!"

"Don't you like my playing with him?" said the Rabbit.

"No, I don't!"

"Why not?"

Mr. Tyrell was standing behind Roger Ford, and over the latter's head he made piteous appeals to his son not to answer. He was still so far back in his childhood that it seemed a dreadful thing the susceptibility of his little playmate should be wounded.

Claude noticed his appeals, but ignored them pointedly. He addressed the Rabbit—

"Can't you find some friends of your own class to play with?"

The Rabbit stood for a second with his mouth open, the stab was so unexpected, and then flushed painfully.

"Perhaps you don't think me good enough to play with your father?"

"You are not."

Mr. Tyrell had never felt so ashamed of a son in his life. He drew the Rabbit into a corner.

"Don't mind, don't mind," he whispered. "It is I that have offended him."

"Is he cross with you for playing in the streets?"

"So you were playing before you came in here," said Claude. "Did you know who you both were?"

It was an awkward question—awkwardly put and very awkward to answer—for the man, at any rate.

But it was a tradition in the Tyrell family to speak the truth—even with the adults,—and Claude's father confessed everything.

"I have a real football at home. You need not have kicked a condensed-milk tin."

Then he began counting his soldiers.

"Perhaps," said the Rabbit bitterly, "you think I would steal things."

"No!" shouted Mr. Tyrell, afraid of what Claude might say. "No one could possibly think such a thing."

Really there was a point beyond which he would not have his playfellow insulted.

Claude put the box of soldiers under his arm and, without another word, marched out of the room, his father following.

"Come, Claude," said Mr. Tyrell, as they

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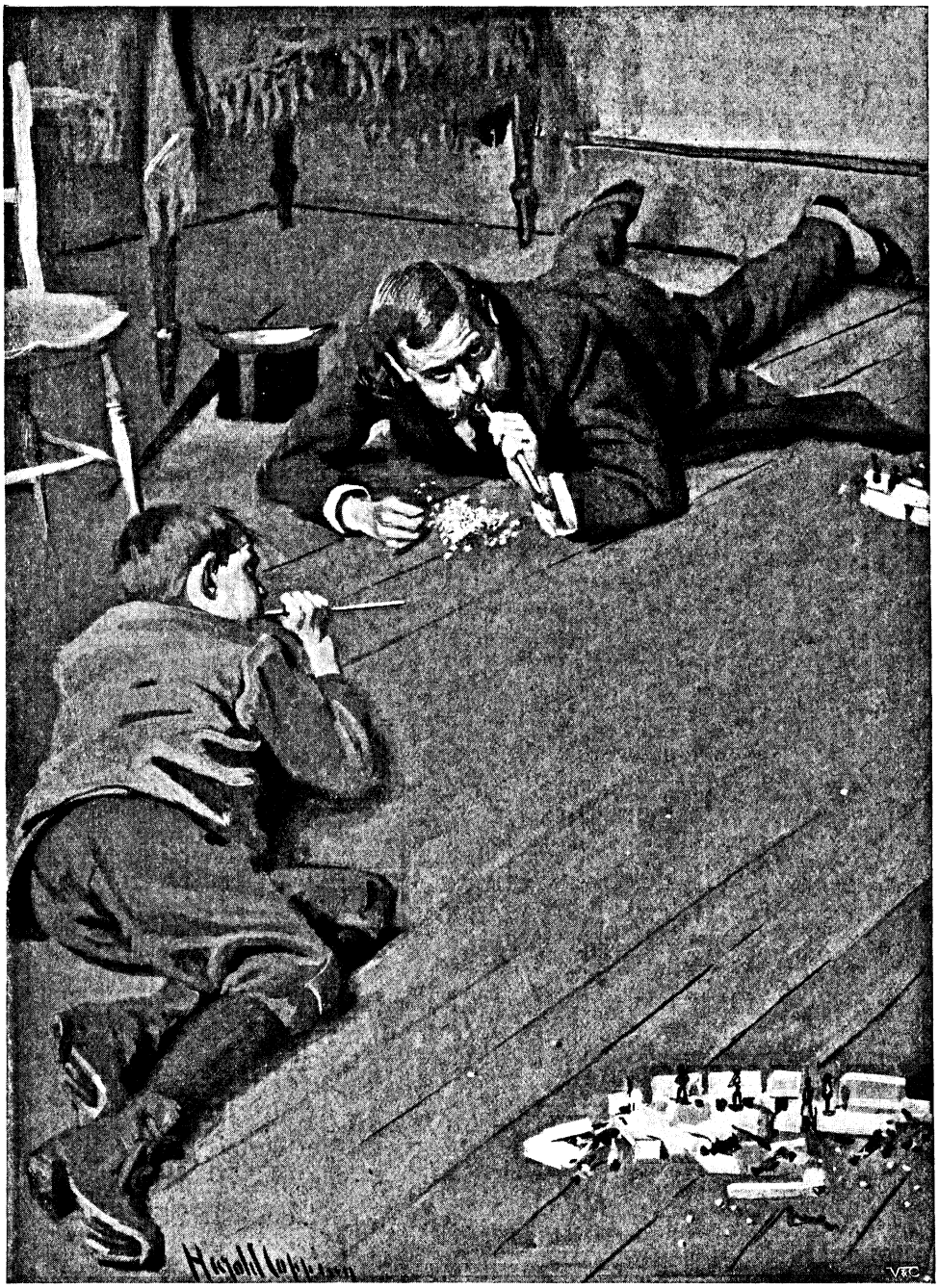

"Mr. Tyrell's sprawl upon the floor was a recollection of the days when he had shot at Wimbledon."

walked along the Trafalgar Road, "perhaps it is natural for you to resent my picking up with street children, but I saw little Ford playing and had to join in."

"You never wanted to play with me."

"I have played with you scores of times." And so, in a sort, Mr. Tyrell had, surrendering every point with an effortless self-abnegation that made games intolerable.

"You never quarrelled with me."

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Mr. Tyrell affected to laugh, but he understood perfectly. He had never played with Claude in the same sense in which he had with this stranger.

"Anyhow," he said lamely, "you might have broken it off in some other way. Roger was not to blame, and you have as good as told him that we despise him."

"I am sorry," said Claude.

His anger was melting and he was fast becoming juvenile again. At this precise moment, in the matter of sensitiveness, he was scarcely a year older than his father.

"When I saw you playing like that with him, I was mad, but I am sorry now about his feelings."

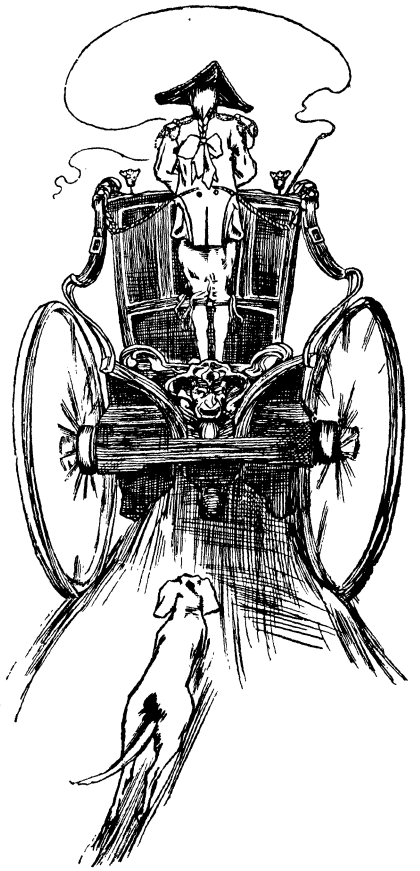
"Can't we go back," said Mr. Tyrell, "and make it up?"

"I will go," said Claude. "I will go by myself."

"Good-bye, then. But, Claude, would you mind my asking him up one night to tea?"

"I will ask him for Tuesday."

It was not until some hours afterwards that it struck Mr. Tyrell that on Tuesday he would be out of town, and that Claude knew it. On the whole, however, the arrangement pleased him. He was back now in middle age, and nothing, he thought, was so boring and embarrassing as the visits of Claude's little friends.



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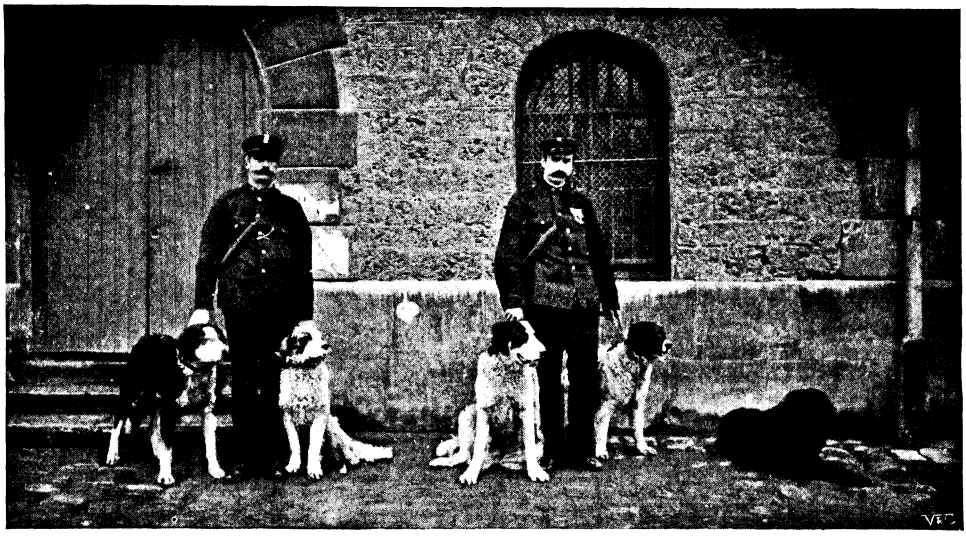

POLICE—HUMAN AND CANINE.

THE DOG POLICE OF PARIS:

TAUGHT TO RESCUE DROWNING PERSONS AND HUNT DOWN THIEVES.

By Edouard Charles.

Photographs by A. J. Campbell and E. Gray.

It was concurrent with the opening of the great Exhibition of 1900 that that peculiar body the Parisian Police Force, whose composition is a matter of mystery to the foreigner, was announced to have added to it another limb in the form of a brigade of swimming policemen officially known in the Rue Jerusalem as *les agents-plongeurs*. Theirs was the by no means pleasant duty of parading the banks of the river Seine where it runs through the French capital, on the alert for persons who willingly or otherwise found themselves immersed in its waters; and they were apparently created at the particular moment because it had been suggested that the great influx of visitors to the city to view the Exhibition would lead to a proportionate increase in the number of immersions—accidents would be more frequent and crime more rampant; and the French criminal knows no surer way of disposing of his victim than by throwing him, dead or alive, into the river.

M. Lepine, Prefect of Police, is a man of ingenuity and innovation, under whose *régime* the criminals of Paris have had aught but a prosperous time. He it was who initiated the cycling police, and when he determined to inaugurate the new service of life-saving agents, and looked about him for the men to compose the force, he found just those he required amongst that brigade which is equivalent to the Thames Police, the duties of which two organisations being comparatively the same—the protection of river merchandise against thieves.

So "Le Brigade des Agents-Plongeurs" was brought into being, and since its installation its members have all rendered good accounts of themselves in rescuing unfortunates who, tired of life, sought to end it in the Seine, and saving the lives of others who had fallen or been thrown into the river. Not that the watchmen of the river have not always been ready to risk their lives to this end, as a long record of their brave attempts which hangs on the wall in the station on the Quai de la Tournelle testifies—a record, it must be remarked with regret, not without its sad side in that it includes the names of many

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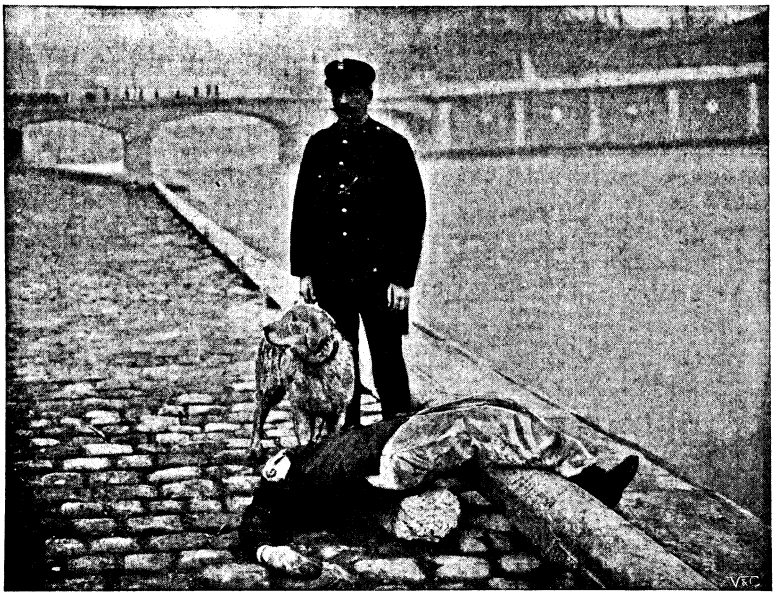

"MEIDJE," HIS MASTER, AND THE DUMMY, TAKEN AS THE LATTER WAS ABOUT TO BE THROWN INTO THE RIVER.

men who, in endeavouring to save the lives of others, lost their own.

The latest addition to the list was made with a mourning band around it when a member of *les agents-plongeurs* named Bailly lost his life in this way at the end of last year, which tragic incident inspired M. Lepine with the idea of creating a new force—"Les Chiens-Plongeurs," or canine life-savers. The necessary documents were drawn up incorporating this new and novel force, and its organisation was entrusted to M. Mouquin, sub-director of the famous Police Municipale, and, to commence with, two fine specimens of Newfoundland dogs were purchased at a cost of £40. Turc and César, as these were promptly named, were invested

TWO MEMBERS OF THE RIVER POLICE BRIGADE AND ONE OF THE LIFE-SAVING DOGS IN THE OFFICE OF THE BRIGADE ON THE QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE.

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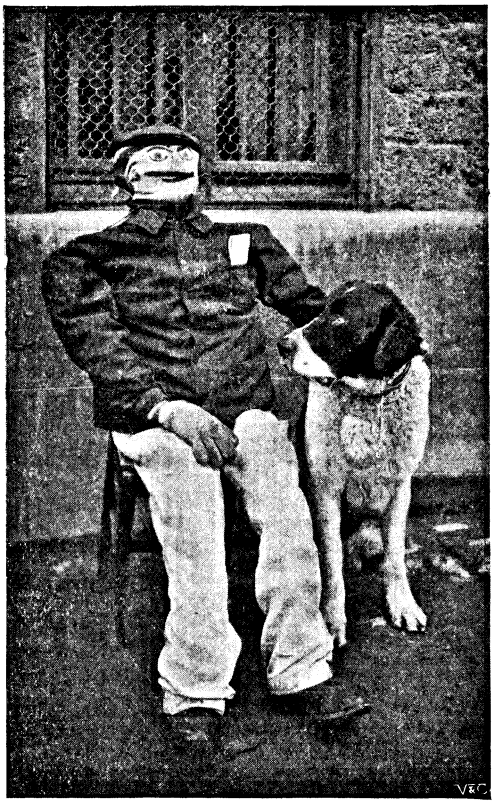

"SULTAN" AND THE DUMMY, WITH WHICH THE LIFE-SAVING EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE, SIT FOR THEIR PORTRAITS.

with their official uniform in the shape of serviceable nickel collars engraved with the inscription, "Préfecture de police: brigade fluviale." Being dogs of some importance, it was necessary to treat them as such, and accordingly the officials went to the further expense of providing each with a platter from which to take its meals, and the platters were also engraved with the names of their respective owners.

M. Guillemin, Inspector-General of Navigation, under whose immediate charge both *les agents-plongeurs* and their four-footed companions are placed, has his bureau on the Quai de la Tournelle, and beneath it are the *sous-sols*, which serve as the station for the river police, and of which an interior view is given in one of our photographs. It is plainly furnished, and has no inducement in the way of homely comforts to entice *les agents* to remain therein the while they should be on duty parading the river's banks on the look-out for drowning folk; and though the dogs are temporarily lodged here, the men are not — they take their rest *chez soi*.

At the present moment the brigade consists of twenty members, and so successful did the experiments made with the two dogs first purchased prove that their number was increased to eight, while it is the intention to bring the service up to the same strength as that of the men, so that each policeman will have his own particular dog to instruct in the way it should go and generally to look after. The dogs are all young ones, whose ages are still counted in months and as yet are in but the probationary stage of their education; but their intelligence in acquiring knowledge and performing what is desired of them has already been remarkably developed, otherwise it would have been

RIVER POLICEMAN DUBOIS, WITH HIS DOG "SULTAN."

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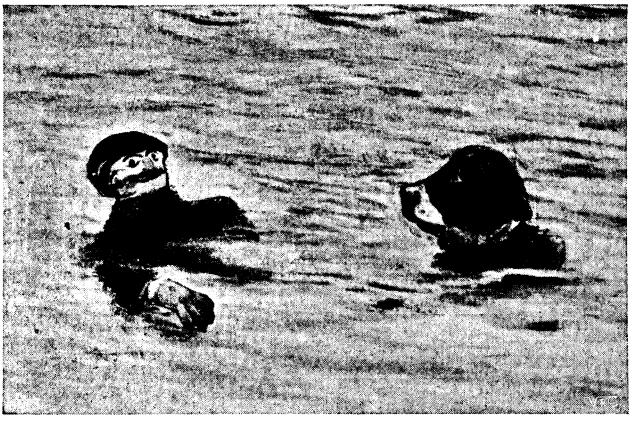
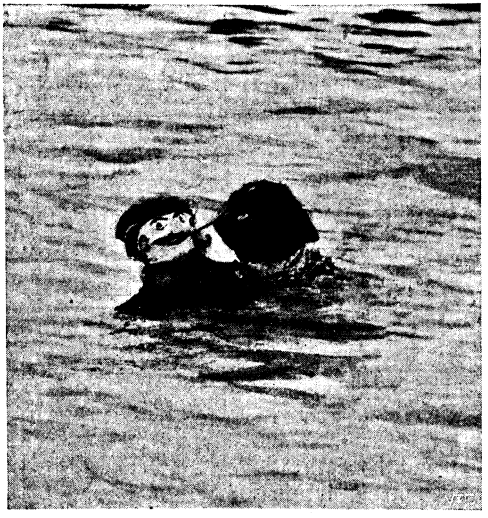
well-nigh impossible to secure the photographs illustrating this article, for dogs are notoriously the worst sitters a photographer has to contend with.

The training of the animals is being carried out in a very thorough and systematic manner, into the business of which *les agents* have entered heart and soul. Experience has shown that they cannot be trained together, that each must be educated separately.



"SULTAN" GOING TO THE RESCUE OF THE DUMMY.

Shortly after the purchase of César and Turc, instructions were given for the manufacture of a dummy with which experiments in rescuing from drowning could be made. M. Mannequin was soon forthcoming, and notwithstanding his terrifying visage of painted cloth over a cork head, and his generally limp appearance, he looked sufficiently life-like as he danced across the cobbled bank from the station to the waterside in the friendly clutch of a guardian of the river, and sufficed when slung out into the waters of the Seine to delude both César and Turc that here was work really worthy of them.



"SULTAN" GENTLY ASSISTING THE DUMMY TO THE QUAY-SIDE.

Undoubtedly both animals were ambitiously eager to show M. Lepine they were worthy of the high office that had been bestowed upon them, and César went for M. Mannequin, as he floated gently with the stream, with a zest that showed his spirit was in the business. He brought the dummy safely to shore, and then the fun began. Turc resented the fact that he had not been permitted to make a display of his ability, and, afraid he was not to be given an opportunity to do so, determined to make it. He joined with César in generally maltreating unfortunate M. Mannequin until he was well-nigh unrecognisable. The dash and determination they put into their play must have convinced the numerous onlookers that death by drowning would be preferable to this extraordinary treatment. M. Lepine, who witnessed the struggle, enjoyed the fun immensely, appreciated the fact that the instinct for life preservation was highly developed in the animals, and that only training was required to attain a state of desired perfection, and in no way changed his mind with regard to the establishment of the dog life-saving brigade.

More recently, at the command of M. Lepine, to whom our thanks have to be tendered for his assistance in the compiling of this article, as also to M. Mouquin and M. Guillemin, a full-dress rehearsal was given for our special edification. The dog which performed the work of rescue on this occasion was Sultan, a very noble and intelligent Newfoundlander, whose controlment is in the hands of *l'agent* Dubois, a most capable member of the river police. Sultan is seen in one photograph sitting for his portrait alongside his old acquaintance M. Mannequin; and in another he is regarding his master, who has already taught him to act on gesture alone.

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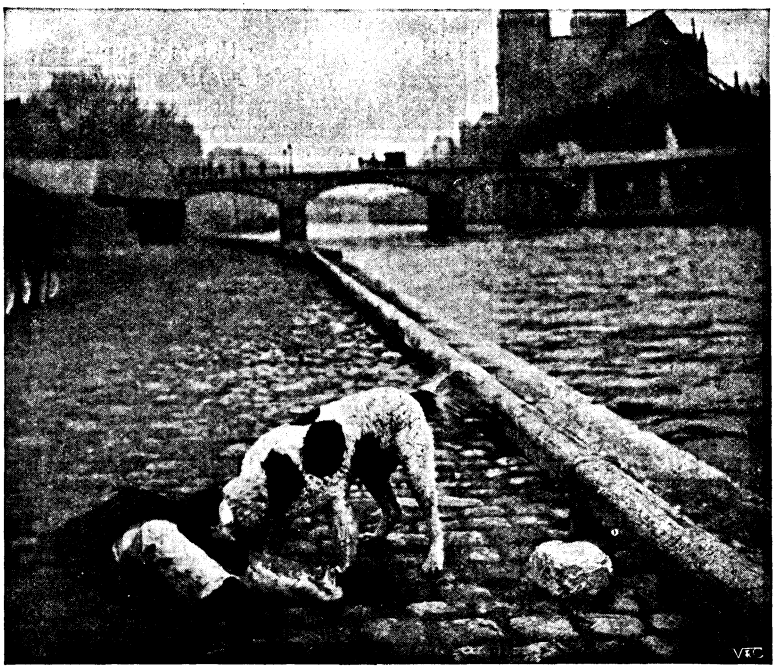

BROUGHT ASHORE: "SULTAN" MANIFESTS INTEREST IN THE DUMMY ON THE QUAY.

Sultan demonstrated how the work of rescuing a drowning person should be done without any desire for theatrical effect. After M. Mannequin had been thrown into the stream, Sultan plunged in, and approaching the figure with strong, rapid strokes, caught its coat gently but firmly and proceeded shorewards, where M. Mannequin was hauled on to the bank by the policeman. Here it may be remarked that all *les agents-plongeurs* are capable of rendering "First Aid" to the drowning, should the same be necessary.

For the training of the dogs, special rules have, of course, been drawn up, and restrictions laid down as to the conversation that is to be

THE DUMMY JUST BROUGHT FROM THE RIVER.

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addressed to them by the agents in control. The only phrases the men are supposed to make use of to the dogs are: "Au pied!" "Derrière!" "Ici!" "A terre!" "Silence!" "Va chercher!" "Apporte!" "Couchez!" "Assis!" "A la niche!" "A l'eau!" and these really seem to be all that are necessary in the way of commands. The agents are further informed that it is forbidden to strike the dogs; at the same time they are supplied with a combination lead and whip—to be used, no doubt, as a lead for the *chien-plongeur* and as a whip for other too intruding members of the canine race. And while every kindness must be shown to them, while they must be persuaded and cajoled rather than forced and knocked into obeying commands, no little tit-bits in the way of sugar-plums may be used as a persuasive influence.

Again, the official mind remembers that some £20 apiece has been paid for the dogs, and consequently their health is worth studying, so it is furthermore laid down that on cold days, when the water is more than usually chilly, there is to be no practice with our friend M. Mannequin, and the dogs are not to be sent unnecessarily into the river; while at any time after one of them has taken a plunge it must be immediately taken back to the station, rubbed down, and thoroughly dried.

In no uncertain terms it is pointed out that they must not be encouraged or permitted to attack persons. This reads rather strangely in view of the fact that they are essentially life-saving dogs, until it is pointed out that their duty does not end in rescuing persons from the river, but includes the parading of the river banks in company with their masters during the dark hours of the night.

This is undoubtedly the most unpleasant part of the duty of *les agents-plongeurs*, who have under their care thousands of pounds' worth of goods stocked on the banks of the Seine, unloaded there from barges. These attract innumerable thieves, for whom the agents have to watch; and between them there arise often desperate fights which, notwithstanding that the police are armed with revolvers, do not always terminate in favour of right and justice. Many a policeman has been done to death in this manner and his murderer never discovered.

It is hoped that the assistance of the dogs will put an end to this lawlessness, or at least have the effect of diminishing it; for though the animals will not be inspired to attack the evil-doers when they scent them out, but attract the agents by barking, there is little doubt that, should their masters be set upon, the dogs would be well to the fore in rendering a good account of themselves.

The cost of the keep of *les chiens-plongeurs* will be no small item, for healthy Newfoundland dogs have very good appetites; sevenpence per day has been estimated as the expenditure for their food, and meals will be served hot or cold according to the state of the weather. At present there is no special accommodation for them, and they reside in the station when not out on duty; but orders have already been given for the building of a large house at the side of and communicating with the station, wherein the dogs will be housed, each in its own apartment; and in addition there will be erected therein a huge copper for the cooking of their food.

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THE GOLD WOLF:

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the City offices of the great financier, Dudley Hatton, a man still young in years, though old with over-work, and world-wearied from the same cause combined with the domestic bitterness of his loveless marriage with a worldly woman of title. Dudley is dragged, by a genial but ne'er-do-well Irish friend, from his offices to the consulting-room of a great specialist, who tells him he is on the brink of a complete nervous and brain collapse, and the total abandonment of all his great financial work and its greater ambitions can alone save him. The great financier goes home to break the news to his disdainful wife. Alone he awaits her return from some late-prolonged social function. Surely her disdain will break down before this crisis in his fortunes? No; she refuses to make any response to his claim upon her sympathies, and the questions involved in the specialist's pronouncement only move the hard woman to fresh scorn in the heated discussion that ensues. In a sudden access of fury Dudley loses all consciousness of himself and his actions, and in the early dawn the Lady Hermione is found dead in her room—from heart failure, in the opinion of the doctor who has recently attended her. Overwhelmed by the shock of this tragedy, Dudley is next found living in complete retirement in a Cornish cottage, his one attendant an apparently devoted valet, Courvoisier. His financial fortunes may go to ruin, for all the embittered potentate cares. But his one remaining hold on life is a sudden interest in a girl who is still a child, Beryl Garth. The ruin of her father, leaving her at the world's mercy, renews in Dudley the sense of what riches can do, and London suddenly learns that the master mind is at work again, and that the reign of its enemies is over.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAROONED.

THE bells of Great St. Mary's at Cambridge were ringing out the first notes of Curfew when Romer Hatton, of Caius (known throughout the University as "Bous," the ox, by reason of his vast bulk), snatched up a remnant of a gown and told his friends in the courtyard that he was about to favour them with his attentions.

"I've just heard from old Pat Foxall," said he, "but I won't keep you half a minute!"

Percy Ellingham, the brightest man in the 'Varsity, and Trevor Webb, better acquainted with the law than the profits, received this important announcement with some impatience. They were keen on an "after Hall" stroll and cared nothing for Patrick Foxall.

"What does the old blighter want?" Percy asked, without a shadow of respect for the Irishman's reputation. "Is he on the cash hunt?"

"The same security, I suppose?" Trevor Webb put in—"note of hand and 'Pay you next Tuesday!'"

Romer did not gratify this impertinent curiosity. Adorning himself with a much battered cap, and thrusting the letter into a gaping pocket, he descended the stairs three at a time and joined his friends.

"Old Pat's in the Solent," he said, in rare good spirits, "he's with my uncle on the yacht; so, you see, there's no postscript. He's not likely to want cash while he's in that galley. And, you know, really, he's not a bad sort!"

"They are always the best of fellows," remarked Percy sagely; "it's the 'circumstances over which they have no control' which I object to. Have you ever noticed that a man never borrows money except when his prospects are glowing? I'm sure when old Pat dies, they'll find 'Pay you next Tuesday!' written on his heart. Which reminds me that I'll borrow a cigar, Bous."

Romer produced his cigar-case and sighed as he struck a match upon the Senate House railings.

"Three days to training," he said. "Well, I suppose it's worth the 'going in' if it's only for the 'coming out.' Try one of these, Percy; I call 'em the 'In memoriams.'"

"Reminding you," said Trevor, "of the leaves you have turned over!"

"One to you, Trevor. The memory I refer to is that of the estimable Smallwood, of London. Would he remember me but for those cigars?—not a bit of it! I might be as one dead. As it is, he thinks of me every day. He even sends a man in a draught-board suit to ask after my health. I like to encourage patience. If I paid that man, he'd forget me."

They sauntered on arm-in-arm through

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the court of Clare, and so to the "Backs." It was a still, warm evening of May, and the setting sun left a roseate hue upon all the gardens and the sleepy river. Flowers were in bud everywhere. You breathed their perfume at every breath. Rooks cawed in the great trees garlanded with the verdant leaves. The lawns were as freshets of the greenest grass rippling down to the lake of waters; and all about were the mirrored images of cloister and chapel and the splendid fanes of the living past. The Backs were at the zenith of their beauty; and at their zenith they are unsurpassed in all the world.

"Your uncle's been in London, hasn't he, Bous?" Percy asked, as they stood on Clare Bridge and watched the drifting boats, and heard the splash of the lazy oars beneath; "it's curious that he never comes up to see you."

"That's what I say. He must be better, or he wouldn't do anything in Draper's Gardens. The firm's been hitting out pretty straight this last month or so, and, of course, there's only one man who could do it. Pat says it's Dudley, and I'm sure it is! But he's a changed man, all the same."

"Wasn't he very ill, Bous—didn't they say he was going mad, or something equally pleasant? They always say that of a successful man Directly you make a million or so, the men, who don't make anything, begin to be anxious about your brains. If you went through the Bankruptcy Court, they'd be sure you were sane!"

"I don't think there is much doubt about Dudley Hatton's sanity," Bous remarked with conviction. "He's been in three big things since February, and—well, you've read how much he scooped in. He was very ill after my aunt's death; but that was not unnatural. Old Foxall says that he will never be the same man again. He has the queerist attacks—shuts himself up for days and won't see anyone. Of course, if you were very fond of a girl, you would take it pretty badly; but he's taken it very badly indeed, and the worst part of it is that there is no sign of a change."

They smoked for a little while in silence. Presently Percy Ellingham, the profound, delivered himself of a sagacious observation—

"If I were Dudley Hatton, I'd just remember how much the Chancellor of the Exchequer would bag by my death, and that would keep me alive. Cannot you do something, Bous? He was always very fond of you. Why don't you get him up here for the Mays? He could dine us all at the 'Bull,' and it would inspire confidence in your creditors."

Bous, who had a great affection for Dudley, was always quick to resent this view of his friendship.

"No," he said pathetically, "I wouldn't do that. It's a shabby thing to run a man for his money——"

"And yet money makes the world go round," said Percy.

"Especially after a dinner at the Carlton!"

"Or a bump supper," said Percy. "I've heard a freshman swear that the tower of John's spun round like a top after the last Lents."

"You old rotter, Percy!"

The thread of their philosophy had snapped now, and they were just the undergraduates again. A momentary scuffle, in which gowns were wielded as clubs, resulted in the philosopher's cap skimming away into the Cam, and three heads peering over the bridge to spy it out in the dusk.

"Go in after it, Trevor; I'll hold your clothes!"

"There's no doubt," said Percy, "that it's gutty all through—it floats like a cork!"

"Which shows that it fits a light head," said Romer. "Let's be magnanimous; we'll go and get a boat!"

They hurried off towards John's, and presently were afloat in one of the old tubs that do duty for the Backs. Dusk had come down by this time, and the old colleges shaped in the twilight as the ghostly temples of some great vista of eventide. Boats drifted here and there upon the still river; laughter was to be heard, and ever and anon the tinkle of a banjo or the metallic chords of the mandolin. But the three men were too familiar with the scene to be impressed by it. The humours of the derelict cap were their immediate joy. They chased it, pursued it with fountains of water, caught it, displayed it upon a boat-hook to dry, and then, because there was no other way, rowed indolently towards the mill. When they came to the wall of Queens', where there is a narrow ledge of the buttress bordering upon the river, Percy Ellingham, standing up in the boat to be sure that the cap was drying, declared that he had seen, through a little window which gave out upon the river, something so remarkable that he must go ashore to observe it more closely. So they put him out upon the narrow ledge, and when he had stood there a moment he invited Romer to follow him.

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"Come and have a look, old chap; it really is extraordinary!"

Romer, taken off his guard, lumbered out of the boat clumsily. Strange to say, when he looked in at the window he could see nothing at all; and he had just arrived at the conclusion that it was a hoax when he heard a mocking laugh from the river and espied the others rowing briskly towards Clare. He was marooned upon the ledge; there was no doubt about it.

"We'll call for you in the morning, old chap! Pleasant dreams!"

"Give the Dean my love and say that I always breakfast on caviare and iced champagne!"

"Don't go to sleep, Bous—you might roll off!"

"Rake up a few leaves, old boy—they'll keep you warm!"

The voices were lost in the droning of the night. Romer could just see the black outline of the boat as it disappeared beneath King's Bridge. It was a poor sort of a joke, he thought; but he did not doubt that they would soon return. There he was, stuck upon a ledge not two feet wide, with the grim wall of Queens' behind him and an iron grill on either hand to forbid his passage. Certainly it was not an ideal spot upon which to spend a happy evening. Romer, standing on tiptoe, peered through the window just above his head, but it showed him an empty room. He sat down and whistled a chorus from the "Toreador," and the half of an hour passed in this engaging occupation. Once a man in a canoe came almost within hail, but turned at the last moment and went paddling away again. A barge passed on its way to Jesus Lock; and the bargee's remark, "You are enjoying of yerself, young gentleman!" seemed to Bous an impertinence. The joke had gone quite far enough, he said. He consoled himself with this far from credible assurance; and perceiving that unless he swam the river and ran a race home (imitating Mr. Pickwick upon a famous occasion), there was no other course open to him but to cool his heels upon the parapet, he lit a second cigar and smoked it philosophically. Certain fine maxims, useful for such emergencies, did not help him at all. He recollected how that Robert Bruce had watched a spider at its web and derived satisfaction therefrom; but Scotchmen were easily amused, he imagined, and, for himself, he did not like spiders. The fatuous occupation of counting sheep jumping over a gate occurred to him as a suitable recreation for elderly gentlemen on winter evenings; but scarcely to be recommended in such a situation.

"If I go to sleep," Romer said, "I shall certainly fall into the river."

He determined not to go to sleep, and was inventing a dire and malignant vengeance upon the heartless "two," when a light shone suddenly from the window above him, and he became aware that the occupant of the room had returned. Romer never doubted for a moment that a man kept in the rooms. When he pulled himself up by the window-sill and stood on tip-toe to peer in, his astonishment was great.

"By Jove!" he said. "It's a girl!"

Undoubtedly it was—a girl as handsome as her occupation was original. Tall, but not aggressively so, with a clear, white skin, and hair that might almost have been called black, youth apparent in her every gesture, her robe a full one of cloth of gold, a coronet of diamonds, or their imitation, in her hair, the mistress of the room stood before a full-length mirror and believed herself to be one of those heroines of the old time she loved to worship. Presently she turned and with clasped hands began to speak to herself in a low voice. It was precisely at this moment that Romer dropped back to his place upon the ledge and remembered that he was committing an impertinence.

"Who the deuce can she be?" he asked himself; "and what's the meaning of that get-up? I have never seen her in Cambridge, and yet her face—— Good Heavens! but she's just like——"

The reflection, whatever it was, sobered him in a moment. He stood for many minutes forgetful of the scene and the jest.

It was all so surprising—the room, the light, the dress, and, beyond all, the face of the girl. Romer thought that he was in a dream. The noise of a casement opening suddenly recalled him to himself. The girl leaned out of the open window. She held a candle in her hand; her dress was of the plainest black; she had cast aside the grotesque robe she wore a moment ago.

"Who is it? Whoever is there?"

Romer lifted his battered cap and would have stammered out an excuse, but the words were slow to come. He could see the speaker's face while she held the light aloft, and the likeness it bore to the face of one who was dead struck him as little less than miraculous. "The living image of my aunt Hermione," he said, "the living image!"

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He made a new effort and blurted out all his story at last.

"I am awfully sorry," he said, "but, you see, I cannot help it."

For a moment the girl did not know whether to be afraid or to laugh.

"But what *are* you doing there?" she asked.

It was lucky for Romer that she could not see his blushes.

"I—well—I'm out for a little walk. You see, a cap fell into the river, and—er—well, it fell in the river."

She saw it clearly. The tattered gown, which she could now distinguish, reassured her at once. Daphne Bell was often a victim to her own imagination; she could people every garden and court of Cambridge with her own heroes of a day bygone; but for the twentieth century undergraduate she had neither imagination nor respect.

"I suppose your friends put you on the ledge and rowed away," she remarked wisely, after a moment's reflection. "You'll feel very stupid when you go back, won't you? But how *are* you going back?" she asked. "You *never* could get through this window."

Romer looked at the window pathetically, and then at his own broad shoulders.

"No," he said; "it's not to be done. If I were a clown in a circus—but I'm not." And then, his modesty getting the better of him, he ran on: "Pray don't mention it. I rather like it than otherwise!"

She laughed with great delight.

"I suppose you thought that a man kept here — isn't that the word?" she asked frankly.

Romer was greatly encouraged.

"If you'd been a man," he said briskly, "I could have borrowed your clothes and swum across the river. That's just my luck!"

"I ought to be flattered. Of course, your friends will come back?"

Romer shook his head, as though he were not at all sure of it.

"I'll leave my coat on the bank, and they'll think I've committed suicide — it would score off them to do it in earnest," he reflected dolefully. And then, as though to encourage himself: "After all, I could sleep here. Just think what our fellows have gone through in South Africa!"

"You'll wake up quite a hero," she said optimistically. "I feel it almost unkind to stand in the way of your courage; but don't you think, if I told our porter, he would go and get a boat?"

It had never occurred to Romer.

"Why, of course he would!" he cried, astonished at her simple solution of the difficulty. "I never thought of that; but please see that he doesn't give me away. Porters are brutes, you know—at least, I don't suppose you know, but they are! Of all the various kinds of animals that went into the Ark, the porter must have been the worst! I wonder if yours is an exception?"

The doubt amused Daphne greatly.

"I'm sure he'll do it for me," she said hopefully. "My grandfather, you know, is one of the senior Fellows here."

"Then we can introduce ourselves. I'm Romer Hatton, of Caius."

"And I'm Daphne Bell—well, I suppose I may say, of Queens'. I'll go and tell the porter now."

She shut the window before Romer's slow wit could stumble upon a compliment about queens. The truth was that he had been much excited throughout this surprising interview. The resemblance to the dead impressed him more strongly each time he allowed himself to look at the girl's face. She was the living image of Hermione—and yet how great a difference! Her light, quick gestures, her bright laughter, the curious magnetism of her eyes, spoke of life and thought and energy. She was not very much older than he, perhaps, and yet from the first he felt that her wish must be his wish. And why had he not met her in Cambridge? A dull logic answered: "Because she has only just come here."

* * * * *

The porter of Queens' sent a boatman to the ledge, and Romer Hatton was rescued precisely at half-past nine o'clock. He did not see Daphne again, nor was there any light in her room when he rowed away. Firmly as he was resolved to be revenged upon his enemies at the first opportunity, revenge gave place for the moment to the wonder of this chance meeting. True, his own impressions had been formed under circumstances which might well cause them to be unreal. But they remained with him, nevertheless. Daphne Bell, the granddaughter of old Norton Bell, of Queens', stood, in his imagination, almost for the risen dead. He had seen his aunt Hermione—had seen her in that fantastic light; had conversed with her, laughed with her; and yet not Hermione, but another answered him. The night, indeed, excited him as few nights he could remember. Avoiding his friends,

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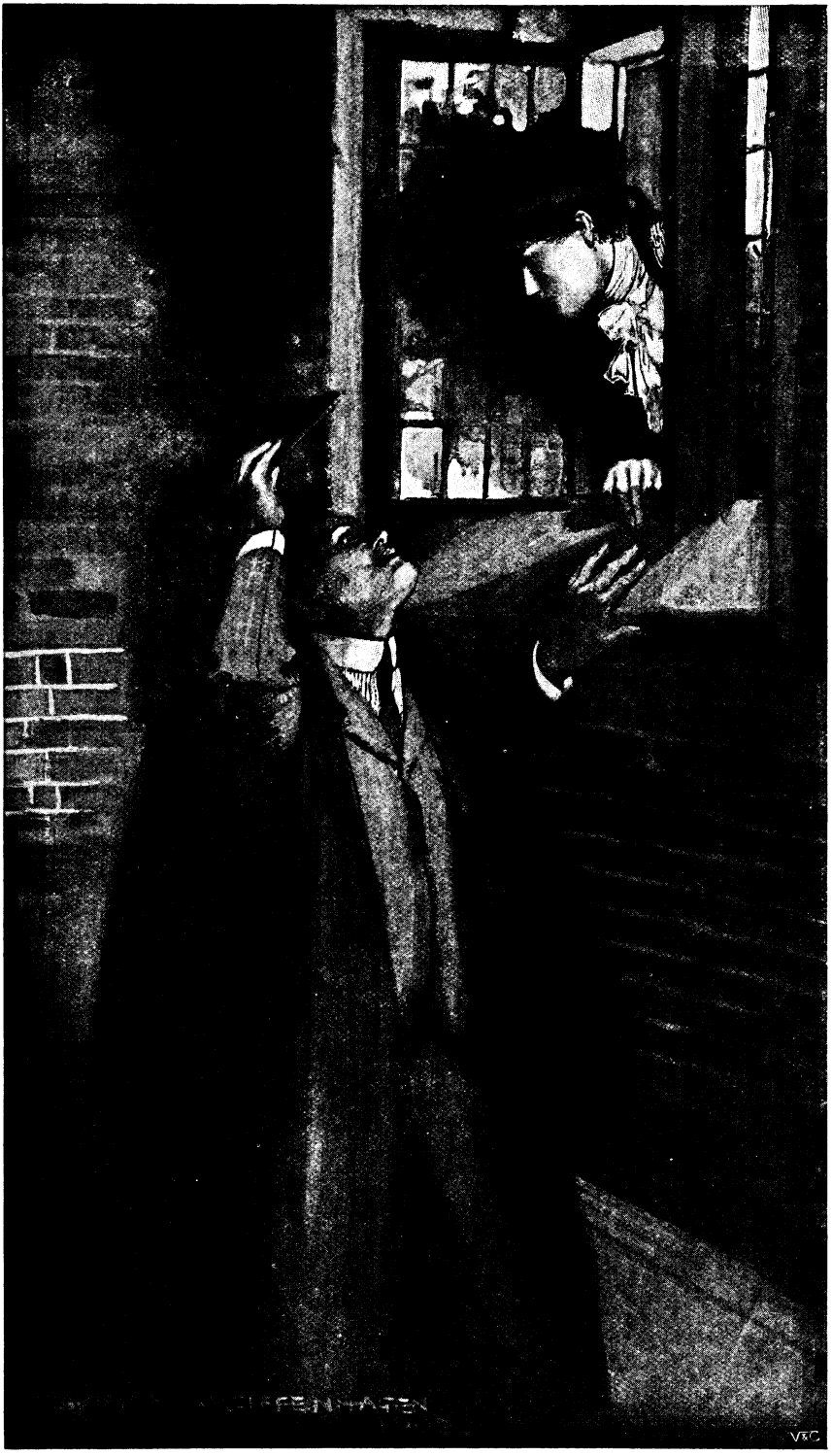

"'The living image of my aunt Hermione!'"

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he shut himself in his room and wished to be alone. The desire to do something, to profit in some way by knowledge so dramatic, was with him from the first. Others must know and share the secret with him. But whom should he choose for a confidence so momentous. In sheer bewilderment he sat down at last at his desk and wrote to Patrick Foxall. The letter went by the next post to the Solent; and so the great conspiracy began.

CHAPTER XII.

ROMER'S LUCK.

In the corner of a third-class smoking carriage on the London train, exactly fifteen days after Romer had written to Patrick Foxall telling him the most curious story his pen had ever written, Percy Ellingham, with an expressive "No!" cast an unseemly doubt upon the story which his friend had just narrated to him.

"You locked the chap in your bedroom and took away the key—immense, positively immense, my dear Bous!"

"It's a fact," said Romer, in spite of this applause. "I'd just come in from the training breakfast and found the beggar in my room. He wanted little here below, but wanted it cash down—seventy-two fourteen three, on account of Smallwood, of London. He wore a draught-board suit in yellow and black, or perhaps I might have paid him. I couldn't write a cheque with a pattern like that before my eyes—it made me bilious. So, you see, I asked him to step into my bedroom and wait a minute. He's waiting there now, and the door is locked!"

An elderly clergyman, in the corner of the carriage, coughed significantly and folded his newspaper twice. Percy Ellingham laughed as loudly as politeness permitted.

"Do you mean to say that you locked the man in and came away?"

"Well, I turned the key. The bedder had another, but I borrowed it. They might get him through the bars of the window if they can borrow a ladder, but I don't suppose they can. You see, we sha'n't be back until eleven."

The idea was "immense," as Percy had remarked; but the elderly clergyman reflected unfeelingly upon the graver side of it.

"Excuse me," he said. "I could not help overhearing. Have you left the poor man you mention no food? Perhaps you did not think of it."

Romer sat bolt upright and whistled.

"By George!" he cried, "if he can't eat hair-brushes, he'll starve! I never thought of that! We'll have to go back, Percy! Pull the communicator—stop the train! Do something, for Heaven's sake!"

Percy, disdainful of this appeal and singularly unemotional, took a pipe from his pocket and regarded it with covetous affection. Boat captains forbade him to smoke, but he derived some satisfaction from the perfume of the ashes, and, as he said, an empty pipe was better than no pipe at all.

"Don't worry," he cried; "the bedder will get him out somehow, even if she pulls down the court. I generally find duns pretty good at getting out—especially when you put on your boots! Give him a cheque when you go back, and he'll think himself the most fortunate man in Europe. They can send him up grub by the fire-escape!"

Bous sighed; he was not by any means convinced.

"It's awfully difficult to do the right thing in this world," he reflected. "A man isn't at his best when he can't smoke. He doesn't reason things logically. Fourteen days have I been without tobacco, fourteen days and smoker's days—twice as long as it took to make this ancient Universe!"

They groaned together in spirit. The boats of Caius were in training; but this day was a day off, and Percy and Romer had determined to go to town. Percy went, it may be, because Romer was going; and Romer went, perhaps, with the vaguest idea that he might hear something of his uncle Dudley.

"You see," he said, "I ought to call at Park Lane, even if he isn't in town. Perhaps he will be. He's been there once or twice since Easter. If I had any luck, I'd catch him, though I suppose he's forgotten all about me."

Percy had no opinion to pronounce upon a state of affairs of which he understood so little. He could not perceive any possible use to which a millionaire might be turned if it were not to get money out of him.

"We can go to the Gaiety, anyway," he said consolingly, "and afterwards we might order a training dinner at the Carlton. I should like to see the face of the head waiter when I call for a rice pudding!"

"And I should like to see your face when you pay for it! I suppose we are to consider ourselves as leaders of taste. We might set a fashion at the Carlton—chops

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and rice pudding and an orange afterwards! Entertaining wouldn't cost you much on that scale, and Harley Street would be in the Bankruptcy Court. We should save countless lives, my son, and the Royal Humane Society would give us a medal."

Percy assented gravely to this magnificent idea.

"We would wear it on ample breasts wrapped in folds of an all-wool toga. You'd look fine in 'all wool,' Bous, and your tailor wouldn't dun you. After all, it's pretty hard on us when we cannot go into our own bedrooms because they're full of duns."

The word "dun" echoed unpleasantly in Romer's ears; he fell to a moody silence. This was his third year at Cambridge, where he owed his career to Dudley Hatton's generosity. Tradesmen, who had washed their hands over him six months ago and protested that the last thing under heaven that they desired was ready money, now, at the rumour of Hatton and Hatton's embarrassment, demanded money unceasingly. It is true that he had received a generous allowance and had spent it generously; but in the old days, Dudley added to it such considerable presents that Romer never thought of debts at all or permitted them to embarrass him. And so the last months of those pleasant years had come. His father, a poor country clergyman, could do little to establish him in the way of life to which his uncle's munificence had accustomed him. He had relied on Dudley absolutely. It had always been understood that he was to enter the house of Hatton and Hatton and share its splendid fortunes. They said, at Cambridge, six months ago, that he was the luckiest man alive; but to-day Romer knew no more than the dead what his future would be. The wildest stories of his uncle's health came to him from London. Dudley himself never wrote. There was no answer to that excited letter he had sent to Patrick Foxall—indeed, the episode at Queens', so brief, so fantastic, stood out as the memory of a dream. Romer had never seen Daphne Bell again nor heard of her being at Cambridge. For a moment, at a window, he thought that he had looked upon the face of the dead. It must have been an hallucination, he said.

* * * * *

At King's Cross, Percy took a hansom to the New University Club, but Romer went on to Park Lane.

"I'll meet you at the Gaiety, anyway, Percy," he said; "I must call upon my uncle, and I don't care much to go into the City. I hope I'll find the old chap well."

It was like the expression of a forlorn hope; and, in truth, Romer was not a little excited when he knocked at the door of his uncle's house and waited for the familiar face of Spiler, the butler. He had half expected to find the house garbed still in its winter robe of brown paper; but this was not the case, and it had the bright aspect necessary to London's Season. The great flower-boxes were full of marguerites; he could see the servants moving briskly in the kitchen, and when the door was opened to him, it was by that monument of dignity, Spiler himself.

"Your uncle's not at home, sir, but Miss Beryl is," the butler said in his lofty way. "I think she'd be glad to see you."

Romer lurched into the hall, wondering if he had heard aright.

"Miss Beryl! Who's Miss Beryl, Spiler? And why does she want to see me?"

"It's the young lady that came from Cornwall, sir."

"The young lady who came from Cornwall—well, what's she doing here, Spiler?"

"Master's orders, sir—the whole house is to be kept up just as if he was at home. Here *is* Miss Beryl, sir."

A figure had come to the head of the great staircase while they talked, and Romer, looking up, perceived a girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age, who was dressed in a simple gown of white, and whose abundance of pretty flaxen hair fell about her face until her features were half veiled by it. When she tossed her head and the hair fell back, Romer admitted that it was a pretty face.

"You're Romer!" she said excitedly. "I've heard about you, so we needn't wait to be introduced. Aunt Mary's gone shopping, so I'm Number One. Please come in and sit down."

The latter was pure Cornish, but Romer ignored it. He handed his hat to the lordly Spiler and went upstairs to the morning-room, asking himself what the meaning of it all might be.

"So you're Beryl, eh? Well, that's something," he said at hazard. "Have you been long in London? I don't remember my uncle speaking of it."

"Oh! you wouldn't. He doesn't speak of it. I wish he would. It's weeks since—since he spoke of anything," was Beryl's answer. And then in a most formal manner she asked him—

"Will you take a cup of tea?"

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"Tea? Why, it's only eleven o'clock—I've had breakfast, thank you."

Beryl flung herself a little indignantly upon a sofa and curled herself up as she was wont to do by the pool on the seashore at Black Head.

"You always ask people if they'll take tea when they call upon you. Aunt Mary says so. And you never speak about their relations, because it's dangerous. You see, I'm only learning. I began—oh! it was weeks ago, when my father went to America. We came up here; they taught me things. I thought at first it was the King's house, but it isn't. It's a 'desirable mansion.' The board next door says so, and so it's all right. But I shall like it better by and by. The big man with the horrid voice frightens me sometimes; and, of course, I don't tell Mr. Hatton, but I'm sure he'll die of over-eating some day!"

Romer, amazed at this recital, found the child as pleasing as she was loquacious. He guessed in a moment that she was unwillingly the recipient of Dudley's charity. He encouraged her revelations.

"When is my uncle coming back, Beryl; do you happen to know that?"

"No, I don't. Shall I call you Romer? Well, I don't, Romer. I don't know anything at all. I'm sure I'm living in a dream; and Spiler—yes, he's the wicked uncle. Oh! it's all so grand; and we eat, eat, eat all day; and in the dining-room there's more silver and gold than in all the shops at Plymouth. I've seen it and I know. I wonder Mr. Hatton doesn't take it all away with him when he goes on the yacht; but you see, the other man, that Courvo—Courvo—I never can say that——"

"Courvoisier?"

"Yes, the dark man who looks so angry. Well, he'd have to carry it, and he couldn't. He always goes away with Mr. Hatton, him and the noisy man—should I say 'him' or 'he'?—but it doesn't matter, I'll say both; and he goes away, and I don't see anyone, and there's no one here but the 'wicked uncle'—and, you know, I'm lonely sometimes, lonely, lonely, lonely—and then I'm ungrateful, which is the serpent's tooth, as Aunt Mary says, though why it is I can't say a bit!"

She babbled away like a bird at dawn, while Romer sat quietly and watched her. The face interested him greatly. Beryl seemed to be thinking of something else all the time she was speaking. Anon she told him of the circumstances which had brought her to London, and of Dudley's flying visits to town.

"He comes and he goes, but he will never sleep here. Now, can you understand that? I wonder sometimes if it's because Aunt Mary's here. She says it's a sin not to wash the pocket-handkerchiefs at home, and he won't do it, and, of course, I would, but there's no copper; and one day I went down into the kitchen—oh! they stared just like they stare at a stranger in our church! So I've not been again, and Mr. Hatton says I'm not to—and, oh! it would be all right if he would come home. But he won't. He's always on the yacht. Do you know, I think he's frightened of the house——"

"Frightened! My uncle Dudley frightened?"

"Yes, he came here one night, and I went to bed; and when I thought I'd slept all night—don't you ever do that, and find you've only slept a bit, and get cross with the clock for only being twelve?—well, I got cross with the clock that night, and I opened my door to look at the time by the golden woman in the hall who is always holding up a glass ball, and then I saw Mr. Hatton standing just by my door, and he was white and shaking, like my father when brother Dick was drowned at sea, and he stood there a long time, and I was so frightened I didn't know what to do, and at last I said, "Oh, Mr. Hatton!" and he turned round and put both his hands to his eyes, and then he came towards me and said, 'It's only little Beryl'; and I said, 'Yes, yes, it's only little Beryl'; and, do you know, he'd been crying. I was so sorry; I cried myself, for I'm very, very, very fond of him, and he's so good to me; and now he'll not come back, I'm sure of it—he hasn't been back for a month. Oh! he'll never come back any more——"

She ceased abruptly, as though afraid of her own confessions, and Romer, in his turn, was too astonished to answer her. This amazing story fitted so curiously into that whisper of a terrible rumour which had followed his aunt Hermione's death. "How awful!" the boy was saying to himself, "if there should be anything in it!" But he put the thought from him like an evil thing and would not even debate it.

"Beryl," he said, "do you think my uncle is very unhappy?"

"I'm sure he is."

"Then we must make him happier, you and I, Beryl—I've got a notion. He'll do things for you, won't he?"

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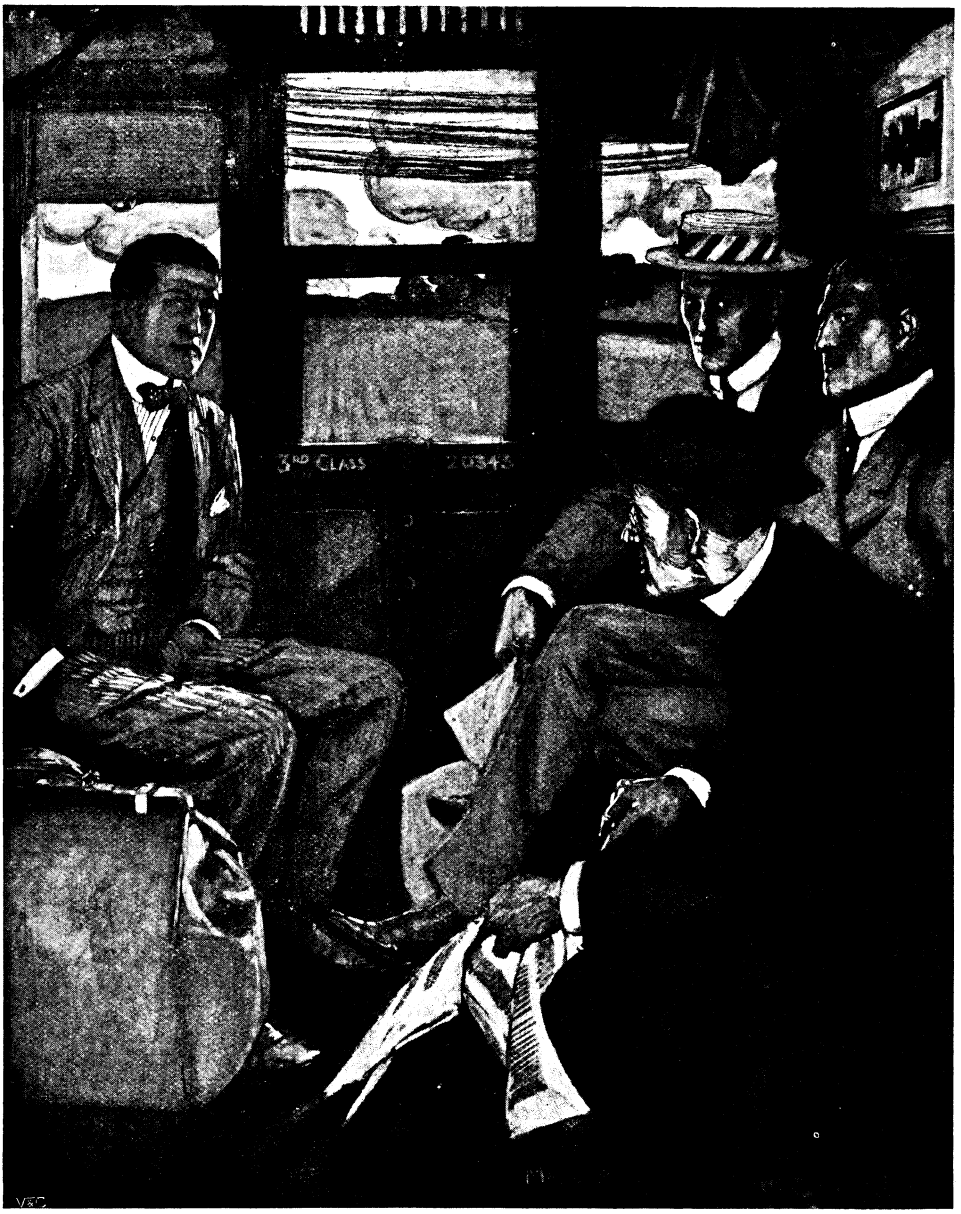

"'Have you left the poor man you mention no food?'"

"He's been so good—oh! I know he would."

"Then tell him that I, Romer, think it very unkind of him never to come and see me at Cambridge. Will you tell him that, Beryl?"

"Of course I will; I'll write it."

"And you'll make him come?"

"I'll say, 'Please do.'"

"He'll come for that?"

"Yes, yes, if I say 'Please do.'

"We could make him happier, Beryl—we must."

"And, perhaps, he'll come to live here—oh! Romer!"

She clasped her hands in childish excitement. But Romer's thoughts were already far away. What summons of Destiny had

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called him to Park Lane to-day? The face at the window of Queens'—the girl so like the dead! Was it written that Dudley's salvation lay there? Romer knew not what to believe. His own troubles were so pitiful side by side with a man's adversity, it might be his very salvation.

* * * * *

He dined that night with Percy Ellingham at the Carlton. When asked if there were any luck, his answer had some spirit in it.

"My uncle's adopted a kid, and she's pretty," he said.

"Adopted a kid! My poor Romer! I drink vinegar to your misfortunes—the villainy of it."

"I'm not so sure, Percy. Time will tell. Let's have a pint of Heidsieck apiece. It's good if you're a bit off colour."

"Then say I'm purple—but, my dear Bous—the kid!"

Romer sighed.

"She'll make a beautiful woman some day," he said.

CHAPTER XIII.

"DANGER."

ROMER at the Carlton had spoken of his luck with some confidence. Had he known of it, he would have declared it not a little curious that the subject of their discussion should come to London that very day. Dudley Hatton, indeed, arrived at Waterloo Station just as the sagacious undergraduates were leaving King's Cross for Cambridge. An urgent summons from his chief-of-staff, Macalister, found him in one of those moods when he was not averse from business. Spasmodic and fitful in all his acts at this time, he would attack the greatest problems one day, to leave others no less important the next. There was no stability in his plan of life, nor any definite purpose of it. The nervous breakdown, against which his doctors warned him, culminated in these changing resolutions. There had been weeks since his wife's death when the old brain had been at work, the old genius paramount. Such weeks, helped by Macalister's plodding habits, maintained the fortunes of the house of Hatton and Hatton. The shrewd Scotchman could not invent, but he could control as few others. The City began, at length, to perceive the drift of affairs. The great Trust, which had been created to overthrow the English house, raged vainly but accomplished nothing. Those who knew the whole of the facts did not hesitate to say that Dudley's credit had never stood higher. He had saved his millions, if he did not add to them. Let him return to Draper's Gardens, they urged, and the foreign bubble would be pricked in a month. A few of the most intimate declared with conviction that Jan Beckstein and his gang strove, above all things, to keep Dudley from London. There were scandalous gossips who did not scruple to aver that the foreign syndicate would employ any means, however base, for the achievement of their purpose.

If there were anything in these tales, Dudley did not care a snap of the fingers for them. For the most part he lived upon his yacht, now exalted in spirit, now at the nadir of depression. One summons alone was powerful to recall him, and that was any story of commercial intrigue. This very day the faithful Macalister had sent a long telegram indicating some move to which the master-mind alone might reply. Dudley, who yesterday had declared that he would go to the East, returned to London by the first train. The contest of wills excited him. He was like a dram-drinker long deprived of his drugs. The call to activity cleared his brain and put aside his brooding melancholy. He went to London with pleasure; but he knew that he would quit it before a week had passed.

He was alone to-night, for Courvoisier, his valet, had but yesterday begged a little holiday and gone, as he said, to Paris to enjoy it. Dudley had not meant to stay at Park Lane, nor did one of his own broughams meet him at the station. He could not bring himself, let his resolution be what it might, to sleep again in that house where Hermione had died. He knew that it was folly of the gravest kind, but such folly as men succumb to in spite of themselves. So to-night he had ordered a bedroom at Claridge's, and would have driven there but for a sudden memory of little Beryl and his promise to her. It was not yet nine o'clock; why should he not see Beryl? He called a hansom and told the driver to go to Park Lane.

It was a dull night of May, with a wet shimmer upon the blinking pavement, and flickering gas-jets to speak of storm. The thunderous noises of the streets jarred upon the ear of a man fresh from the music of the sea and the silence of a ship's deck. Dudley watched the struggling hordes in the Westminster Bridge Road, where the gas-jets flared upon their haggard faces, and

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wondered why some of them were content to live. The river, black as night save where great bunches of lights gave it moon-gold lakes, flowed as a living barrier between the city of the rich and the mean streets of the poor. The lantern above the Houses of Parliament reminded him that the Commons were sitting, and spoke of the political babbler and his puny affairs. He fell to asking himself how much some of these legislators would be worth as clerks in his own business, or even in any honourable employment. His own splendid powers, creative and of organisation, inspired him to a just contempt for the political profession and its inanities. And from this he went on to think of the contest in which he must engage to-morrow, and of the moves by which he would defeat the Dutch conspiracy. He was in the middle of it by the time they had entered St. James's Park, and had already come to a clever resolution, when a brougham passed his cab at a good round pace, and, chancing to observe its occupant, all the current of his thoughts was turned in a moment.

"By Jove!" he cried, "it's Courvoisier!"

His own valet! In evening dress; in a brougham that must have cost a hundred and fifty pounds; driven by a coachman in the smartest of liveries—drawn by a horse which would have fetched a long price at Tattersall's! Dudley remembered instantly that Courvoisier's wages were a hundred pounds a year. Men do not keep single broughams upon a hundred pounds a year, or mix in fashionable society by the aid of such a modest competence. Besides, was not Courvoisier in Paris? An unworthy curiosity prompted him to ask why the fellow had lied to him, and to endeavour to discover his reasons.

"Follow that carriage," he cried to his cabman through the trap; "the single brougham just ahead of us. I'll give you five pounds if you don't miss it."

The cabman sat up as though he had received an electric shock. He threw away his cigar in his excitement.

"Five pounds! What! him with the roan and stepper? You're there all the way, guv'nor!"

He slammed down the trap and touched up his horse. The brougham went at a smart trot across the bridge to St. James's Street. Dudley was sure that Courvoisier had not seen him, for the valet had been looking out of the other window when the brougham passed. His stout little cab-horse had much to do to keep pace with the high stepper in the carriage; but a block at the top of St. James's Street saved the situation, and they were not twenty yards behind when they turned into Piccadilly and so went by Devonshire Street to Berkeley Square. From this point the chase was exciting. It reminded Dudley of his old hunting days. And where was the quarry making for? The cabman, pulling his horse almost on its haunches, told him as he asked the question.

"He's setting down, sir, over there in Charles Street."

He drew aside beneath the shelter of the trees in Berkeley Square at a place where any empty cab might stop. The brougham was a hundred yards away, perhaps, in a dark place of the street. Dudley could see the man, whoever he was, engaged in giving directions to his coachman; and, wishing to identify him even at some risk of detection, he told the cabman to go on.

"Walk your horse down the street. I don't want to be seen—you understand?"

Cabby said that he understood, and they went on again, at a crawl this time. The brougham had already left its owner upon the pavement, and he stood there, looking up and down the street like a man who fears that he is watched. The approaching cab did not alarm him. Dudley, taking off his hat, sat back while they passed the place; but he saw the man clearly, and his doubt was satisfied. He was Courvoisier! Then what was he doing here, in London, when he had begged a holiday to go to Paris? The cabman answered the question before they left Charles Street.

"He's gone into No. 14b, sir; it's an empty house, I think."

Dudley sat back in the cab and laughed.

"What a fool I am!" he cried. "The man's wearing evening dress for swagger, and 14b is probably kept by a retired housemaid. But how on earth did he get into a brougham?"

He laughed again.

"The property of a gentleman going abroad," he reflected wisely. "I suppose that's what happens to all our carriages the moment we turn our backs!"

He drove to Park Lane, despising, perhaps, that very curiosity which had detained him. Nor could he foresee the dangerous part which 14b, Charles Street was to play in his own life at no distant date.

* * * * *

Beryl came down the stairs four at a time

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when she heard his knock and positively leaped into his arms.

"Oh!" she cried, trembling with pleasure, "it is—it is—it is! And I said you'd come, and she didn't! And we were reading the 'Holy Land,' and I hate it! And you'll stop—you'll stop to-night, won't you?"

Dudley gave his coat and hat to the sanctimonious Spiler, and, taking Beryl's hand, permitted himself to be led upstairs. This love of a child's voice was a new thing in his life. He asked himself what kept him from little Beryl's side so often. If she were Hermione's daughter, how different it had been!

"I do not think I can stop to-night, Beryl," he said; and added more gaily, "but I'll come to-morrow—I promise you."

"You won't—you won't!" she protested excitedly. "You'll go away to that horrid yacht, and I shall wait, wait, wait, and there won't be any rings except the butcher's! Oh! I know. You promise it, and you won't; and it's unkind of you——! That's what Romer said this morning—he's been here, you know, and I like him; and he wore a black coat just like a clergyman's. I said you'd go to Cambridge if I asked you, because he thinks you're unkind. But I do ask you, and you will go—oh! say you'll go!"

He smiled at her enthusiasm and entered the drawing-room, that great room he had seen but once since his wife's death. It was just as Hermione had left it—the stately ornaments, the glow of lights, the costly china; but there were no flowers, except a few bunches of primroses which Beryl had bought from a man in the street. Thus the habit of Cornwall thrust itself upon the garish splendour of Park Lane; Dudley thought that he preferred the primroses. Aunt Mary scarcely counted in the inventory.

"Well, aunt, and how are you to-night—and what's the news you've got for me?" he exclaimed cheerily.

"Ah!" droned the old lady vindictively; "plenty of news for those that will hear it! The third week of May and the carpets not up! Pretty news that for a master's ears! And a houseful of busybodies that I'd send packing if I had my way! Oh! plenty of news, Dudley!"

He drew a chair near to her little table, while Beryl, curled up like a dog, sat at his feet and held his hand.

"You'll not be angry, will you?" she asked. "I think the carpets are all right, and we'll sweep them if you'll stop. Oh! you will stop just once, won't you?"

Aunt Mary added her economic protest.

"Wasting good money at a hotel, with so many poor people that haven't got bite or sup! I call it sinful, Dudley. I couldn't sleep in my bed at night if I did such a thing!"

Dudley, stroking Beryl's hair, asked himself why he should not gratify her.

"Just for this night, eh, Beryl? Well, suppose I came and stopped here always?"

She gave a glad cry.

"No!" she said, with all a child's joy, "it would be too lovely!"

* * * * *

He had made the promise; and not until he was alone did he begin to realise what these hours in Park Lane would cost him. Away upon his yacht, in the solitudes, among remote people, he had been permitted to forget that night of nights; but here it must be lived again. His study, his bedroom, Hermione's boudoir—the figure haunted him everywhere. And this in spite of a will made stronger by rest and reflecting a man's determination. He told himself, when Beryl went to bed, that no retrospective accusation, whatever it was, should come to disturb his sleep or to befool him with its charges. But no sooner had the child left him than the old influences were at work, the old doubts reborn. Even the silence echoed the whispering of voices. He answered them by asking why his own house should thus affright him. Was he conscious of guilt? Of all the hallucinations with which an overtaxed mind had afflicted him, must this terror of the doubt remain to the end? A lover of simple issues, he put the whole story in its baldest aspect, and would thus confront it. Hermione died almost at his feet. Was his the hand that struck her down? He did not believe that it was; nevertheless, he could discover no satisfying hypothesis. In the heart attack he did not wholly believe. He would have given the half of his fortune to have known all.

It was very quiet in the great house when Beryl had gone to bed, and he went up reluctantly to that study which had been his haven from the social warfare in the old striving days. The stately Spiler had switched on the lights there and placed cigars and glasses by his long-deserted chair. Such letters as were private, and had not fallen into the hands of secretaries, were arranged upon the writing-table in two little heaps, with a longer envelope between them. Dudley regarded them askance, for he was

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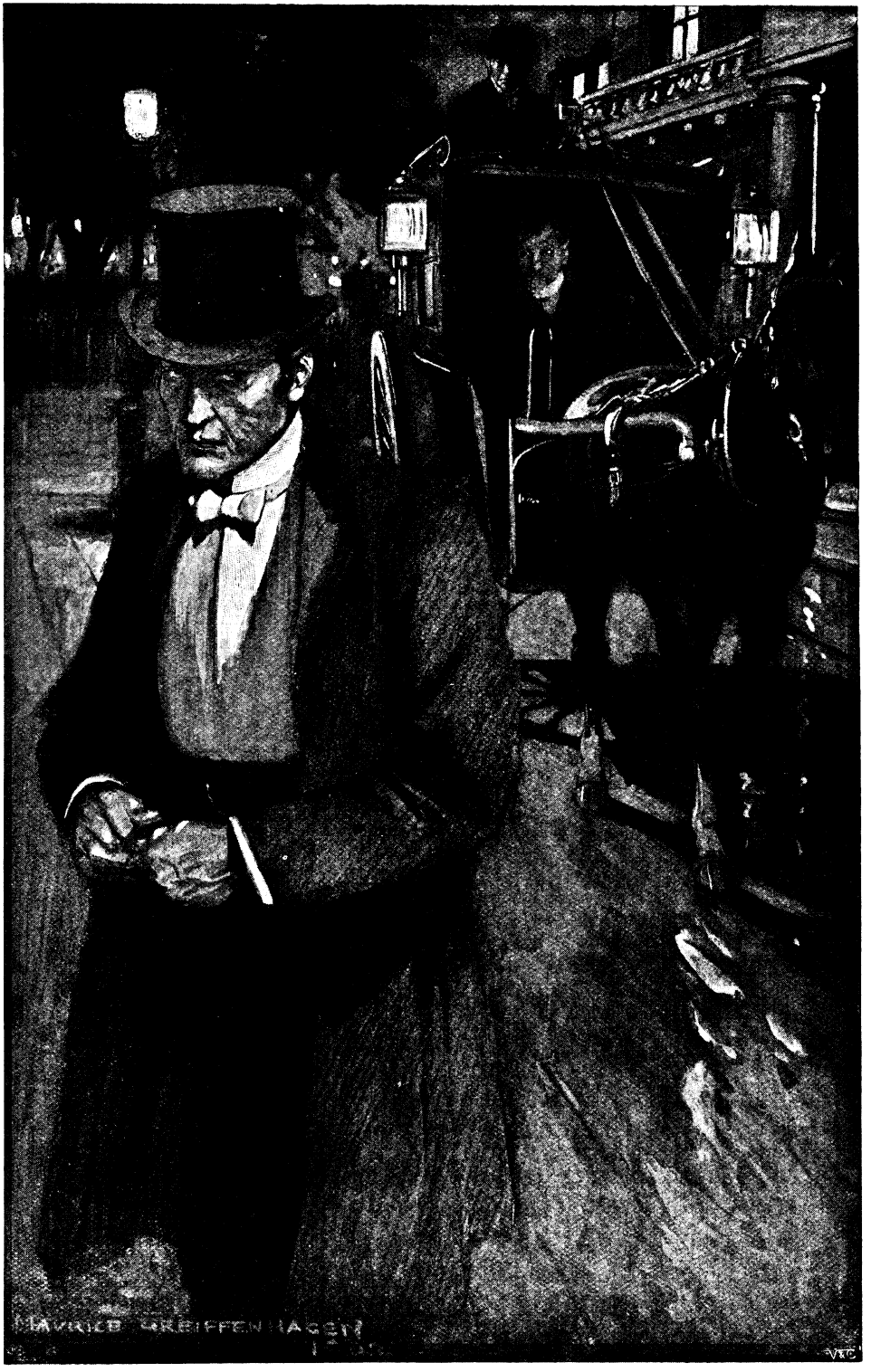

"He stood there, looking up and down the street."

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one of those who never answer letters; but when he had lighted a cigar and pulled his chair nearer to the table, he began to read the post-marks, and from that the letters themselves. They proved to be, as he had imagined, typical of the energy of curious friends. Some of them promised him untold millions in exchange for trifling loans; others set out the claims of good servants of the King, who lacked the humble crown. There were invitations to dinners long since eaten; full accounts by poor relations of the state of their fortunes and the health of their children. These went into the waste-paper basket with the others; but the long envelope attracted Dudley by the familiarity of its sprawling address. He thought that he knew the handwriting, and yet could not absolutely identify it. It was a little like Patrick Foxall's, but not altogether so. When he opened the letter, a photograph fell out. He picked it up, and, lifting the tissue-paper which covered it, he saw the face of his dead wife Hermione.

* * * * *

Very slowly and deliberately Dudley turned the envelope about and read every word inscribed upon it. It had been posted, he saw, in Newmarket, nearly a week ago. The photograph itself was the work of a Cambridge photographer. Dudley held it in his hand a very long time, quite unable to define the sensation which he experienced upon its discovery. This picture of his dead wife—whence had it come, what meaning must be attached to it? And who had ventured upon such an impertinence as to purchase and despatch it? It had been taken, no doubt, when Hermione was in Cambridge—but he remembered, as in a flash, that she was never, so far as he knew, in Cambridge in her life. Then what was the significance of it? He studied the features, one by one, the dress, the hands, tried to read the message of the eyes; and as he read and looked the truth came at last.

"It is not Hermione!" he cried aloud.

The half of an hour passed and found him with the picture still upon his lap and the unlighted cigar between his fingers. Never once during that time had his eyes left the face which looked out to him from the photograph. The wonder of it waxed greater with each succeeding moment. Whence had this thing come, and why did it come? If it were not the portrait of the woman he had loved, why should he be asked to interest himself in it? So real was the likeness that he brought himself at one time to believe that he held the picture of Hermione in his hands, and looked upon the dead whose voice he would never hear again. But the truth remained paramount in the end.

"It is not Hermione—it cannot be!" he cried passionately.

The conviction paralysed his will. He laid the picture aside and would not look at it; took it into his hands once more and studied every feature of it; was dazed, tortured, as though by some stupendous unreality born in the silence of the night. Did the woman of this picture live, or was it all a jest? Men do not jest with death, he remembered. Whoever had sent him this message had sent it with a purpose. The dawn light found him wondering still what that purpose might be.

* * * * *

At the breakfast table early next morning he told little Beryl that he would go to Cambridge. Almost at the same hour the valet, Courvoisier, sent to the Dutch house of Beckstein, Limited, a telegram containing the single word, "Danger."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAGICIAN ON THE BANK.

PERCY ELLINGHAM helped himself to a fat chop while he exclaimed upon the paradox of the letter under consideration.

"He calls himself your obedient servant and says he'll have to writ you, does he? The infamy! I'd put a man like that on bread and water—strike him off the rolls, you know! He's a disgrace to a dishonourable profession!"

Romer Hatton, in no way behind his friends in the consumption of mutton chops, sighed pathetically when he reflected upon the vanities of life and the particular vanity which had brought him this insulting epistle.

"It all came," he said, "of locking up that chap the day we went to London. They didn't get him out until four o'clock, and then they had to force the lock. I told Smallwood that if he wants money, he really must not send me a man in a draught-board suit, and he didn't take it like a gentleman. After that we were not on good terms—mine were distant and his were cash!"

"It's no good cutting men like that," said Percy dogmatically, "their hide is pachydermatous. You will have to do something desperate, Bous—pay him or something—I hope he hasn't got heart disease!"

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Trevor Webb, the third of the trinity, was not more encouraging. His fine knowledge of procedure helped him to a gloomy picture of that which might happen to Romer in case he neglected to do this desperate deed.

"They'll cart you away in a van like a stag," he said cheerfully. "We don't imprison men for debt nowadays, we only imprison them for having no money. You'll probably get three weeks and be set to scrub floors. Imagine what you can do in three weeks, Bous! Why, you might read half Shakespeare!"

Romer expressed the hope that Shakespeare might enjoy the society of Lucifer in salubrious shades at no distant date, and went on to speak of other expedients.

"Cigars add nothing to the wealth of a country," said he argumentatively; "their sale ought to be stopped. Whenever I smoke a good cigar, I say, 'Here's a shilling less in the national bank.' It's a form of extravagance which the law ought to suppress. Get into Parliament, Percy, and introduce a Bill—it's better than paying one—making it impossible to recover tobacconists' debts at law. I'll come and hear your second reading speech."

And then he added dolefully—

"I wish I could pass my bill by a second reading speech, but it's not my luck."

Percy shook his head. Some day he would have to join the quarrelsome company at Westminster, but that day was not yet.

"You'll be a millionaire, then, Bous; you'll wallow in your uncle's millions," he reflected, "and Smallwood will be dead and buried. Write by return of post and promise to plant a nicotina on his grave. He'll not want for lights where he's going to."

The three were in Romer's rooms, partaking of a training lunch, on the second day of the paradoxically styled "May races." A tremendous dish of chops testified to the oarsmen's fast and the hardships of it. The men drank college beer from pewter flagons and ate rice pudding with the docility of children. That gentle measure of excitement which animates all rowing men in the race week stimulated the frivolity of their talk and buoyed them up with a great hope of the day. Last night had seen a magnificent struggle between Hall and Caius; but the latter had not made their bump, although they had been within an ace of it. To-night they were confident of victory. If any doubt troubled this healthy crew, it was their anxiety for Romer Hatton, their five, who flagged in spirit and was palpably depressed. Romer's measured extravagances had culminated to-day in a communication from Flower and Flower, of London, intimating that the patience of Mr. John Smallwood, cigar merchant in that city, was at length exhausted, and that he must resort to the law to obtain such satisfaction as mere guineas could afford him. Romer read the letter three times before he folded it up and placed it neatly in that pocket of his coat which lay nearest to his heart. He had a vague idea that the customary promise of an early remittance would not suffice on this occasion. Smallwood was lost to all sense of decency—and a matter of money should never be mentioned between gentlemen.

"I suppose I'll have to pay him," he said, lurching from the table dolefully. "There's nothing like treating these fellows with contempt! The money's another matter! I'll pay him and——"

"And make your uncle write a cheque, eh?" said Percy. "Well, what does he exist for if it isn't to have his signature honoured? He ought to consider it his vocation in life. You should send him the lawyer's letter in a black-edged envelope, Bous!"

The idea was immense; but Romer was not captivated by it. Since he had been deserted, as he said, by his uncle Dudley, an inherent pride had forbidden any appeal to his kinsman's generosity. Hitherto he had accepted as a matter of right that extravagant allowance which Dudley had so generously provided him; but now, when he ceased to hear any news of his benefactor, and the old bonuses were not forthcoming, he began to realise that, after all, he had no title to this generosity and must be prepared for the loss of it. Romer believed that he could get his living in London well enough. But his third year's settlements at Cambridge were another matter. Like many a third year man, he cursed the day which first had introduced him to such a polite system of apparently beneficent credit. At twenty-one, these petty financial embarrassments were as keenly felt as the graver responsibilities of the serious life. If Dudley did not help him, he feared that his University career would end in disgrace. But this he concealed carefully from his friends and did his best to share in their frivolity.

"We'll bump Hall to-night, anyway," he said, like one trying to convince himself; "that's something to begin with. The rest doesn't matter. If I go to prison, you chaps

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will have to visit me. We might have a rubber of bridge, and get the warder to make a fourth."

"You can play piquet with the Governor o' nights," suggested Percy cheerily.

"Or patience, on the cold, cold floor!" was Trevor's idea.

Percy's second suggestion was even more practical.

"The bow was made in England. You might while away the hours, Bous, finding out where the broad arrows come from!"

"He'll write a book on the crime of wealth!" added Trevor.

"Never mind, Bous, old chap; 'stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!' I'll teach you how to hide a file in your boot. You might practise letting yourself in and out of the window with Trevor's pyjamas!"

The banter compelled Romer to forget his woes. He put the lawyer's letter upon the chimney-piece, as though it were an invitation to a dance or dinner, and fell to discussing the coming race.

"I wish I felt more like it," he said complainingly; "but we're going to bump that Hall crowd, and hang the expense! I suppose it will be the usual thing, old chap—forty up to first post and hell and leather afterwards! If those fellows hadn't sprung their rattles at Ditton last night, we'd have done the trick; but you took it up too quick, Trevor. We'll have a good man on the bank to-night and it will be different."

"Mind you row all your fourteen stone of beef, Bous, and no down in the dumps! Of course you will. You're right enough. If you're not, we'll doctor you with fizz! There's nothing like a glass of fizz if a man's ailing. And I tell you what, old man, if we don't bump those beggars, I shall go all the way to London, to smash up your friend Smallwood!"

"Cast his ashes to the winds," put in Trevor mildly, "as Bous has been doing for the last six months. It's an expensive amusement, I imagine."

"And ends in smoke, like other amusements," said Percy. "That's where the Hall's going to end to-night. Let's get off to the river. Here's the whole crowd under way."

He indicated a stream of flannel-clad men and their people trudging down Trinity Street towards John's and the boat-houses. It was early yet in the afternoon; but the match at Fenner's was over; and all Cambridge thought of the boats. The Cam herself came as near to a merry aspect as that odorous ditch can ever assume. Flags were flying from all the masts; tubs, randans, odds and ends of craft swarmed together towards Ditton and the chief seats. Stately dons, who wore a noble aspect in the Master's gown, went humbly along the towing-path, mere puny figures in their coats of flannel. Light-hearted runners sprang their rattles and jangled their bells, to be sure that these implements of torture would answer at the crisis. Cousins, who had come to Cambridge full of loyalty, declared that the river was beautiful and the railway bridge a very gem. In the Long Reach itself the racing craft were already being moored by matter-of-fact boatmen to equally matter-of-fact stakes. Here upon the towing-path the racing men were gathered. Their gaudy blazers gave a necessary colour to the dun-coloured background of marsh and fen. Some of them wore flowers in their straw hats—these had made bumps last night. Others wore no flowers, and walked with some dejection—these had not made bumps last night. But everywhere the latent excitement was betrayed in the animated gestures of the men, in their quick movements and spasmodic talk.

"Mind you take it up, now."

"If we're ahead at Ditton, it's all right."

"Look here, you fellows; a quarter stroke and then a half—don't you forget!" This from an anxious coach.

"When I spring the rattle, you're within half a length of them. Mind you buck up then and keep it long."

"Now, old chaps, row like blazes to Grassey, and you'll down them!"

These were the fragments of talk to be heard on the towing-path; but yonder, at Ditton, the babble was lighter; and the famous corner seemed like a quivering rose of blazing colours, which opened its petals upon the hillside and gathered leaves of the fresh green grass-lands. Here were the "people," and those others whom a cynic has named "Bills Payable," which is to say, the fathers of the families. In this place flannels rubbed elbows with dainty muslins; chiffons were cheek-by-jowl with coats of many colours; non-rowing men made good their athletic deficiencies by ample success in a lighter field. *La jeunesse* predominated, and the laughter of young girls was the reigning note.

A gun boomed, signalling to the First Division crews to go down to the starting-post, and the Caius eight quickly entered their boat. Alternately rowing and paddling

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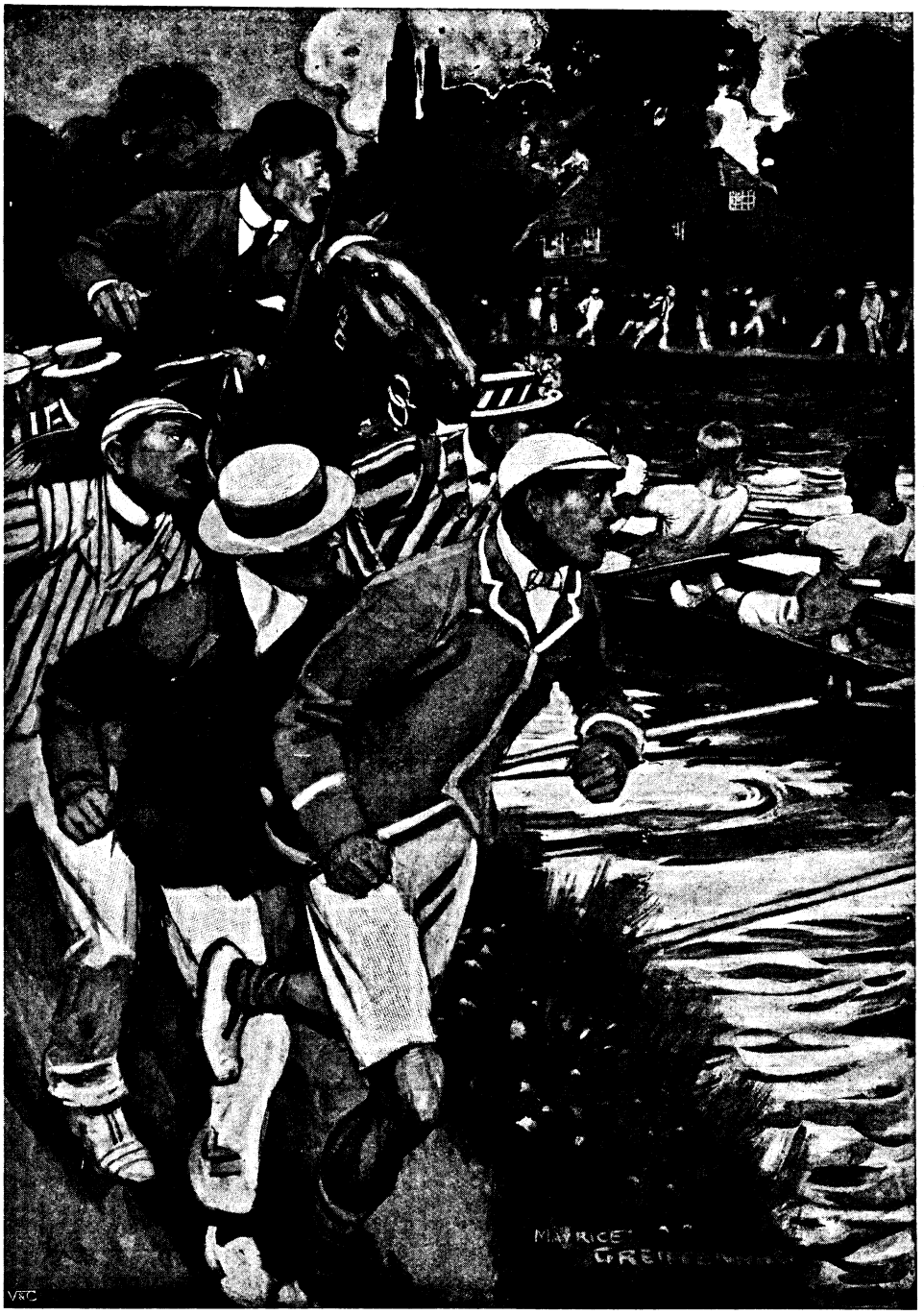

"The crowd had a new excitement."

a few strokes, they came to Ditton, and there rested upon their oars a moment before that brilliant gallery. Romer Hatton, from his seat at five, scanned the faces quickly, in the vain hope that he might discover one of his own kith and kin; but all the "roses" were unknown to him; and at the word "Paddle!" he was glad to be moving again. Perhaps

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the depression which attended him that day was in a measure the depression of contrasts. It had been so different last year, when Dudley had stayed at the "Bull," and great dinners had been given, and feasting and merriment came first, and money was unthought of, and all the boyish delight of success and applause helped his natural fund of high spirits. Romer did not think that Caius would bump Hall to-night; but he was certain that if they did, Uncle Dudley would know nothing of it. Ashamed of himself for rowing with so little spirit, he frankly admitted that he could not help it. Even at Baitsbite, the starting-post, the crew chaffed him upon his doleful gait.

"You look as though you'd dropped a five-pound note through a sewer grating," said the captain of the boat. Romer answered that he believed he had.

"But you're going to row like blazes to-night!" the captain added.

"Of course I am!" said Romer. He was very nervous—what man is not?—in those dragging minutes of delay the crews must pass at Baitsbite. Here and there upon the bank his rivals walked no more confidently. Even the oldest of them, as his coach observed, was a little "white about the gills," and many a novice trembled when the second gun was fired. There were three minutes yet until the great race began. Romer stripped off his sweater with clumsy hands; he could hear his heart beating when the boat was pushed a little way from the bank.

"I'm a fool to-night," he told himself for consolation. "I wish to Heaven they'd start; it would be all right then."

Boatman Tom, catching "seven's" rigger with his boat-hook, pushed their light and buoyant craft a little way out into the stream and added his instructions to the coach's.

"Right off the stretcher, gentlemen, and mind you pick it up," he said, in a voice like a giant's whisper. "You'll catch 'em right enough; don't you mind about that. You jest think of getting your 'ands away!"

But the coach said: "There's the gun! Touch her, two, and get forward all!"

The men came forward on their slides, and sat like statues on the still waters. All along the bank the coaches were crying instructions to their crews and giving them the final word of praise or blame. By here and there you would hear a man crying, "Twenty seconds gone!" or again, "Thirty seconds gone!" Presently, when but five seconds were left, a whole babel of voices arose, shouting "Five—four—three—two—one!" The gun boomed heavily. More than a hundred oars were dipped into the water as one. The boats were off!

From the moment of starting, Romer was unconscious of bank or people, or anything but the task before him. His eyes were fixed upon "seven's" back. The rhythm of the eight oars, rising and falling as one, was the best music he could hear. He felt the light ship springing beneath him; from the towing-path came a hum as of distant voices. He thought that he had never rowed so well—and yet, presently, above the clamour and the din, he heard his coach's voice, and he knew that the words were addressed to him. "On to it, five—get on to it, man! What's the matter, five? Swing out, I say; get your hands away!"

Many voices took up the cry, and Romer's heart sank as it was repeated. He was flagging, then! Those on the bank could detect it. And his crew was not gaining on Hall. He listened in vain for the rattle or the clanging bell which should tell him that the distance between the boats had been decreased; but no signals were made. He heard only this tumult of voices crying, "Get on to it, five!" And they were approaching Ditton by this time—were about to pass before that dazzling gallery, where so many critical eyes would applaud or decry their efforts. Romer, calling upon all his pluck, swore that Caius should win. And yet Caius was not winning, but losing at every stroke—palpably losing!

They rounded Ditton Corner, slowing down and swinging out for the purpose; and once in the Long Reach, even the optimists began to feel that Hall had escaped them that night. There were still the old cries, "Get on to it, five!" but they were repeated more in sorrow than in hope. Anon, however, a loud, clear voice was added to the number, and it rang out over the river like a clarion call. "Buck up, five! buck up, old chap!" A parrot cry for an oarsman to hear, yet amazing for its achievement. On the bank they said that the words were magical. A man, riding a good horse on the Ditton side, had waited for the Caius boat, and now cantered with it towards the railway bridge. He wore a dark check suit and a bowler hat, and was inconspicuous in the flannel-coated throng. But at the very first word Romer knew the voice, and in the very joy of hearing it his strength came back as upon a freshet.

"It's Dudley!" he gasped; "it's Dudley, by all the gods!"

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The crowd had a new excitement from this time onwards. Those voices roaring "Buck up, five!" changed from their doleful complaint to a sudden cry which in itself was the expression of a triumph. They were bawling, "Well rowed, five!" before the ditch was passed; the rattles were sprung, the bells were clanging, and Caius gained on Hall at every stroke. Those that ran on ahead in blazers in black and white gave place to others who came surging up breathlessly in blazers of blue and black. The partisans of Hall and Caius, friends and enemies, were intermingled upon the towing-path. A breathless, excited cavalcade swept under the railway bridge and went gasping on towards the winning-post. And there are not two feet between the boats now! Aye, hear that final *crescendo*, that thunderous shout as the Caius flag is loosed suddenly upon its staff and floats proudly on the May breeze; hear the deafening applause which goes up for long minutes together. "Well rowed, Caius!" "Well rowed, old Bous!" A hundred times, "Well rowed!"

Romer, bent double in the boat, and scarcely able to see the banks, had yet the strength to slap Percy at six upon the back and to shout—

"It was Dudley's race—I heard him at Ditton!"

CHAPTER XV.

FACE TO FACE.

DUDLEY HATTON arrived in Cambridge almost at the moment when the inseparable "three" set out for the river. He drove to Caius; and finding Romer had left his rooms, returned to the "Bull" hotel and ordered a horse. Sixteen years had passed since he took a poll degree at Caius, and was spoken of by his tutors as a man who apologised for little Latin by a minimum of execrable Greek. A very great deal had happened since that day; old ideals were forgotten, old habits changed, but the athletic prejudice remained. Dudley had rowed in the Caius first boat in his third year; and however busy he might be, or whatever his occupations, news of successes won by his old college never failed to interest him. A member of the Leander Club, he visited Henley annually and so kept in touch with the reigning generation of oarsmen. Romer's appearance in the Caius boat added a new interest. As to most athletes, mere success in the schools seemed to him of secondary interest; while he hoped that Romer would get a good degree, he would have much preferred a rowing "blue" for him. The boy's future, after all, was more or less assured. Dudley had the vaguest idea as to the precise value of a rowing "blue" in the commercial affairs of Hatton and Hatton; but as he did not see that the classics would be a more valuable asset, he preferred the active qualification. He had come to Cambridge, it may be, because of his promise to little Beryl. If there were another reason, it was one he would have confessed to no man. The mysterious letter addressed to him in London remained a greater mystery than ever. He had spared no effort to identify the sender of it, but had failed. The photograph itself, that bewildering picture of the dead who was alive, remained as inscrutable as when first he had looked upon it. He did not know, could not imagine, the purpose of such a message. Was it the wish, then, of the subject of the picture that he should know of her existence? or had a friend sent it, believing that the living might even yet stand for the dead? He could not tell. Nevertheless, his curiosity was masterful. He felt from the first that he must know the truth, the whole of it. If he searched all Europe to find her, he must discover the woman whose face could thus bewitch him.

This matter was much in his mind when he set out for Cambridge; but the familiar scenes, powerful still to recreate forgotten days, permitted him for the moment to escape it; and when they brought his horse to the hotel and he rode away to the river, it seemed to him that the greatest gift which life could give would be the obliteration of the years which had intervened and the rebirth of that youth he had left behind in Cambridge. Though sixteen years had passed since he was an undergraduate, every stone in the old colleges was familiar to him. He could remember with what pride he had first put on cap and gown and gone timidly to dine in Hall; how this great society of scholars had impressed him and led him to great resolutions. The spirit of the living and the dead age of scholarship seemed to breathe upon it all. For the time being, at least, it was to him the centre of the universe. Here, he thought, a man might conceive the finest of all ambitions, the ambition of knowledge and the power of wisdom. His father had been one of the cleverest barristers of his time and had given his son a generous allowance. Dudley recalled his own pet schemes at that time—

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how he had wished to follow his father's profession and to win its chief prizes. He recalled the mental steps by which he had departed from an idea so stereotyped. The Law and its subtleties wearied him. A clever invention, rejected by the English War Office, but accepted by Continental powers, established his fortune. He was one of the first to speculate in South African mines; and so the great hoard of wealth had been stored up—in sixteen years! He could not believe it sometimes; the reality was inconceivable.

These were his thoughts while he rode to the river; but the first sight of the merry Cam turned the course of them, and he became the oarsman from that moment. Ditton itself, with its blaze of garish colour, appealed to him less than the bare towing-path, with the men in shorts and blazers, and the graceful, light ships moored to the grassy bank. From the first he looked for the Caius boat; but a loquacious undergraduate informed him that it had already gone down to the starting-point; and it was not until the crews, with their yelling satellites, came racing by that he espied Romer's huge form and encouraged his waning efforts with a clarion call. The race, to be sure, quickened his pulse as few contests could have done. He was keen as any lad when the crews came up. His was the loudest voice in that cantering company of horsemen which raced from Ditton to the ditch, and would have raced on but for the water forbidding them.

"Now then, five—buck-up, old chap; five—buck-up!"

His vocal strength surprised him no less than the result of it. A bushman's cry learned in Australia started even the runners and silenced their horns. "Whir-oo-oo-oo!" it went. You heard it almost at Chesterton. From that point he almost counted the strokes while the Caius boat gained inch by inch upon the flagging ship before them. It was a bump—it was not—they would do it—they would be done! He had no voice left at the end of the gallop, and he nearly killed an ancient Don when he reined in his horse.

"A near thing!" he said, laughing; "they'll do it yet if they stick to it! I hope I have not hurt you, sir?"

The elderly clergyman picked up a little straw hat and put it on an exceedingly bald head. He was quite out of breath, and it was wonderful how such poor little legs had carried him from Ditton almost to the ditch. He answered Dudley very nervously—ashamed, perhaps, of his own display.

"Really it was nothing. I am always glad to see Queens' do well." And then he asked, as though a little doubtful of it: "It was Queens', was it not?"

Dudley restrained a smile as he turned his horse about and began to walk by the old parson's side back to Ditton and the emptying gallery of colour.

"I fear you made a little mistake," he said kindly; "that was Caius; and by the way they're yelling, I should say it was a bump! Queens' are down yonder—I do not think they are doing very well."

He would not tell such an enthusiast that Queens' were bumped; and the parson, given to apologies, made excuses for his failing eyesight.

"My sight is not very strong," he said. "I am much obliged to you. It does me good to run with the boats, although I can never see them. You know what Terence says, '*Ut quisque suum vult esse, ita est.*' As we wish our children to be, so they are. These things make children of us all."

"You rowed yourself once?" suggested Dudley, whose sympathies were quickly won by the veteran's pluck. "I suppose it was before my time?" he added.

"I rowed in the Trinity boat," answered the old man a little sadly, "just two-and-forty years ago. Two-and-forty years!—the life of fourteen generations of undergraduates! And Cambridge is as dear to me now as she was then. I love every stone of her splendid walls! And you," he exclaimed, remembering that he spoke to a stranger—"you, I suppose, were an athlete, too?"

"Yes," said Dudley; "I rowed in my time. It's only sixteen years ago, but it seems to me a lifetime. It's when the young ones begin to cut us out that we realise how old we are! I have a nephew rowing for Caius; that's why I am up here to-day."

The parson, holding the stirrup-leather to help him on his way, seemed pleased to have someone to talk to.

"These young people make life very pleasant for us," he said. "I have none of my sons at Cambridge now; but my granddaughter is staying with me at Queens'. *Novi ingenium mulierum.* But we used to be very grateful to them in the May week. You, I suppose, are staying in Cambridge for the frivolities?"

"I am staying as long as the vagaries of

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the Stock Exchange will let me. This is a time when a man abhors civilisation. If there were no telegraphs, I should at least be safe for four-and-twenty hours. As it is, the next train may take me back to London."

The old man shook his head wonderingly.

"I do not think I have received a dozen telegrams in the whole course of my life," he said. "I never see one without a certain shock. These new customs are difficult to adopt. Daphne, my granddaughter, says that letters are always answered nowadays by telegrams; but I prefer the old-fashioned ways."

"Your granddaughter," said Dudley, "is evidently a victim of the times. And if you will permit me to say so, I think she is waiting for you over there. I see a young lady who is evidently anxious about you."

A girl had crossed from the gallery at Ditton and was now advancing up the towing-path as though seeking someone she had lost. When she observed Dudley with the old clergyman, she stood and waited for them to come up. Dudley did not clearly see her face at the first, and would have ridden away without seeing her at all, perhaps, but for his new friend's entreaty.

"If you are ever in Queens'," said the old man, "I can show you some manuscripts which may interest you. My name is Bell—Norton Bell, and I am senior Fellow."

The confidence invited some return of it. Dudley hastened to introduce himself.

"I am Dudley Hatton," he said bluntly; "perhaps you may have heard of me. My nephew, Romer, has been three years at Caius."

The parson shook his head. Such was fame. He knew nothing of the modern millionaire.

"This is my granddaughter, Daphne," he said. "I hope we shall all meet again before you go to London."

Dudley looked up and beheld the girl face to face. For a moment he thought that his dead wife, Hermione, stood before him.

* * * * *

Daphne did not observe his embarrassment, but half remembering his name, and believing his face to be familiar to her, she held out her hand impulsively and confessed her impressions.

"Oh! I'm sure—I'm quite sure, Mr. Hatton, that you and I have met before!" she said.

He had sat until this moment like one spell-bound before the living dead; but he recovered himself by a supreme effort, and taking the outstretched hand, he held it while he said hoarsely—

"Yes, we have met before—you and I!"

(*To be continued.*)

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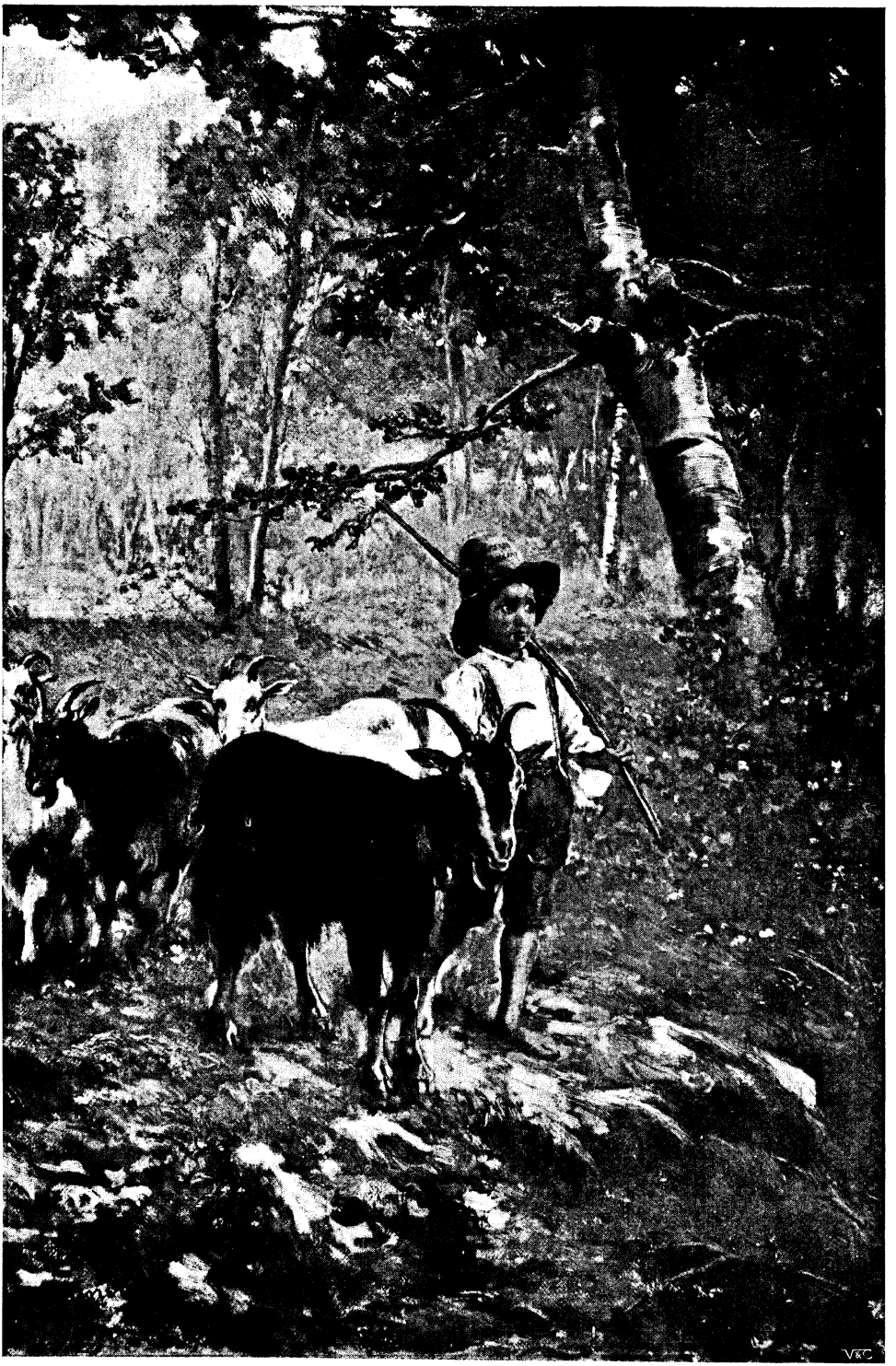

"THE LITTLE GOATHERD." FROM THE PICTURE BY M. RAMIREZ.

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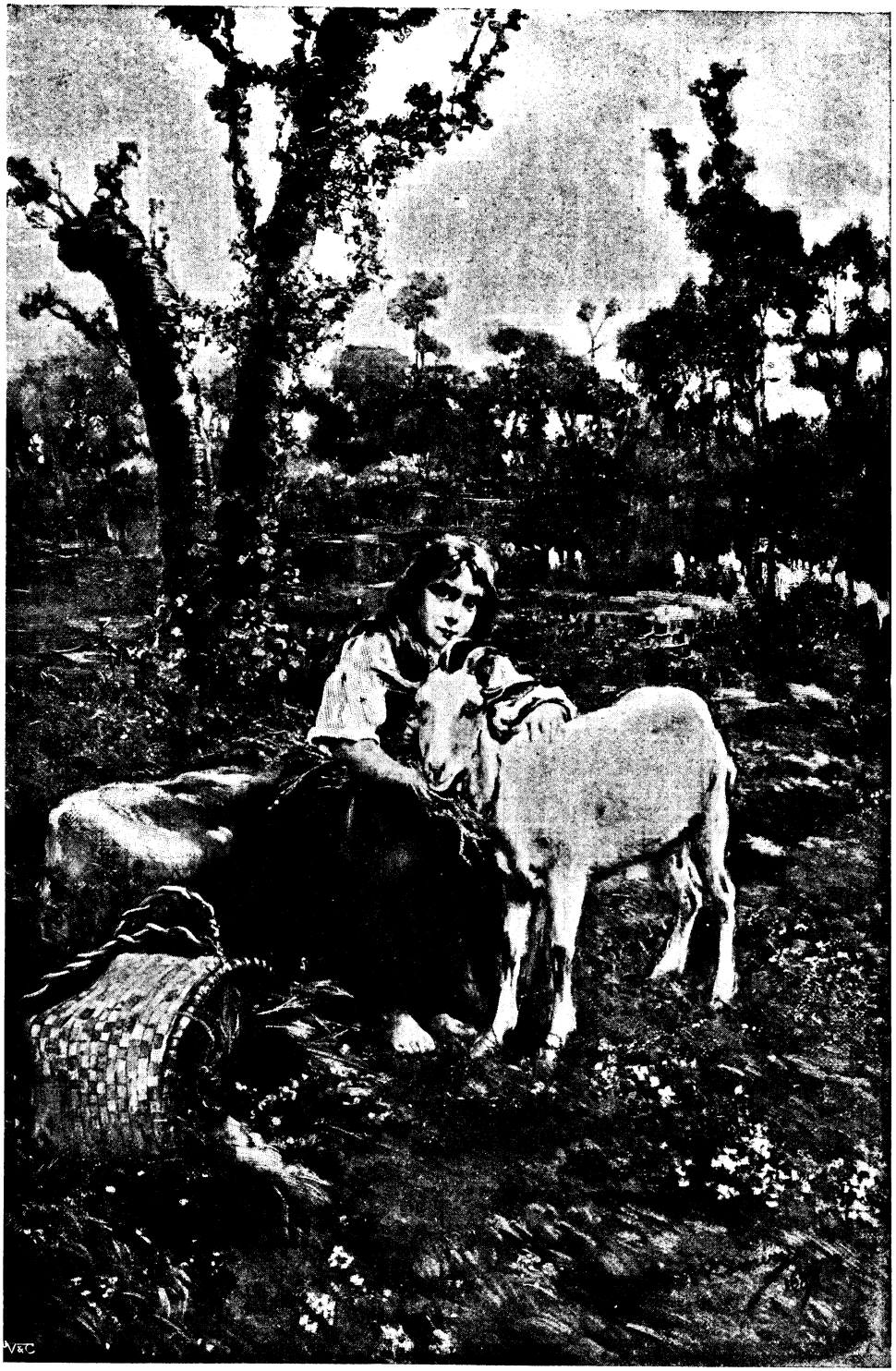

"THE GIRL GOATHERD." THE COMPANION PICTURE BY M. RAMIREZ.

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THE CLIFFS AND CAVES OF CHEDDAR.

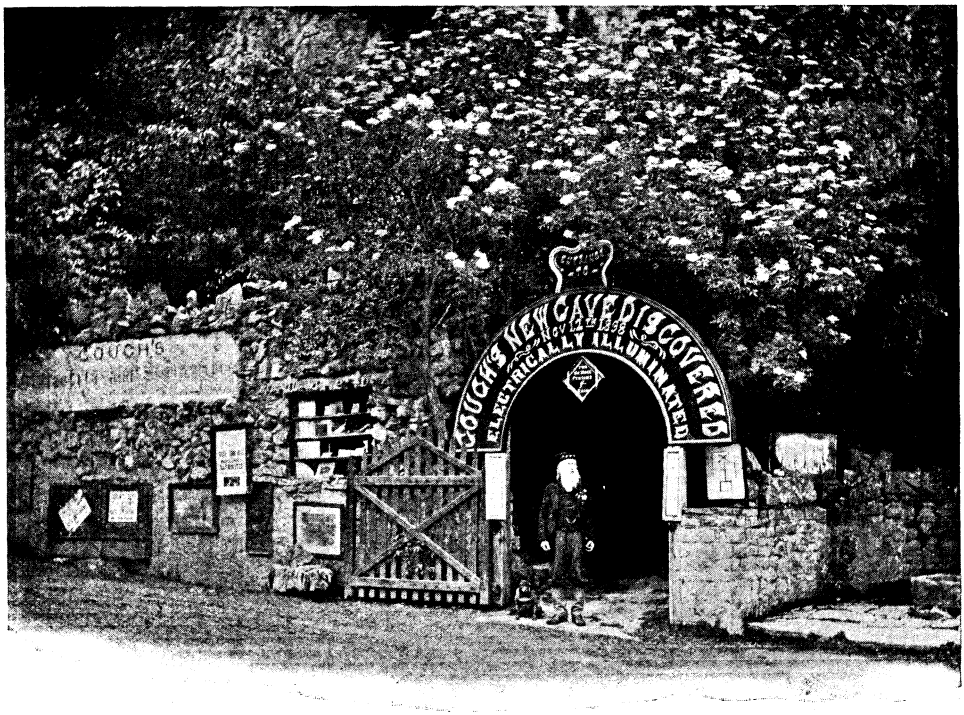
By HARRY GOLDING.

TO the cliffs, caves and cheeses of Cheddar some would add yet other alliterative attractions by including the church and ancient market cross—but that is straining a point.

On the other hand, the cheeses might be fairly deducted, for the output of Cheddar "Cheddars" is small indeed compared with the "Cheddars" that are not Cheddar's.

Although everybody has heard of this delightful Somerset village, comparatively few realise what a truly marvellous place it is. Many even of those who have visited it have come away after seeing only half its wonders. The cliffs, grand though they are, may be matched elsewhere; but not even the famous Grotto at Han or the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is capable of exciting quite the same emotion as these wonderful limestone caverns with their fantastic forms and colouring.

The village nestles under the southern flank of the Mendips, a range of carboniferous limestone recalling in many of its features the highlands of Derbyshire. If the range could be properly explored, it would doubtless be found to be honeycombed throughout with caverns of equal beauty and extent to those already opened at Cheddar, Wookey, Banwell, and elsewhere. A story is told in this connection of a dog who somehow or other strayed into one of the Cheddar caves and was shut in. His master came next day to claim him, but the dog had disappeared. Cries and whistles proving unavailing, search was made for the body, but without result.



ENTRANCE TO GOUGH'S CAVES, WITH PORTRAIT OF THE DISCOVERER.

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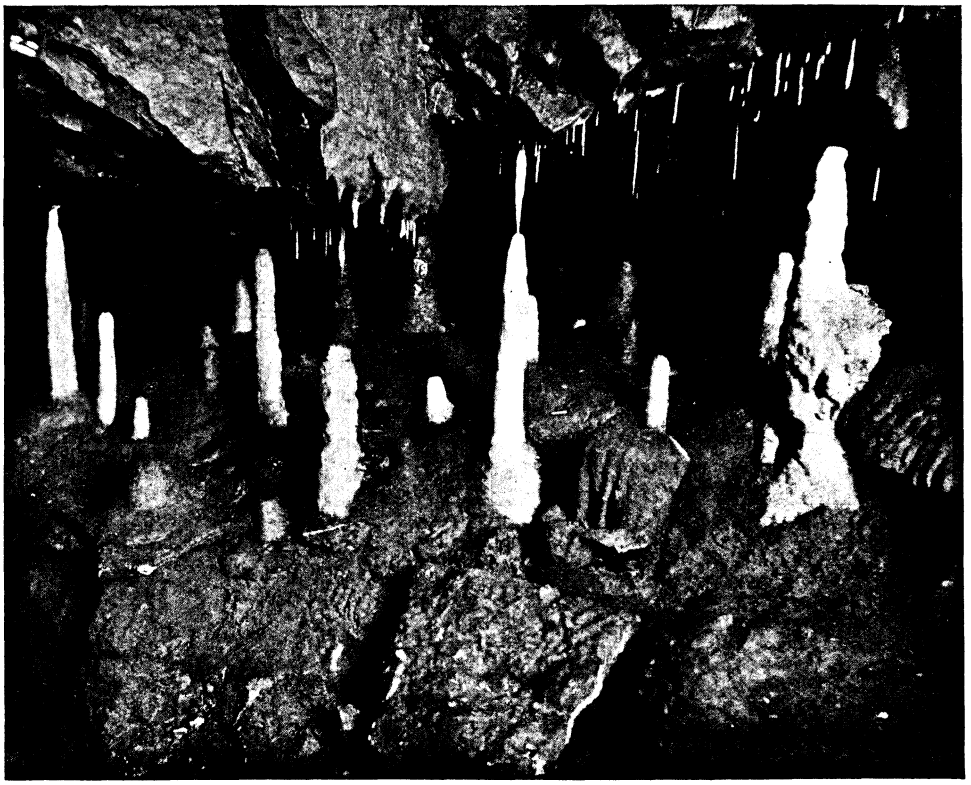
Photo by] [*Frith & Co., Reigate.*

PEPYS' ROCK, CHEDDAR.

The owner had abandoned hope, and indeed forgotten the dog, when word was brought to him that a forlorn and half-flayed animal was prowling about the village of Priddy, five miles westward. From the creature's appearance it could only be assumed that he had made his way by underground passages right from one side of the hills to the other.

Ages ago—as can be clearly proved by the bones remaining—these caves were the haunt of lions, bears, hyænas, and other animals long extinct in England. Later came men—men sufficiently akin to ourselves to execute rough drawings of themselves and the objects around them on bones and slabs of stone. Then, long afterwards, Phœnicians and Romans mined the hills for lead and calamine, abundant traces of their workings being visible to this day. At Priddy are great heaps of refuse in which have been found all sorts of Roman ornaments and tools—brooches minus their pins, amulets, bracelets, knives, picks, and the like. And right along the crest of the ridge runs one of the unmistakable Roman roads, by means of which the produce of the mines was conveyed to the sheltered port at the mouth of the Axe.



STALAGMITES, GOUGH'S CAVES.

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The Cheddar gorge was at one time thought to be the result of an earthquake or other mighty convulsion of Nature, but later scientific opinion regards it as simply an enormous cave the roof of which has fallen in. The cavern was doubtless excavated in the first place by an underground river, getting larger and larger until at last the roof, worn by surface denudation, gave way, leaving the sides fully exposed to the wear and tear of the elements.

The way to the gorge from the station lies through the straggling old-world village where Hannah More at one time taught the rudiments, and was eccentric enough to find fault with the parson for the mild offence of being intoxicated six times a week, and often unable to preach on account of two black eyes "honestly earned by fighting." On the neighbouring Callow Hill—a place that ought to be the scene of many a juvenile pilgrimage—Hannah and her devoted sisters inaugurated in 1791 that popular and highly successful institution known as the "school treat." Some five hundred children were entertained to tea and games, their seniors standing round in a ring meanwhile, staring open-mouthed at these hitherto unheard-of antics. It seems to have been the general opinion, expressed in forcible "Zummerzet," that such proceedings were only calculated to hasten the progress of the little ones on the downward road.

The cliffs are not seen till a sudden bend of the road reveals a large, reed-lined lake, prettily reflecting some scattered white cottages on its banks. Above tower—it is the only word to use—the seamed and furrowed rocks, sheer escarpments that attain in places a height of over four hundred feet. The ledges and interstices are green with ferns and mosses, and in the fissures the mountain ash, dark yew, and other trees find a precarious foothold. The pretty Cheddar pink (*Dianthus Cæsius*) is not nearly so common, thanks to excursionists, as it was, but is still fairly abundant. The crag immediately above the entrance to the pass has a marked resemblance to a lion couchant. Other rocks suggest a battlemented castle; others the

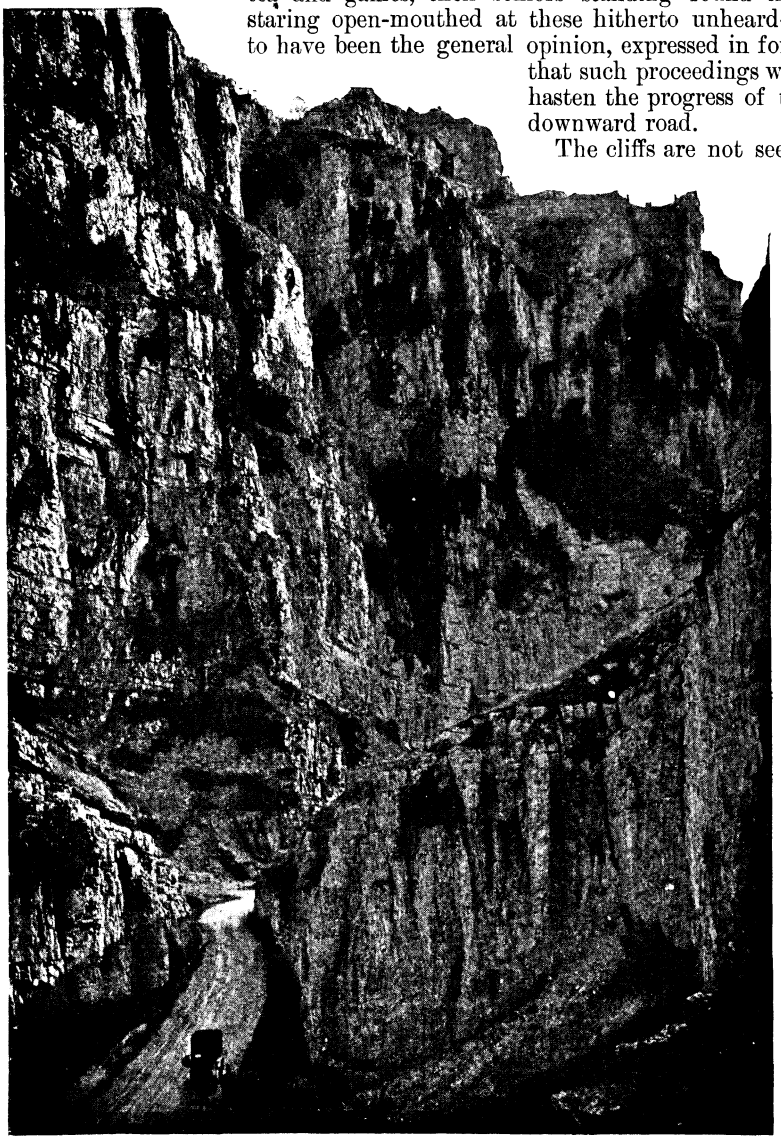

Photo by] [*Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE CHEDDAR CLIFFS.

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lofty pinnacles of a Gothic cathedral; others, cut and drawn and seamed, might almost be taken for petrified blocks of that edible commodity for the manufacture of which Cheddar has made itself famous. The narrow carriage-drive winds upwards along the base of the cliffs for a mile and a half, but only the first half-mile is really interesting. In several places are paths by which expert climbers can gain the summit, but the task is not one to be lightly undertaken by the stranger.

PILLARS OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE, GOUGH'S CAVES.

A legend relates that the Saxon King Edmund on one occasion "had words" with St. Dunstan, and with incredible rashness went hunting immediately afterwards in the then "Forest of Cheddre." His horse bolted and bore him to the very edge of this yawning chasm. Both horse and rider would inevitably have been dashed to pieces had not the monarch, in the most critical moment, called aloud the name of the saint he had so grievously offended. Instantly the horse's wild career was checked, and the chastened ruler, with a lively sense of favours past and to come, turned immediately homeward and made St. Dunstan Abbot of Glastonbury.

The caves, however, are by far the most interesting feature of Cheddar. But before the tourist penetrates these great underground workshops of Nature he will be perplexed by conflicting claims. There is competition, it seems, even amongst caves. Here we have "Cox's Caves" and "Gough's Caves," and veracious handbills declare each to be far and away superior to the other. The only point on which they agree is the demand for a shilling entrance fee. There would seem to be a fine opportunity here for a "combine" on the American principles now so fashionable. The truth is that both caves should be seen—indeed, must be seen—if Cheddar is to be rightly appreciated. Perhaps the syndicate of the future will be good enough to make a reduction on taking a quantity, and let us have the two for eighteenpence.

To deal with Cox's first, by right of seniority. The cave was accidentally discovered in 1837, when the people at the adjoining inn wanted to build a new coach-house. Much has been done since then to make its beauties accessible, and the proprietor proudly

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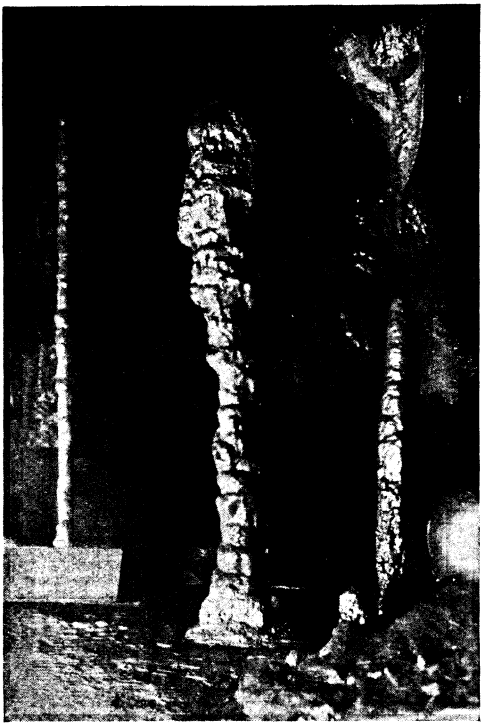


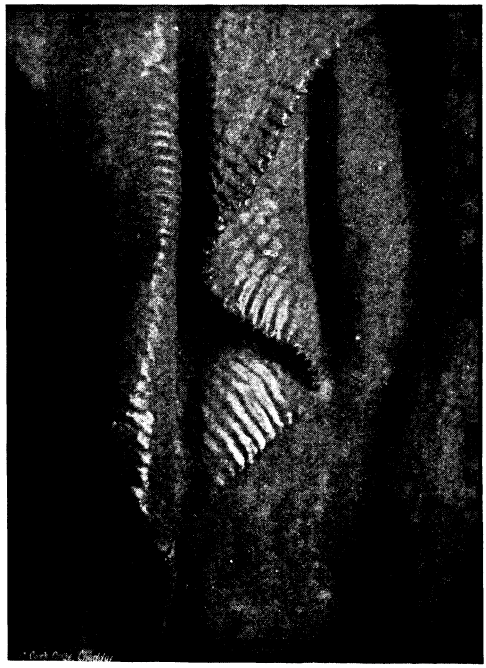
Photo by] [*Frith & Co, Reigate.*

THE SPEAKER'S MACE, COX'S CAVERN.

announces that the cave is "clean, well ventilated, brilliantly lighted, and there is only one place to stoop." At first the cave was shown by candle light, but it was soon found that the smoke tarnished the rich colouring of the stalactites. Then incandescent gas was tried, with better results, and it is intended shortly to instal the electric light. Without such lighting and cunningly placed reflectors the caves could not possibly be seen to advantage, so that there is some excuse for the charges.

Here in these subterranean chambers Nature has been at work for countless ages, and her marvellous products cannot but excite the admiration of all who see them. It is not the mere freakishness of the formations—here a trussed turkey, there a loaf of bread, there a Hindoo temple reflected in a pool of crystal water—but their astonishing delicacy and beauty of colouring that appeal to one. In one place hangs in graceful folds what is known as the Marble Curtain, so marvellously like a piece of fringed and embroidered tapestry that it seems incredible that this could have been formed by the mere accidental dripping of lime-charged water. Here and there the stalactites pendent from the roof have met the stalagmites rising from the floor, forming slender pillars: but how slow is the process may be judged from the statement that when the cave was opened, more than sixty years ago, a certain stalactite was measured, and in all this time there has been scarcely any perceptible lengthening. When lightly struck many of the stalactites emit musical notes of perfect purity, and whole tunes can be played. The colouring transcends in beauty anything attempted in the wildest flights of managerial extravagance in pantomime productions.

Gough's Caves, further up the pass, are larger and more impressive than Cox's, but less pretty, perhaps, in detail. The electric light is installed throughout, some of the arc lamps having a candle-power of no less than 2,500. Nor is this brilliant illumination any too great, for an entire army could be concealed without difficulty in these vast underground recesses. The caves have been opened up one by one, the most notable "discovery" being in 1898, when the enormous chamber known as "Solomon's Temple" was penetrated. The effect as the lights are switched on and off, and a thousand many-coloured diamonds flash before one's eyes, is indescribably beautiful. Perhaps the most impressive sight of all is the so-called Niagara Fall, a petrified mass of foamy water,



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THE MARBLE CURTAIN, COX'S CAVERN.

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THE NIAGARA FALLS, GOUGH'S CAVES.

lacking sound and motion, yet dancing and sparkling in the light. It falls, or rather appears to fall, over a rock forty feet high, and is at least twenty feet wide. The colouring is gorgeous in the extreme, ranging, according to the position of the light, from terra-cotta to the richest ruby red, and from yellow to silvery white. It is as if some magician had suddenly suspended the water in mid-air and turned it into glistening glass, and then had just sufficiently heated it to allow the mass to boil over and form a dripping fringe of many-coloured strands. Even such excellent photographs as are here reproduced are as powerless as verbal descriptions to give an adequate idea of these

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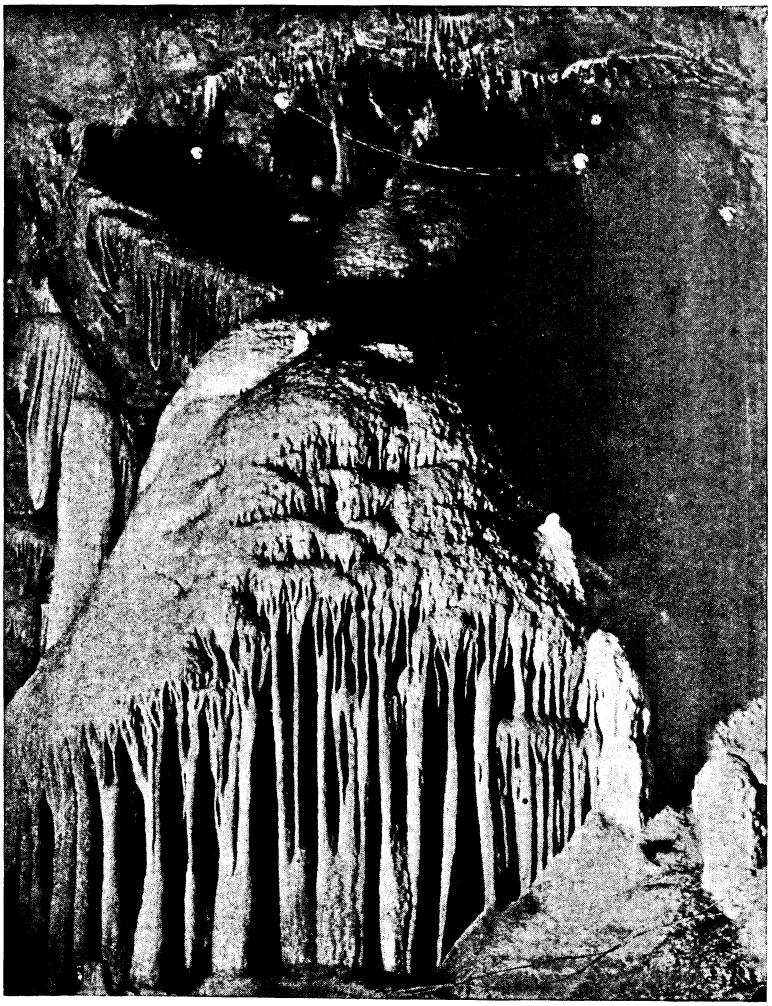
subterranean wonders, wrought by the simple processes of Nature thousands of years before the advent of man, and destined, as it seems, to continue for countless ages yet to come.

The late Mr. Gough and his sons penetrated two miles further into the hill than the public are at present permitted to go, and there is every probability that ere long other beauties, upon which no human eye has ever rested, will be rendered accessible.



THE ORGAN PIPES, GOUGH'S CAVES.

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THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

By JEROME K. JEROME.*

"I NEVER liked her," said the Old Maid; "I always knew she was heartless."

"To my thinking," said the Minor Poet, "she has shown herself a true woman."

"Really," said the Woman of the World, laughing, "I shall have to nickname you Dr. Johnson Redivivus. I believe, were the subject under discussion, you would admire the coiffure of the Furies. It would occur to you that it must have been naturally curly."

"It is the Irish blood flowing in his veins," I told them. "He must always be 'agin' the Government.'"

"We ought to be grateful to him," remarked the Philosopher. "What can be more uninteresting than an agreeable conversation—I mean, a conversation where everybody is in agreement? Disagreement, on the other hand, is stimulating."

"Maybe that is the reason," I suggested, "why modern society is so tiresome an affair. By tabooing all difference of opinion we have eliminated all zest from our intercourse. Religion, sex, politics—any subject on which man really thinks, is scrupulously excluded from all polite gatherings. Conversation has become a chorus; or, as a writer wittily expressed it, the pursuit of the obvious to no conclusion. When not occupied with mumbling, 'I quite agree with you'—'As you say'—'That is precisely my opinion'—we sit about and ask each other riddles: 'What did the Pro-Boer?' 'Why did Julius Cæsar?'"

"Fashion has succeeded where Force for centuries has failed," added the Philosopher. "One notices the tendency even in public affairs. It is bad form nowadays to belong to the Opposition. The chief aim of the Church is to bring itself into line with worldly opinion. The Nonconformist Conscience grows every day a still smaller voice."

"I believe," said the Woman of the World, "that was the reason why Emily never got on with poor dear George. He agreed with her in everything. She used to say it made her feel such a fool."

"Man is a fighting animal," explained the Philosopher. "An officer lately returned from South Africa was telling me only the other day: he was with a column, and news came in that a small commando was moving in the neighbourhood. The column set off in the highest of spirits, and after three days' trying work through a difficult country came up with, as they thought, the enemy. As a matter of fact, it was not the enemy, but a troop of Imperial Yeomanry that had lost its way. My friend informs me that the language with which his column greeted those unfortunate Yeomen—their fellow countrymen, men of their own blood—was most unsympathetic."

"Myself, I should hate a man who agreed with me," said the Girton Girl.

"My dear," replied the Woman of the World, "I don't think any would."

"Why not?" demanded the Girton Girl.

"I was thinking more of you, dear," replied the Woman of the World.

"I am glad you all concur with me," murmured the Minor Poet. "I have always myself regarded the Devil's Advocate as the most useful officer in the Court of Truth."

"I remember being present one evening," I observed, "at a dinner-party where an eminent judge met an equally eminent Q.C., whose client the judge that very afternoon had condemned to be hanged. 'It is always a satisfaction,' remarked to him genially the judge, 'condemning any prisoner defended by you. One feels so absolutely certain he was guilty.' The Q.C. responded that he should always remember the judge's words with pride."

"Who was it," asked the Philosopher, "who said: 'Before you can attack a lie, you must strip it of its truth'?"

"It sounds like Emerson," I ventured.

"Very possibly," assented the Philosopher; "very possibly not. There is much in reputation. Most poetry gets attributed to Shakespeare."

"I entered a certain drawing-room about a week ago," I said. "'We were just speaking about you,' exclaimed my hostess. 'Is not this yours?' She pointed to an

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article in a certain magazine lying open on the table. 'No,' I replied; 'one or two people have asked me that same question. It seems to me rather an absurd article,' I added. 'I cannot say I thought very much of it,' agreed my hostess."

"I can't help it," said the Old Maid. "I shall always dislike a girl who deliberately sells herself for money."

"But what else is there to sell herself for?" asked the Minor Poet.

"She should not sell herself at all," retorted the Old Maid, with warmth. "She should give herself, for love."

"Are we not in danger of drifting into a difference of opinion concerning the meaning of words merely?" replied the Minor Poet. "We have all of us, I suppose, heard the story of the Jew clothier remonstrated with by the Rabbi for doing business on the Sabbath. 'Doing business!' retorted the accused with indignation; 'you call selling a suit like that for eighteen shillings doing business! Why, it's charity!' This 'love' for which the maiden gives herself—let us be a little more exact—does it not include, as a matter of course, material more tangible? Would not the adored one look somewhat astonished on discovering that, having given herself for 'love,' love was all that her lover proposed to give for her. Would she not naturally exclaim: 'But where's the house, to say nothing of the fittings? And what are we to live on?'"

"It is you now who are playing with words," asserted the Old Maid. "The greater includes the less. Loving her, he would naturally desire——"

"With all his worldly goods her to endow," completed for her the Minor Poet. "In other words, he pays a price for her. So far as love is concerned, they are quits. In marriage, the man gives himself to the woman as the woman gives herself to the man. Man has claimed, I am aware, greater liberty for himself; but the claim has always been vehemently repudiated by woman. She has won her case. Legally and morally now husband and wife are bound by the same laws. This being so, her contention that she gives herself falls to the ground. She exchanges herself. Over and above, she alone of the twain claims a price."

"'A man's work 'tis till set of sun,
But a woman's work is never done!'"

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"'Does the lady out shopping ever fall in love with the waiter at the bun-shop?'"

"Say a living wage," corrected the Philosopher. "Lazy rubbish lolls in petticoats, and idle stupidity struts in trousers. But, class for class, woman does her share of the world's work. Among the poor, of the two it is she who labours the longer. There is a many-versed ballad popular in country districts. Often I have heard it sung in shrill, piping voice at harvest supper or barn dance. The chorus runs—

"'A man's work 'tis till set of sun,
But a woman's work is never done!'"

"My housekeeper came to me a few months ago," said the Woman of the World, "to tell me that my cook had given notice. 'I am sorry to hear it,' I answered; 'has she found a better place?' 'I am not so sure about that,' answered Markham; 'she's going as general servant.' 'As general servant!' I exclaimed. 'To old Hudson, at the coal wharf,' answered Markham. 'His wife died last year, if you remember. He's got seven children, poor man, and no one to look after them.' 'I suppose you mean,' I said, 'that she's marrying him.' 'Well, that's the way she puts it,' laughed Markham. 'What I tell her is, she's giving up a good home and £50 a year, to be a general servant on nothing a week. But they never see it.'"

"I recollect her," answered the Minor Poet, "a somewhat depressing lady. Let me take another case. You possess a remarkably pretty housemaid—Edith, if I have it rightly."

"I have noticed her," remarked the Philosopher. "Her manners strike me as really quite exceptional."

"I never could stand anyone about me with carroty hair," remarked the Girton Girl.

"I should hardly call it carroty," contended the Philosopher. "There is a golden tint of much richness underlying, when you look closely."

"She is a very good girl," agreed the Woman of the World; "but I am afraid I shall have to get rid of her. The other women servants don't get on with her."

"Do you know whether she is engaged or not?" demanded the Minor Poet.

"At the present moment," answered the Woman of the World, "she is walking out, I believe, with the eldest son of the 'Blue Lion.' But she is never adverse to a change. If you are really in earnest about the matter——"

"I was not thinking of myself," said the Minor Poet. "But suppose some young gentleman of personal attractions equal to those of the 'Blue Lion,' or even not quite equal, possessed of two or three thousand a year, were to enter the lists, do you think the 'Blue Lion' would stand much chance?

"Among the Upper Classes," continued the Minor Poet, "opportunity for observing

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female instinct hardly exists. The girl's choice is confined to lovers able to pay the price demanded, if not by the beloved herself, by those acting on her behalf. But would a daughter of the Working Classes ever hesitate, other things being equal, between Mayfair and Seven Dials?"

"Let me ask you one," chimed in the Girton Girl. "Would a bricklayer hesitate any longer between a duchess and a scullery-maid?"

"But duchesses don't fall in love with bricklayers," returned the Minor Poet. "Now, why not? The stockbroker flirts with the barmaid—cases have been known; often he marries her. Does the lady out shopping ever fall in love with the waiter at the bun-shop? Hardly ever. Lordlings marry ballet girls, but ladies rarely put their heart and fortune at the feet of the Lion Comique. Manly beauty and virtue are not confined to the House of Lords and its dependencies. How do you account for the fact that while it is common enough for the man to look beneath him, the woman will almost invariably prefer her social superior, and certainly never tolerate her inferior. Why should King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid appear to us a beautiful legend, while Queen Cophetua and the Tramp would be ridiculous?"

"The simple explanation is," expounded the Girton Girl, "woman is so immeasurably man's superior that only by weighting him more or less heavily with worldly advantages can any semblance of balance be obtained."

"Then," answered the Minor Poet, "you surely agree with me that woman is justified in demanding this 'make-weight.' The woman gives her love, if you will. It is the art treasure, the gilded vase thrown in with the pound of tea; but the tea has to be paid for."

"It all sounds very clever," commented the Old Maid; "yet I fail to see what good comes of ridiculing a thing one's heart tells one is sacred."

"Do not be so sure I am wishful to ridicule," answered the Minor Poet. "Love is a wondrous statue God carved with His own hands and placed in the Garden of Life, long ago. And man, knowing not sin, worshipped her, seeing her beautiful. Till the time came when man learnt evil; then saw that the statue was naked, and was ashamed of it. Since when he has been busy, draping it, now in the fashion of this age, now in the fashion of that. We have shod her in dainty bottines, regretting the size of her feet. We employ the best artistes to design for her cunning robes that shall disguise her shape. Each season we fix fresh millinery upon her changeless head. We hang around her robes of woven words. Only the promise of her ample breasts we cannot altogether hide, shocking us not a little; only that remains to tell us that beneath the tawdry tissues still stands the changeless statue God carved with His own hands."

"I like you better when you talk like that," said the Old Maid; "but I never feel quite sure of you. All I mean, of course, is that money should not be her first consideration. Marriage for money—it is not marriage; one cannot speak of it. Of course, one must be reasonable."

"You mean," persisted the Minor Poet, "you would have her think also of her dinner, of her clothes, her necessities, luxuries."

"It is not only for herself," answered the Old Maid.

"For whom?" demanded the Minor Poet.

The white hands of the Old Maid fluttered on her lap, revealing her trouble; for of the old school is this sweet friend of mine.

"There are the children to be considered," I explained. "A woman feels it even without knowing. It is her instinct."

The Old Maid smiled on me her thanks.

"It is where I was leading," said the Minor Poet. "Woman has been appointed by Nature the trustee of the children. It is her duty to think of them, to plan for them. If in marriage she does not take the future into consideration, she is untrue to her trust."

"Before you go further," interrupted the Philosopher, "there is an important point to be considered. Are children better or worse for a pampered upbringing? Is not poverty often the best school?"

"It is what I always tell James," remarked the Woman of the World, "when he grumbles at the tradesmen's books. If Papa could only have seen his way to being a poor man, I feel I should have been a better wife."

"Please don't suggest the possibility," I begged the Woman of the World; "the thought is too bewildering."

"You were never imaginative," replied the Woman of the World.

"Not to that extent," I admitted.

"'The best mothers make the worst children,'" quoted the Girton Girl. "I intend to bear that in mind."

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"'The priestesses of Nature's temple, leading man to the worship of her mysteries.'"

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"Your mother was a very beautiful character—one of the most beautiful I ever knew," remarked the Old Maid.

"There is some truth in the saying," agreed the Minor Poet, "but only because it is the exception; and Nature invariably puts forth all her powers to counteract the result of deviation from her laws. Were it the rule, then the bad mother would be the good mother, and the good mother the bad mother. And——"

"Please don't go on," said the Woman of the World. "I was up late last night."

"I was merely going to show," explained the Minor Poet, "that all roads lead to the law that the good mother is the best mother. Her duty is to her children, to guard their infancy, to take thought for their equipment."

"Do you seriously ask us to believe," demanded the Old Maid, "that the type of woman who does marry for money considers for a single moment any human being but herself?"

"Not consciously, perhaps," admitted the Minor Poet. "Our instincts, that they may guide us easily, are purposely made selfish. The flower secretes honey for its own purposes, not with any sense of charity towards the bee. Man works, as he thinks, for beer and baccy; in reality, for the benefit of unborn generations. The woman, in acting selfishly, is assisting Nature's plans. In olden days she chose her mate for his strength. She, possibly enough, thought only of herself; he could best provide for her then simple wants, best guard her from the disagreeable accidents of nomadic life. But Nature, unseen, directing her, was thinking of the savage brood needing still more a bold protector. Wealth now is the substitute for strength. The rich man is the strong man. The woman's heart unconsciously goes out to him."

"Do men never marry for money?" inquired the Girton Girl. "I ask merely for information. Maybe I have been misinformed, but I have heard of countries where the *dot* is considered of almost more importance than the bride."

"The German officer," I ventured to strike in, "is literally on sale. Young lieutenants are most expensive, and even an elderly colonel costs a girl a hundred thousand marks."

"You mean," corrected the Minor Poet, "costs her father. The Continental husband demands a dowry with his wife, and sees that he gets it. He in his turn has to save and scrape for years to provide each of his daughters with the necessary *dot*. It comes to the same thing precisely. Your argument could only apply were woman equally with man a wealth producer. As it is, a woman's wealth is invariably the result of a marriage, either her own or that of some shrewd ancestress. And as regards the heiress, the principle of sale and purchase, if I may be forgiven the employment of common terms, is still more religiously enforced. It is not often that the heiress is given away; stolen she may be occasionally, much to the indignation of Lord Chancellors and other guardians of such property; the thief is very properly punished—imprisoned, if need be. If handed over legitimately, her price is strictly exacted, not always in money—that she possesses herself, maybe in sufficiency; it enables her to bargain for other advantages no less serviceable to her children—for title, place, position. In the same way the Neolithic woman, herself of exceptional strength and ferocity, may have been enabled to bestow a thought upon her savage lover's beauty, his prehistoric charm of manner; thus in other directions no less necessary assisting the development of the race."

"I cannot argue with you," said the Old Maid. "I know one case. They were both poor; it would have made no difference to her, but it did to him. Maybe I am wrong, but it seems to me that, as you say, our instincts are given us to guide us. I do not know. The future is not in our hands; it does not belong to us. Perhaps it were wiser to listen to the voices that are sent to us."

"I remember a case, also," said the Woman of the World. She had risen to prepare the tea, and was standing with her back to us. "Like the woman you speak of, she was poor, but one of the sweetest creatures I have ever known. I cannot help thinking it would have been good for the world had she been a mother."

"My dear lady," cried the Minor Poet, "you help me!"

"I always do, according to you," laughed the Woman of the World. "I appear to resemble the bull that tossed the small boy high into the apple-tree he had been trying all the afternoon to climb."

"It is very kind of you," answered the Minor Poet. "My argument is that woman is justified in regarding marriage as the end of her existence, the particular man as but a means. The woman you speak of acted selfishly, rejecting the crown of womanhood

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because not tendered to her by hands she had chosen."

"You would have us marry without love?" asked the Girton Girl.

"With love, if possible," answered the Minor Poet; "without, rather than not at all. It is the fulfilment of the woman's law."

"You would make of us goods and chattels," cried the Girton Girl.

"I would make of you what you are," returned the Minor Poet, "the priestesses of Nature's temple, leading man to the worship of her mysteries. An American humorist has described marriage as the craving of some young man to pay for some young woman's board and lodging. There is no escaping from this definition; let us accept it. It is beautiful—so far as the young man is concerned. He sacrifices himself, deprives himself, that he may give. That is love. But from the woman's point of view? If she accept thinking only of herself, then it is a sordid bargain on her part. To understand her, to be just to her, we must look deeper. Not sexual, but maternal love is her kingdom. She gives herself not to her lover, but through her lover to the great Goddess of the Myriad Breasts that shadows ever with her guardian wings Life from the outstretched hand of Death."

"She may be a nice enough girl from Nature's point of view," said the Old Maid; "personally, I shall never like her."

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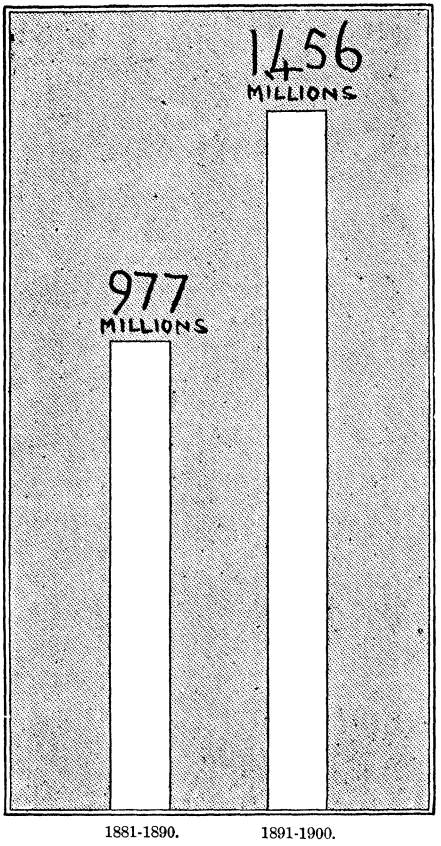
BRITISH EXPORTS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

By J. Holt Schooling.

THE condition of our foreign commerce continues to excite much interest and to produce many contradictory statements. On the one hand, we have the optimistic high-level in the statements of Lord Salisbury to the effect that British commerce is quite sound, and this opinion is corroborated by other persons who doubtless speak or write with full sincerity. On the other hand, we have had many accounts whose purport is to show that British commerce is in a weak condition, and of these accounts, that given by the author of "Drifting" is perhaps the most pessimistic, and, as I think, the most mistaken.

But a defect common to all these optimistic or pessimistic statements (or to nearly all of them) is that the authors of them seem to have a preconceived idea as to the condition of British commerce; and if this be so, they—not unnaturally—may have a bias in favour of this or that preconceived idea, and the net result is an unduly optimistic or an unduly pessimistic account of the present condition of British commerce.

I venture to suggest that in this very important matter one cannot too resolutely cast aside anything in the shape of preconceived opinion—optimistic or pessimistic. The matter resolves itself into a careful examination of recorded facts, which must be studied without bias of any sort, just as an actuary studies the facts of those complex problems that are submitted to him with the single purpose of ascertaining the truth contained in this or that set of data.



I.—THE EXCESS OF BRITISH IMPORTS OVER BRITISH EXPORTS DURING THE TWO PERIODS 1881-1890 AND 1891-1900. *See Table* A.

The Editor of the Windsor Magazine has asked me to give an account of British commerce with foreign countries, mainly with regard to British exports to foreign countries, and in presenting this summary I state explicitly that my sincere intention is to give a lucid exposition of actual fact, that shall not be coloured in the slightest degree by a bias of opinion of any sort whatever.

My facts cover the twenty years 1881–1900. The year 1900 is the most recent year for which the detailed official returns of our exports have been published in April 1902, and I take a clear run of twenty years so that a solid fact-base may be obtained, free from the invalidating effects of temporary fluctuations. Two successive periods of ten years each will be compared, and I may point out that this is a far more stable method of ascertaining progress or regress than the usual (and much less arduous) method of comparing one year with another year. For example, to compare our exports to France in 1880, in 1890, and in 1900 is not nearly so useful as to compare our exports to France during the period 1881–1890 with our exports to France during the period 1891–1900. In the one case we compare merely isolated facts, which are exposed to temporary fluctuations and to contradictory deductions. In the other case we merge into a single comparison the combined results of twenty years, thereby obtaining a stable basis for our deductions.

Before giving an account of our exports

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to each foreign country separately, it is well briefly to state the results as regards our imports and our exports respectively, without distinction of country. These facts are given in Table A.

We see in Table A that while our imports have increased by 534 millions, our exports have increased by only 55 millions. We see also that during 1891–1900 our imports exceeded our exports by 1,456 millions—a yearly average excess of imports of 145 millions. (See Diagram No. I.) But startling as this broad result looks at the first glance, it does not necessarily follow that this is a bad result. For we must remember that in addition to our exports there are two things by which we pay (or by which we ought to pay) for our vast imports. These two things are our earnings as a sea-carrier and the interest on British money invested in foreign countries, both of which come to us in the form of imports. It is not possible accurately to state the amount of these two additional yearly earnings. If the amount of them has fallen short, or should fall short, of the excess of our imports over our exports, then the balance against us would have to be paid by realisation of some of our capital invested in foreign countries. This, of course, would mean that we are importing (or buying) more than we can pay for out of our yearly earnings, and that we are living to some extent upon our capital accumulated in former years. I do not assert that we are living upon capital. Indeed, so far as one can form an opinion, I believe that we are not living upon capital. With regard to our trade with the United States, however, there is reason to believe that of late years we have been paying for some of our imports from

During the Ten Years	Special Imports.	Special Exports.	Excess of Special Imports over Special Exports.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
1881–1890 . .	3,320	2,343	977
1891–1900 . .	3,854	2,398	1,456
Increase during 1891–1900	534	55	—

TABLE A.—THE VALUE OF THE SPECIAL IMPORTS AND SPECIAL EXPORTS INTO AND FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1881-1890 AND DURING 1891-1900. MERCHANDISE. (NO BULLION INCLUDED.)

NOTE.—Special Imports are imports for consumption in the United Kingdom, and Special Exports are exports from the United Kingdom of British and Irish produce.

Leading Articles of Export.	Fall or Rise during 1891–1900 as compared with 1881–1890.	
	A Fall of	A Rise of
	millions.	millions.
Cotton manufactures and yarn	60·83	—
Metals: iron and steel	29·15	—
Woollen and worsted manufactures and yarn . .	23·24	—
Machinery: other than steam engines	—	34·06
Linen manufactures and yarn	6·14	—
Apparel and slops	—	5·59
Leather, wrought and unwrought	1·56	—
Machinery: steam engines	2·27	—
Metals: copper, wrought and unwrought . . .	2·79	—
Chemical products, etc.	—	10·75
Hardware and cutlery	11·48	—
Jute manufactures and yarn	·28	—
Total	137·74	50·40
Coal *	—	85·21

TABLE B.—SHOWING THE RISE OR FALL IN THE LEADING ARTICLES OF BRITISH AND IRISH PRODUCE EXPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1891-1900 AS COMPARED WITH 1881-1890.

NOTE.—The leading articles are all those whose export value each exceeded 50 millions during 1881–1900.

* Exports of coal are exports of national capital, not exports of national manufacture.

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the United States by realisation of some of our American investments.

In this connection, the important thing to bear in mind is that the great and rapidly increasing excess of our imports over our exports is caused not only by our increased consumption of imports, but also by a want of expansion in our exports. Moreover, when we examine carefully the actual items of our export trade, we see a somewhat disconcerting falling off in nearly all our big lines of export trade. I have dealt elsewhere,* in detail, with this part of British commerce, and I now show only the summary contained in Table B.

I suggest that the facts in Table B ought to cause an impartial observer to doubt the wisdom of continuing to regard the increasing excess of our imports over our exports as a sure sign of the prosperity of British commerce. Nearly all political economists of the older school pin their faith absolutely to the maxim that an excess of imports is a sure sign of prosperity. But this maxim is faulty when, as in this instance, it ignores the cause of the excess of imports. Moreover, I think that present-day facts are worth a great deal more than the mere dogma of economic theory of a generation or two agone.

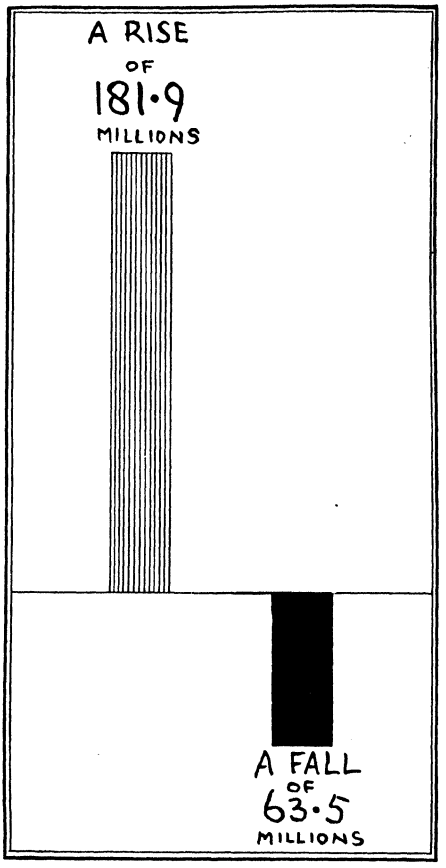
I now come to the detailed account of our exports to the various foreign countries that buy goods from us. British Colonies and India are not now included: the facts in Tables A and B include British Colonies and India. In measuring the progress or the regress of our exports to each foreign country, we have to take into the account not only the actual increase or the actual decrease in our exports to this or that country, but also we must observe the growth or the decline in the buying-power of each country from all sources. We must ascertain, for example, whether our exports to the United States (our largest customer) have increased proportionately to the increase in purchases *from all sources* made by the United States. Again, if Italy—for example—has fallen off in buying-power from all sources, we must not complain if Italy has fallen off in her purchases from us to the same extent. And so on—the facts for each country being separately stated. By this method we shall obtain a broadly based and reliable insight as to the condition of British export trade with each of our foreign customers.

* In my article "British Commerce: 1881-1900"; the *Monthly Review*, January, 1902.

THE UNITED STATES.—The United States were our biggest customer during the period 1881–1900, and our exports to them were:—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
282·2	218·7	63·5 or	of 22

Our exports to our biggest foreign customer having fallen of by 63·5 millions, or by 22 per cent., during the last ten years, we



II.—CONTRASTING THE RISE IN IMPORTS FROM ALL SOURCES INTO THE UNITED STATES DURING 1891-1900, WITH THE FALL IN EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM TO THE UNITED STATES DURING THE SAME PERIOD.

have to ascertain whether this is due merely to a general falling of in purchases by the United States, or to a special decline in their purchases from us. To determine this point I have summarised the imports *from all sources* into the United States during the twenty years, and the result is as follows:—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
1,416·8	1,598·7	181·9 or	of 13

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These facts show that while imports into the United States from all sources have increased by 181·9 millions, our exports to the United States have decreased by 63·5 millions. Clearly, therefore, our loss of export trade with our biggest foreign customer is not due to a general abstention from purchasing by the United States, but it is due to a large decline in purchases from us. (See Diagram No. II.)

GERMANY.—During the twenty years now under observation Germany has ranked second in the list of our customers. Our exports to Germany were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
174·8	212·8	38·0 or of	22

This is a large rise. Is it more or less than we might expect, basing our expectation upon Germany's increase in imports from all sources ? Germany's imports from all sources were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
2,368·5	2,417·2	48·7 or of	2

We did well. Germany's total increase in imports from all sources was 48·7 millions, and our increase of exports to Germany was 38 millions.

FRANCE.—France has been our third largest customer during 1881–1900 ; our exports to France were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
157·2	148·9	8·3 or of	5

A loss of sales to France is not satisfactory ; we are France's best customer. Is this loss due to a general decrease in France's purchases from all sources ? France's imports from all sources were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
2,187·8	2,107·6	80·2 or of	4

We see from the percentages above that our loss of sales to France was nearly on par with France's general decline in purchases from all sources—a decline of 80 millions, our loss of sales to France being 8 millions.

HOLLAND.—Our fourth customer is Holland, but as goods going into Dutch ports are not all destined for Holland, the following statement does not accurately represent the facts. Our exports to Holland were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
91·6	89·8	1·8 or of	2

Holland's imports from all sources were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
888·0	1,262·5	374·5 or of	42

Our fall of 1·8 millions of exports to Holland was accompanied by a rise of 374·5 millions in Holland's imports from all sources, and although, as stated, all Holland's imports are not for the Dutch, this large difference is not in our favour.

BELGIUM.—Belgium is our fifth customer in order of amount of our exports. Our exports to Belgium were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
75·5	81·7	6·2 or of	8

Was this rise up to the expected rise ? Belgium's imports from all sources were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent
1,130·8	1,226·5	95·7 or of	8

We see that the increase in our export trade to Belgium has been normal.

The five foreign countries that have now been dealt with are our five leading customers, each one taking not less than 150 millions of our exports during 1881–1900. A summary of this leading group—the United States, Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium—gives the following results of our exports to them :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
781·3	751·9	29·4 or of	4

And the imports from all sources by this leading group were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
7,991·9	8,612·5	620·6 or of	8

Thus, with regard to this our leading group of buyers, our exports declined by 29·4 millions, while their imports from all sources increased by 620·6 millions. This is an unsatisfactory result.

There are six countries in the secondary group of buyers of British exports—those who took from 100 to 150 millions of our exports during the period 1881–1900.

BRAZIL.—Our exports to Brazil were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
63·9	68·3	4·4 or of	7

Brazil's imports from all sources are not recorded during the whole of the period under observation, and thus the second comparison cannot be made.

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ITALY.—Our exports to Italy were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
68·5	60·6	7·9	or of 12

We have lost 12 per cent. of our export trade to friendly Italy, but this may be due to a falling off in Italy's buying-power. Italy's imports from all sources were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
561·0	529·1	31·9	or of 6

We see that while Italy's imports declined by 6 per cent., our exports to Italy declined by 12 per cent. A result not in our favour.

RUSSIA.—Our exports to Russia were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
50·6	77·6	27·0	or of 53

This is a large increase, and one that exceeds the increase in Russia's imports from all sources. These imports were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
490·1	528·2	38·1	or of 8

We have done well with our export trade to Russia.

TURKEY.—Our exports to Turkey were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
62·1	58·5	3·6	or of 6

I am not able to make the import comparison, as the facts are not recorded by Turkey during the period 1881–1900.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—Our exports to the Argentine were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Fall of Millions.	Per cent.
61·1	55·6	5·5	or of 9

The imports from all sources into the Argentine were :—

1891–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
186·9	203·9	17·0	or of 9

Thus, while the Argentine Republic increased its imports from all sources by 17 millions, our exports to the Argentine decreased by 5·5 millions. A fall of 9 per cent. against a rise of 9 per cent.

CHINA. — Our exports to China, not including Hong Kong, were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
53·4	56·1	2·7	or of 5

China's imports from all sources were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
242·2	322·5	80·3	or of 33

We have not done well in China. China's imports from all sources rose by 80·3 millions, and our exports to China increased by only 2·7 millions. A 5 per cent. rise as compared with a 33 per cent. rise.

Taking this secondary group as one whole, and thus summarising our export trade with Brazil, Italy, Russia, Turkey, Argentine Republic, and China, our exports to these countries were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
359·6	376·7	17·1	or of 5

And the imports from all sources into these countries, omitting Brazil and Turkey, whose facts are not known, were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
1,480·2	1,583·7	103·5	or of 7

We see that as regards the secondary group of our customers, regarded as one whole, we nearly succeeded in keeping our exports up to the level of increase made by these countries in their imports from all sources. But this net result is due to the large increase in our exports to Russia.

The third group of buyers from us are these foreign countries, each of which bought from 70 to 100 millions of our exports during the twenty years now under survey. The first of these countries is :—

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.—Our exports to Sweden and Norway were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
38·1	57·9	19·8	or of 52

This large increase in our export trade was in excess of the normal expectation. The imports from all sources into Sweden and Norway were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
259·7	343·9	84·2	or of 32

JAPAN.—our exports to Japan were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
29·3	52·1	22·8	or of 78

The imports from all sources into Japan were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
71·1	167·7	96·6	or of 136

This very large increase in the imports into Japan from all sources causes even the large increase in our exports to Japan to be below the expectation. We see this when we look at the two percentages shown here.

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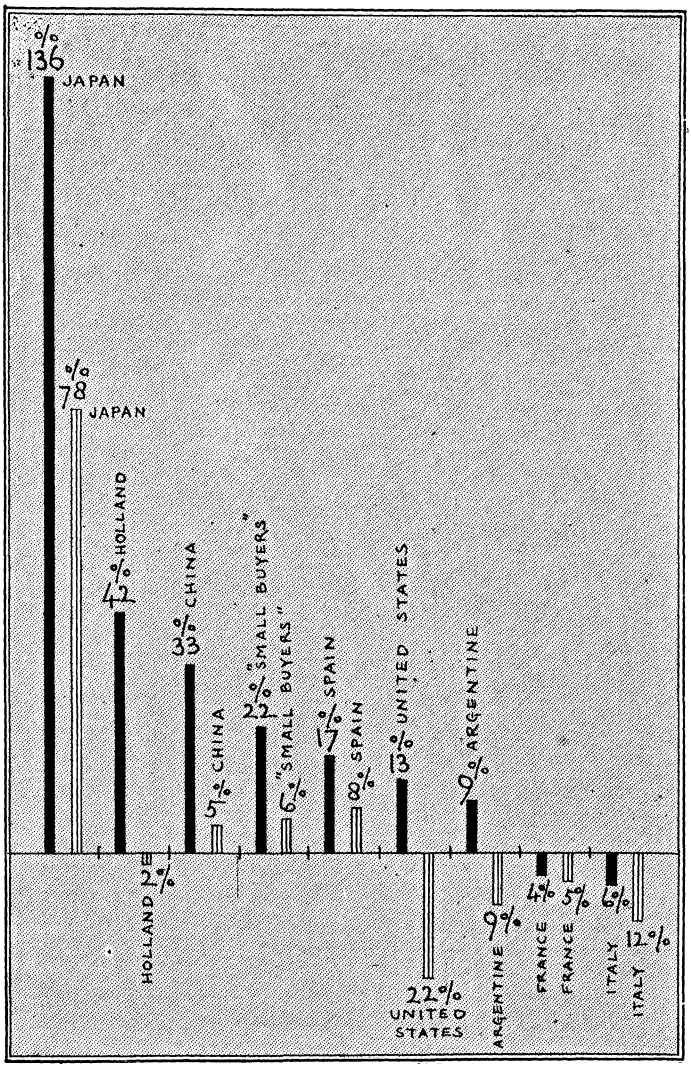

III.—IN ALL THE ABOVE FOREIGN COUNTRIES EXPORTS SENT FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM LOST GROUND DURING 1891-1900 RELATIVELY TO THE IMPORTS "FROM ALL SOURCES" INTO EACH FOREIGN COUNTRY.

The solid black lines denote the percentage of increase or of decrease in Imports *from all sources* into each foreign country.

The striped lines denote the percentage of increase or of decrease in Exports *from the United Kingdom* into each foreign country.

E.g.—Japan increased her imports from all sources by 136 *per cent., but British exports to Japan increased by only* 78 *per cent. The United States increased imports from all sources by* 13 *per cent., but British exports to the United States decreased by* 22 *per cent.*

SPAIN.—Our exports to Spain were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
37·4	40·6	3·2 or of	8

And Spain's imports from all sources were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
301·6	352·4	50·8 or of	17

The increase in our exports to Spain was below the normal increase to be expected.

EGYPT.—Our exports to Egypt were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.
30·6	41·4

A rise of 10·8 millions or of 35 per cent.

Egypt's imports from all sources were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.
79·9	98·0

A rise of 18·1 millions or of 23 per cent.

Here the increase in our export trade exceeded the normal increase to be expected.

The third group that has now been dealt with, and which includes Sweden and Norway, Japan, Spain, and Egypt, shows the following net result. Our exports to these countries were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.
135·4	192·0

A rise of 56·6 millions or of 42 per cent.

The imports from all sources into this third group of foreign countries were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.
712·3	962·0

A rise of 249·7 millions or of 35 per cent.

Thus, as is shown by the two percentages above, the increase in our export trade with this third group of foreign countries has exceeded the normal rate of increase to be expected.

ALL SMALLER BUYERS.—There remains a group of smaller buyers of our exports—all of them foreign countries, not British Colonies, etc.—and to these smaller buyers our exports were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
255·7	271·4	15·7 or of	6

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These small buyers, grouped as one whole, increased their imports from all sources by 22 per cent, so that the increase of 6 per cent. in our exports to them was below the normal expectation.

ALL FOREIGN COUNTRIES. — The net result of the present investigation is as follows. Our exports to all foreign countries were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
1,532	1,592	60	or of 4

And the imports from all sources into all foreign countries were :—

1881–1890. Millions.	1891–1900. Millions.	A Rise of Millions.	Per cent.
11,195	12,391	1,196	or of 11

Thus, while all foreign countries regarded as one whole increased their imports from all sources by 1,196 millions—*i.e.*, by 11 per cent., we increased our exports to foreign countries by only 60 millions—*i.e.*, by 4 per cent. This fact, which is based upon a survey of the world's trade during twenty years,* proves—I think—that British export trade has not maintained its position in the markets of foreign countries. British exports have lost ground, relatively to the total imports from all sources into each foreign country, in Japan, Holland, China, in the group of "small buyers," in Spain, in the United States, in the Argentine Republic, in France, and in Italy. (See Diagram No. III.) In the concluding part of this account I shall show the results of an examination of each foreign country's imports, for the purpose of ascertaining who has obtained this foreign trade of which we did not get a normal share.

* Throughout the foregoing statements of "imports from all sources" into foreign countries, the facts actually relate to the two periods 1880–1889 and 1890–1899, for the reason that the full official returns relating to foreign countries, current in April 1902, do not go beyond the year 1899. For the sake of uniformity, and to avoid confusion, the two periods are stated in the text to be identical with the two periods that cover British exports—*viz.*, 1881–1890 and 1891–1900. This unavoidable irregularity is not of any material importance.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

THE HOME PASTURES.

A photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

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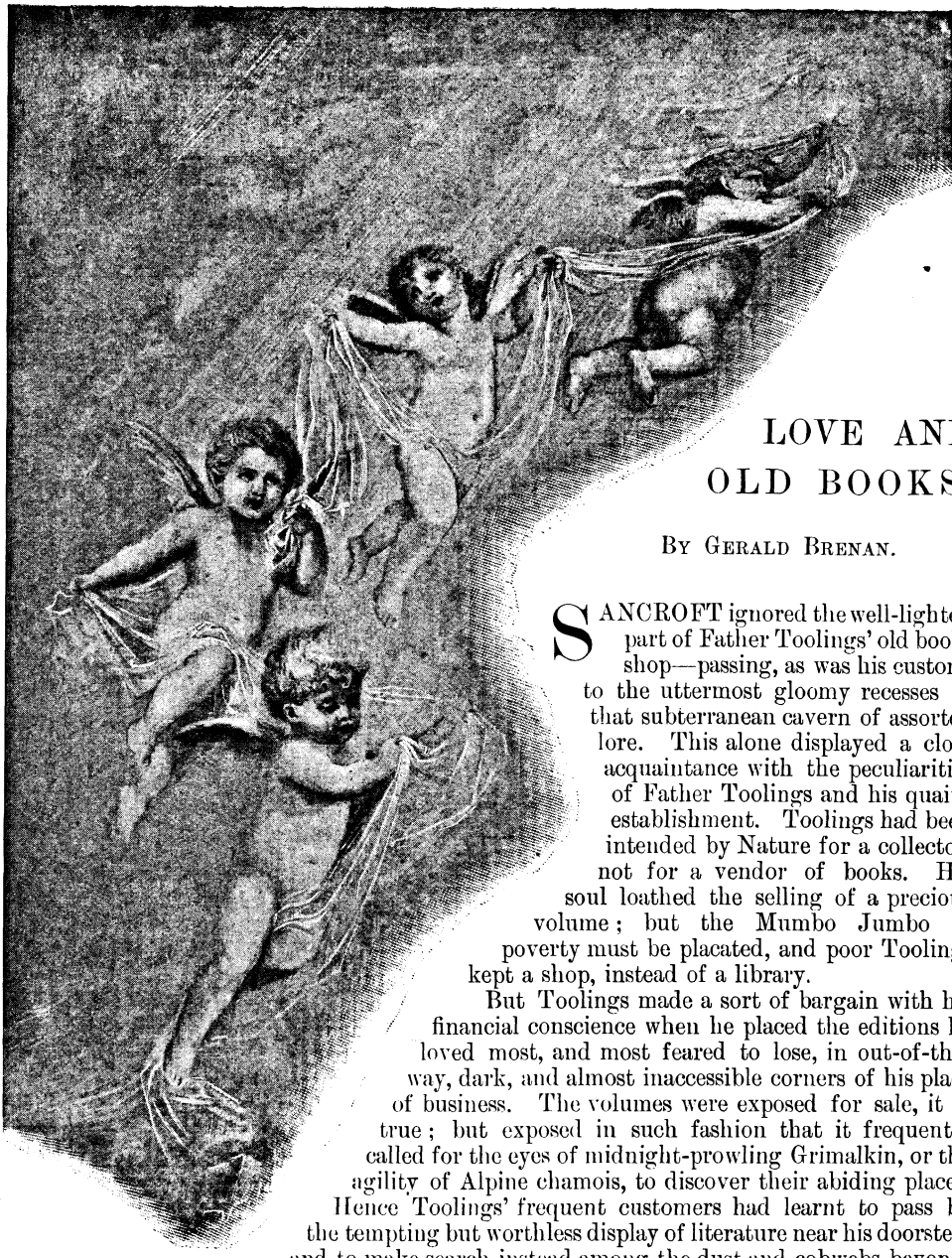

LOVE AND OLD BOOKS.

By Gerald Brenan.

SANCROFT ignored the well-lighted part of Father Toolings' old bookshop—passing, as was his custom, to the uttermost gloomy recesses of that subterranean cavern of assorted lore. This alone displayed a close acquaintance with the peculiarities of Father Toolings and his quaint establishment. Toolings had been intended by Nature for a collector, not for a vendor of books. His soul loathed the selling of a precious volume; but the Mumbo Jumbo of poverty must be placated, and poor Toolings kept a shop, instead of a library.

But Toolings made a sort of bargain with his financial conscience when he placed the editions he loved most, and most feared to lose, in out-of-the-way, dark, and almost inaccessible corners of his place of business. The volumes were exposed for sale, it is true; but exposed in such fashion that it frequently called for the eyes of midnight-prowling Grimalkin, or the agility of Alpine chamois, to discover their abiding places. Hence Toolings' frequent customers had learnt to pass by the tempting but worthless display of literature near his doorstep, and to make search instead among the dust and cobwebs beyond.

Sancroft, although a young man, was an old patron of Toolings'. Indeed, there were few whom the old shopkeeper admired, and at the same time feared, more than Peregrine Sancroft. "Admired," because of his keen love for books; "feared," because no rare edition, however laid away in difficult nooks, however skilfully covered with dust, or artfully surrounded by a cordon of other books or boxes, could be considered safe from the quick eyes and limbs of this youngster.

On the present occasion Father Toolings followed Sancroft's movements about the shop with a grimly humorous expression.

"That boy has the *instinct*," muttered the bookseller. "I wish to goodness, though, he'd exercise it in some other place than this. I verily believe he can smell a prize at twenty feet off. Ten to one he won't leave the shop without lighting on that Aldine 'Virgil' in the

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far corner. He'll find himself at a loss there, however, for the book is well worth thirty pounds. I'm thinking that younger sons do not care to give so much for an octavo volume, even when the young gentlemen happen to be born bibliophiles, and the book is an Aldine of 1505. Ah! I thought as much. He has found it."

In truth Sancroft had unearthed the small treasure from beneath a layer of dust and a huge but unimportant collection of "Sermons and Discourses." It took him a very few minutes to test the value of his find. There was the familiar dolphin-entwined anchor of Aldus Manutius, and the Venetian imprint. It was the "Virgil" of 1505—a really valuable edition.

"It is the genuine book," he said to himself. "And, oh, dear! what a hole it will leave in my purse! I must have it, though, even if my finances hop on three legs until next quarter."

"Thirty pounds, Mr. Sancroft—not a penny less," was Father Toolings' ultimatum, when the book was referred to him. But, to the old man's disgust, Sancroft never winced at the price. "I have not that sum about me, but it won't take me ten minutes to get it," he said. "In the meantime, lay the volume aside for me, so that nobody else will be likely to find it."

Father Toolings' face fell, while Sancroft sped up the steps on his errand. So the Aldine was to be taken, after all. Old Sir Simon Sancroft must have become suddenly liberal to his second son. Well, the children of the Toolings household would be the richer by about thirty pounds; and times were none too flourishing just then. Still, the bookseller's heart was heavy within him at the thought of losing his so lately acquired Aldine. Sadly he took the little book in his hands for a final inspection.

It was at this moment that Miss Cecily Travis tripped down the steps, attended by a bodyguard of sunbeams. The radiant apparition completely cheered up Father Toolings. He laid the Aldine down and smiled a welcome.

No casual observer would have suspected in Cecily Travis a taste so musty and material as that for old books. Yet a bookworm she was—a hereditary bookworm, indeed. Her father, the distinguished Professor Travis, had bequeathed to her his magnificent library and trained her in his pet pursuit. Like Peregrine Sancroft, she had the "instinct" for book-hunting; and the shop of Father Toolings was one of her happiest hunting grounds.

Cecily Travis had not been five minutes in conversation with the venerable Toolings when her eyes fell on the Aldine (enviable Aldine! for they were remarkably fine eyes).

"Oh-h!" she exclaimed, after a hasty exclamation; "it will just complete the set. I must have this, Mr. Toolings."

Toolings shook his grizzled head regretfully. He was sorry—very sorry, but the Aldine had been sold not many minutes before.

"Sold! Perhaps the purchaser would sell it over again?"

"I scarcely think so, Miss Travis. He is an enthusiast, although a young fellow. But still, I shall ask Mr. Sancroft——"

"Sancroft!" interrupted the pretty bibliophile; "not Peregrine Sancroft?"

Father Toolings nodded assent. "Why, you know him, then?" he said. "Dear me! There is a plot to the story of my Aldine."

"No—I do not know him. At least, I do not know him *now*. He was a pupil of my father's once, years ago."

There was a something in Miss Travis's manner that caused the bookseller to adjust his glasses and stare at her curiously.

"H'm!" he observed, "the plot thickens. I beg pardon—I mean, you interest me. No doubt you can induce Mr. Sancroft to sell you his prize. I fancy he is not over wealthy."

Cecily Travis looked dignified. "I do not propose to ask any favours from Mr. Sancroft," she said; but her eyes wandered longingly to the Aldine, notwithstanding.

Hardly had she spoken when down the steps came Sancroft, an open purse in his eager hand. He never noticed Miss Travis, but counted out thirty pounds in notes and gold and snatched up his purchase.

Father Toolings glanced at his fair customer.

"You do not wish to make an offer, then, Miss Travis?" he said.

Sancroft wheeled about, with a half-spoken "Travis" on his lips. Their eyes met; and Father Toolings noticed, just before he ducked discreetly behind his desk, that they coloured simultaneously.

"Cecily! Cecily Travis!" ejaculated Sancroft, whipping off his hat. The treasured Aldine dropped neglected upon the counter.

Miss Travis took time to collect herself before she spoke. "How do you do?" was her frigid response. "I fancy there is some mistake. I do not desire to make any offer for the book, as Mr. Toolings seems to think."

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Reminded of the poor Aldine, Sancroft picked it up.

"And, even if I did," continued Miss Travis, "I could not think of asking the owner to part with it."

Sancroft looked at the little volume. Then he stole a glance at the girl.

"No," he said quietly; "I certainly should not care to sell it."

"Miss Cecily Travis tripped down the steps."

Miss Travis bowed and turned to depart.

"But, if you will pardon me," went on Sancroft quickly, "I should dearly like to make another disposition of it. You see, I don't—I can't forget old times, even in spite of the unforgiving way you treated me. I always look on the days spent with the dear old Professor and you as the happiest of my life. Please don't be offended. Indeed I mean no impertinence; but I'll thank you from my heart, Cecily, if you will, for old sake's sake, accept the Aldine as a gift."

Before Cecily Travis could recover from her surprise, the small "Virgil" lay before her on the counter, and Sancroft's long legs had borne him in three bounds up the steps and into the street.

When she spoke, it was to address Father Toolings in agonised tones: "Oh! Mr. Toolings! Quick, for goodness' sake! Run after Mr. Sancroft and bring him back. Do you hear? Bring him back, if you have to use force. I sha'n't take his book. He cannot make me accept a favour at his hands."

Father Toolings, quite carried away by the young lady's vehemence, dashed upstairs after the flying Sancroft. The passers-by saw this mad chase. A very natural idea seized them—that of robbery and pursuit! Half a dozen voices raised the cry of "Stop thief!"

Under ordinary circumstances the panting Sancroft could have distanced the panting Toolings with ease. But an honest citizen at the corner, hearing the shout, and seeing the apparent justification therefor, leaped upon the fugitive and captured him by sheer force of avoirdupois. Meanwhile Toolings came puffing and blowing to the spot.

"Let the gentleman go!" cried the bookseller to the crowd which had gathered around with grim expectancy. "He is not a thief at all; but he is urgently requested to return immediately to my shop."

The crowd growled. It clearly did not believe this statement. An ill-looking fellow shouted: "Hey, Bill! 'Ere's one o' them bloomin' klepto-what-you-may-call-'ems. If 'twas you or me what done it, we'd get three years." Then a tardy policeman loomed up in the middle distance.

Sancroft saw that to refuse to return would be to create discussion and complications. Very wisely, he followed Father Toolings back to the shop, the disbelieving crowd following in the rear.

Cecily Travis stood by the counter, the Aldine in her hand. Evidently she had been taking a surreptitious peep at it; but when

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"'Stop thief!'"

Sancroft made his appearance, she steeled her heart and held it forth with dignity.

"You took a most unfair advantage," she said, "in trying to force this book upon me, and at the same time accusing me of having treated you unfairly in the past. You must take back your Aldine."

Sancroft put his hands behind his back.

"I cannot take back a present," he replied. "Besides, the book was not given to you. It was a gift to the Cecily Travis that I used to know—to the Cecily Travis that I used to" (Father Toolings had once more disappeared discreetly behind his desk) "love. All that I ask of you is to present the Aldine to that dear Cecily in my name."

"Your conduct is—is *outrageous!*" exclaimed Miss Travis, stamping her foot, but with certain hints of tears in her angry eyes.

Sancroft never winced. "You said the same of me, and with equal lack of justice, on the other occasion," he answered. "The idea of calling a fellow 'outrageous,' simply because he could not agree with you that a forged Elzevir was genuine! Why, your own father sided against you. Yet for that you drove me away. For that you sent me back the ring. For that you—— Don't cry, Cecily! I sha'n't say another word."

This apparently incoherent remark was caused by the fact that tears had indeed made their appearance in Miss Travis's eyes. Next moment she was sobbing a confession in Sancroft's arms.

"I wanted to tell you many a time that you were right," she whispered. "It was a spurious Elzevir. There should have been a mistake in the numbering of page 104; and there wasn't. But I was too proud to send for you. I—I thought, somehow, that you'd come back of your own accord."

"And I have—have I not?" queried Sancroft. "We must thank the Aldine there for our reunion. And now let us take a turn, while we talk it over. If you are properly chaperoned, and all that sort of thing, you might invite a man to lunch."

As these two happy young people turned to leave the shop, old Father Toolings, with a sly look lurking behind his spectacles, barred the way.

"Mr. Sancroft," he said, "the crowd out there thought you had stolen something from my shop, and I am by no means sure" (with a glance at Cecily) "that you have not done so. By the way, if there should be any future difficulty respecting the ownership of that Aldine, I shall be happy to buy it back."

Cecily Travis pressed Sancroft's arm, as she answered: "That book belongs to me, and I shall never wish to part with it again."

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AN ARTIST IN METALS:

MR. ALEXANDER FISHER AND HIS WORK.

By ESTHER WOOD.

HISTORIANS of the Italian Renaissance have loved to dwell upon that strange blending of religions with what is broadly called pagan feeling which is so characteristic of that period. We might, indeed, almost sum up the great art movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as an effort to bring together what the Dark Ages had kept apart. The humanists of the Renaissance made religion intimate and beautiful, and gave a new seriousness to earthly things.

Those who have noticed Mr. Alexander Fisher's metal work and enamels at the successive art exhibitions of the past ten years will have found in them the same distinguishing quality, a certain seriousness of idea, of æsthetic motive, expressing itself even in objects which of late were made merely fanciful and pretty—the appointments of the toilet, the housing of gems—and lavishing a profound and tender beauty upon the images of the sacred and austere. It is characteristic of his art that it should range from the daintiest ornamentation of a mirror, or the setting of a jewel, to the carving of a crucifix so reverently conceived, so charged with solemn symbolism, as to recall the legends of the old-world craftsmen, who, as they tell us, "wrought upon their knees." "Is not all beauty sacred?" says Mr. Fisher, meeting the momentary wonder with which we turn from this to a jewel-casket in which the figure of Fortune is enshrined like a goddess, with lamps burning at her head and feet. And in that Socratic answer is revealed the spirit that moves the hand whose touch is like a caress of his material. The worship of beauty, reverence for all the means and vehicles of beauty—these are the beginnings of craftsmanship, even as the beginning of art is the love of life and of its great realities of joy and pain.

MR. ALEXANDER FISHER AT WORK.

Beyond this unity of aim and feeling which runs through all Mr. Fisher's designs, the execution of them bears that unity of workmanship which is the special charm of a thing conceived and wrought wholly by the same hand. For the enameller must himself be draughtsman, painter, sculptor, chemist, and smith, summing up, as it were, the knowledge and the labour of these, and crowning decorative form with the magic of colour. Mr. Fisher's work bears the marks of the hammer and of fire; we hear behind it the sound of tools, and even scent the chemical experiment. For enamelling is to painting what the violin is to the piano; the enameller gets his colours as he goes along, by the fusion of a few frits and oxides with his metal, as the player resolves his four strings into a perfect scale. Through what alembic are distilled these rainbow-tints that flood the humblest platinum with beauty and add such infinite radiance to silver and gold? What, in short, is the craft of enamelling?

An enamel is a film of coloured glass fused upon a ground of metal. It may be either transparent or opaque, or both kinds may be used together, and the designs so wrought

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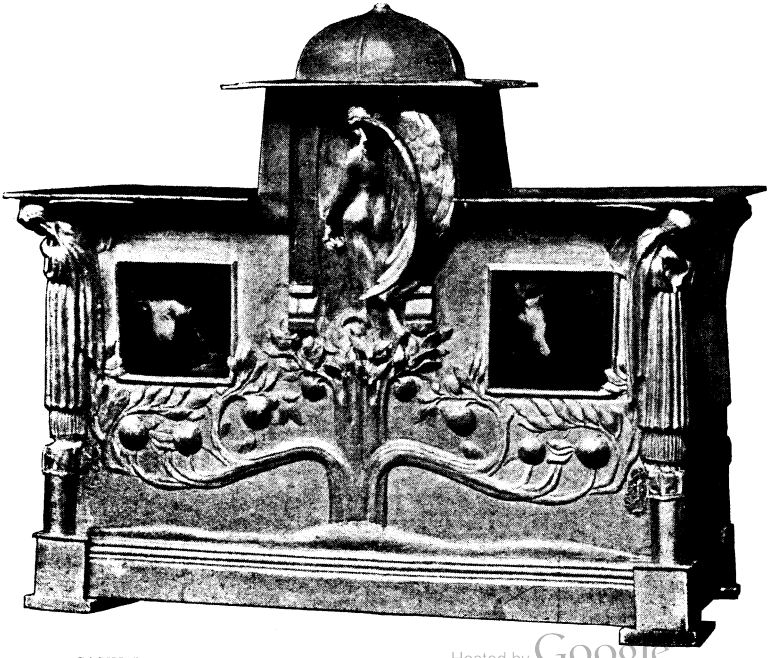
CASKET IN SILVER AND IVORY, WITH ENAMELS ILLUSTRATING "CUPID AND PSYCHE."

may be as delicate as the finest miniature painting. Colour is obtained by staining melted glass with the oxides of various metals. These fragments or frits, when cold, are ground to powder, mixed with water or other liquid, and painted on the metal; the whole is then fused in a furnace at red-heat. Considering that some frits melt at a lower heat than others. that some colours change greatly in the process of firing, that a slight impurity in the metal may turn a transparent enamel into an opaque one, that a moment too long in the furnace may spoil, in the twentieth firing, an elaborate and nearly finished work, it will be seen that the craft demands the utmost patience, the nicest calculations, and the most delicate and dexterous care. The metal grounds, too, often require preparatory treatment, as in what is called *champlèvé* work, where the design is first carved in raised lines upon the metal; or in *basse-taille*, the *bas-relief* of enamelling, in which the spaces are gradually flooded in with colour; or in *cloisonné* enamels, with the design picked out in delicate wires. Most difficult of all is the kind known as *plique-à-jour*, in which the *cloisonné* framework supports the enamels without any background at all; but the reward of the craftsman is that his work, once accomplished, becomes as permanent as the medium it is wrought on.

It is well that a craft so delicate and elusive, so easily vulgarised, as that of the enameller, should have been restored to English decoration by masterly and discriminate hands. Experts who have been at work in it for a generation on the scientific and technical side will tell us how its revival waited for the man who should be both artist and craftsman, and redeem it from the triviality into which it had lapsed—in short, should achieve for us not merely a revival from the past, but the creation of new forms for the expression of modern thought and life.

We need not here trace the history of enamelling through the changes which have from time to time interrupted and often degraded our English handicrafts. It is contended that some of the beautiful mediæval



CASKET OF WROUGHT SILVER, ENAMELLED IN DECORATIVE PANELS.

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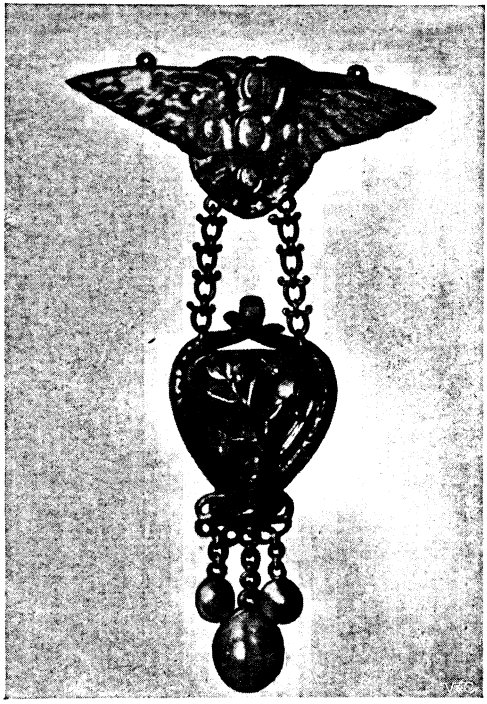
work now stored in various museums may be of English origin, but this is unauthentic. From our own land, when the Norman invasion put out the light of Celtic art in Britain, the craft of the enameller practically disappeared. And within our own generation nothing but an inferior kind of enamelling on pottery was done until the formation of a class at South Kensington, at the instigation of Mr. T. Armstrong, of the Science and Art Department, in 1885. Mr. Fisher alone of the twelve students seems to have pursued the subject beyond its elementary stages; but, as often happens

JEWEL-CASKET, DESIGNED AND WROUGHT FOR SIR T. G. CARMICHAEL, BART., M.P.

with a small experimental class, the success of a single pupil justified it beyond the teacher's hopes. The master, Mr. McDalpayrat, and Mr. Armstrong, praised his work and urged him to take it up as a profession. His response was to throw himself more deeply into study and research, exploring museums and libraries to find the secrets of the ancient and mediæval craftsmen, and experimenting in materials and processes,



GOLD ENAMELLED PENDANT, SET WITH OPALS AND PEARLS.

having, as he says, very little but old books to help him. But his own adventurous judgment made up for the lack of explicit rules, by which, indeed, his art might have become imitative instead of personal and new. The novelty and beauty of his designs soon attracted the notice of connoisseurs, and in 1892, through the influence of Sir Walter Prideaux and Mr. Brophy, art master of the City and Guilds Technical College, Finsbury, a class was formed there under Mr. Fisher's direction and began work early in the following year. Within a few months no less than seven of his pupils—including the now distinguished enamellers, Nelson and Edith Dawson — were represented at the London Arts and Crafts Exhibition, held in the autumn of 1893. In 1894, the Royal Academy exhibited five of Mr. Fisher's enamels—an entirely new feature at Burlington House. In 1896, Mr. Fisher went to Paris to study the methods of enamelling

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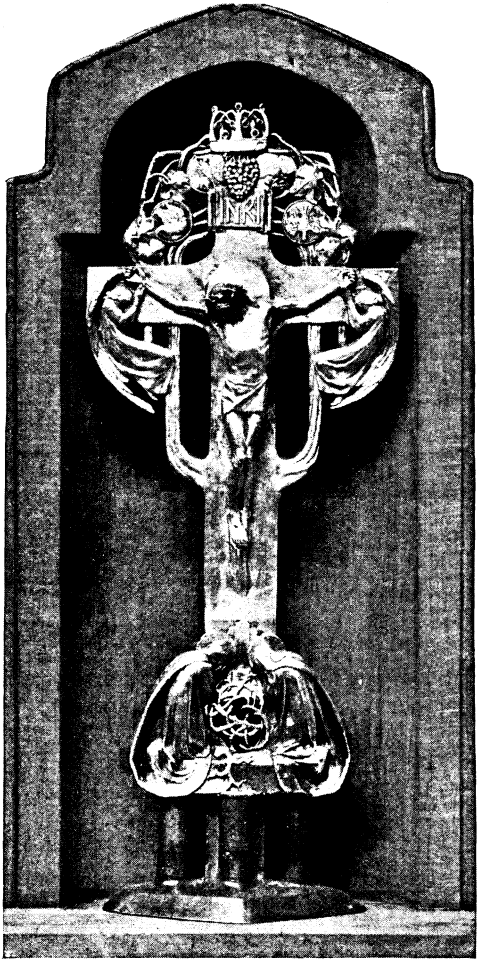
pursued by the French craftsmen, and especially by the founders of the modern school at Sèvres. In the same year he was appointed to teach the subject at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Regent Street, under the London County Council. He has also been made a member of the Art Workers' Guild.

Our illustrations may be taken to represent the choicest fruits of a year's work in Mr.



SILVER CRUCIFIX SET WITH ENAMELS.

Fisher's *atelier*. The jewel-casket in silver and ivory, with enamelled panels picturing the story of Cupid and Psyche, recalls at once the beautiful "Wagner" casket, devoted to the Nibelungen legend, which was exhibited a few years ago. In designs like these Mr. Fisher achieves the crucial task of resolving his decoration into subject-pictures without forfeiting their decorative quality. Even when most pictorial, his treatment of great legends is subjective rather than dramatic, searching out the inmost poetry of them and giving it an eloquence which is almost lyrical—"constantly aspiring to the condition of music," as Pater has said of Giorgione's art.

In the "Psyche" casket the ground is of ivory, into which the enamelled silver panels are set. The group on the lid, carved in silver, is strangely delicate and bold; the embracing figures covered by the god's sheltering wing. The feet of the casket are in the form of winged sphinxes, symbolising at once the mystery and the divinity of Love. For it is Eros himself that is celebrated here; the name of Cupid has stood too long for pastime and mischief, identified with the lusty and irresponsible cherub of St. Valentine's Day. Nor in this spirit does Mr. Fisher approach the legend of Psyche and her heavenly lover; but conceives him rather as that "lord of terrible aspect" whom mediæval painters feared, and whose service—in the pregnant words of a living critic, Mr. Frederick Myers—is "not an enjoyment only, or a passion; but a worship and a regeneration."

The second casket illustrated, of which the body is of silver, strikes us as being rather more architectural in structure and a little French in style, especially in the winged figure turned with the back towards us as if opening the door. In contrast with this are the four dreamy, solemn shrouded forms that guard the corners of the casket; and on the front of it, as if in relief from their remote and austere grace, are two square panels enamelled in designs of two beautiful girls' heads, with richly coloured drapery and luxuriant hair. Looking at them, we are struck with the change that has come over men's ideals of beauty in the course of centuries of painting. How the fair models of to-day, with their tossed and flowing tresses, would pity the ill-kempt mediæval dame whose scanty locks her timid hood and lappets half concealed! But the humanist of every Renaissance turns afresh to the actual types of humanity around him. Well for him if, as for Mr. Fisher, they are ideally beautiful as well as real.

One hesitates to apply conventional labels to creations so distinctly individual in style; but in a survey of Mr. Fisher's work the observant critic can hardly escape allusions to certain characteristics of previous epochs of art. We recall, for instance, in a solid steel casket shown in 1898, a quite "Renais-

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sance" note in his use of the grotesque. A very graceful decoration was contrived by the twining of the dogs' tails, drawn out to enormous length to serve that purpose in an otherwise simple and entirely modern design. Many, again, who visited the artist at Warwick Studios, Kensington, in the spring of the year 1900, will remember the sumptuous silver panel of the "San Grael," absolutely "pre-Raphaelite" in colouring, and steeped in the atmosphere of spiritual romance.

The hanging jewel-case designed and wrought for Sir Thomas Carmichael is made in an unusual combination of silver and brass. The doors are of *repoussé* brass in six panels, representing the origin and transport of precious metals and jewels. Here are seen the elephant with his ivories, the laden camel crossing the desert, the freighted ship in sail, the miner toiling underground; and lastly are suggested the treasures of the deep, where the oyster, so picturesque in allegory, closes his wound with a pearl. The doors are fastened by a lock-plate cast in bronze with a dainty little figure of Love "laughing at locksmiths"; and when these are opened the full-length figure of Fortuna, cast in silver, is revealed in the niche of the shrine. A lamp is set in the canopy above her, and another burns at her feet, closed in by panels of translucent enamel in exquisite colours transmitting the light. In the inside of the doors are hollowed spaces for jewels to hang, pendants and lockets of enamelled gold and silver set with gems.

Ennobled as this familiar subject is by the hand of so judicious a designer, one cannot but think that higher and distinctively religious themes appeal more strongly to Mr. Fisher's mind. This feeling is confirmed by the silver crucifix which is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the present group. It is difficult, in the face of this beautiful conception of the Saviour in His last moments, as attended and ministered unto solely by women, to believe that we are not looking at a woman's work. Such a criticism is wholly in the favour of the artist, implying no lack of vitality in his design, but

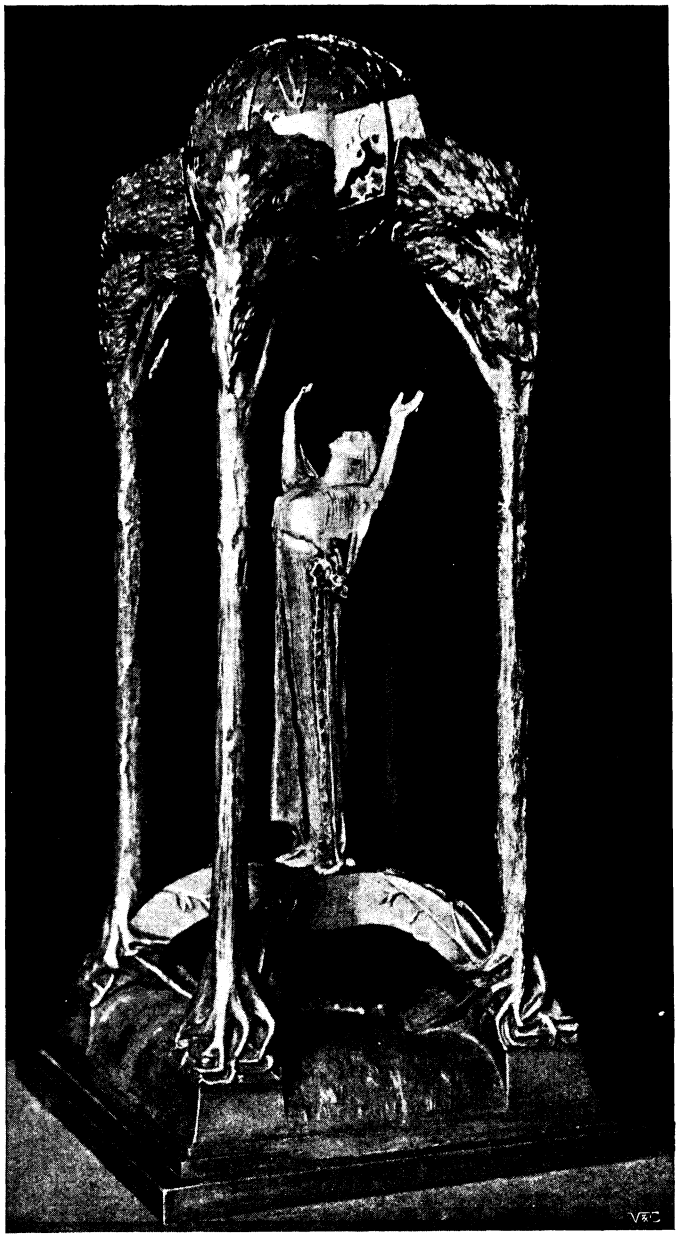

TABLE LAMP IN SILVER AND ENAMEL: GEORGE MEREDITH'S "BHANAVAR THE BEAUTIFUL."

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rather that he has thrown himself with rare imaginative insight into the more tender and personal aspects of the Crucifixion, and presented them in a peculiarly sympathetic light. The two Marys are weeping at the foot, and at the arms of the cross are two girl-angels, each supporting one of the Sufferer's hands. Apart from the appreciation which religious feeling might suggest, the artistic beauty of the design is of a very high order. The severe outlines of the cross are tempered by the wonderfully restful curves of the decoration. The aspect of the dominant figure is of one who has found the satisfying element in all great sorrow; and the surrounding symbols are those of hope and peace—the vine suggesting consecrated life, the dove the witness of secret strength and victory. This idealistic conception of the subject seems an acknowledgment of the historic place of

"THE BIRTH OF APHRODITE": ENAMELLED SILVER AND MEXICAN ONYX.

ENAMELLED SILVER CENTREPIECE, FOR C. E SCHWANN, ESQ., M.P.

women beside the world's most significant and redemptive pain.

Seeing the rare harmony attained in these examples between the intention of the designer and his realisation of it in form and colour, we begin to ask: What is the *art*, over and above the craft, of the enameller? What is that something higher than technical skill, for which we call a man not merely clever, but an artist, conveying—do we not?—by that word a certain inward grace of mind and feeling, a fine understanding of the limits of æsthetic expression? The barest attempt at such definition brings us to the idea of selection and restraint. Even in the most florid art, if it be art at all, there is still the mark of some such process, some keen refining of the elements of beauty, some resolute constructive choice which makes it human and spiritual, distinguishing it from

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the mere cunning of the hand. Perhaps no one but a great craftsman knows the peculiar temptations that come of technical power. Once attaining the perfect mastery of material, how easy it were to expend it wantonly—to play with one's medium, as some do in music, for the mere show of virtuosity, incontinently to say the last word in silver and become garrulous in gold! But such excesses lead surely, as Mr. Fisher knows, to that *inferno* of art in which the soul, cloyed with disordered splendour, loses for ever the sense of value and proportion, of dignity and fitness in matter and form. Nothing is sadder than this satiety of beauty as we see it in certain decadent epochs of the past, when ornament palled by its profusion, and colour drugged the colour sense to riot, and the rococco and the filigree had dulled men's very finger-tips to the touch of bare stuffs and exquisite surfaces.

In his most recent works Mr. Fisher has developed more fully the decorative and symbolic use of the human form, which is perhaps the highest test of an artist's power. One of the best examples of this may be seen in a silver table-lamp, in which the central figure represents George Meredith's "Bhanavar the Beautiful," standing with face and hands upturned towards the globe in which the lamp is set. Her draperies are enamelled with the finest lines of rainbow-green and blue, and round the globe the signs of the zodiac are introduced in *plique-à-jour*. Another original and poetic use of the figure is made in a silver and enamel group shown in last year's Academy, representing "The Birth of Aphrodite." The goddess springs from the crest of a wave breaking over a silver boat, the sides of which are enamelled in *plique-à-jour*. The plinth, representing water in which mermaids are playing, is in Mexican onyx of a beautiful translucent green.

A more difficult and complex subject is boldly handled in the piece of ornamental sculpture presented to Mr. C. E. Schwann, M.P., by his constituents in North Manchester, in recognition of his political services during fifteen years. Mr. Fisher has here endeavoured to convey the idea of civic life in a tower-like form, from the base of which a spiral wreath, embodying humanity in its upward struggle, rises crowned with emblematical figures of progress and brotherly love. At the base are four enamels representing labour in the manufacture and printing of cotton goods.

The arts and crafts movement in England has established itself frankly on a utilitarian basis, seeking to restore beauty to the common surroundings of life. In the revolt from commonplace ornament it was necessary that a phase of extreme simplicity should be gone through. But it would be a mistake to regard the movement as chiefly or even largely ascetic in character. Mr. Alexander Fisher represents another and by no means inharmonious tendency within its range—the passion for picture and symbol, even for form and colour for their own sake, accepting richness and splendour as part of the Divine scheme of beauty, like Italian

THE EARL OF PORTSMOUTH: PORTRAIT-ENAMEL.

landscape or the plumage of tropical birds. This element of sensuousness, this intimacy of soul with matter, quickened in an intellectual atmosphere, in which the fitness of symbols is studied with no less scrupulous nicety than the finish of a hinge or a socket, pervades and humanises all Mr. Fisher's work. His genius justifies itself by the grace and dignity it lends to what it touches—to the service of the body, the apparel, and the dwelling-house. It belongs to a world in which the care for personal beauty is a part of morals—that is, of manners—of the whole art of a comely and well-considered life.

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THE WILL OF CYRUS WELLCOME.

By EDWARD F. SPENCE.

"HE'S dead?" asked Mrs. Sowerby.

"Yes, he's dead," answered her husband.

"Poor fellow!" said she.

"Poor devil!" said he.

A curious look of sorrow and joy came over her pretty, rather pinched face. Five years of hard strife to make both ends meet, and live like "gentlefolk" on £250 a year, do pinch a pretty woman's cheek. On the agreeable, if not very dignified, countenance of her husband, was a somewhat enigmatical appearance of grief and gladness. Suddenly undisguised smiles showed themselves.

"What will it be?" she asked.

"What were pounds to us were pence to him," replied the husband, "and he did say that when he was gone we should not be the sufferers. Those were his very words."

Neither of them slept that night. Thoughts of sables kept Mrs. Sowerby's mind busy, though, alas! not sables for the funeral of Mr. Cyrus Wellcome. Perhaps she was not quite truthful in saying she never closed her eyes! Certainly her husband never even dozed. Time after time the history of the last five years danced through his brain. What a five years! Five years of great labour, immense responsibility, and little pay. Two hundred and fifty a year is not very much to give to a man who is handling millions; but shrewd Cyrus Wellcome, dead Cyrus Wellcome, a thing poorer than the humblest beggar in the street, though the moment ere his death owner of millions, had been truly served. He knew how to judge men well. Keen judgment of mankind and absolute concentration of every wish and thought upon money-making and money-keeping had enabled him to become a millionaire. Luck, perhaps, had something to do with it, but not very much. The way to win such horrible wealth is to look upon it as an end, not a means. To have an income of a million dollars a year, and only to spend a thousand on yourself, yet be perfectly happy, is a poor scheme of life, but it leads to few disappointments. Money melts only in hell.

Of course, he went too far, he cut things rather too close. Probably if the doctor's prescription had been sent to an honest apothecary, instead of a store chemist, who used what he considered a medical equivalent for one of the expensive drugs, the millionaire might be living to-day.

Ten days passed, then Sowerby received a letter from Mr. Soleman, of Lincoln's Inn Passage, desiring him to attend the reading of the millionaire's will. The ten days had been almost painful on account of the acuteness of the discussion between husband and wife as to what would be the amount of the legacy. They were not very greedy, but each was intensely anxious to have the means of rendering somewhat more luxurious and happy the life of the other loved one. There had been a talk of buying a new black coat, but nothing came of it, and on the fateful morning, if Sowerby looked rather spruce, the only change in his clothes was due to an energetic brushing and a careful application of warm water, soap, and a sponge. When he reached Lincoln's Inn Passage, John Sowerby's breath almost failed him—he tottered upstairs to the second floor as if he were an old man, though really he had not even reached thirty-eight, and was a strong, well-built fellow. There were four people in a large, light room. Sowerby recognised the lawyer, a shifty looking fellow whom he distrusted, and guessed that the others were nephews of Cyrus Wellcome, the nephews of whom the old man used to speak contemptuously, as greedy for money, but not clever enough to make it, extravagant in spending and miserly in giving. After the lawyer had introduced them as George and Frank Wellcome and Nathan Reschinger, nephews of the deceased, he began to read the will. It started with a prodigious number of legacies—ten thousand dollars to one hospital, twenty thousand to another, ten thousand to this charity, five thousand to that. Sowerby listened half dreaming, half intensely awake, and wondering when his

"He began to read the will."

name would come. Suddenly the thought assailed him that all the estate would be absorbed by the legacies.

Mr. Soleman paused. "That is the end of the pecuniary legacies," he remarked; "the residuary bequest and devise is to Mr. George Wellcome, Mr. Frank Wellcome, and Mr. Nathan Reschinger, in equal shares as tenants in common, with various limitations to children and issue with which I need not trouble you."

He put down the paper. Sowerby gasped; his mind became empty and blank, and though he wanted to say something, he found neither words nor ideas.

"There is a codicil," said the lawyer, and hope came back so suddenly to Sowerby that he felt sick and pained, as though he had received a heavy blow. "It appoints the three residuary legatees to act as executors in England and America, in conjunction with Mr. John Sowerby—that is all."

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"That is all?" moaned Sowerby.

"Yes."

"But he said that——"

"I can't help what he said," interrupted the lawyer; "this codicil is dated but a few days before his death."

Sowerby staggered out of the room. How he found his way to the toy flat in Bayswater, whether on foot, or by omnibus or in the Tube, Goodness only knows. The wife opened the door, since the fourteen-pound "general" was out buying wonderful luxuries for the proposed thanksgiving dinner.

"My poor darling!" she said, for his face spoke with a thousand tongues, though his lips never moved. "And what does it matter, dear? We are young, and you are brave, and we love one another, and perhaps it is better, and——" But here the sob that was chasing her voice overtook it, and they cried in the arms of one another, cried till she mastered her tears and soothed and caressed him as if he were a babe in pain. During the next week or so, John Sowerby was very busy trying to find employment. With University and public-school education, with good breeding and gentle manners and nothing against him, save an unhealed quarrel with his father because he had married a pretty governess, he should have found employment without difficulty; but day and day passed, money went in postage and advertisements and trams and 'buses and trains, yet nothing came. At last arrived a letter from Mr. Soleman, asking him to call at the office next day at noon, and this seemed less than nothing. He went, clothes unbrushed, coat undamped, unsoaped, unsponged.

The three residuary legatees and the lawyer were in the large, light room. After what one of the American nephews would have called some "talking round his hat," the lawyer suggested that John had better renounce his executorship. He explained that the estate was enormous—some millions sterling, but all in America save forty or fifty thousand pounds. He explained that it would have to be administered in New York State, where all the residuary legatees and other executors lived, and that to keep sending documents over for execution by John would be inconvenient and expensive. After this the lawyer produced a document and suggested that Sowerby should sign it. The poor fellow tamely took up a pen, dipped it into the ink, then paused and looked up. He noticed an air of great pleasure on the faces of the other men, but thought nothing of it. Suddenly an idea came to him and found words.

"I'm not sure I ought to do this; after all, he wished me to act as executor."

"He treated you badly," interposed one of them.

"It may have been a mistake," answered the good-hearted fellow—"he may have forgotten. I don't want to think unkindly of the dead man or ignore his wishes."

"That's mere sentiment," answered Mr. Soleman, "and we are talking business."

"I guess we had better talk business," said Mr. Nathan Reschinger. "If you'll sign that document, we'll give you five hundred pounds."

John gazed at him. He saw, or, rather, his senses recorded the sight of a curious look of amusement and eagerness in the face of Mr. Nathan—for his eyes told nothing then to his mind.

"Make it a thousand," interrupted Mr. Frank Wellcome, and Sowerby's eyes noted a strange nod and something like a wink.

"A thousand pounds," said John, "for signing that piece of paper?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Soleman. "It is a mere formal renunciation of executorship. Read it by all means."

"I'll take your word for it," he replied, "but from what you say, it seems a very important matter, much more important than I fancied."

This time even he saw almost consciously the crestfallen air of the group, which seemed disproportionate to the matter.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm a weak man, and perhaps a wise one, and I do nothing of importance without consulting my wife. I'll take the piece of paper to her, and talk it over, and if she thinks I'm justified, I'll do what you want."

For half an hour attempts were made vainly to cajole, tempt, or bully Sowerby into signing the document.

Now, Mrs. Sowerby had mother wit for two, and also perhaps a little touch of uncharitable distrust in human nature which was not altogether admirable. Her first suggestion was that the legatees meant to swindle all the charities out of their legacies. No sooner had she suggested this than she regretted it, for John promptly remarked that if such were the case, it was clearly his duty to refuse the money and to act as executor. The little woman was honest enough at heart; after a moment of struggle, prompted possibly by a thought of "electric seal," which might take the place of sables,

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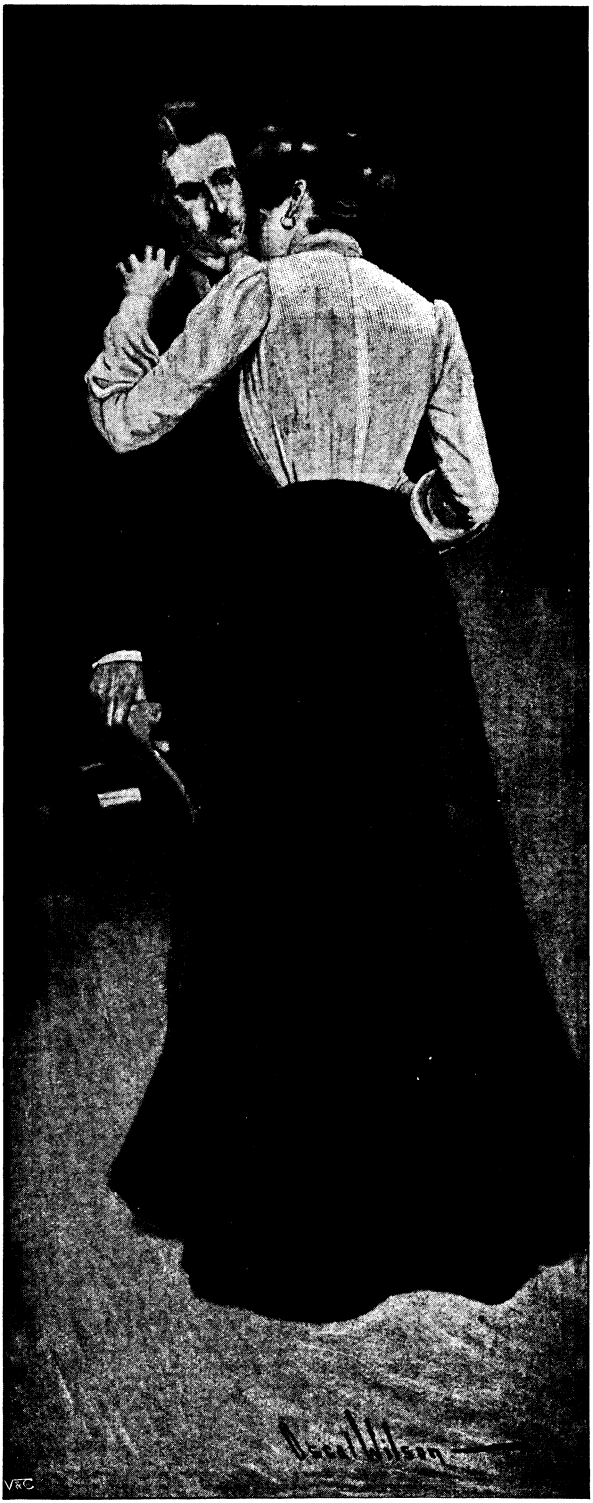

"They cried in the arms of one another."

she agreed with her husband. Then they groaned together at the idea of the work which would be involved.

"It is very hard lines," he said, "that an executor does not get paid for his trouble."

"I suppose he doesn't?" she asked.

"No. I am sure of it," he replied.

Then with a crash an idea came to her.

"John! John, dear!" she cried, "perhaps American executors do get paid, and those people are trying to swindle you?"

The nods and smiles and half winks and glances that his eyes had recorded came consciously into John's thoughts, and he described as well as he could what he had seen. The dear woman became prodigiously excited.

"We must go and see a lawyer," she said; "someone who knows American law. Oh! what luck! I had a letter from Milly to-day saying that Mr. Milson, the American lawyer, is over here. Oh! you silly goose, you needn't look vexed; you ought to know that it was all right, and besides, Milly says he has just asked her to marry him. Come along, dear!"

She ran upstairs, put on a home-made hat that looked almost fashionable, a little Eton coat bought half-way between Bond Street and Praed Street, and white kid gloves, home cleaned, and more impressive to the nose than to the eye.

Mr. Milson, to use his own phrase, knew the law of the State of New York backwards, and saw in half a second what was at the bottom of the sack.

"Gentlemen," he said next morning, when he had been introduced to the legatees and lawyer, who gave him a cold greeting, "I am a man of few words, and they don't beat time. My friend and I know quite well that high-minded people like you would not try to play it low down on him, but it is just luck he did not sign that paper for a thousand pounds, or it would be like that mess of pottage bargain

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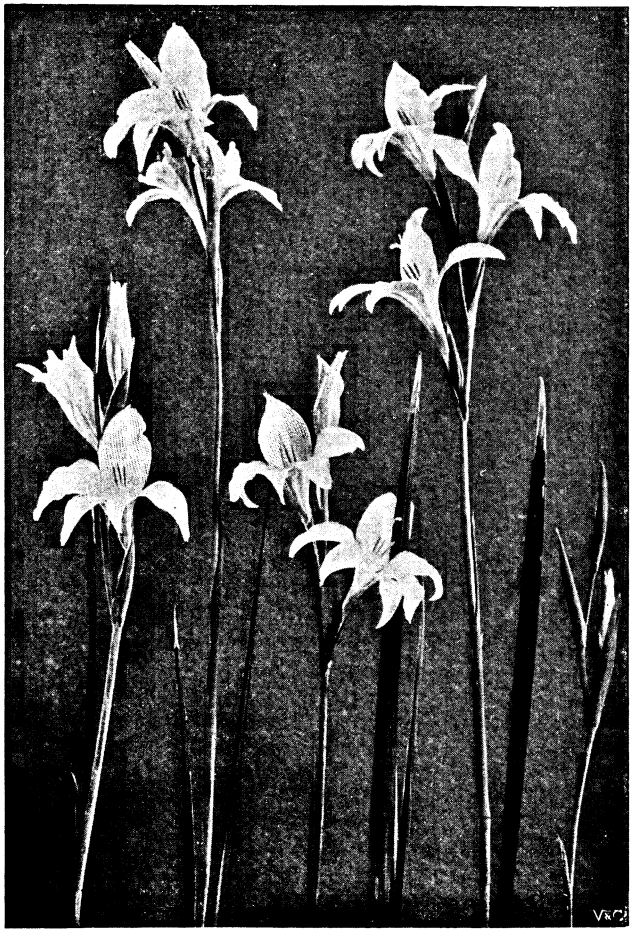
so famous in the history of your race," and he nodded to Mr. Nathan Reschinger. Of course, you merely forgot to tell him that an executor in the State of New York gets a big percentage on the amount of assets collected. Now Mr. Sowerby has signed this document, and I have figured out that the executors' percentage for collecting the assets in New York, according to the law of the State, will pan out at six hundred thousand dollars. It may be a bit more if the estate is larger than we think, but we will risk that. One-fourth of that is thirty thousand pounds. I learn from my friend that it was a fad of the honourable deceased always to keep a hundred thousand dollars in cash and bearer bonds in his safe. Here's our deal. You give Mr. Sowerby one hundred and forty thousand of that—say twenty-eight thousand pounds sterling—and we'll take off ten thousand dollars for discount, and you shall have the deed of renunciation and play any game you like with the estate."

Mrs. Sowerby has her sables, and very little opportunity of displaying them, since she lives in a pretty little cottage in the country on the comfortable income produced by judicious investment of the windfall; and when she and her husband are fishing in the punt, which they call the *Wellcome*, they are probably the two happiest people within the four seas, even if the fish refuse to bite.



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A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ARTILLERY CAMP AT OKEHAMPTON.

HOW OUR GUNNERS ARE TRAINED:

ARTILLERY ON DARTMOOR.

By Archibald Spicer.

Photographs by E. J. Saunders, Winkleigh, and T. Lugg, Okehampton.

WHEN the Duke of Connaught some time ago announced his intention of visiting the Summer Practice Camp of the Royal Artillery, under the shadow of Yes Tor, Dartmoor's second highest peak, the officers busied themselves in making the best possible arrangements for the accommodation of his Royal Highness. Special furniture was brought up from the sleepy little town of Okehampton, 1,500 feet below in the valley, over which a ruined Norman castle, arrayed in its mantle of ivy, stands as a spectral sentinel. It was conjectured that this officer of royal blood would be at least as particular about his temporary quarters as any other general. At last, when all the preparations were complete, the Duke arrived, and after a long and tiring day on the moorland, watching the guns belch forth destruction at imaginary foes, he was shown the arrangements that had been made for him, with many apologies for their scanty character. The excuses were, however, quickly cut short by the royal visitor: "Oh! I am not going to sleep in any building, thank you. I shall sleep under canvas as the men do, so that I may know what it is really like up here." Accordingly, while the officers turned into their comfortable quarters, the Duke lay down in an ordinary bell-tent, just as the 500 or 600 gunners do every night. The next morning, when he was asked how he had fared, he replied cheerily: "Well, I turned in with racking toothache, and woke this morning to find it had quite gone, thanks to the splendid air up here." And the Duke added that in future he should recommend all his friends who were out of sorts to try the effect of tent life in the invigorating air of the western highlands.

This camp has now superseded Shoeburyness as the practice-ground of the artillery, owing to the long and irregular ranges obtainable. It is delightfully situated on the northern margin of Dartmoor. To the south, rising high above the undulating river-riven moorland, are the tors strewn with clatters, looking like extinct volcanoes—as some geologists, in fact, believe—and from their heights the eye travels to the rugged coast-line of North Cornwall, to Bude and to Boscastle and Tintagel, of Arthurian story; while to the south, west, and east lie the heather, bracken, and gorse which lend a wealth of colour to these great uplands of Devon. Because at Princetown, in one corner of these highlands of the West, the old buildings that sheltered many of the French prisoners taken in the wars of the early years of last century still stand, and with new erections serve as a penal establishment, the whole of Dartmoor has come to be regarded as a bleak, barren waste, fit only as a place of enforced residence for the criminal outcasts of society. In truth, the whole centre of Devonshire is wild, picturesque, high moorland, some 130,000 acres in extent, which forms part of the Duchy of Cornwall. It is the source of most of the rivers of the county, to which the valleys owe their many world-famous charms. Swept by the breezes of the Atlantic on the one side, and by those of the English Channel on the other, Dartmoor is the greatest and most invigorating "lung" of the West Country, and is increasing in favour every year

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as a holiday centre for those who, satiated with town life and civilisation, are content with a tract of country that remains to-day very much as it was in the times of the Druids, its fabled inhabitants of prehistoric times. It appeals to the angler, the fox and otter hunter, to the pedestrian, and to all, in fact, who love to live under the canopy of heaven, away from encircling bricks and mortar, and to drink in health and cheerful spirits from lusty ozone-laden air.

For twenty-five years camps for artillerymen have been held every summer on a comparatively small scale on one portion of these uplands, but now Okehampton has become one of the great permanent military establishments of the country. Old wooden structures have given place to well-built substantial day-rooms for the men; an excellent recreation-room, with reading-room, library, and refreshment-bar, has just been completed; a large church finds a place, and even the guardroom is being enlarged—almost doubled. Many thousand pounds are now being spent by the War Office in order to render the camp a more pleasant place of temporary residence for the hundreds of officers and men who in future will be sent either into Devonshire or to Salisbury Plain to practise with their guns. While the men continue to sleep in tents, they have comfortable rooms in which they have their meals, and increased provision has recently been made to enable them to spend their hours of leisure pleasurably, without overrunning the little town in the valley below, which has few amusements to offer to a soldier.

The batteries, from all parts of England, visit Okehampton in turn, and the arrival and departure of the units lend to the railway station quite a warlike appearance. Formerly the batteries travelled by road, being billeted at night at public-houses, but this mode of removal was so slow and expensive that it has been abandoned. Now each battery, however far it may have to travel, brings with it by rail its own horses and guns and complete equipment of every kind, so that not only are the men tested as gunners at the admirable irregular ranges, but the horses are trained to cover the difficult country swiftly and with unfaltering step, and the harness and weapons, as they are rattled over great boulders and through ravines and streams hidden away in the folds of the moorland, are put to a trial that could not be provided anywhere else. In the course of a season from twenty to thirty, and sometimes even more batteries pay flying visits of a fortnight each. Three batteries at a time are thus always using the ranges. There is also one unfortunate unit which is selected at the beginning of the summer to remain as permanent fatigue party to keep the camp in good condition, speed the parting guests and welcome those arriving, and to carry out all the weary, heavy work in connection with the care of the targets.

MEAL BEFORE LEAVING CAMP.

When it is stated that each battery consists of five officers and 166 men, with six guns

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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, ACCOMPANIED BY MAJOR-GENERAL G. H. MARSHALLS AND CAPTAIN E. W. BLUNT, A.D.C., WATCHING THE PRACTICE OF THE 12TH, 56TH, AND 58TH BATTERIES, R.F.A.

and at least 89 horses, it will be understood that these fortnightly removals entail a great deal of exertion, but with practice the men are becoming adepts at entraining and detraining their weapons and horses. It is astonishing how soon after the arrival of the special trains they manage to get the horses harnessed and the weapons limbered up, and are ready to drag them up to their temporary home on the moor. The carriage of the guns is a matter of great responsibility, for they are somewhat delicate and very costly. Each 12-pounder of the Royal Horse Artillery, though it looks so small beside such monsters as are carried on board our warships, costs the War Office £242, and its carriage another £262; while each time it is fired, cordite and metal of the value of 28*s.* is sent into space. The 15-pounder of the Field Artillery is more expensive, while the 5-inch breechloading howitzer is still more costly. As each battery is allowed 600 shells for the fortnight's practice, and 90 of this number are for the special training of recruits, it can be readily understood that the annual expense of maintaining this camp is not a bagatelle, though the rent which the authorities pay to the Prince of Wales as holder of the Duchy of Cornwall is inconsiderable.

FIRING AT A MOVING TARGET.

As one stands on high ground with the staff officers, in a place of safety, as

REPELLING A CAVALRY ATTACK.

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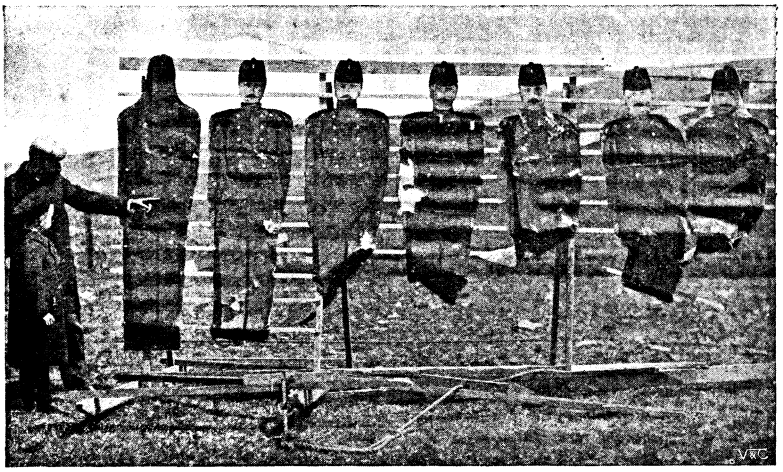
I was privileged to do, and watches the hail of shells at 28*s.* each being hurled through the air, it is impossible to stifle thoughts of the amount of good that might be done in the world with all this money and the many millions besides which are devoted by the Powers of Europe to the training of their great and continually increasing standing armies. There is only one satisfaction. Every penny spent at Okehampton camp is well laid out. As a practice-ground it is doubtful if it has its equal in the world. It is as though the northern portion of Natal, of glorious and yet sad memories, had been set down in the middle of Devonshire.

The system of practice is most ingenious and practical, and in striking contrast to the old and stereotyped methods. Until they are actually on the moor, neither officers nor men know the details of the day's work that is before them. When the guns have been swung up to a part of the moorland, as directed by the senior officer, then the general plan of operations is communicated, but the details as to the movements of the enemy—represented by targets—are often not revealed until the moment arrives for altering the disposition of the guns. The following is a sample of the "general idea" for one day's operations, which resulted in most interesting developments: "Exeter is held by a hostile force which has landed at Exmouth, and is being invested by a northern force. A portion of this northern force is detached to Okehampton, and the enemy are endeavouring to pass a convoy into Exeter *viâ* Chagford. The brigade division will rendezvous north of the East Okement Farm enclosure, and the enemy are reported to be moving by the track passing by Oke Tor to Belstone."

Such schemes as this are set to the batteries when they practise in divisions, after they have spent several days under their individual officers, so as to become expert in the use of their weapons. To encourage healthy emulation, badges ranged in four classes are awarded, besides a cup which is held for a year by the men who most distinguish themselves. These awards are, of course, in addition to the monetary prizes that are won before the batteries come to Okehampton, and which are given, not for actual firing, but for smartness in drill and gunnery knowledge.



TARGETS AFTER THE BATTLE.

The official staff of officers in charge of the camp have evolved a most elaborate system of targets, which at a distance of a mile or two, the usual range of the guns, bear a very close resemblance to the cavalry, infantry, and artillery which they are supposed to represent. Some of these dummies are stationary, and consist merely of boarding cut in the shape of soldiers, sometimes hung with old uniforms, and with a spike at the foot to enable them to be fixed into the ground at any distance apart, to resemble men in close formation or skirmishing order. Some of these figures are made short, to represent men kneeling in the act of firing, and others are longer, to show that the enemy are standing. A new feature is the crouching bodies of the wooden army to be found at every spot where the slightest advantage can be taken of cover, in faithful imitation of modern sharpshooters. These targets are very simple, and such fallen heroes of the mimic battles that are waged almost every day through the summer months are to be seen all over this portion of the moor, more or less damaged, and evidently supply the residents in the surrounding district with an unfailing stock of firewood.

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A "POW-WOW," OR CONFERENCE, AFTER THE FIRING.

Thirty miles of rope, which lies over the surface of the moorland, laced and interlaced in the most surprising way, are the chief indications of the many moving targets that it is the business of the fatigue battery to place in the positions desired by the Camp Commandant, and to manipulate as though they were active foes. By means of the various types of targets, every phase of an engagement is reproduced—charging cavalry advancing behind the shelter of moorland tors into the open, infantry creeping up the dry bed of some erstwhile turgid stream, dummy guns of wood manœuvred by unseen foes, and skirmishers afoot and on horses, which appear and as quickly disappear among the hills and ravines as though controlled by some magical force. In fact, when the guns are belching forth flashes of fire and raining metal on the enemy, the face of the moor looks not unlike the stage of a marionette show of exaggerated proportions. But the secret of these mysterious movements is easily solved, for beyond the zone of fire can be descried, possibly a mile away, the horses and drivers of the fatigue battery dragging at the ropes, which by means of pulleys and other ropes give activity to the figures. No one who has not witnessed these lifeless warriors and their guns suddenly creep forward from behind some hillock can appreciate the realism which is imparted to the scene.

One exercise in fire discipline of which the staff are not a little proud is the direct outcome of the "white flag" incidents which disgraced the warfare of the Boers. This drill is most ingeniously arranged. While the

A BRIGADE DIVISION OF ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.

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BACK FROM THE RANGES.

batteries are peppering away their hardest at the distant foe, suddenly an umpire, who is concealed in a "splinter proof," by pulling a string causes a white flag to rise above the enemy as a token of submission. But as soon as the British gunners have ceased to fire, by pulling another string the officer explodes a small charge of black powder as an indication that the enemy, having succeeded in their ruse and obtained a momentary lull in the deadly hail, have opened fire again. Immediately the puff of powder is seen by the British artillerymen, they "switch" on their fire once more with surprising rapidity.

The feature of the drill for artillery as seen at Okehampton is the entire absence of shouting and confusion. Almost every command is communicated either silently or in conversational tones. A whistle's shrill alarm denotes that attention is required for some order, and for the rest semaphore motions of the hands and arms suffice to direct the operations. The clenched hand moved up and down between the thigh and shoulder shows that the battery is to trot, while a circular motion of the hand in a vertical plane, as though whipping up a horse, is a signal that the trot is to become a gallop, and so on. In this wise, by a whistle and the twist of his hand, a commanding officer can control his guns far more efficiently than was the case in the old days of violent yelling, some swearing, and not a little confusion.

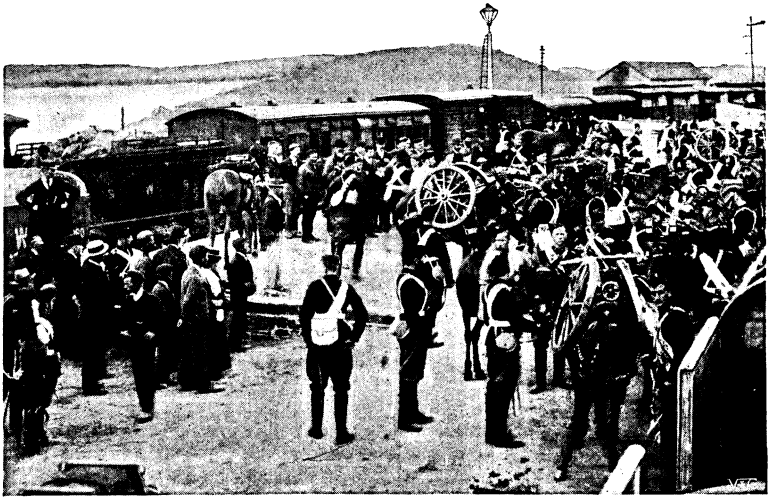
In every respect the drill of artillery has become more intelligent and better ordered. In their practice the officers are not left to blunder along in their ignorance. Every shot that is fired is noted by the umpires, and word is passed to the batteries of their success or failure, and there are frequent "pow-wows." Most mornings, before the work on the moor begins, the officers gather in the little lecture-room, where the colonel commanding the camp explains the faults in the previous day's firing, and the subordinate officers have every opportunity of discussing questions and even defending their action. It is apparent that by these means the artillery is being converted into a far more intelligent arm of His Majesty's service than hitherto, since the officers are encouraged to take a deeper and more thoughtful interest in their work, and to study the problems that present themselves from time to time, instead of proceeding by rote.

Another excellent practice is to anticipate the thinning of the ranks from wounds, and to make provision for the gaps thus caused being filled efficiently and without any confusion. Frequently word is passed to an officer or man that he is as good as dead, or at least so wounded that he cannot any longer perform his duty, and he has immediately to fall on his knee and then, standing up, remove his haversack, retire to the rear, and, in the words of Bret Harte, "the subsequent proceedings interest him no more." The advantage of "making casualties" in a battery is that the junior officers and the men obtain practice which familiarises them with the duties of those immediately senior to them, so that if an officer or man is incapacitated in real warfare, there is no uncertainty or disorder, but his junior at once takes his place with all the calmness acquired by frequent practice. Sometimes the umpires will go to the length of telling the major commanding a unit that he has been killed, or even the divisional commander himself, though he be a lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Regiment, will be put *hors de combat.*

The nation's gain is Devonshire's loss. One result of pitching this military camp at Okehampton is that a large portion of the moor is practically closed to those who are

wont to roam over Dartmoor in the summer months. The military authorities have, however, conceded one important boon. As a rule they avoid, as far as possible, all firing on Saturdays, thus enabling holiday-makers to wander about in perfect safety. So complete is the system by which the public are warned when firing is in progress that, although tourists have had narrow escapes, no serious damage has been done except to some moorland cattle. On the days that the batteries are going to practise, men are despatched early in the morning and laboriously climb to the top of Yes Tor, which rises 2,027 ft. above sea level, and there and on other distant elevations they hoist red flags of warning. These signals are supplemented by many permanent notice-boards, and from sunrise on firing days a number of shepherds in picturesque red coats are busy driving all cattle into valleys where they will be out of danger.

It is hardly necessary to add that though the area reserved for the practice of the artillery is large, the greater portion of Dartmoor is open to the public at all times. One may still take a day's tramp without running any danger from the firing of the guns. Practically all the central part of Devonshire is moorland, and it is impossible that the War Office will ever require the use of much more than they have secured at present; and, as a matter of fact, the presence of the camp above Okehampton and the daily practices are considered by most visitors an additional attraction to this side of the moor. As there is no county in England more beautiful than Devonshire, so there is no part of this county more wild and invigorating than the 130,000 acres of Dartmoor, the rugged highlands of the West.



4TH MOUNTAIN BATTERY ABOUT TO ENTRAIN.

This photograph illustrates the method peculiar to mountain batteries of carrying their equipment entirely on mule-back.

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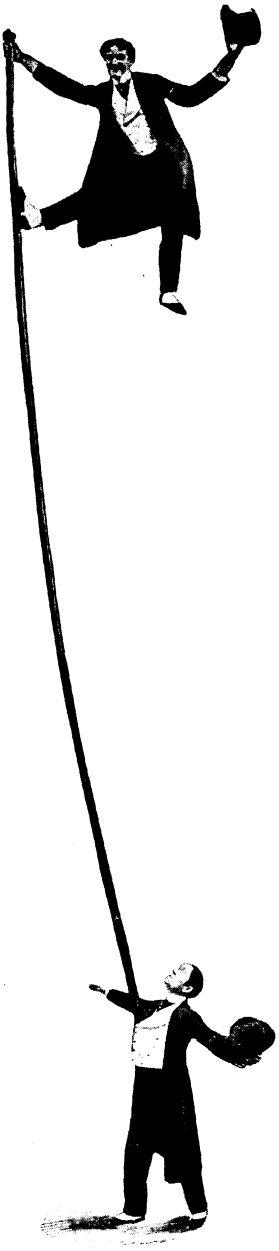
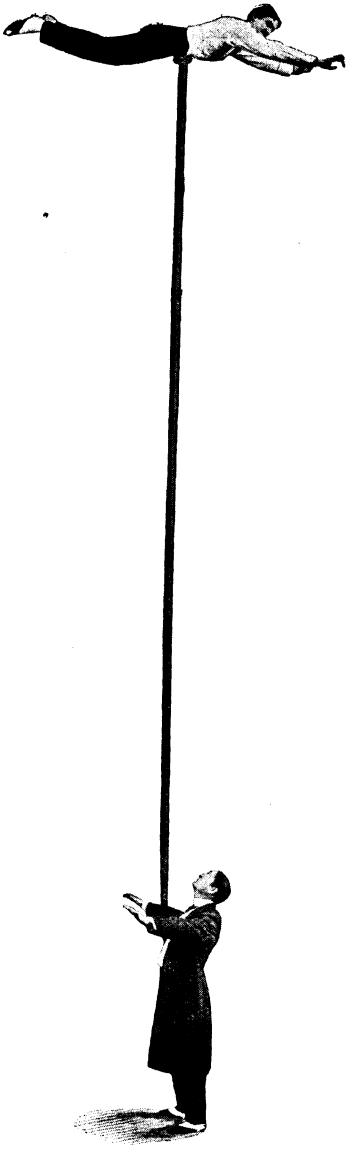


UP A POLE.

By Frank Holmfield.

Illustrations from Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



In the world of entertainment there are many curious ways of earning a living, and one of the strangest I have ever witnessed is that of the man who climbs a twenty-foot pole, balanced on the chest of another, to perform a series of wonderful acrobatic feats, with only a slip of hand or foot between the performer and—well, at the very least, a bone-smashing fall!

Such is the description of the professional exhibition chosen by two American gymnasts known as De Witt and Burns, who, between them, recently succeeded in thrilling—with no uncertain thrill—the patrons of London's great palace of amusement, the Alhambra Theatre.

Sensational though the performance undoubtedly is, it is amusing withal, for the pair of smart young Americans are comedians of no small ability. So the thrilling part of their entertainment is intermingled with funny little quips and actions that arouse many a good, wholesome, hearty laugh, of which the hard-worked, brain-fagged Londoner stands so much in need.

It was not the first time that the patrons of variety theatres had seen a performer "up a pole," for this was a form of eccentricity favoured by a *troupe* which hails from the land of the chrysanthemums, and which I think appeared for the first time in England at the Alhambra.

But the shrewd Japanese boss always selects a slim and light member of his *troupe*—in fact, a boy—to go on the polar expedition, whereas the American explorer just tips the scale at 10 st. 2 lb.

A 20-ft. pole is of itself a by no means inconsiderable burden to rest confidingly on a man's bosom, end upwards, for a space of ten solid minutes. The "perch"—as they facetiously term it—used by the Yankees weighs 25 lb. Add to this a ten-stone man bumping and bouncing away to his heart's content, and it will be admitted that Mr. De Witt must be constructed on very sound muscular lines to be able to bear up this nightmare-like load. And when an appreciative audience insists on encores night after night, it may truly

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be conjectured that the man with the pole on his chest does not exactly enjoy himself as much as do the "kind friends in front."

The readers of this magazine who have not personally witnessed the remarkable performance are now given, thanks to the advancement of scientific photography, some vivid illustrations of several of the "acts," and I have to express my thanks to Mr. C. Dundas Slater for his courtesy in rendering it possible for the photographers to make use of their camera with such good effect in pictorially representing Mr. Burns's extraordinary feats whilst "up a pole."

First grasping the heavy pole with both hands, Mr. De Witt raises it to the perpendicular, and manipulates it with an amazing appearance of ease. He indulges in a little display of pole-juggling—just to get his hand in, as it were—at the same time losing no opportunity to "get in" a little bit of light comedy here and there—indeed, the whole performance takes the form of the quaintly humorous throughout.

Meanwhile the pole-bearer—apparently as strong as a polar bear—has placed the lower end of the 20-ft. "perch" into a kind of cup socket supported by a belt around his chest and waist. Balancing the pole without the aid of his hands, he places the latter behind his back to be used as a step.

With a quick, panther-like spring, the polar performer, who is behind the bearer, has landed one of his feet on the improvised foot-rest formed by his partner's hands, and hey, presto! he is half way up the 20-ft. pole almost before the audience are aware that he has left the stage.

Then ensues the remarkable series of acrobatic feats upon the pole. There is no exaggeration in stating that on the evening of the writer's visit those feats held the audience spellbound.

Poised on the point of the high pole, the performer seems quite at home. The rod—sturdy ash though it is—bends and quivers in response to the terrific strain caused by gyrations and lightning-like movements in all directions. At one moment the gymnast stretches out his body, without apparent effort, at right angles to the pole as it writhes, like a snake, under the strain. At the instant when it seems he must certainly crash to the boards below, he recovers his balance, only to dart out once again into a pose which one had formerly considered impossible even on the level of the stage. Every point of the compass is favoured by a feat of daring unsurpassed.

Twenty feet below, his partner is watching every movement of the agile athlete on that slender slip of timber, as the proverbial cat watches the mouse. The strain must be terrific, but the man at the base knows his business and has the confidence of the fearless gymnast above.

To the spectator it would appear, perhaps, that the balancing is accomplished chiefly by the various movements of the acrobat on top—that with him lies the responsibility of keeping the pole in its proper position.

This is not so.

Every little turn and twist, every stretch of arm and leg, every movement and pose

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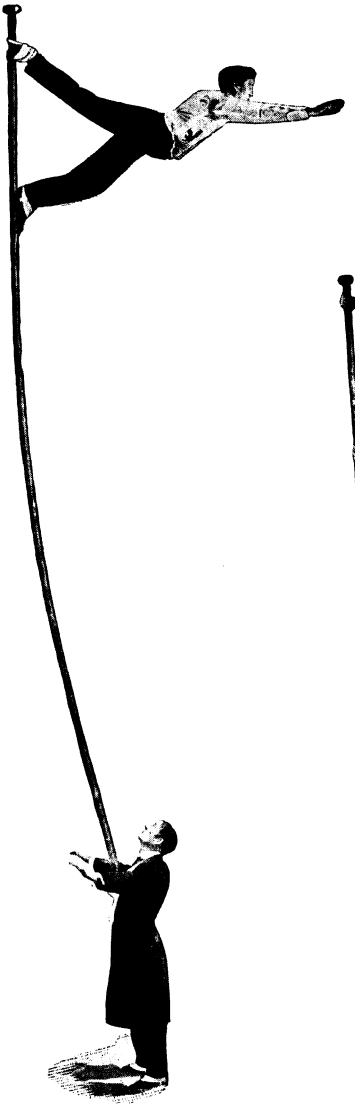
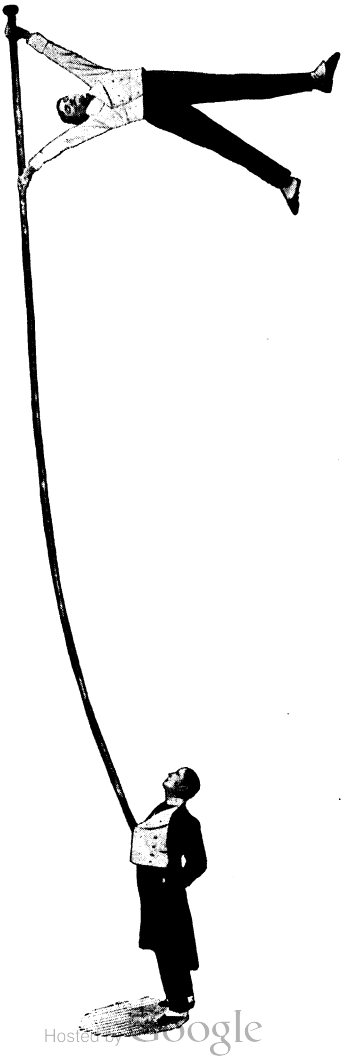
of the lithe body, must be carefully watched and acted upon by the man who bears the pole, and every bend compensated by a move on his part. *The balancing is done entirely from below; the whole responsibility for the safety of the man on the pole rests altogether on the shoulders of the bearer.* Watch him. An inch here, a foot there, a bend of the body yonder! Sometimes a full step to right or left is necessary. But the eyes of the spectators are attracted to the man above more than to him whose efforts keep the "perch" straight in mid-air, and they hardly notice these things—that the safety, the life of the man on the pole depends on the absence of falter or weakness of the bearer below. The gymnast, so high above,





grips, by muscular hand, by supple leg, and by interlocked feet, that writhing pole. But will the pole remain staunch and upright under all the enormous weight which the rapid shifting about of a ten-stone body adds to that already bearing upon the chest of his trusty friend? Everyone knows that if you jump upon a pair of correctly weighted scales, you will pull down far more than your actual weight. In a like

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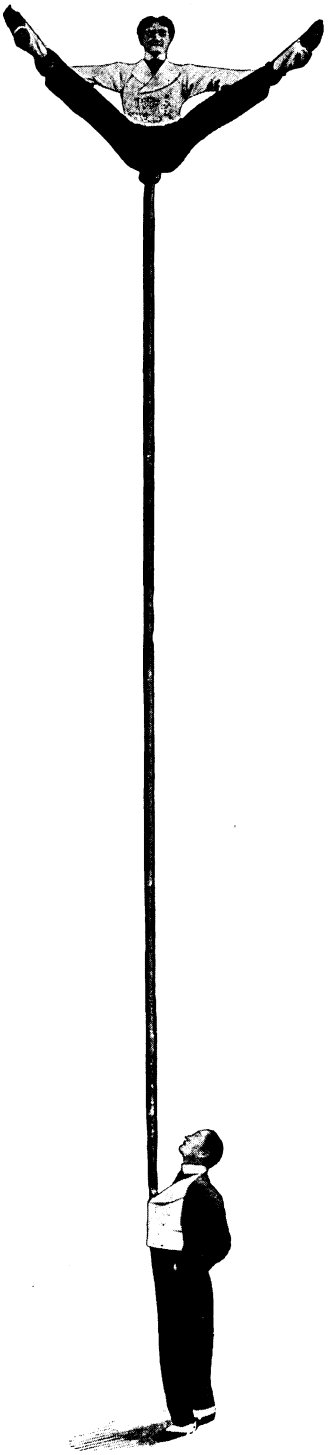


manner does the jerking and bouncing of the man on the mast tell upon the one who has to bear the brunt.

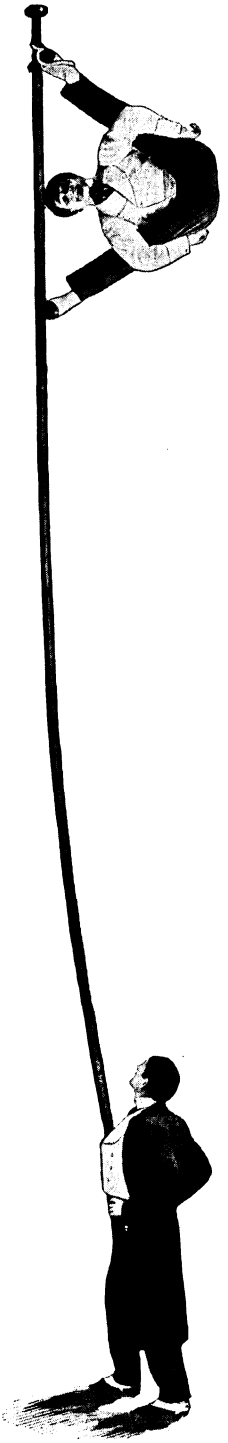
The pole may bend like a twig, but no tremor shakes either performer. Well does each man know of a certain little episode which occurred to them in Louisville, Kentucky, seven years ago, when a tragedy was prevented by a seeming interference of Providence.

The story is worth relating. It tells of an act of infamy, born of envy and the hatred aroused by jealousy. Mr. De Witt and his partner were starring with a circus through the States. At Louisville the show opened to a house densely packed. At that time the pair were using a 30-ft. pole, having plenty of room aloft in the tent—in most halls the height of the stage permits only the shorter pole to be used.

Suddenly, whilst the man on the pole was performing one of his most sensational feats, an ominous "crack" was heard in the stillness of the vast audience, hushed by the daring feat they beheld. But an almost simultaneously uttered cry of horror went up at that moment. *The pole had broken in the middle.* Down crashed the doomed athlete from that dizzy distance of nearly thirty-three feet. Women fainted, and strong men had turned away their heads or closed their eyes. But they looked again when the cries of horror turned to wild "hurrahs" of joy. No ghastly sight of mangled remains lay there in the sawdust ring.

By what seemed little short of a miracle the gymnast had landed on his feet. He now stood grasping his partner's hands and smiling to the spectators.

The pole was examined at the broken part. When the cloth with which it was enwrapped was torn away, it was seen that the wood had been sawn partly through. When the extra strain came, it snapped across like a clay pipe-stem. It was the murderous work of a miscreant rival, who only escaped well-merited punishment from lack of sufficient evidence to satisfy a Kentuckian jury But that is another story.



From the night of that miraculous escape, the pole is carefully examined and tested every evening before the performance. Both performers are now careful that such an event shall never occur again.

Perhaps the most sensational "act" of Messrs. De Witt and Burns's entertainment

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is the concluding one. The man on top has just finished one of his daring feats when he appears to make a slip, and slides, head downwards, at "falling" speed along the whole twenty-foot length of the pole, only missing crashing—seemingly—his skull against that of his partner by the eighth of an inch. He then calmly drops his feet upon the stage and—they go off.

Now and then a sceptic will arise to cast doubts on a genuine performance. In a big town in one of the Western States, a man of this class got up and asserted that the pole was supported from above in some mysterious way that he did not attempt to describe.

He was cordially invited upon the stage to form himself into a committee of inspection. He came up, asserting that he would "climb the bally pole" himself. He was offered every facility for doing so. He really could climb a bit, but he hadn't clambered up the pole more than half way when he was overcome with fright and bawled to Mr. De Witt to lower the pole to the stage.

"But I can't," replied the pole-bearer, with a smile towards the audience, "it's fixed on top, you know!"

"But I see it ain't," roared the converted sceptic. "Lower the pole, can't ye? I can't hold on any longer. If I let go, I'm a dead man!"

The audience fairly rocked with laughter at the fellow's antics and shouted—

"The monkey's got his stick at last!"

Keeping a keen eye on the miserable man above him, lest he should suddenly drop on his (Mr. De Witt's) head, the professional prolonged the agony for a minute or two longer, and finally allowed his victim to reach the boards in a terrible state of fright.

Amidst the gibes of the audience the disproved sceptic slunk off without a word further.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Photograph by Sarony, Scarborough.

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THE DORMER WINDOW.

By FRED M. WHITE.*

"Do you wish to speak to me, General Sherlock?"

"My dear boy, I desire to do more than that," the veteran replied. The white head was bent, the tired eyes were heavy with trouble. "I wish to save you from a ghastly tragedy."

There was a nervous thrill and intensity in the words enough to carry force under any circumstances, but, coming from one absolute stranger to another, they seemed to bite into Ralph Cheriton's consciousness like a saw.

Yet, under other circumstances, he would have laughed. But a gentleman does not usually deride the beard of the veteran who has seen sixty distinguished years in the service of his country.

"These are strange words, General," he replied.

The war-worn soldier sighed. His hair was white as the Afghan snows, his face was covered with deep lines; what the man had once been was mirrored only in his eyes. And those eyes were unutterably sad.

"You are absolutely a stranger to me," he said. "Beyond my own household, I have seen no fresh face for years. My excuse for calling upon you is that this house once belonged to my family. An aunt of mine died here, my grandfather died here—he committed suicide."

"Indeed!" Cheriton murmured politely.

"Yes, he threw himself out of the dormer window, at the top of the house. Within a year, two uncles of mine and an old family servant also committed suicide in a precisely similar manner. I make no attempt to explain the strange matter—I merely state the fact."

"A most extraordinary thing," Cheriton replied.

"More than extraordinary. Do you know that I often dream of that dormer window in the night, and wake up with a strange longing to come here and throw myself out, as my relatives did before me? One night, in the Afghan passes near Kandahar, the impulse almost deprived me of reason for a time. Now you know why that window was bricked up."

Cheriton was profoundly impressed. He would have repudiated any suggestion of superstition, the hard enamel of a hard-ended century had long been forged over that kind of folly. Still, the fact remained. Only recently Cheriton had sold out of the Army and purchased Bernemore House, the scene of the tragedies mentioned by Sherlock. Of the evil reputation of the dormer window he had heard nothing. The fret of seventy years had rubbed the story from the village tablets.

It was a little disturbing, because for some time Cheriton had had his eye on that built-up dormer window. It was a double one and a fine bit of architecture.

Accommodation downstairs for the irresponsible bachelor was limited, and it seemed good to Cheriton to unseal the windows and make a luxurious smoking-lounge of the room originally lighted by them. This thing had been done, and only the previous evening the room had been greatly admired by such men as were even now staying in the house.

"Only yesterday I heard what you were doing," the General remarked, after a long pause. "Believe me, it is painful to drag myself thus from my solitude. But my duty lies plainly before me. To sit down quietly and allow things to take their course would be murder."

Sherlock's words thrilled with an absolute conviction. There was none of the conscious shame of a man who whispers of Fear in the cold ear of Courage.

"But, surely, General," Cheriton stam-

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mered, "you don't suppose that this family curse, or whatever it is, holds good with strangers?"

"Indeed I do, Captain Cheriton. Did I not tell you that a valued old servant of our family met his death in the same horrible way?"

"But his mind might have become unhinged. You are, of course, aware that suicide sometimes takes the nature of an epidemic. No sooner does a man destroy himself in some novel way, than a score of people follow his example."

A little pool of light glittered in the General's eyes.

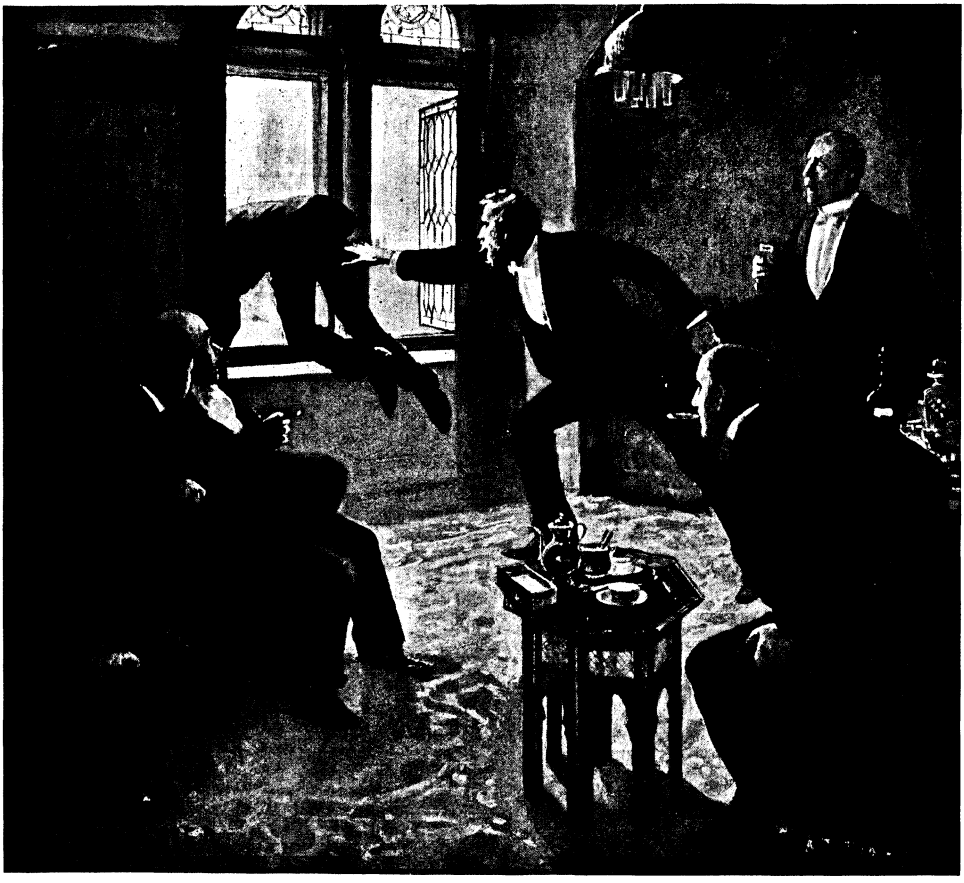
"You are an obstinate man, I see," he said.

"Well, I like to get to the bottom of things. To be perfectly candid, if I do what you suggest, I shall be laughed at. It is only a very brave man, or a very great fool, who is impervious to ridicule. And I'm bound to confess to a strong desire to investigate this business further."

"Then you won't close that window again?"

"General, this is the beginning of the twentieth century!"

General Sherlock drew himself up as if shaking the burden of the years from his shoulders. He seemed to expand, his voice grew firm, the tiny pools in his eyes filled them with a liquid flame of anger.



"The same instant Scott had dived for it clean through the window."

"I see I must tell you the whole shameful story," he said. "My duty lies plainly before me, and I must follow it at any cost. My grandfather was an unmitigated scoundrel; he broke his wife's heart, he drove his daughter and his sons from him. There was also a story of a betrayed gipsy girl, and a curse—the same curse that was to fall on this house and those who dwelt there for all time—but I need not go into that. For years my grandfather lived here

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alone, with an old drunken scoundrel of a servant to do his bidding; indeed, it was rarely that either of them was sober."

The General paused, but Cheriton made no response.

"Well, the time was near at hand when the tragedy was to come. It so happened, one winter evening, when the snow was on the ground and the air was cold, that a coaching accident happened hard by. It so happened also that one of the injured was the daughter of my grandfather, to whom I have already alluded. She was badly hurt, but she managed to crawl here for a night's lodging. It was quite dark when she arrived, dark and terribly cold. Ill and suffering as she was, my poor aunt was refused admission by that scoundrel; they thrust her out in their drunken fury, to perish if she pleased. She staggered a few yards into the courtyard, she lay down with her face to the stars and died. No words of mine could convey more than that.

"The room with the dormer window was my grandfather's den. It was late the following afternoon before he came from his debauched sleep; the setting sun was shining in the courtyard as he looked out. And there, with a smile upon her face, lay Mary Sherlock—dead.

"A cry rang through the house, the cry of a soul calling for mercy. Then, in a dull, mechanical way, the wretched man drew to the window, he flung back the leaded casement, and cast himself headlong to the ground. Then——"

The General paused, as if unable to proceed, and held out his hand.

"I can say no more," he remarked presently. "If I have not convinced you now, then indeed my efforts have been wasted. Good-bye. Whether or not I shall ever see you again rests entirely with yourself."

"I am not unmoved," Cheriton replied. "Good-bye, and thank you sincerely."

II.

UNDER ordinary circumstances they were a cheerful lot at Bernemore. Cheriton was a capital host, he chose his company carefully, and Ida Cheriton, a wife of six months' standing, had charms both of wit and beauty.

She looked a little more dainty and fragile than usual, as she sat at the foot of the dinner-table; her grey eyes were introspective, for there was another joy coming to her out of the future, and it filled her with a soft alarm. In her own absent fit she did not notice the absence of mind of her husband.

It was summer time, and no lights gleamed across the table, save the falling lances of sunshine playing on flowers and bloomy grapes. The air was heavy with the fragrance of peaches and new-mown clover.

There were perhaps a dozen people dining there altogether. Dixon and his wife, of Cheriton's old regiment; Michelmore the author and his bride, with a naval lieutenant named Acton, and Ida Cheriton's brother Charlie, a nervous, highly strung youth, with a marvellous record still making at Oxford.

"What's the matter with Cheriton?" Acton demanded, when the last swish of silk and muslin had died away. "Pass the cigarettes, Dixon. Out with it, Ralph."

"I dare say you fellows will laugh at me," Cheriton remarked sententiously.

"I dare say," Acton replied. "I laugh at most things. You don't mean that you have found a tame ghost or something of that kind."

"It isn't a ghost, it's a story that I heard to-day. I'm going to tell you the story, and then you can judge for yourselves."

Cheriton commenced in silence, and finished with the same complimentary stillness. On the whole, Acton was the least impressed.

"I am bound to confess that it sounds creepy enough," he remarked. "But a machine-made man can hardly be expected to swallow this kind of thing without a protest. I'll bet you on one thing—no unseen hand could ever lure *me* to chuck myself out of that window."

"I wouldn't be sure of that, Acton," Michelmore said gravely.

"Ah! you're a novelist, you have a profound imagination. A pony I sleep in that room to-night, and beat you a hundred up at billiards before breakfast to-morrow."

No response was made to this liberal offer, for latter-day convention in not usually shaken off, influenced by neat claret imbibed under circumstances calculated to cheer. Only Cheriton looked troubled. "Well, somebody's got to knock the bottom out of this nonsense," Acton protested. "General Sherlock has done some big things in his days, but he's eighty years of age. Let us go up to the smoking-room and investigate. There's a good hour or more of daylight yet, and we may find something."

With a certain contempt for his own weakness, Cheriton complied. Once in the room, he could see nothing to foster or

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encourage fear. The apartment was furnished as a Moorish divan; it was bright and cheerful. From the dormer window a charming view of the country was obtained. Acton threw the casements back and looked out. His keen, sunburnt face was lighted by a dry smile.

"Well, how do you feel?" asked Dixon.

"Pretty well, thank you," Acton laughed. "I have no impulses, nor do I yearn to throw myself down, not a cent's worth. Come and try, Charlie."

Charlie Scott drew back and shivered. Cheriton's story had appealed vividly to his sensitive, highly strung nature.

"Call me a coward if you like," he said, "but I couldn't lean out of that window as you are doing, for all Golconda. I could kick myself for my weakness, but it is there all the same."

Acton dropped into a comfortable lounge with a smile of contempt. Scott flushed as he saw this, and timidly suggested that the windows should be closed. With a foot high in the air, Acton protested vigorously.

"No, no," he cried. "Believe what you please, but do not pander to this nonsense. If you *should* feel like doing the Curtius business, give us a call, and we'll sit on your head, Charlie. But in the name of common sense leave the windows open."

A murmur of approval followed. The line had to be drawn somewhere. As yet no note of tragedy dominated the conversation. Acton and Dixon were deep in the discussion of forthcoming Ascot, and Cheriton joined fitfully in their conversation. Only Michelmore and Scott were silent. The novelist was studying the sensitive face of his young companion, a face white and uneasy, lighted by eyes that gleamed like liquid fire. His glance was drawn to the open window, he sat gazing in that direction with a gaze that never moved.

Then, in a dazed kind of way, he rose and took a step forward. His eyes were glazed and fixed in horror and repugnance. He looked like a man going to the commission of some vile crime against which his whole soul rebelled. Michelmore watched him with the subtle analysis of his tribe.

For the moment Cheriton seemed to have thrown off the weight from his shoulders. He was lying back in a big arm-chair and discussing the prospects of certain horses. And he was just faintly ashamed of himself.

But Michelmore's quiet, ruminative eyes were everywhere. He was watching Scott with the zest of an expert in the dissecting of emotions, but ready in a moment to restrain the other should he go too far.

It was a thrilling moment for the novelist, at any rate. He saw Scott creeping gently like a cat to the window, groping with his hands as he went, like one who is blind or in the dark. The horror of a great loathing was in his eyes, yet he went on, and on, steadily.

Michelmore stretched out a hand and detained Scott as he passed. At the touch of live, palpitating human fingers he pulled up suddenly, as if he had just received an electric shock.

"Where are you going to?" Michelmore asked in a thin, grating voice.

"I was going to throw myself out of that window," he said.

"Oh! So Cheriton's story had all that effect upon you. Take my advice, and chuck your books for the present. You are in a bad way."

"I'm nothing of the kind, Michelmore. I'm as sound in mind and body as you are. Even if I had never heard that story, the same impulse would have come over me on entering this room. You'll feel it sooner or later, and so will the rest of them. The impulse has passed now, but after to-night you do not catch me in here again."

Michelmore did not laugh, for the simple reason that he knew Scott to be speaking from sheer conviction. His was no mind diseased. It was impossible to note that clear skin and clear eye, and doubt that. Michelmore stepped across the room to answer some question of Acton's, and for the moment Scott was forgotten. When the novelist turned again, a cry of horror broke from him.

He saw Scott rise to his feet as if some unseen force had jerked him; he saw the victim of this nameless horror cross like a flash to the window. Then he darted forward and made a wild clutch for Scott's arm. At the same instant Scott had dived for it clean through the window. There was a vision like an empty sack fluttering from a warehouse shoot, and then a dull, hideous, sickening smash below.

Though the whole room took in the incident like a flash, nobody moved for a moment. Who does not know the jar and the snap of a broken limb, the sense of all that is to follow, and the void of pain for the merciful fraction of a merciful second? And then——

And then every man was on his feet. They clattered, heedless of necks, down the stairs, all save Acton, who crossed to the

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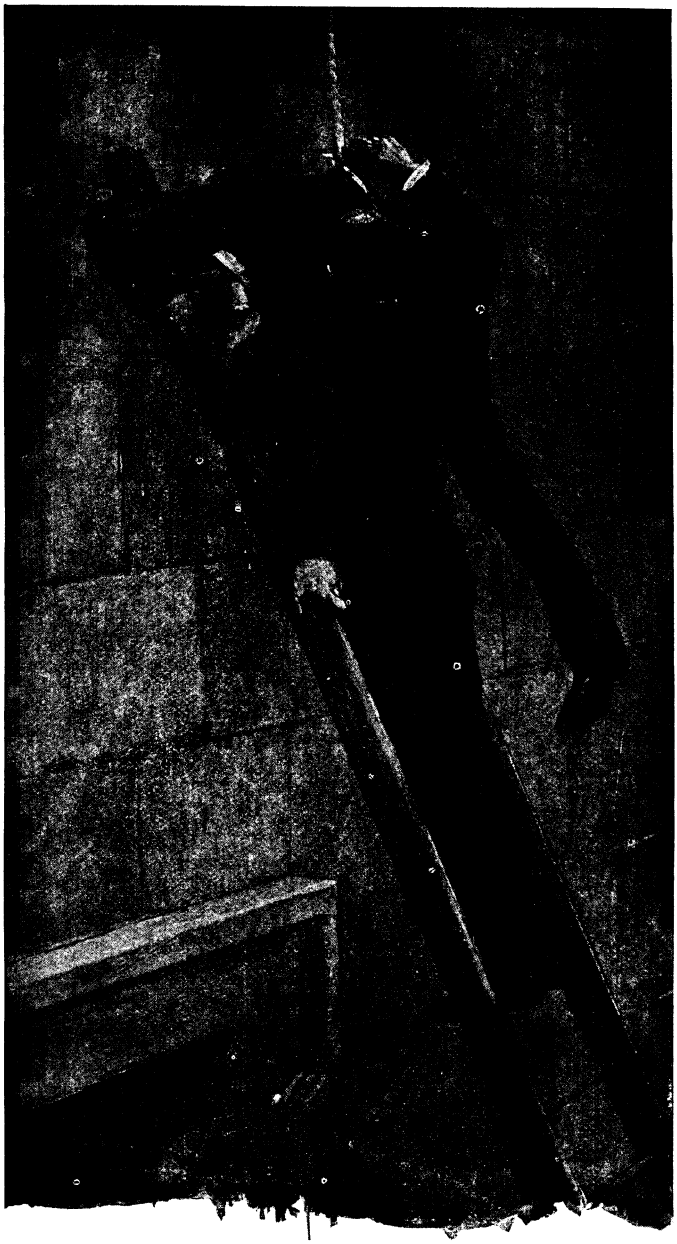

"Cheriton sawed through the cords with a pocket-knife."

window. He saw a heap of black and white grotesquely twisted on the stones, he saw a slim white figure in satin staring down at a bruised face no whiter than her own.

"God help her!" Acton sobbed. "It's Mrs. Cheriton."

It was. She stood motionless like a statue until the men reached the courtyard. Scott had fallen at her very feet as she was passing into the garden; a single spot of blood glistened on her white gown. She made no sound, though her face twitched and the muscles about her mouth vibrated like harp-strings. Cheriton laid a shaking hand on his wife's shoulder.

"You must come out of this at once," he said hoarsely.

But the fascinating horror of the thing still held Ida Cheriton to the spot. If she could only scream, or faint, or cry—anything but that grey torpor and the horrible twitching of the muscles!

Not until the limp form of Scott was raised from the flags did sound come from Ida's lips. Then she laughed, a laugh low down in her throat, and gradually rising, till the air rang with the screaming inhuman mirth. Cheriton caught Ida in his arms and carried her into the house. The curse of Cain seemed to have fallen upon him. It was he and he alone who had brought about this nameless thing. With a sense of agony and shame, he averted his eyes from those of his wife. But he need not have done so, for Ida had fainted dead away upon his shoulder.

Meanwhile, they had laid Scott out upon a bed brought hurriedly down into the hall. He still breathed; a moan and a shudder came from him ever and again. The horror of his face was caused by something more than pain. Then Cheriton came headlong in.

"Can I do anything!" Acton whispered.

"Yes, yes!" Cheriton cried. "For the love of Heaven go for the doctor! Ride in to Castleford, and bring the first man you can find. Go quickly, for my wife is dying!"

III.

Scott was not dead. The fall had been severe and the injury great, but the un-

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fortunate man still lingered. It was nearly midnight before an anxious, haggard doctor came downstairs.

Cheriton was waiting there. For the last two hours he had been pacing up and down the polished oak floor chewing the cud of a restless, blistering agony.

"My wife!" he gasped, "she is——?"

"Asleep," Dr. Morrison replied. "She is likely to remain asleep for some hours. To be candid, Mrs. Cheriton is under the influence of a strong narcotic. There was no other way of preserving her reason."

"She has not suffered in—otherwise? You know what I mean. Morrison, if anything like that has happened, I shall destroy myself!"

The man of medicine laid a soothing hand upon the speaker's arm. He noted the white, haggard face and the restless eyes.

"You would be none the worse for a tonic yourself," he said. "Mrs. Cheriton is suffering from a great shock. Apart from brain mischief, I apprehend no serious results. What we want to do for the present is to keep that brain dormant. In any case, it will be some weeks before Mrs. Cheriton is herself again. You must be prepared to find her mind temporarily unhinged."

Cheriton swallowed a groan. Then he asked after Scott.

"No hope there, I suppose?" he said.

"Well, yes, strange as it may seem. There is concussion of the brain and a fractured thigh, but I can detect no internal injuries. I can do no more to-night."

Ida Cheriton was sleeping peacefully. There was no sign on her face of the terrible shock she had so lately sustained. She breathed lightly as a little child. As Cheriton entered, Mrs. Michelmore rose out of the shadow beyond the pool of light cast from a shaded candle.

"I am going to stay here till morning," she said.

Cheriton protested feebly. But he was too worn and spent to contend the point. The last two hours seemed to have aged him terribly. The crushing weight of terror held him down and throttled him. General Sherlock's face rose up before him like an avenging shadow. A wild longing to fly from the house and its nameless horror came over him.

Quivering and fluttering in every limb, Cheriton crept downstairs again. A solitary lamp burned in the hall, the house had grown still and quiet. Acton sat in the shadow, smoking a cigarette.

"I have been waiting for you," he said. "The others have gone to bed. It seemed to them that they would be best out of the way, only, of course, they earnestly desire to be called if their services are required."

"Hadn't you better follow their example?" Cheriton asked.

"What are you going to do, then?" Acton suggested. "My dear fellow, I simply couldn't go to bed to-night. Not that I am impressed by this horrible business quite in the same way as yourself—I mean as to its occult side. It's a ghastly coincidence, all the same."

"It may be," Cheriton said wearily. "Heaven only knows!"

With a heavy sigh he rose from his place and crossed the hall. A deadly faintness came upon him, he staggered almost to his fall. His eyes closed, his head fell upon his breast—a strange desire to sleep came over him.

"I'll lie here and close my eyes for a bit," he said.

In a long deck-chair Acton made his friend comfortable. Exhausted Nature asserted herself at length, and Cheriton slept. A minute or two later and the sound of his laboured breathing filled the hall.

"He'll not move for hours," Acton muttered. "Now's my chance."

He moved away quietly, but with resolution. The level-headed sailor, with his logical, mathematical mind, a mind that must have a formula for everything, was by no means satisfied. He would get to the bottom of this thing. If he could do nothing else, he would rob the situation of its unseen terrors.

Without the slightest feeling of excitement, and with nerves that beat as steadily as his own ship's engines, he proceeded to his room, From thence he took a fine hempen rope, and, with this in his hand, proceeded to creep along till he came to the chamber of the dormer window.

Quite coolly he passed in and closed the door behind him. He switched on the electric light and opened the windows wide. Then, with a smile of contempt for his concession to popular prejudices, he proceeded to scientifically arrange the rope he had brought with him. An hour passed, two hours passed, and then Acton rose laggardly to his feet. His face had grown set and pale, his eyes were fixed upon the open window.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Cheriton had been sleeping like a man overcome with wine. An hour or more passed away before the nature of his

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"With a force that surprised Cheriton she pulled at his arms."

slumber changed. Then he began to dream horribly—awful dreams of falling through space and being drawn down steep places by evil eyes and mocking spirits.

Then somebody cried out, and Cheriton came to his consciousness. His heart was beating like a steam hammer, a profuse sweat ran down his face. All the dread weight of trouble fell upon him again.

"I could have sworn I heard somebody call," he said.

He listened intently, quivering from head to foot like a dog scenting danger. It was no fancy, for again the cry was repeated. In the stillness of the night Cheriton could locate the direction easily. It came from outside the house. From one painted window a long lance of moonlight glistened on the polished floor. Outside it was light as day.

With trembling hands Cheriton drew the bolts and plunged into the garden.

"Who called?" he asked. "Where are you?"

"Round here, opposite the courtyard," came a faint voice, which Cheriton had no difficulty in recognising as that of Acton. "Bring a ladder quickly, for I am pretty well done for. Thank goodness somebody heard me!"

Cheriton found a short ladder after some little search, and with it on his shoulders made his way round to the courtyard upon which the dormer window gave. At this very spot the tragedy had taken place.

"Get the ladder up quickly!" Acton gasped.

Cheriton complied as swiftly as his astonishment permitted. Acton was suspended some fifteen feet from the ground by a rope firmly tied about his body. He was hanging head downwards, and making feeble efforts to right himself and get a good hand-purchase on the rope. As the ladder was reared he contrived to get a grip and a foothold. He panted and gasped like a man who has been forced under water till his strength is exhausted.

"In the name of Fortune," asked Cheriton, "what does it mean?"

"Get me free first," Acton gurgled. "This rope is sawing me in two. You shall know all about it presently. Just for the moment I would pledge my soul for a glass of brandy and soda-water."

Cheriton sawed through the cords with a pocket-knife, and then helped the limp figure of Acton to the ground. A minute or two later, and the latter was reclining on a chair, with a full tumbler clinking against his teeth. The colour filtered into his cheeks presently, his hand grew steady.

"I wouldn't go through the last half-hour again for a flagship," he explained. "After you had gone to sleep, I made up my mind to test the dormer window business for myself. So as to be absolutely on the safe side, I fastened the end of a coil of rope to the stone pillar inside the window frame, and the other end I made fast round my own waist. Then I lighted a cigarette and waited.

"It was perhaps an hour before I experienced any sensation. Then I found that I could not keep my eyes from that window. I abandoned the struggle to do so, and then I had a mind-picture of myself lying dead on the stones below. I could see every hurt and wound distinctly. A violent fit of trembling came over me, and I was conscious of a deep feeling of depression. My mind was permeated with the idea that I had committed some awful crime. I was shunned by everybody about me. The only way out of the thing was to take my own life. Then I rose and made my way to the window.

"I give you my word of honour, Cheriton, I struggled against that impulse until I was as weak and feeble as a little child. I had entirely forgotten that I was protected from damage by the rope. If I had remembered, I should have most certainly been compelled to remove it, and by this time I should be lying dead and mangled in the courtyard. I would not go through it all again for the Bank of England. The horror is indescribable.

"Well, I fought till I could fight no longer. With a wild cry I closed my eyes and made a headlong dash for the window. I flung myself out. I fell until the cord about my waist checked me and nearly dislocated every limb. Then came the strangest part of this strange affair. Once I was clear of that infernal room, the brooding depression passed from me, and my desire was to save my life, to struggle for it to the end. I was myself again, with nerves as strong and steady as ever, and nothing troubling me beyond the weakness engendered by my efforts to get free. I was forced to cry for help at last, and fortunately you heard my call. And I'm not going to doubt any more. For Heaven's sake have that window blocked up without delay!"

Cheriton turned his grey face to the light.

"I will," he said. "It shall be done as soon as possible. How faithfully General Sherlock's prophecy has been verified I know to my sorrow."

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IV.

SCOTT would recover. There was an infinite consolation in the doctor's fiat, which he gave two days later. His recovery would of necessity be painfully slow, for the injuries were many and deep-rooted. But youth and a good constitution, in the absence of internal injuries, would do much.

As yet Scott was unconscious. Nor was the condition of Ida Cheriton very much better. It had been deemed prudent to tell her the good news so far as Scott was concerned, but it seemed to convey very little impression.

For, sooth to say, the patient was not progressing as well as she might. She did not seem to be able to shake off the strange mistiness that clouded her intellect, she could only remember the horror she had seen. Charlie was dead, and she had watched him come headlong to his destruction. During her waking hours she lay still and numb, the horror still in her eyes.

"It isn't madness?" Cheriton asked hoarsely.

"No," Morrison replied. "I should say not. The shock has caused the brain to cease working for a time. Personally, I should prefer delirium. I can only pursue my present course of treatment. When the trembling fits come on, the drug will have to be administered as ordered. I will take care that you have plenty of it in the house."

There was no more to be said, no more to be done, only to wait and hope. One or two drear, miserable days dragged their weary length along. The house was devoid of guests by this time; it was better thus, with two patients there fighting for health and reason, and the whole place was under the sway of two clear-eyed nurses whose word was law.

As yet no steps had been taken to have an end put to the cause of all the mischief. Under the circumstances that was impossible. Anything in the way of noise would have been sternly interdicted, and it was out of the question to dispense with din and clamour with masons and bricklayers about. Not that there was any danger, for everybody shunned the haunted room like the plague. Not a servant would have entered it for untold gold.

A great stillness lay over the house, for it was night again. Downstairs, in the dining-room, Cheriton dined alone, and smoked gloomily afterwards. The soothing influence of tobacco was one of the few consolations he possessed. He rose for another cigarette, but his cupboard was empty.

In the trouble and turmoil of the last few days the all-important tobacco question had been forgotten. It seemed to Cheriton that he had never thirsted for a cigarette as he did at this moment. He positively ached for it.

Then he recollected. On the night of the tragedy they had all been smoking in the room with the dormer window. There were a couple of boxes up there, both of them practically intact. To get them would be an easy matter.

Cheriton hesitated but a moment, then he passed up the stairs. As he opened the door of the haunted chamber and turned up the light, he saw the window was open, for nobody had entered since the adventure of Acton there. Cheriton grabbed the boxes of cigarettes and turned to leave the room.

As he did so he glanced involuntarily at the open window. He shuddered and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he found, to his surprise and horror, that he was some feet closer to the window than before. A cold perspiration chilled him to the bone, he tried to move and tried in vain.

When he did move, it was to advance still nearer to the window. Suddenly there came over him a wave of depression, the same feeling of dull despair so graphically described by Acton. It drew him on and on.

"Great Heaven!" he groaned, "I am lost! My poor wife!"

Then a strange thing happened. A light foot was heard coming up the stairs. A moment later and Ida stood in the corridor in full view of her husband. She made a sweet and thrilling picture, in her white, clinging gown covered with foamy lace; her shining hair hung over a pair of ivory shoulders.

"Ralph," she said, and her voice was low and sweet, "I want you."

She had risen from her bed in the temporary absence of her nurse. Something in her clouded brain bade her seek for her husband. In a dim fashion she saw him, knew that he stood before her.

She advanced with a tender half-smile. A sudden ray of hope jostled and almost released Cheriton's frozen limbs. Then he saw that the danger was likely to be doubled, the peril hers as well as his.

"Do not come any further," he cried. "Do not, I implore you!"

Ida paused, half irresolute. What was Ralph doing there, and why did he look at

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her with that face of terror? Then the cloud rolled back from her brain for a moment. It was from that fatal room that Charlie had gone to his death. A quivering little cry escaped her.

"Come to me!" she implored. "Come to me, Ralph. Why are you in that awful place? If you do not come, I must come to you."

She advanced with hands outstretched and eyes full of entreaty. And Cheriton made an effort that turned him faint and dazy. Once Ida entered that room, he knew only too well that nothing could save the pair of them. But he could not move, he could only wave Ida back and speak with dumb lips.

She came on, and on, until her hands lay on his. With a force that surprised Cheriton she pulled at his arms. There was no longer the light of madness in her eyes, but a desire to save him fighting the terror that overcame her. The slim, white figure had a strength almost divine.

"For my sake!" she cried. "Come, come, come!"

As her voice rose higher and higher, some of her strength seemed to pass into Cheriton. He no longer looked to the window. He raised one foot and put it down a good yard nearer the door. With a last mighty effort, and an effort that turned him sick and dizzy, and strained his heart to bursting point, he gathered Ida in his arms and cleared the space to the door with a spring. The lock was snapped, then the key went whizzing through a window into a thicket of shrubs, where it was found many days after.

Cheriton dropped in the corridor, and there he lay unconscious for a time. When he came to himself again, Ida was bending over him. Her sweet eyes were filled with tears, but in those eyes swam the light of reason. "Don't speak, dear," Ida said tenderly. "I know everything now. I heard them talking as behind a veil when I lay there, but now I understand. Ralph, did you not tell me that Charlie would live?"

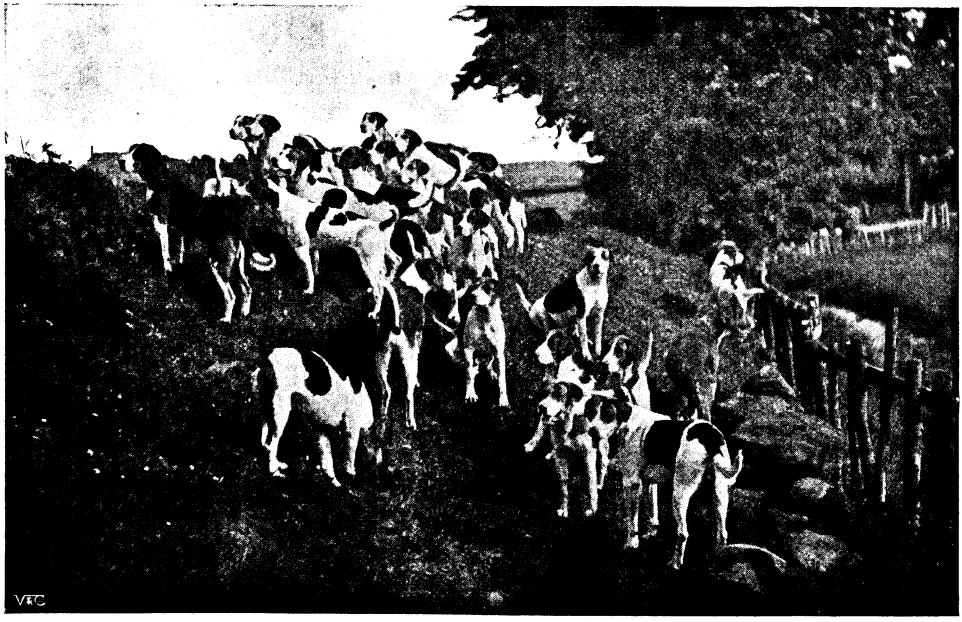
"The doctor said so, darling. Ida, you have saved my life."

"Yes, and I fancy I have saved my reason at the same time. Take me back to my room, please; I am so tired, so tired."

Ida closed her eyes and slept again. But it was the dreamless sleep of the child, the nurse said with a smile, and there would be no more anxiety now. All the same, Mr. Cheriton must go away at once. As to his wife, it was a mere matter of time; Nature would do the rest.

* * * * *

People who know the story of the dormer window are many, but of all those who speak with authority not one can explain what lies beyond the veil.



CAPTIVES OF THE CAMERA.
A photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

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A REVIVAL AND A REMEDY.

MOTOR FIEND: Now then, my man, look sharp and get the gate open!
GATEKEEPER: Number one ought sevin, ain't yer?
MOTOR FIEND: Yes; hurry up!
GATEKEEPER: Well, then, you ain't due here for a matter of twenty minutes or so, by the time the last gate has just telephoned me.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

THE Cabinet Minister feverishly clambered up the steps and floundered down into the last garden seat. He was a man advanced in years, but had become so in his country's service.

"Sir!" he gasped, addressing his neighbour, "I want the benefit of your advice without delay. You are the Man on the Top of the Omnibus?"

"Right in once!" said the man.

"A crisis of the gravest description has arisen. I have just read of it in the paper. You doubtless have also read of it in the paper."

The Cabinet Minister drew forth from his pocket a copy of the *Daily Midge* and a piece of his breakfast toast and devoured them simultaneously. "Ah! here it is!" he exclaimed, pointing to the one and speaking as well as the other would allow him.

"I've cast my eye over it," said the man.

"Well?" asked the Cabinet Minister, "is it peace or war?"

"Don't let 'em come it over us," said the man proudly, if huskily.

"That is your sober conclusion?" demanded the Cabinet Minister, with anxiety deepening the lines on his unshaven face.

"Sober!" ejaculated the man, with some indignation. "Who says I'm not sober? We are the soldiers of the——"

"Yes, yes!" said the Cabinet Minister deprecatingly, but the martial strain had already been taken up by a passer-by.

The Cabinet Minister cast one glance at the pavement, swallowed the last mouthful of toast, and commenced a wild descent.

"Sir!" he cried, as he emerged from the road sweepings, "a word with you."

"What ho!" said the man.

"You are the Man in the Street. That is so, is it not?"

"Suppose I am?" said the man, with chilling hauteur.

"Then it is your counsel that must decide us. You are aware that for a considerable time negotiations of a difficult and dangerous character have been conducted between ourselves and our neighbours."

"The paper gives it all in large print daily," said the man.

"Yes, yes! Thank goodness the old secrecy has disappeared from our policy. But what do you make of it?"

"I don't take much count of it," said the man.

"The question is simply whether or not we must resort to the dread arbitrament of war," said the Cabinet Minister, hanging upon the other's answer.

"Down with 'em!" said the man emphatically. There was no room to doubt as to the definiteness

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A CASE OF UNDERSTUDY.

"MISTRESS says you must tell your mother the washing isn't well done this week."
"Muvver's away."
"Well, who does the washing when your mother's away?"
"Farver and anuvver gentleman."

of his decision. The Cabinet Minister sighed. He personally had other views, but he was the servant of his country.

"And now the important point is——" he began.

"What is it to be?" said the man, and the Cabinet Minister perceived that he was in the refreshment-room of one of the Metropolitan stations.

He did not wait to answer, for he marked a figure hastening down the steps. He rushed after him, burst open the closing barrier and into the train, sinking down into a seat opposite to the man who had preceded him.

The man was at once immersed in the morning paper, but the Cabinet Minister was not to be denied. He tapped the other's knee.

"You are, I perceive," he said, "the Man in the City Train."

"Of course. Who did you take me for?" said the other testily.

"That being so," rejoined the Cabinet Minister, suavely ignoring the other's manner, "I am all impatience to hear the conclusions you have come to after the perusal of your morning paper."

The man put down his paper with a gesture that told eloquently of his unflinching resolve.

"We must hold our own," he said.

"By our own, you mean——?" queried the Cabinet Minister, combating bravely with the strain upon his nerves.

"Anything of anybody's we can get," replied the man, turning absently to the City column.

The Cabinet Minister rose with clenched hands and a firm-set mouth at the next station. He had appealed to Cæsar.

That afternoon he thundered forth his ultimatum.

H. W.

HUSBAND: But when this disreputable man came to the door and said I had fallen in the pond, what made you believe him?

WIFE: Because he said he wanted your best clothes and new overcoat, as a dry change for you to come home in; and of course I gave them to him.

A DAIRY farmer was driving into the village on a recent wet morning, when he was accosted by a friend going in the opposite direction. "Hullo, Mac! why don't you leave the lids off your cans on a morning like this?" "Tuts! man, I don't trust to Providence for that," was the prompt reply.

SAID the counsel, who was cross-examining a Scotch peasant: "You state that you were just going home to a meal when this happened. Let us be quite clear on this point, as it is a very important one: now tell me, sir, with as little prevarication as possible, what meal it was that you were going home to."

The Scotsman turned and, facing his questioner, said: "Ye wad like tae know what meal it was?"

"Yes, sir, I should!" replied the counsel sternly.

"Weel, then, it was oatmeal!"

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THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER.

By Gelett Burgess.

With illustrations by the Author.

I.

A Plumber, on returning home one night,
Once met a very, very pretty Princess;
It was a flagrant case of Love-at-Sight,
Where ardour and sincerity convinces.

II.

She blushed and said, "I'd love to be your wife
A Plumber must be terribly romantic!"
She'd never seen mechanic in her life,
And so you mustn't think her too romantic.'

III.

"But still," she said, ' I fear you're pretty poor;
I have a most aristocratic father;
But as you are accomplished, to be sure,
Perhaps you'll win." The Plumber muttered,
"Rather!"

IV.

The King received the two with kindly word,
And asked the happy man to stay to dinner.
The Plumber's table manners were absurd,
The Princess feared that he would never win her.

V.

The King, demanding coffee and liqueur,
Presented to his guest a large Perfecto;
Then said, "Now tell me what's your title, sir:
That is the only thing I might object to!"

VI.

"I am a Proletarian, you know,"
The Plumber said, "but I'm a Knight of Labour!"
The King replied, "That title doesn't go!
I hardly care to have you for a neighbour!"

VII.

The Princess feared her royal father's ire,
And knew too well what probably was coming.
"Let's use him while he's here," she told her sire,
The kitchen sink is quite in need of plumbing!"

VIII.

The Monarch gaily led him to the sink;
The Princess went along and held the candle.
"He plumbs divinely, pa, I really think!"
She murmured, when his tools he 'gan to handle.

IX.

At last the man arose, and then the King
In hesitating accents asked his prices.
The Plumber said, "Oh! that's a little thing;
Exorbitance is not one of my vices!"

X.

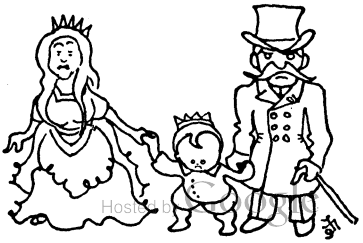
The Monarch and his daughter dared not speak;
The Plumber sat him down beside a table
And figured at the items for a week,
Then added them as well as he was able.

XI.

But when at last he gave the King the bill,
The Sovereign said, "Why, really, you *have* talents!
Just kindly take the Princess, if you will,
And when I can, I'll pay you off the balance!"

XII.

And so the pretty Princess had her way,
(The Monarch never knew quite what it all meant.)
The Plumber and his bride still live, they say,
In ease upon their annual instalment!



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It was speech day at the high school, and Miss Jane Emersonia-Smith was called upon to recite, for the edification of the relatives and friends who had foregathered in the great hall to see the prizes distributed. Thereupon little Miss Jane Emersonia-Smith stood forth and declaimed:—

"Coruscate, coruscate, diminutive stellar orb!
How inexplicable to me seems the stupendous problem of thy existence!
Elevated to such an immeasurable distance in the illimitable depths of space apparently in a perpendicular direction from the terraqueous planet we occupy!
Resembling in thy dazzling and unapproachable effulgence a crystallised carbon gem of unsurpassing brilliancy and impenetrability, glittering in the ethereal vault whose boundless immensity we endeavour to bring within the compass of the human intellectual grasp by the use of the concrete term firmament!"

When she had finished reciting these touching lines in her rapt, soulful way, and sat down, there wasn't a dry spectacle in the room.

"By the way," said the stranger who had stopped at a farmhouse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in."

"Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him, you fed him, gave him an old suit of clothes and a shilling. He told you at the time that he would never forget your kindness. Am I right?"

"I think you are," replied the farmer, now fully interested.

"He said that if he prospered, he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, it seems as if you must have seen him!"

"I have," said the stranger, "and he sent a message to you. He told me to tell you that he is still poor."

As the stranger drove away, the farmer went out and kicked the pump, while his wife threw a rolling pin at the chickens.

THE WEATHER PROPHET.

Vicar's Daughter: How do you know it's going to be fine, Mike?
Weather Prophet: 'Cos I'm sure it's goin' to be wet; an' when I'm sure it's goin' to be wet, it's always sure to be fine.

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ASPIRATION.

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

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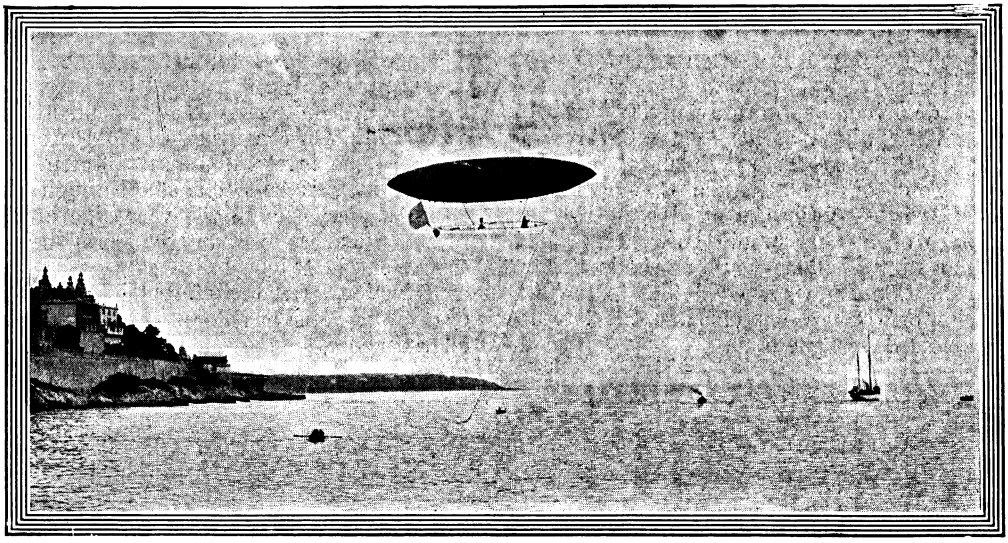
THE OVERSEA EXPERIMENTS OF SANTOS-DUMONT.

By Sterling Heilig.*

(M. Santos-Dumont, during his last winter's flights over the Mediterranean, was occupied with experiments quite different from those which took him around the Eiffel Tower in Paris. There, for a time, he went aside from his steadfast practice, to accomplish a set task and win a prize. Here he resumed experimenting for his own information. A leading authority, M. Armengaud, *jeune*, President of the Société Française de Navigation Aérienne, pronounces the results of these five flights, in spite of the final catastrophe, to be as valuable as any previously obtained.—S. H.)

On the sunny morning of the 28th of January, 1902, the airship "Santos-Dumont No. 6" made its first flight over the Bay of Monaco. Swifter than any steam-launch could follow, it sped out to sea, not swerving a point to right or to left. Soon it was over the open Mediterranean. On it sped until it seemed no larger than a great bird. Then it turned and came back at the same high speed. When inside the little bay again, it slowed up, described a great circle, and mounted to the level of the terrace above the Pigeon Shooting Grounds at Monte Carlo. It approached so near that the lonely navigator of the air could call back acknowledgments to the congratulations of his friends below. Then it was out to sea again and back, and around in other circles, like a horse whose jockey puts him through his paces. To the sight-seeing crowd it made an exhilarating show of M. Santos-Dumont's control of his airship; while to the inventor, to his aids and intimates, the maritime experiment had peculiar interests, both technical and general.



THE AIRSHIP LEAVING THE BAY OF MONACO IN THE TEETH OF A WIND THAT BLOWS BACK THE SMOKE OF THE TWO STEAMERS. "WIND B."

Oversea ballooning has become the temptation of all European aeronauts. Lieutenant Tapissier, Director of the Toulon Maritime Ballooning Station, who accompanied Count Henry de la Vaulx in his recent highly subsidised but unsuccessful Mediterranean venture, says: "The balloon can render the Navy immense services, *on condition always that its direction can be assured.* Floating over the sea, it can be at once a bird's-eye scout and an offensive auxiliary of so delicate a character that the general service of the Navy has not yet allowed itself to pronounce upon the matter. We can no longer conceal it from ourselves, however, that the hour approaches when balloons, having become

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new military engines, will acquire from the point of view of battle-results a great and perhaps decisive importance."

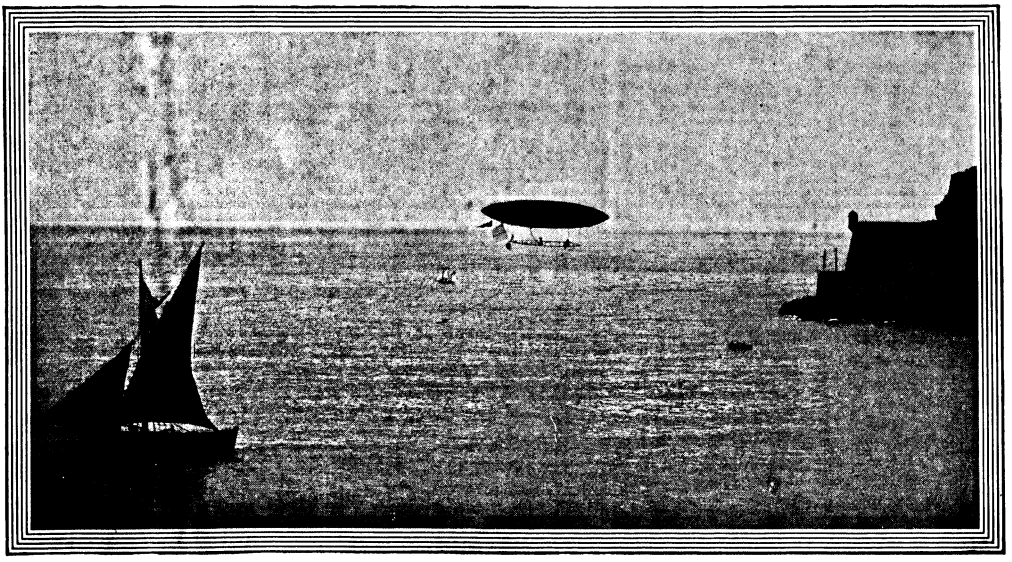
The far-seeing Henri Rochefort, who was in the habit of coming daily to the Aerodrome from his hotel on the heights of La Turbie, was moved to generalise this warning to his country: "On the day when the 'Santos-Dumont No. 7' shall show the speed which all calculations expect from it, there will remain little for the nations to do but to lay down their arms."

M. Santos-Dumont had already spent several industrious winters on the Riviera, while the weather made it impracticable to continue experimenting in Paris. Two seasons before he had made ascents from the Place Masséna, at Nice, in his "Santos-Dumont No. 3"; and during the previous winter, in a Monte Carlo carpenter-shop, he worked out the triangular-sectioned "keel" that was to save his life between the roofs of the Trocadero Hotels on the occasion of his famous fall in Paris. His friend, the Duc de Dino, had already invited him to spend the winter at his Monte Carlo villa. When, therefore, Prince Roland Bonaparte, President of the Scientific Commission of the Paris Aero Club, assured him that the Prince of Monaco would be glad to build him a winter balloon-house on the low shore of the Condamine, and aid him to make a series of oversea experiments, M. Santos-Dumont did not hesitate.

The little bay of Monaco, sheltered from behind against wind and cold by mountains, and from the wind and sea on both sides by the heights of Monte Carlo and Monaco town, seemed to offer an ideal situation for a balloon-house. The airship would be always ready, filled with hydrogen gas. It could dart out of the balloon-house when desired, and back again for shelter at the approach of squalls. The balloon-house could be erected on the edge of the shore, and the protected bay and open sea beyond would afford unlimited clear space for operation. If the maritime experiment is attractive to spherical balloonists, it is doubly so to the navigator of an airship, who, from the nature of things, is unable to carry a large provision of ballast. As will be seen, this proved a chief consideration.

BALLOON-HOUSE AND LANDING-STAGE.

When M. Santos-Dumont arrived at Monte Carlo, in the latter part of January, the Prince's balloon-house was already practically completed. On the heights of old Monaco town, in the lovely Botanical Garden that blooms in this soft climate through the entire winter, and on the very edge of the ragged cliffs that overhang the sea far below, this scientific Prince has a stone palace in construction for the lodging of his collection of deep-sea fauna and flora. Now, low down on the shore, in the centre of the crescent



THE AIRSHIP PURSUING ITS COURSE, HEAD-ON, IN A WIND WHICH KEEPS THE SAILS OF THE LITTLE BOAT STRAINING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. "WINDS."

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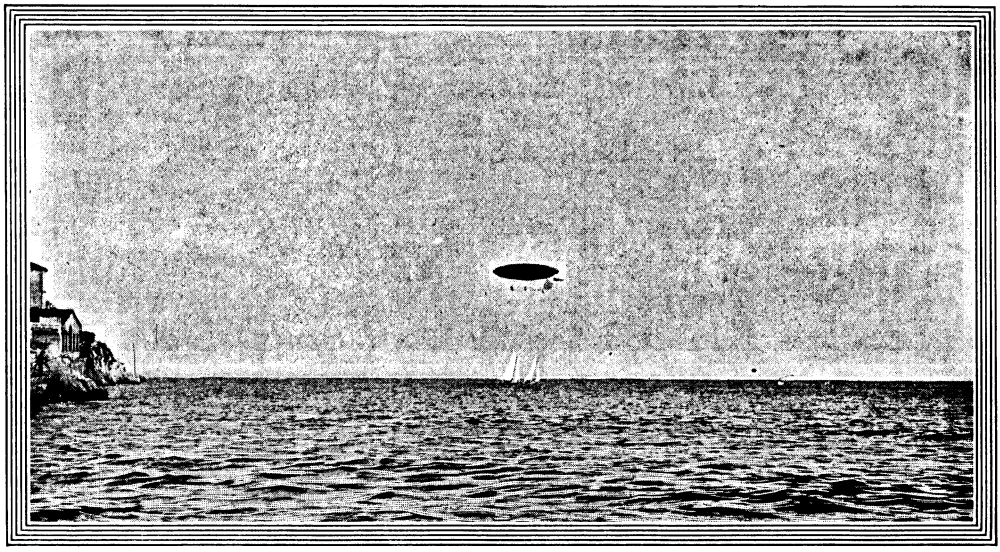

THE AIRSHIP DRIVING UP THE COAST, WHILE TWO SAILING-YACHTS DIRECTLY BENEATH ARE SAILING BEFORE A STIFF BREEZE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. "WIND A."

bay by the Boulevard de la Condamine, he had placed the balloon-house.

The new building rises just across the street-car tracks from the sea-wall, with the waters of the bay from eight to twelve feet below. It is an immense empty shell of wood and canvas over an iron skeleton, 182 ft. long, 33 ft. wide, and 50 ft. high. It had to be solidly constructed, not to risk the fate of the all-wood Aerodrome of Toulon, which was twice all but carried away by tempests. Its risky form—almost that of a balloon itself—seemed to invite sea squalls to lift it. Its sensational features are its doors. Tourists never tire of telling each other that these doors are the greatest ever made, in modern times or in antiquity. They slide above on wheels hanging from an iron construction that extends from the façade on each side, and below on wheels that roll over a rail. Each door is 50 ft. high by 17 ft. wide; and each weighs 9,680 lb. Their equilibrium is, nevertheless, so well calculated that, on the day of the inauguration, they were rolled apart by two little boys of eight and ten years respectively, the young Princes Ruspoli, grandsons of the Duc de Dino and his first wife, who was a Miss Curtis of New York.

After the first flight of the airship, it was seen that some serious miscalculations had been made with respect to the site of the Aerodrome. In the navigation of the air all is new, and surprises meet the experimenter at every turn. As we stood watching the "Santos-Dumont No. 6" steered out of its balloon-house, Mr. Robert Cook, so long the "Captain Bob Cook" who coached Yale crews to victory, said: "The airship has not yet its dock. Some kind of starting and landing stage will have to be devised."

This was exactly the state of the matter. The airship, loaded with ballast until it was a trifle heavier than the surrounding atmosphere, had to be towed, or rather helped, out of the balloon-house and across the street before it could be launched into the air over the sea-wall and drop its water-ballast, start its motor, point its nose slightly upwards, and dart off on its aerial voyage. Now the sea-wall just across the Boulevard proved to be a dangerous obstruction. From the sidewalk it was only waist high, but on the other side the surf rattled over the pebbles eight or ten feet below. The airship had to be lifted over it much more than waist high, not to risk damage to the great arms of the propeller; and when half over, there was no one to sustain it from the other side. The nose of the airship pointed obliquely downward at an alarming angle, while its stern threatened to grind on the wall. Scuffling among the pebbles down below, half-a-dozen workmen held their arms high towards the descending keel, pushed onwards by those behind the sea-wall, and they caught and righted it only in time to prevent the aeronaut being precipitated from his basket.

For this reason the entrance back into the balloon-house was the popular triumph of

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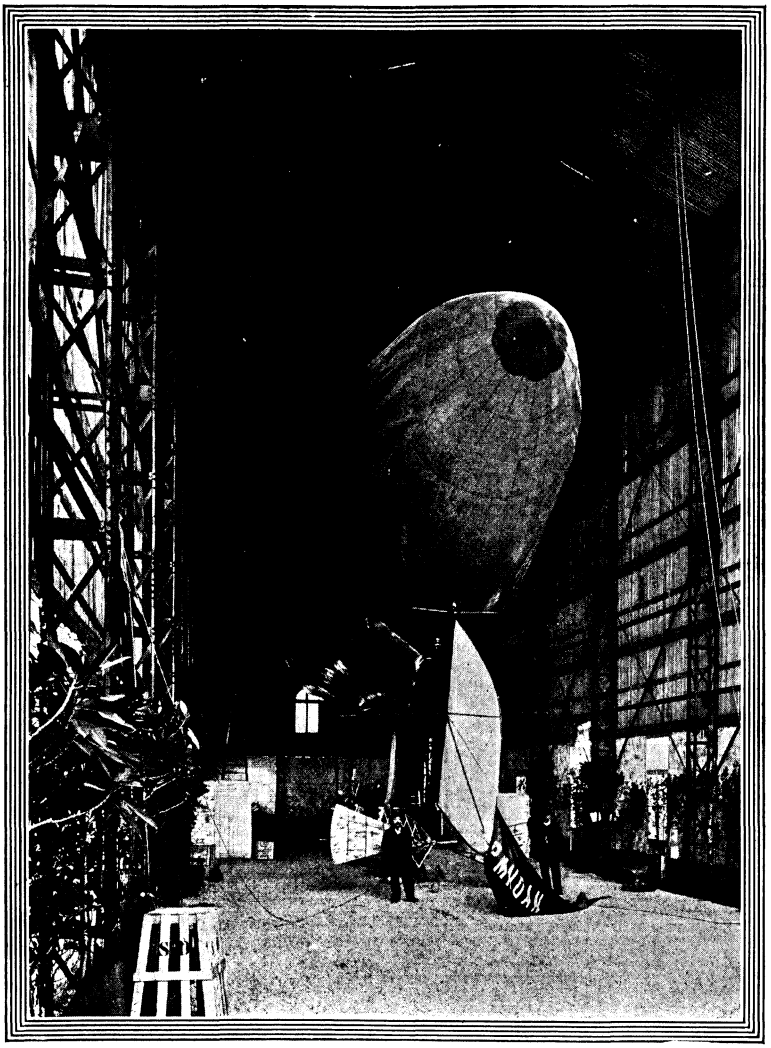
the experiment, for the crowd had at once taken cognisance of the perils of starting and landing.

Straight as a dart the airship came speeding to us on the shore. The police of the Prince had with great difficulty cleared the Boulevard between the sea-wall and the wide-open doors of the balloon-house. Assistants and supernumeraries stood with outstretched arms at the wall, waiting. Below, on the beach, stood others. The airship, however, seemed to have small need of them. Santos-Dumont had been slowing his speed gently. Just as he was half-way over the sea-wall he stopped the propeller. Carried on gently by its dying momentum, the airship glided on a few feet over our heads towards the open door. The assistants had already grasped the guide-rope and drawn it down to its proper level. Now they walked beside it—into the balloon-house. Santos-Dumont had practically steered his airship into its "stable"!



THE INTERIOR OF THE AERODROME.

Showing its construction, the inflated balloon, and the pennant with its letters.

But the same afternoon a second flight, while showing again the airship's speed and dirigibility, demonstrated the dangerous insufficiency of the landing space provided for it. This second adventure over the sea-wall proved that this permanent danger must be done away with. The Prince offered to tear down the wall.

"I will not ask you to do so much as that," replied M. Santos-Dumont. "It may be sufficient to build up a landing-stage on the sea side of it, at the level of the Boulevard and the floor of the Aerodrome."

This is what was done, after twelve days of work interrupted by persistent rain. The airship, when issuing from its house for a third flight, on the 10th of February, had simply to be lifted a few feet by men on each side of the wall, who gently drew it on until its whole length floated in equilibrium over a platform extending so far out into the surf that the furthermost piles were always in six feet of water. On this platform stood the assistants who held the airship while the chief machinist started the motor, and M. Santos-Dumont let out the water-ballast, still leaving

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the whole system a trifle heavier than the air.

It rose gently from the open platform, its shifting weights so arranged as to point its nose obliquely upwards. The motor was already spitting and snapping amid its steady thunder-growl. On the instant the power was transferred to the propeller, its first revolution sent the gently rising airship into the air as if it had received a mighty push from behind. Gathering force, it sped still obliquely upward, until, with a single masterly movement, the air-navigator was seen to shift his weights and bring his system to a level, onward course.

And so it darted out to sea, its scarlet pennant bearing the symbolic initials fluttering like a streak of flame behind. The initial letters are those of the first line of Camoëns' "Lusiad," the epic poem of the aeronaut's race—P.M.N.D.A.N. *Por mares nunca d'antes navegados* ("By seas yet unexplored").

THE MARITIME GUIDE-ROPE.

To the well-informed these flights over the Mediterranean displayed a unique and novel feature. This was the action of the maritime guide-rope—a long, thick rope dangling from the airship with eight or ten feet of its still thicker extremity dragging in the water.

Vertical stability is the life of any balloon, but to the balloon airship, that may not waste the little ballast it carries, the problem becomes doubly complicated. Caused by changes in temperature and atmospheric pressure, condensation and dilatation continually react upon each other in the spherical balloon, necessitating continual losses of gas and ballast.

"Suppose you are in equilibrium at a desired height," M. Santos-Dumont once explained to me. "Suddenly a small cloud hides the sun for a few moments, and the temperature of the gas in the balloon cools down a little. If the balloonist does not immediately throw out just sufficient ballast to compensate the ascensional force lost by the shrinking of the gas, he will begin to fall; while, if he throws out too much, the balloon will become too light and go too high. Suppose the balloonist throws out just enough. Soon the cloud will cease to hide the sun. The gas heats up again to its first temperature and regains its old lifting power. But, having less to lift by the weight just thrown out, the balloon now shoots up higher. Its gas dilates, so that some of it escapes or must be sacrificed to save the balloon from going too high. Then, having overshot its equilibrium and lost too much gas, you will begin descending—only to condense more gas and to sacrifice more ballast; and the trouble recommences!"

In these words M. Santos-Dumont unconsciously foretold the occasion of the catastrophe which terminated these experiments at Monaco; for once, in spite of precautions, and chiefly because he was alone and unaided, the suddenly overheated hydrogen carried him too high.

These *montagnes russes* ("shoot the chutes") of spherical ballooning M. Santos-Dumont has always avoided over land as much as possible by the play of his shifting weights, which enable him to lift or lower the nose of his cigar-shaped balloon, and so drive it diagonally upwards or downwards by means of his propeller force. This manœuvre of itself makes enough work for one man. To be freed from it, except when one desires to mount or descend, and to go forward on a chosen level automatically, is the ideal realisable from maritime guide-roping.

Over land, where there are level plains without the troublesome and really dangerous drawbacks of trees, rocks, fences, and buildings, and telegraph or trolley-wires, the guide-rope might be thought useful to the dirigible balloonist; but over the uninterrupted stretches of the sea, these Monaco experiments have proved it to be a true *stabilisateur*. Its very slight dragging resistance through the water is out of all proportion to the considerable weight of its floating extremity. According to its greater or less immersion, therefore, it ballasts or unballasts the airship. The balloon is held by its weight down to almost a fixed level over the waves, yet without danger of its being drawn into contact with them. Every extra foot of guide-rope floating means so much less weight for the balloon to lift and so much automatic remounting into the air. In this way an incessant little tugging towards and away from the waves is produced, an automatic ballasting and unballasting accomplished *without loss of ballast.*

WIND AND SPEED.

Let us acknowledge, once for all, that the flight of February 10th, and the one which succeeded it on February 12th, furnished the most beautiful popular spectacle ever afforded by aerial navigation. Not even the sensation trips over the housetops of Paris from Saint Cloud to the Eiffel Tower

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and back offered such a demonstration of the airship's power and the navigator's control over it. On each occasion M. Santos-Dumont directed his course far out to sea, only returning after a round trip much longer than the one which gave him the Deutsch Prize. On each occasion the guide-rope *stabilisateur* held the balloon at the constant level altitude desired, so that the navigator was left free to pursue his course without wasting time, ballast, gas, or propeller force. On each occasion—and this is very prettily if accidentally shown by three photographs—the navigator continued on his straight course despite adverse winds which, in one case, developed into a moderate squall.

In the photograph marked "Wind A" the airship is seen driving up the coast towards the Italian frontier, while two sailing-yachts directly beneath it are obviously scudding in just the opposite direction, in front of what any yachtsman would call a stiff breeze. Farther to the right the smoke of a small steamer, violently blown to the right, indicates the force of the breeze at the moment.

In the photograph marked "Wind B" the airship is seen to be on the point of quitting (not returning to) the bay of Monaco in the teeth of a wind that blows far back the smoke of two steamers.

In the photograph marked "Wind C" the airship is pursuing its course head-on into a wind that keeps the sail-boats' three canvases straining in the opposite direction.

These photographs, taken by a professional simply desirous of making a good picture, afford the most complete kind of answer to those who question the airship's ability to make way against the wind. It takes a stiff wind to send a great yacht kicking up foam with its sails bellied to their straining point.

It was during the flight of February 12th that the intrepid navigator of the air persisted most sensationally against the wind and attained his greatest distance from the Aerodrome. One petroleum and two steam launches, together with three well-manned row-boats, had been stationed at intervals down the coast, to pick him up in case of accident. The steam-*chaloupe* of the Prince of Monaco, carrying his Highness, the Governor-General, and the captain of the Prince's ocean-going steam yacht, the *Princesse Alice*, had started on the course ahead of time. The forty horse-power Mors road-racing automobile of Mr. Clarence Grey Dinsmore and the thirty horse-power Panhard of M. Isidore Kahenstein were prepared to follow along the lower coast-road.

Immediately on leaving the bay, in spite of the wind that came head-on, M. Santos-Dumont set his course straight up the coast in the direction of the Italian frontier. The crowd, unaccustomed to see the airship take a straight course undiversified by evolutions, and unaware that the programme was simply to push on to Cap Martin and return in the best time rendered possible by the new advantage of the maritime guide-rope's comparative vertical stability, began immediately to murmur: "He is going to return the visit of the Empress Eugenie." *

The airship sped straight on its course against the wind. Along the winding coast-road the two racing automobiles managed to keep abreast of it, being driven at high speed. "It was all we could do to follow him along the curves of the coast-road," said one of the passengers in Mr. Dinsmore's automobile, "so rapid was his speed. In less than five minutes he had arrived opposite the Villa Camille Blanc, which is about a kilometer (three-fifths of a mile) distant from Cap Martin as the crow flies. At this moment the airship was absolutely alone. Between the airship and Cap Martin I saw a single row-boat, while far behind was visible the smoke from the Prince's steam-*chaloupe*. It was really no commonplace sight, the airship thus hovering isolated above the immense sea."

The same thought doubtless struck M. Santos-Dumont. The wind, instead of subsiding, had been increasing. Here and there below him he could see sail-boats driven before it. Those who could still observe him through opera-glasses from the heights of Monaco town and Monte Carlo observed him turn abruptly and start back on the home stretch. Now he had the wind with him. To those watching from the heights the airship increased in size every moment, bearing down upon them with the swiftness of an eagle. In an incredibly short space of time the grumbling of the motor could be heard, louder and louder, until it

* Much was said at the time in the Continental press about the accidental meeting of the Empress Eugenie and Henri Rochefort in Santos-Dumont's balloon-house. What they omitted to describe was the activity with which the remarkable old man got out of the reach of Franz Boucher's camera at the moment the group was being photographed with the Empress's gracious permission. Here was the man who did so much to bring about the fall of Napoleon III., and here was the woman who was his ancient enemy and victim; and they had not met for a quarter of a century.—S. H.

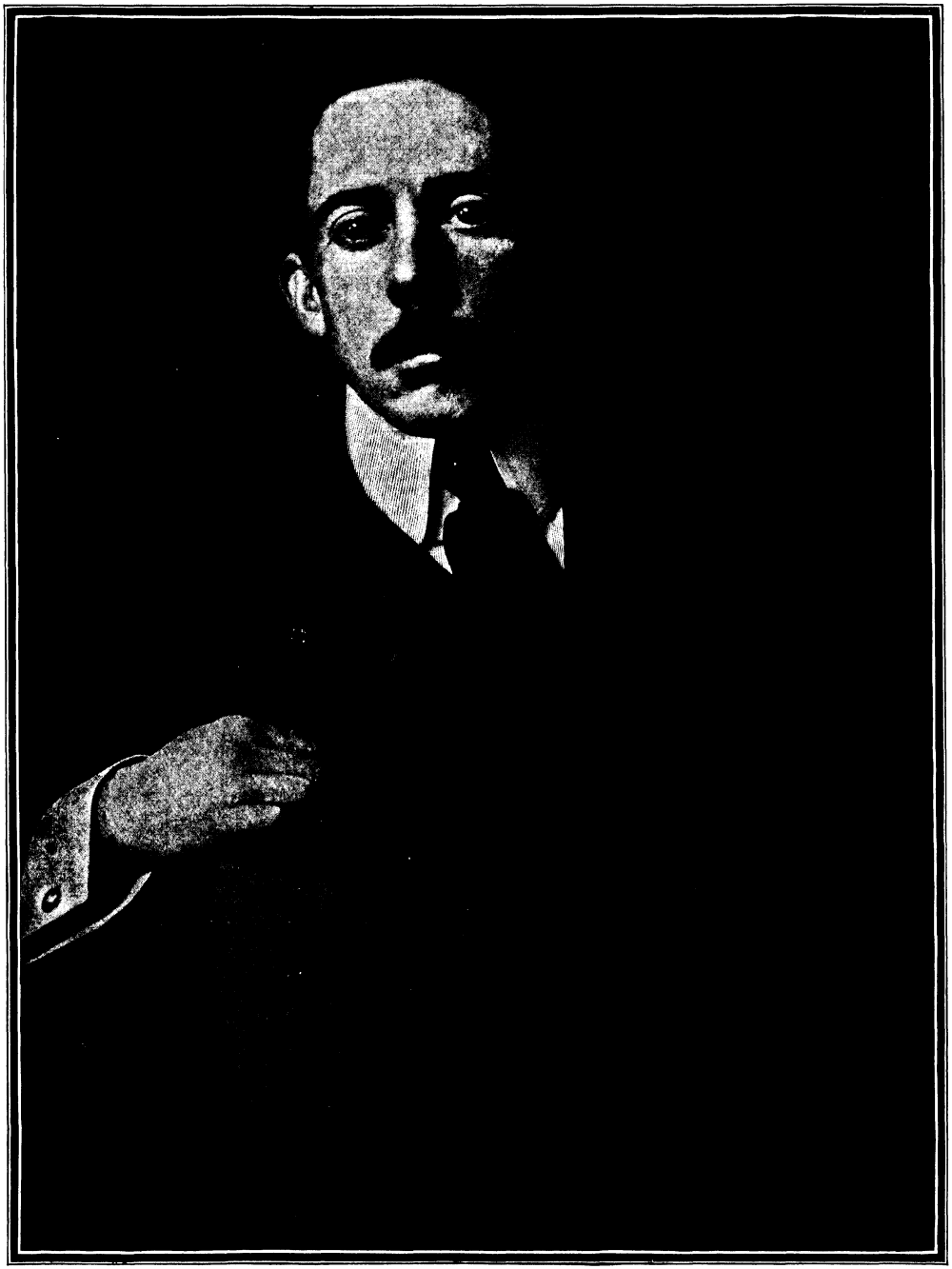

Photo by Miss Zaida Ben Yusuf.] [*Copyright*, 1902, *by the S. S. McClure Co.*

M. ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT.

grew into the familiar thunder-spitting, and amid a thousand cheers the balloon entered the bay of Monaco again. "Half an hour after the aeronaut's return to the Aerodrome the wind became violent, a heavy rain-storm followed, and the sea became very rough." *

Helped onwards by the rising storm, the

* Paris edition, New York *Herald*, Feb. 13, 1902.

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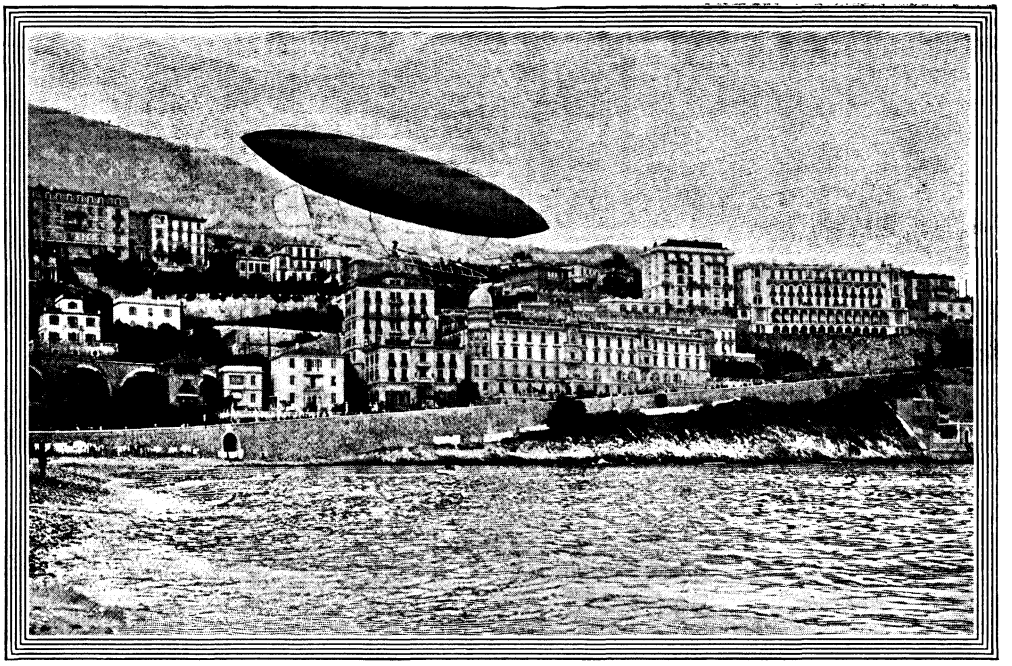

MANŒUVRING ABOVE THE BAY.

airship reached the bay of Monaco with a rapidity and ease that stirred the crowd to intense admiration. Approaching the landing-stage, M. Santos-Dumont gave the signal to seize the guide-rope. The steam-*chaloupe* which had turned back when midway between Monte Carlo and Cap Martin, reached the bay while the aeronaut was manœuvring in those circles and figure eights that so amused the crowd. The Prince was still on board and he desired to seize the guide-rope. The first time the heavy cordage slipped past the darting *chaloupe*. Instead of catching it, his Most Serene Highness managed to get struck by it on the arm—an accident which knocked him to the bottom of the *chaloupe* and produced a severe contusion. A second attempt was more successful.

Like everything else in aerial navigation, this manœuvre is new. The steam-launch resists by its inertia the oscillations of the balloon in the little air currents; on the other hand, the necessarily brusque action of the steam-power may always exercise a dangerous traction on the guide-rope. On the present occasion some of the piano wire by which the keel of the airship is suspended to the balloon was broken by the shock. A heavier shock, as M. Santos-Dumont remarked, might threaten not only the entire system of suspension, but even the stuff of the balloon to which it is attached. May not this jarring have had some effect in the final accident of the airship's next trial?

Thanks to the aid of a heavy row-boat manned by two hardy fishers, the airship was at last held firmly, and M. Santos-Dumont stopped its motor, which he had kept working full speed to prevent the strong wind blowing him ashore. It was towed to above the landing-stage and lifted into its balloon-house. It was not a moment too soon. Within five minutes the rain was falling in torrents and great waves were breaking over the landing-stage.

What speed the "Santos-Dumont No. 6" made on this trial has not been published, From the best possible information I am able to say that it was not intended to be minutely calculated. M. Santos-Dumont is not manufacturing airships for sale, nor has he any rival records to distance. The trial, like all the others, was for his own information and experience; and as such it was not necessary to reduce its speed to miles per hour. Besides, the speed of the return, wonderfully aided by the wind, could bear no relation to the speed of the trip out, which was against the wind; and there is nothing to indicate that the force of the wind was constant, going and coming.

It is true that, in the present instance, one

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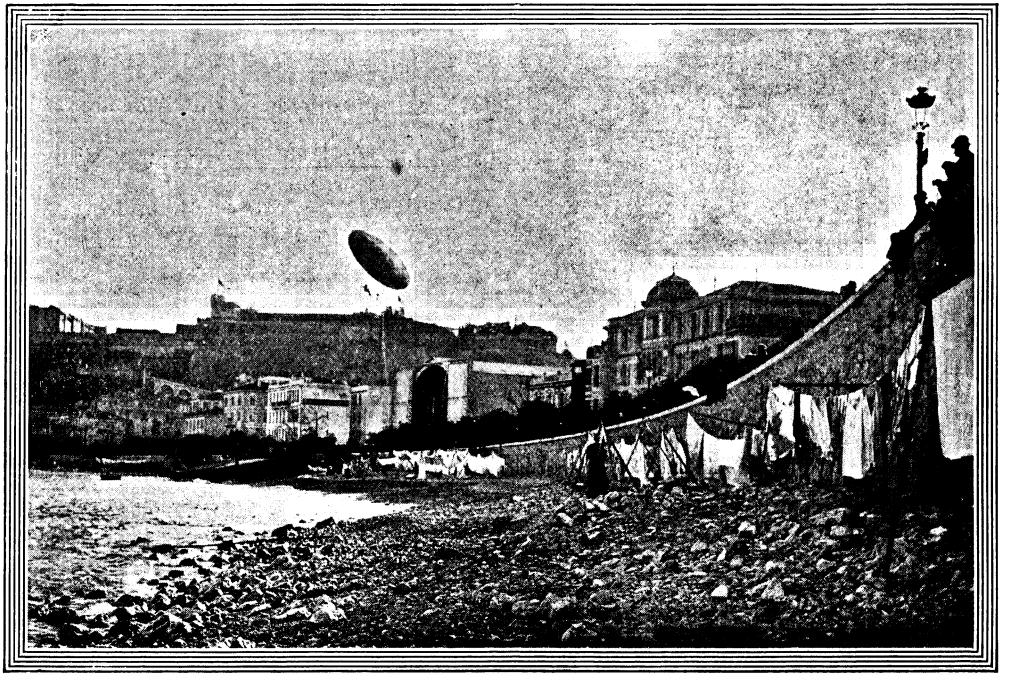
of the greatest difficulties regularly standing in the way of such speed calculation—the "shoot the chutes" of ever-varying altitude—was very much done away with by the maritime guide-rope. On the other hand, the dragging of the guide-rope's weight against the wind is something very different from its petty tugging in calm weather, and the absence of all such resistance, to say the least, when speeding before the wind, which sometimes bellies it like a sail. Again, while the maritime guide-rope affords the airship even a certain amount of lateral stability in presence of side gusts, this stability is by no means complete, and is purchased at the price of so much more dragging back, as of a brake. The fact that without the guide-rope the airship would be bound to lose time on a much more erratic course, to say nothing of the navigator's extra labour, proves only that the device is, on the whole, immensely serviceable. In either case, with or without maritime guide-rope, the speed calculation has its own practically insurmountable difficulties.

From Monte Carlo to Cap Martin at two o'clock of a given afternoon may be quite another course than from Monte Carlo to Cap Martin at four p.m. of the same day; while from Monte Carlo to Cap Martin can never, except in perfect calm, be the same course as from Cap Martin to Monte Carlo. Nor is any accurate calculation to be based on the markings of the anemometer, an instrument which M. Santos-Dumont nevertheless carries. Out of simple curiosity he examined it on the trip mentioned. It seemed at the moment to be marking thirty-five miles an hour; but the wind, complicated by side gusts, acting at the same time on the airship and the wings of the anemometer windmill—that is, on two moving systems whose inertia cannot be compared—would be alone sufficient to falsify the result.

It is much more significant to dwell on the picture of the fast steam-launches overtaken and left far behind, one after the other, the Prince's *chaloupe* utterly outdistanced, and the forty horse-power road-racing automobiles keeping up with the airship only by being driven at their high speed.

During the manufacture of the hydrogen gas and the filling of the balloon, the new Aerodrome received the visits of a great number of prominent people, several of whom signified their willingness to lend valuable aid to the experiments. From Beaulieu, where his steam-yacht *Lysistrata* was at anchor, came Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and Mr. Eugene Higgins twice brought his *Varuna* up from the harbour of Nice.



RETURNING TO THE AERODROME.
Showing the sea-wall and the landing-stage.

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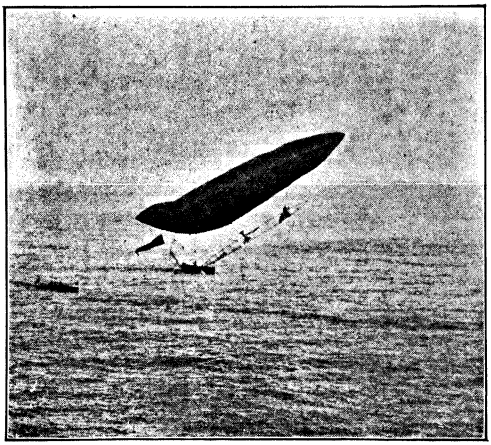
The beautiful little steam-yacht of M. Eiffel also held itself in readiness. It had been the kind intention of these steam-yacht owners, as it had been the Prince's with his *Princesse Alice*, to follow the airship in its flight, so as to be on the spot in case of accident. Unfortunately the first day's flight alone demonstrated that this kind of protection must not be counted on overmuch by airships. If rapid steam-launches could not keep up with this old "Santos-Dumont No. 6" and its one twenty horse-power motor, but were passed by and left rapidly behind, it will be all the more impossible for steam-vessels following the "Santos-Dumont No. 7," with its two forty-five horse-power motors of a newer type and much less weight per horse-power. Henri Rochefort was right. The



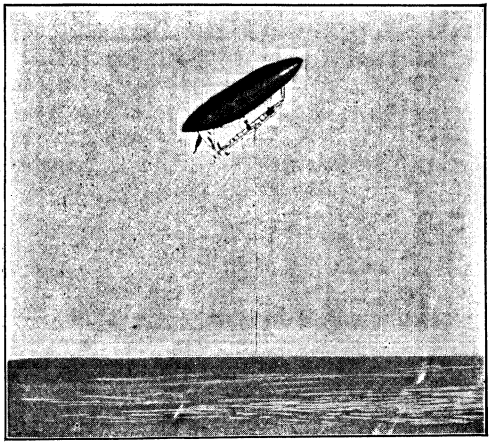
FALLING TO THE SEA.

airship will be to the warship what the hawk is to the heron.

FINAL TRIAL AND CONCLUSIONS.

On the 14th of February the famous airship "Santos-Dumont No. 6," which, before winning the Deutsch Prize had to fall from mid-air over Paris to the roofs of the Trocadero Hotels, was destined to fall now once again in what was at first thought to be nothing less than a complete and final catastrophe. That the catastrophe was anything but final may be gathered from the fact that with this same historic balloon, which has been since fully inflated again and put on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, M. Santos-Dumont engaged himself to try for the London-Birmingham Prize offered through the English Aero Club.

The "Santos-Dumont No. 6" left the

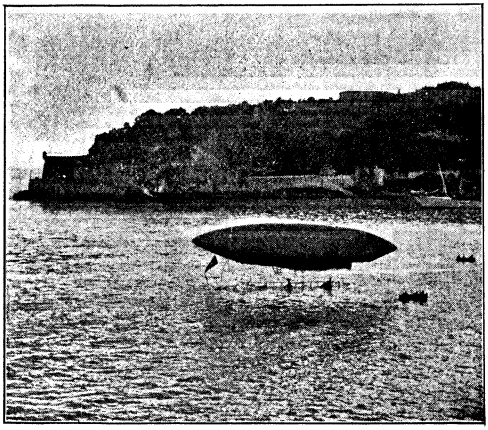


AIRSHIP POINTING ALMOST VERTICALLY UPWARD.

Aerodrome at 2.30 p.m. on the 14th of February, escorted by the steam-launches of the *Princesse Alice* and the *Varuna*. As before, a number of other craft were stationed at intervals along the course to Cap Martin. From the beginning the balloon behaved badly, dipping heavily.

The truth is that it was imperfectly inflated when it left the balloon-house, a fault on the part of someone which the generosity of M. Santos-Dumont has passed by in silence.

Perceiving the balloon's unusual lack of ascensional force, the aeronaut—alone in the air to meet every emergency—threw out ballast. At that moment a cloud which had obscured the sun passed by. The heat of the sun's rays now dilated the hydrogen gas very suddenly and greatly increased the balloon's lifting power. The airship rose rapidly. There would have been no harm in this, had it not been for the presence of the heavy



THE AIRSHIP FINALLY LOSING ALL ITS GAS.

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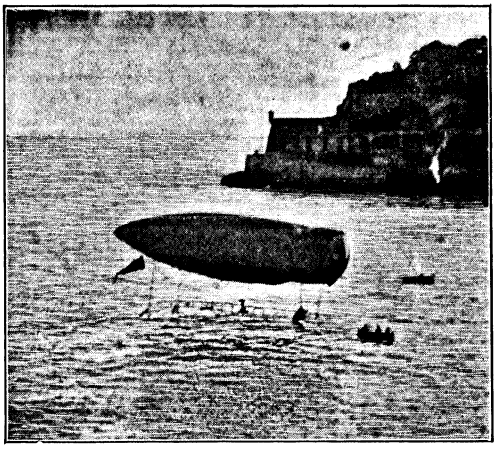
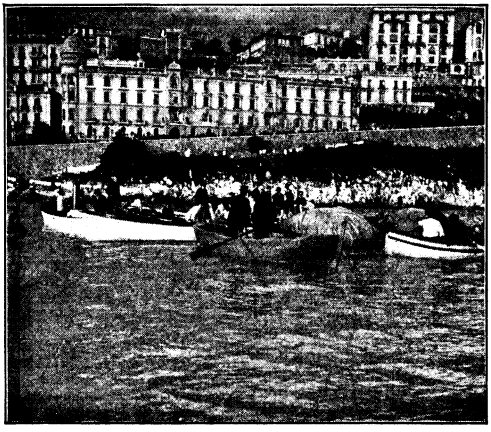


LOSING ITS GAS AND SINKING.

maritime guide-rope. The latter was lifted completely from contact with the waves, so that its whole weight re-ballasted the airship at a point where it upset the equilibrium of the system, causing the nose of the cigar-shaped balloon to point upwards. As the balloon had not been sufficiently filled, the hot masses of hydrogen, by reason of their lesser density, flew to this up-pointing end of the balloon, and increased by that much its inclination. For a time it seemed to be pointing almost perpendicularly.

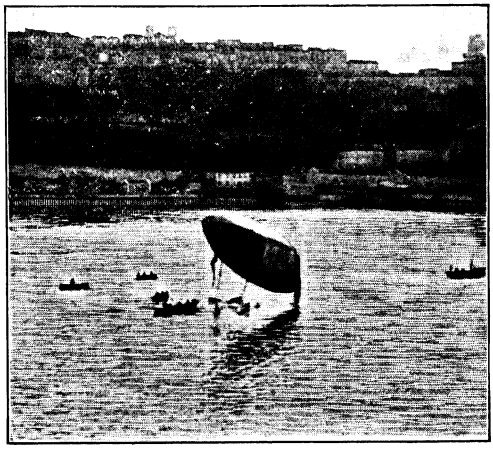
The intrepid aeronaut, who had lost neither his cool head nor his balance, could still have righted himself had he not perceived with dismay that the up-pointing of the airship had caused the oil in the motor to overflow and the ballast itself to shift. To permit the flame-spitting motor to continue working under these circumstances would be to risk a fatal explosion. To stop the motor and



BOATS AROUND THE RUINED AIRSHIP.

remain in the air would mean the certainty of being cast by the wind on the telegraph wires, trees, and houses of Monte Carlo. He had to think quickly. The dilemma was a new one. He did the one thing that seemed safest; and, with the same *sang-froid* which gave him, on August 8, 1901, the audacity to destroy his balloon above the Trocadero Hotels to save himself from a worse fall, he now pulled the emergency rope which opens a great seam in the balloon. Like a wounded bird it fell and in a few moments was floating on the waves.

Balloon, keel, and motor were succesfully fished out of the bay and shipped off to Paris for repairs. The "Santos-Dumont No. 7" though well under way, was not yet completed. The oversea experiments, therefore, came to an abrupt end.



THE BALLOON REACHING THE WATER.

In the minds of those who have followed M. Santos-Dumont closely there is no doubt of the value of the lessons taught by the Monaco experiments. In the steady and determined progress of his experiments all are equally valuable. The five flights which he made were not five isolated demonstrations of what he could do, but a single series of experiments for his own instruction. His plan is to continue trying, rejecting the weak and the ill-adapted, holding on to what has stood the test, and profiting by each error to avoid it in the future.

Thus he constructed five balloons before settling on the form of the balloon of his new "Santos-Dumont No. 7."

Thus the flight in which he but narrowly missed winning the Deutsch Prize taught him that the lubricating receptacles of

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motors created to propel automobiles over level surfaces are liable to spill their oil and permit the unlubricated motor to overheat itself when they are simply transferred without adaptation to an airship that moves diagonally through the air.

Thus his fall to the roofs of the Trocadero Hotels taught him the delicate and complicated insufficiency of certain automatic valves which, on paper—that is, in theory—ought to have interacted on each other to perfection. These are practical details. The air-navigator knows them now; but they were none the less learned at the cost of apparent failure.

In the same way M. Santos-Dumont has now learned that, while a properly inflated balloon furnished with the proper kind of valves has nothing to fear from gas displacement, it is best to be on the safe side and guard oneself against the possibility of such displacement. Thus the balloon of his "Santos-Dumont No. 7" is divided by two vertical silk partitions, not varnished, into three compartments. The partitions remaining unvarnished, the hydrogen gas can slowly pass through their meshes from one compartment to the other, to ensure an equal pressure throughout; but as they are nevertheless partitions, they will guard against a precipitous rush of gas towards either extremity. In the same way he has learned that the automobile motors, already considerably adapted to their new uses of aerial navigation, must be further modified to permit the airship to point, not only diagonally, but at almost a perpendicular angle, without the risk of spilling their petroleum.

Finally, M. Santos-Dumont will yield to the consensus of expert opinion and the lesson of events, and take with him on the "Santos-Dumont No. 7" an assistant, whose title and functions remain yet to be defined. Had such an officer been in his place beside the motor on the afternoon of the accident, he would have been in a position to meet the danger of the over-slopping petroleum half way, if not to prevent it.

The new airship's thirty-yard-long keel will therefore be furnished with two baskets, one for M. Santos-Dumont and the other for this unnamed lieutenant. To carry this extra weight, the length of the new balloon has been increased to 161 ft., as against the 112 ft. of the "Santos-Dumont No. 6." This will give it a total ascensional force of 2,904 lb., as against the 1,360 lb. of the "Santos-Dumont No. 6." A difference is also made necessary by the increased weight of the more powerful motors—two of forty-five horse-power as against one of twenty horse-power. All this agrees with the summing-up of the lessons of these Mediterranean experiments of M. Santos-Dumont by M. Armengaud, *jeune*, in his learned and impartial inaugural discourse, delivered at the last meeting of the Société Française de Navigation Aërienne.

"In the first place, these five flights have demonstrated that M. Santos-Dumont, in spite of his skill *hors ligne*, is not sufficient to conduct his airship alone, and that he must take a lieutenant up with him. In the second place, his experiments cannot without imprudence be continued over the sea. He must return to the land. It would be well, however, for him to choose vast plains, like those of La Beauce, where the surface is not encumbered, and he can guide-rope just as over the sea."

In justice to the young Brazilian inventor and navigator, it ought to be pointed out that there may be a great difference between the learning of the lesson and its application. Where is the new engineer to be found? Certainly not among M. Santos-Dumont's rivals.

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RANSON'S FOLLY.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.*

JUNIOR officers of Fort Crockett had organised a mess at the post trader's. "And a mess it certainly is," said Lieutenant Ranson. The dining-table stood between hogsheads of molasses and a blazing log fire, the counter of the store was their buffet, a pool-table, with a cloth blotted like a map of the Great Lakes, their sideboard, and Indian Pete acted as butler. But none of these things counted against the great fact that each evening Mary Cahill, the daughter of the post trader, presided over the evening meal and turned it into a banquet. From her high chair behind the counter, with the cash-register on her one side and the weighing scales on the other, she gave her little Senate laws and smiled upon each and all with the kind impartiality of a comrade.

At least, at one time she had been impartial. But of late she smiled upon all save Lieutenant Ranson. When he talked, she now looked at the blazing log fire, and her cheeks glowed and her eyes seemed to reflect the lifting flame.

For five years, ever since her father brought her from the convent at St. Louis, Mary Cahill had watched officers come and officers go. Her knowledge concerning them, and their public and private affairs, was vast and miscellaneous. She was acquainted with the traditions of every regiment, with its war record, with its peace-time politics, its nicknames, its scandals, even with the earnings of each company canteen. At Fort Crockett, which lay under her immediate observation, she knew more of what was going forward than did the regimental adjutant, more even than did the colonel's wife. If Trumpeter Tyler flatted on church call, if Mrs. Stickney applied to the quartermaster for three feet of stovepipe, if Lieutenant Curtis were granted two days' leave for quail shooting, Mary Cahill knew it; and if Mrs. "Captain" Stairs obtained the post ambulance for a drive to Kiowa City, when Mrs. "Captain" Ross wanted it for a picnic, she knew what words passed between those ladies, and which of the two wept. She knew all of these things, for each evening they were retailed to her by her "boarders." Her boarders were very loyal to Mary Cahill. Her position was a difficult one, and had it not been that the boy officers were so understanding, it would have been much more difficult. For the life of a regimental post is as circumscribed as the life on a ship-of-war, and it would no more be possible for the ship's barber to rub shoulders with the admiral's epaulets than that a post trader's child should visit the ladies on the "line," or that the wives of the enlisted men should dine with the young girl from whom they "took in" washing.

So, between the upper and the nether grindstones, Mary Cahill was left without the society of her own sex, and was of necessity forced to content herself with the society of the officers. And the officers played fair. Loyalty to Mary Cahill was a tradition at Fort Crockett, which it was the duty of each succeeding regiment to sustain. Moreover, her father, a dark, sinister man, alive only to money-making, was known to handle a revolver with the alertness of a town marshal.

Since the day she left the convent Mary Cahill had held but two affections—one for this grim, taciturn parent, who brooded over her as jealously as a lover, and the other for the entire United States Army. The Army returned her affection without the jealousy of the father, and with much more than his effusiveness. But when Lieutenant Ranson arrived from the Philippines, the affections of Mary Cahill became less generously distributed, and her heart fluttered hourly between trouble and joy.

There were two rooms on the first floor of the post trader's—this big one, which only officers and their womenfolk might enter,

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and the other, the exchange of the enlisted men. The two were separated by a partition of logs, and hung with shelves on which were displayed calicoes, tinned meats, and patent medicines. A door, cut in one end of the partition with buffalo robes for *portières*, permitted Cahill to pass from behind the counter of one store to behind the counter of the other. On one side Mary Cahill served the colonel's wife with many yards of silk ribbons to be converted into German favours, on the other her father weighed out bears' claws (manufactured in Hartford, Conn., from turkey-bones) to make a necklace for Red Wing, the squaw of the Arrephao chieftain. He waited upon every one with gravity and in obstinate silence. No one had ever seen Cahill smile. He himself occasionally joked with others in a grim and embarrassed manner. But no one had ever joked with him. It was reported that he came from New York, where, it was whispered, he had once kept bar on the Bowery for McTurk.

Sergeant Clancey of G Troop was the authority for this. But when, presuming on that supposition, he claimed acquaintanceship with Cahill, the post trader spread out his hands on the counter and stared at the sergeant with cold and disconcerting eyes. "I never kept bar nowhere," he said. "I never been on the Bowery, never been in New York, never been east of Denver in my life. What was it you ordered?"

"Well, mebbe I'm wrong," growled the sergeant.

But a month later, when a coyote howled down near the Indian village, the sergeant said insinuatingly: "Sounds just like the cry of the Whyos, don't it?" And Cahill, who was listening to the wolf, unthinkingly nodded his head.

The sergeant snorted in triumph. "Yah! I told you so!" he cried. "A man that's never been on the Bowery, and knows the call of the Whyo gang! The drinks are on you, Cahill."

The post trader did not raise his eyes, but drew a damp cloth up and down the counter, slowly and heavily, as a man sharpens a knife on a whetstone.

That night, as the sergeant went up the path to the post, a bullet passed through his hat. Clancey was a forceful man, and forceful men, unknown to themselves, make enemies, so he was uncertain as to whether this came from a trooper he had borne upon too harshly, or whether, in the darkness, he had been picked off for someone else. The next night, as he passed in the full light of the post trader's windows, a shot came from among the dark shadows of the corral, and when he immediately sought safety in numbers among the Indians, cowboys, and troopers in the exchange, he was in time to see Cahill enter it from the other store, wrapping up a bottle of pain-killer for Mrs. Stickney's cook. But Clancey was not deceived. He observed with satisfaction that the soles and the heels of Cahill's boots were wet with the black mud of the corral.

The next morning, when the exchange was empty, the post trader turned from arranging cans of condensed milk upon an upper shelf to face the sergeant's revolver.

He threw up his hands to the level of his ears, as though expressing sharp unbelief, and waited in silence. The sergeant advanced until the gun rested on the counter, its muzzle pointing at the pit of Cahill's stomach. "You or me has got to leave this post," said the sergeant, "and I can't desert, so I guess it's up to you."

"What did you talk for?" asked Cahill. His attitude was still that of shocked disbelief, but his tone expressed a full acceptance of the situation and a desire to temporise.

"At first I thought it might be that new 'cruity' in F Troop," explained the sergeant. "You came near making me kill the wrong man. What harm did I do you by saying you kept bar for McTurk? What's there in that to get hot about?"

"You said I run with the Whyos."

"What the dickens do I care what you've done?" roared the sergeant. "I don't know nothing about you, but I don't mean you should shoot me in the back. I'm going to tell this to my bunky, an' if I get shot up the Troop'll know who done it, and you'll hang for it. Now, what are you going to do?"

Cahill did not tell what he would do; for from the other store the low voice of Mary Cahill called: "Father! Oh, father!"

The two men dodged and eyed each other guiltily. The sergeant gazed at the buffalo robe *portières* with wide-opened eyes. Cahill's hands dropped from the region of his ears and fell flat upon the counter.

When Miss Mary Cahill pushed aside the *portières*, Sergeant Clancey of G Troop was showing her father the mechanism of the new regulation revolver. He apparently was having some difficulty with the cylinder, for his face was red. Her father was eyeing the gun with the critical approval of an expert.

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"Father," said Miss Cahill petulantly, "why didn't you answer? Where is the blue stationery—the sort Major Ogden always buys? He's waiting."

The eyes of the post trader did not wander from the gun before him. "Next to the blank books, Mame," he said—"on the second shelf."

Miss Cahill flashed a dazzling smile at the big sergeant, and whispered, so that the officer in the room behind her might not overhear, "Is he trying to sell you Government property, dad? Don't you touch it. Sergeant, I'm surprised at you tempting my poor father." She pulled the two buffalo robes close around her neck so that her face only showed between them. It was a sweet, lovely face, with frank, boyish eyes.

"When the major's gone, sergeant," she whispered, "bring your gun around my side of the store, and I'll buy it from you."

The sergeant nodded in violent assent, laughing noiselessly and slapping his knee in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

The curtains dropped and the face disappeared.

The sergeant fingered the gun and Cahill folded his arms defiantly.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" asked the sergeant.

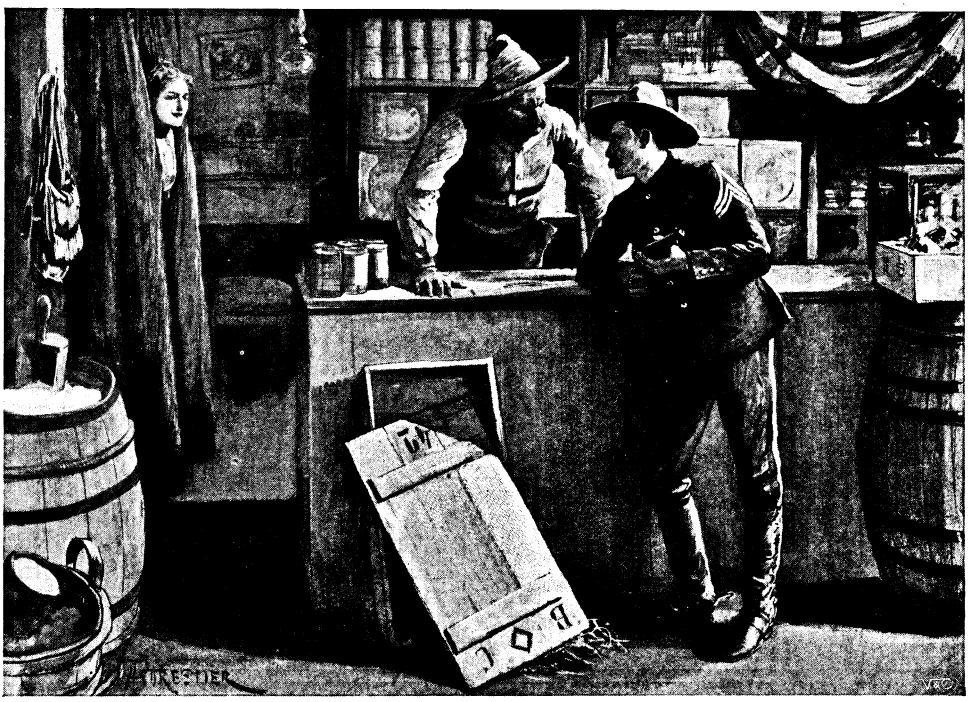
"I should think you could see how it is," said Cahill, "without my having to tell you."

"You mean you don't want she should know?"

"Great Heavens, no! Not even that I kept a bar."

"Well, I don't know nothing. I don't mean to tell nothing anyway; so if you'll promise to be good, I'll call this off."

For the first time in the history of Fort Crockett, Cahill was seen to smile. "May I reach under the counter *now?*" he asked.



"'Is he trying to sell you Government property, dad? Don't you touch it. Sergeant, I'm surprised at you tempting my poor father.'"

The sergeant grinned appreciatively and shifted his gun. "Yes, but I'll keep this out until I'm sure it's a bottle," he said, and laughed boisterously.

For an instant, under the cover of the counter, Cahill's hand touched longingly upon the gun that lay there, and then passed on to the bottle beside it. He drew it forth and there was the clink of glasses.

In the other room Mary Cahill winked at the major, but that officer pretended to be both deaf to the clink of the glasses and blind to the wink. And so the incident was closed. Had it not been for the folly of

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Lieutenant Ranson it would have remained closed.

A week before this happened a fire had started in the Willow Bottoms among the tepees of some Kiowas, and the prairie, as far as one could see, was bruised and black. From the post it looked as though the sky had been raining ink. At the time all of the regiment but G and H Troops was out on a practice march experimenting with a new-fangled tabloid ration. As soon as it turned the buttes it saw from where the light in the heavens came, and the practice march became a race.

At the post the men had doubled out under Lieutenant Ranson with wet horse-blankets, and while he led G Troop to fight the flames, H Troop, under old Major Stickney, burned a space around the post across which the men of G Troop retreated, stumbling, with their ears and shoulders wrapped in the smoking blankets. The sparks beat upon them and the flames followed so fast that, as they ran, the blazing grass burned their lacings, and they kicked their gaiters ahead of them.

When the regiment arrived, it found everybody at Fort Crockett talking enthusiastically of Ranson's conduct, and resentfully of the fact that he had regarded the fire as one which had been started for his especial amusement.

"I assure you," said Mrs. Bolland to the colonel, "if it hadn't been for young Ranson we should have been burned in our beds; but he was most aggravating. He treated it as though it were Fourth of July fireworks. It is the only entertainment we have been able to offer him since he joined in which he has shown the slightest interest." Nevertheless, it was generally admitted that Ranson had saved the post. He had been ubiquitous. He had been seen galloping into the advancing flames like a stampeded colt, he had reappeared like a wraith in columns of black, whirling smoke, at the same moment that his voice issued orders from twenty places. One instant he was visible beating back the fire with a wet blanket, waving it above him jubilantly, like a substitute at the Army-Navy game when his side scores, and the next staggering from out of the furnace dragging an asphyxiated trooper by the collar, and shrieking, "Hospital steward, hospital steward! here's a man on fire! Put him out, and send him back to me, quick!"

Those who met him in the whirlwind of smoke and billowing flame related that he chuckled continuously. "Isn't this fun?" he yelled at them. "Say, isn't this the best ever? I wouldn't have missed this for a trip to New York!"

When the colonel, having visited the hospital and spoken cheering words to those who were *sans* hair, *sans* eyebrows, and with bandaged hands, complimented Lieutenant Ranson on the parade-ground before the assembled regiment, Ranson ran to his hut muttering strange and fearful oaths.

That night at mess he appealed to Mary Cahill for sympathy. "Goodness! mighty me!" he cried, "did you hear him? Wasn't it awful? If I'd thought he was going to hand me that, I'd have deserted. What's the use of spoiling the only fun we've had that way? Why, if I'd known you could get that much excitement out of this rank prairie, I'd have put a match to it myself three months ago. It's the only fun I've had, and he goes and preaches a funeral oration at me."

Ranson came into the Army at the time of the Spanish war, because it promised a new form of excitement, and because everybody else he knew had gone into it, too. As the son of his father he was made an adjutant-general of volunteers, with the rank of captain, and unloaded on the staff of a Southern brigadier, who was destined never to leave Charleston. But Ranson suspected this, and, after telegraphing his father for three days, was attached to the Philippines contingent and sailed from San Francisco in time to carry messages through the surf when the volunteers moved upon Manila. More cabling at the cost of many Mexican dollars caused him to be removed from the staff and given a second lieutenancy in a volunteer regiment, and for two years he pursued the little brown men over the paddy sluices, burned villages, looted churches, and collected bolos and altar cloths with that irresponsibility and contempt for regulations which is found chiefly in the appointment from civil life. Incidentally he enjoyed himself so much that he believed in the Army he had found the one place where excitement is always in the air; and as excitement was the breath of his nostrils, he applied for a commission in the regular Army. On his record he was appointed a second lieutenant in the Twentieth Cavalry, and on the return of that regiment to the States—was buried alive at Fort Crockett.

After six months of this exile, one night at the mess-table Ranson broke forth in open rebellion. "I tell you I can't stand it a day longer," he cried. "I'm going to resign."

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From behind the counter Mary Cahill heard him in horror. Second Lieutenants Crosby and Curtis shuddered. They were sons of officers of the regular Army. Only six months before they themselves had been forwarded from West Point, done up in neat new uniforms. The traditions of the Academy of loyalty and discipline had been kneaded into their vertebræ. In Ranson they saw only the horrible result of giving commissions to civilians.

"Maybe the post will be gayer now that spring has come," said Curtis hopefully, but with a doubtful look at the open fire.

"I wouldn't do anything rash," urged Crosby.

Miss Cahill shook her head. "Why, I like it at the post," she said, "and I've been here five years — ever since I left the convent—and I——"

Ranson interrupted, bowing gallantly. "Yes, I know, Miss Cahill," he said; "but I didn't come here from a convent. I came here from the blood-stained fields of war. Now, out in the Philippines there's always something doing. They give you half a troop, and so long as you bring back enough Mausers and don't get your men cut up, you can fight all over the shop and no questions asked. But all I do here is take care of sick horses. Any vet. in the States has seen as much fighting as I have in the last half-year. I might as well have had charge of horse-car stables."

"There is some truth in that," said Curtis cautiously. "If you do resign, certainly no one can accuse you of resigning in the face of the enemy."

"Enemy, ye gods!" roared Ranson. "Why, if I were to see a Moro entering that door with a bolo in each fist, I'd fall on his neck and kiss him! I'm not trained to this garrison business. You fellows are. They took all the sporting blood out of you at West Point; one bad mark for smoking a cigarette, two bad marks for failing to salute the instructor in botany, and all the excitement you ever knew were charades and a cadet hop at Cullum Hall. But, you see, before I went to the Philippines with Merritt, I'd been there twice on a fellow's yacht, and we'd tucked the Spanish governor in his bed with his spurs on. Now, I have to sit around and hear old Bolland tell how he put down a car strike in St. Louis, and Stickney's long-winded yarns of Table Mountain and the Bloody Angle. He doesn't know the Civil War's over. I tell you, if I can't get excitement on tap, I've got to make it; and if I make it out here, they'll court-martial me. So there's nothing for it but to resign."

"You'd better wait till the end of the week," said Crosby, grinning. "It's going to be full of gaiety. Thursday, paymaster's coming out with our cash, and to-night that Miss Post from New York arrives in the up stage. She's to visit the colonel, so everybody will have to give her a good time."

"Yes, I certainly must wait for that," growled Ranson; "there probably will be progressive euchre parties all along the line, and we'll sit up as late as ten o'clock and stick little gilt stars on ourselves."

Crosby laughed tolerantly.

"I see your point of view," he said. "I remember when my father took me to Monte Carlo I saw you at the tables with enough money in front of you to start a bank. I remember my father asked the croupiers why they allowed a child of your age to gamble. I was just a kid then, and so were you, too. I remember I thought you were the devil of a fellow."

Ranson looked sheepishly at Miss Cahill and laughed. "Well, so I was—then," he said. "Anybody would be a devil of a fellow who'd been brought up as I was, with a doting parent who owns a trust and doesn't know the proper value of money. And yet you expect me to be happy with a fifty-cent limit game and twenty miles of burned prairie. I tell you I've never been broken to it. I don't know what not having your own way means. And discipline! Why, every time I have to report one of my men to the colonel, I send for him afterwards and give him a drink and apologise to him. I tell you the Army doesn't mean anything to me unless there's something doing; and as there is no fighting out here, I'm for the back room of the Holland House and a rubber-tyred automobile. Little old New York is good enough for me!"

As he spoke these fateful words of mutiny Lieutenant Ranson raised his black eyes and snatched a swift side glance at the face of Mary Cahill. It was almost as though it were from her he sought his answer. He could not himself have told what it was he would have her say. But ever since the idea of leaving the Army had come to him, Mary Cahill and the Army had become interchangeable and had grown to mean one and the same thing. He fought against this condition of mind fiercely. He had determined that without active service the Army was intolerable; but that without Mary

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Cahill civil life would also prove intolerable he assured himself did not at all follow. He had laughed at the idea. He had even argued it out sensibly. Was it reasonable to suppose, he asked himself, that after circling the great globe three times he should find the one girl on it who alone could make him happy, sitting behind a post trader's counter on the open prairie? His interest in Miss Cahill was the result of propinquity, that was all. It was due to the fact that there was no one else at hand, because he was sorry for her loneliness, because her absurd social ostracism had touched his sympathy. How long after he reached New York would he remember the little comrade with the brave, boyish eyes set in the delicate, feminine head, with its great waves of gorgeous hair? It would not be long, he guessed. He might remember the way she rode her pony, how she swung from her Mexican saddle and caught up a gauntlet from the ground. Yes, he certainly would remember that, and he would remember the day he had galloped after her and ridden with her through the Indian village, and again that day when they rode to the waterfall and the Lover's Leap. And he would remember her face at night as it bent over the books he borrowed for her, which she read while they were at mess, sitting in her high chair with her chin resting in her palms, staring down at the book before her. And the trick she had, whenever he spoke, of raising her head and looking into the fire, her eyes lighting and her lips smiling. They would be pleasant memories, he was sure. But once back again in the whirl and rush of the great world outside of Fort Crockett, even as memories they would pass away.

Mary Cahill made no outward answer to the rebellious utterance of Lieutenant Ranson. She only bent her eyes on her book and tried to think what the post would hold for her when he had carried out his threat and betaken himself into the world and out of her life for ever. Night after night she had sat enthroned behind her barrier and listened to his talk, wondering deeply. He had talked of a world she knew only in novels, in history, and in books of travel. His view of it was not an educational one; he was no philosopher nor trained observer. He remembered London—to her the capital of the world—chiefly by its restaurants, Cairo on account of its execrable golf-links. He lived only to enjoy himself. His view was that of a boy, hearty and healthy, and seeking only excitement and mischief. She had heard his tales of his brief career at Harvard, of the reunions at Henry's American bar, of the Futurity, the Suburban, the Grand Prix, of a yachting cruise which apparently had encountered every form of adventure, from the rescuing of a stranded opera company to the ramming of a slaver's dhow. The regret with which he spoke of these free days, which was the regret of an exile marooned upon a desert island, excited all her sympathy for an ill she had never known. His discourteous scorn of the social pleasures of the post, from which she herself was excluded, filled her with speculation. If he could forego these functions, how full and gay, she argued, his former life must have been! His attitude helped her to bear the deprivations more easily. And she, as a loyal child of the Army, liked him also because he was no "cracker-box" captain, but a fighter who had fought, with no morbid ideas as to the rights or wrongs of the cause, but for the fun of fighting.

And one night, after he had been telling the mess of a Filipino officer who alone had held back his men and himself, and who at last died in his arms cursing him, she went to sleep declaring to herself that Lieutenant Ranson was becoming more like the man she had pictured for her husband than was good for her peace of mind. He had told the story as his tribute to a brave man fighting for his independence, and with such regret that such a one should have died so miserably, that, to the embarrassment of the mess, the tears rolled down his cheeks. But he wiped them away with his napkin as unconcernedly as though they were caused by the pepper-box, and said simply: "He had sporting blood, he had. I've never felt so bad about anything as I did about that chap. Whenever I think of him standing up there with his back to the cathedral, all shot to pieces, but giving us what for until he died, it makes me cry. So," he added, blowing his nose vigorously, "I won't think of it any more."

Tears are properly a woman's weapon, and when a man makes use of them, even in spite of himself, he is taking an advantage over the other sex which is unfair and outrageous. Lieutenant Ranson never knew the mischief the sympathy he had shown for his enemy caused in the heart of Mary Cahill, nor that from that moment she loved him deeply.

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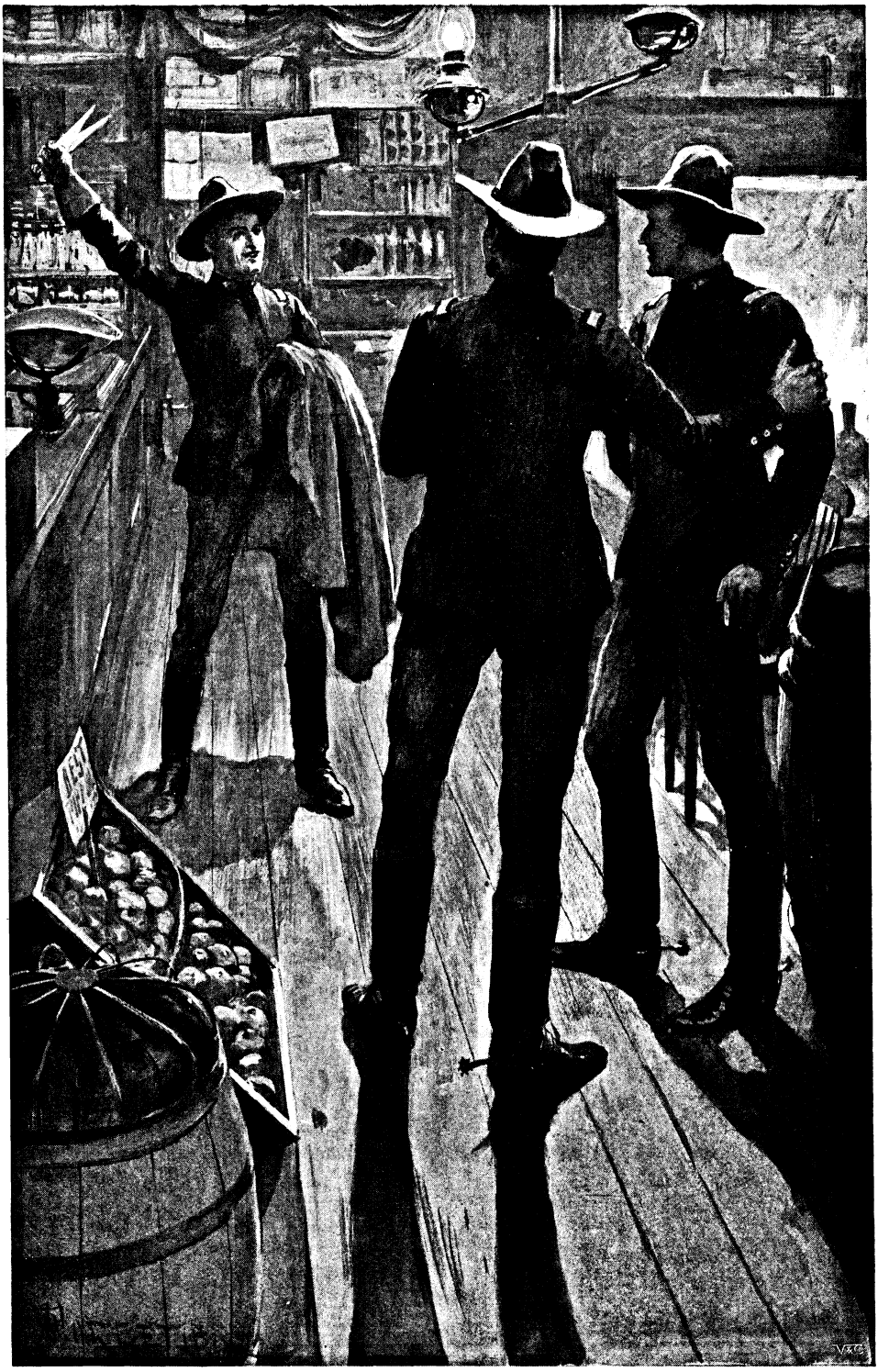

"'Do you see these shears?' he whispered. 'I'm going to hold up the stage with 'em.'"

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The West Point graduates, before they answered Ranson's ultimatum, smoked their cigarettes for some time in silence.

"Oh! there's been fighting even at Fort Crockett," said Crosby. "In the last two years the men have been ordered out seven times—haven't they, Miss Cahill? When the Indians got out of hand, and twice after cowboys, and twice after the Red Rider."

"The Red Rider!" protested Ranson; "I don't see anything exciting in rounding up one miserable horse-thief."

"Only they don't round him up," returned Curtis crossly. "That's why it's exciting. He's the best in his business. He's held up the stage six times now in a year. Whoever the fellow is, if he's one man or a gang of men, he's the nerviest road agent since the days of Abe Case."

Ranson in his then present mood was inclined towards pessimism. "It doesn't take any nerve to hold up a coach," he contradicted.

Curtis and Crosby snorted in chorus. "That's what you say," mocked Curtis.

"Well, it doesn't," repeated Ranson. "It's all a game of bluff. The etiquette is that the driver mustn't shoot the road agent, and that the road agent mustn't hurt the driver, and the passengers are too scared to move. The moment they see a man rise out of the night they throw up their hands. Why, even when a passenger does try to pull his gun, the others won't let him. Each thinks sure that if there's any firing he will be the one to get hurt. And, besides, they don't know how many more men the road agent may have behind him. I don't——"

A movement on the part of Miss Cahill caused him to pause abruptly. Miss Cahill had descended from her throne and was advancing to meet the post trader, who came towards her from the exchange.

"Lightfoot's squaw," he said. "Her baby's worse. She's sent for you."

Miss Cahill gave a gasp of sympathy, snatched up her hat from the counter, and the buffalo robes closed behind her.

Ranson stooped and reached for his sombrero. With the flight of Miss Cahill his interest in the courage of the Red Rider had departed also.

But Crosby appealed to the new-comer. "Cahill, *you* know," he said. "We've been talking of the man they call the Red Rider, the chap that wears a red bandana over his face. Ranson says he hasn't any nerve. That's not so, is it?"

"I said it didn't take any nerve to hold up a stage," said Ranson; "and it doesn't."

The post trader halted on his way back to the exchange and rubbed one hand meditatively over the other arm. With him speech was golden and difficult. After a pause he said: "Oh! he takes his chances."

"Of course he does," cried Crosby encouragingly. "He takes the chance of being shot by the passengers, and of being caught by the posse and lynched; but this man's got away with it now six times in the last year. And I say that takes nerve."

"Why, for fifty dollars——" laughed Ranson.

He checked himself and glanced over his shoulder at the retreating figure of Cahill. The buffalo robes fell again, and the spurs of the post trader could be heard jangling over the earth floor of the exchange.

"For fifty dollars," repeated Ranson, in brisk, business-like tones, "I'll rob the up stage to-night—myself!"

Previous knowledge of his moods, the sudden look of mischief in his eyes, and a certain vibration in his voice caused the two lieutenants to jump simultaneously to their feet. "Ranson!" they shouted.

Ranson laughed mockingly. "Oh! I'm bored to death!" he cried. "What will you bet I don't?"

He had risen with them, but, without waiting for their answer, ran to where his horse stood at the open door. He sank on his knees and began tugging violently at the stirrup-straps. The two officers, their eyes filled with concern, pursued him across the room. With Cahill twenty feet away, they dared not raise their voices, but in pantomime they beckoned him vigorously to return. Ranson came at once, flushed and smiling, holding a hooded Army stirrup in each hand. "Never do to have them see these!" he said. He threw the stirrups from him, behind the row of hogsheads. "I'll ride in the stirrup-straps!" He still spoke in the same low, brisk tone.

Crosby seized him savagely by the arm. "No, you won't!" he hissed. "Look here, Ranson. Listen to me; for Heaven's sake don't be an ass! They'll shoot you, you'll be killed——"

"And court-martialled!" panted Curtis.

"You'll go to Leavenworth for the rest of your life!"

Ranson threw off the detaining hand and ran behind the counter. From a lower shelf he snatched a red bandana kerchief. From another he dragged a rubber poncho and

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"The post trader paused and cast a quick glance before and behind him, and then the door closed and there was silence."

buttoned it high about his throat. He picked up the steel shears which lay upon the counter, and snipping two holes in the red kerchief, stuck it under the brim of his sombrero. It fell before his face like a curtain. From his neck to his knees the poncho concealed his figure. All that was visible of him were his eyes, laughing through the holes in the red mask.

"Behold the Red Rider!" he groaned. "Hold up your hands!"

He pulled the kerchief from his face and threw the poncho over his arm. "Do you see these shears?" he whispered. "I'm going to hold up the stage with 'em. No one ever fires at a road agent. They just shout: 'Don't shoot, colonel, and I'll come down!' I'm going to bring 'em down with these shears."

Crosby caught Curtis by the arm, laughing eagerly. "Come to the stables, quick!" he cried. "We'll get twenty troopers after him before he can go a half mile." He turned on Ranson with a triumphant chuckle. "You'll not be dismissed this regiment if I can help it," he cried.

Ranson gave an ugly laugh, like the snarl of a puppy over his bone. "If you try to follow me, or interfere with me, Lieutenant Crosby," he said, "I'll shoot you and your troopers!"

"With a pair of shears?" jeered Crosby.

"No, with the gun I've got in my pocket. Now you listen to me. I'm not going to use that gun on any stage filled with women, driven by a man seventy years old, but—and I mean it—if you try to stop me, I'll use it on you. I'm going to show you how anyone can bluff a stage full with a pair of tin shears and a red mask for a kicker. And I'll shoot the man that tries to stop me."

Ranson sprang to his horse's side and stuck his toe into the empty stirrup-strap; there was a scattering of pebbles, a scurry of hoofs, and the horse and rider became a grey blot in the moonlight.

The two lieutenants stood irresolute. Under his breath Crosby was swearing fiercely. Curtis stood staring out of the open door.

"Will he do it?" he asked.

"Of course he'll do it."

Curtis crossed the room and dropped into a chair. "And what—what had we better do?" he asked. For some time the other made no answer. His brows were knit and he tramped the room, scowling at the floor.

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Then with an exclamation of alarm he stepped lightly to the door of the exchange and threw back the curtain. In the other room, Cahill stood at its furthest corner, scooping sugar from a hogshead.

Crosby's scowl relaxed and, reseating himself at the table, he rolled a cigarette. "Now, if he pulls it off," he whispered, "and gets back to quarters, then—it's a case of all's well. But if he's shot, or caught, and it all comes out, then it's up to us to prove he meant it as a practical joke."

"It isn't our duty to report it now, is it?" asked Curtis nervously.

"Certainly not! If he chooses to make an ass of himself, that's none of our business. Unless he's found out, we have heard nothing and seen nothing. If he's caught, then we've got to stick by him and testify that he did it on a bet. He'll probably win out all right. There is nobody expected on the stage but that Miss Post and her aunt. And the driver's an old hand. He knows better than to fight."

"There may be some cowboys coming up."

"That's Ranson's look out. As Cahill says, the Red Rider takes his chances."

"I wish there were something we could do now," Curtis protested petulantly. "I suppose we've just got to sit still and wait for him?"

"That's all," answered Crosby, and then leaped to his feet. "What's that?" he asked. Out on the parade-ground a bugle-call broke suddenly on the soft spring air. It rang like an alarm. The noise of a man running swiftly sounded on the path, and before the officers reached the doorway Sergeant Clancey entered it and halted at attention.

"The colonel's orders," panted the sergeant, "and the lieutenants are to take twenty men from G and H Troops, and ride to Kiowa to escort the paymaster."

"The paymaster!" Crosby cried. "He's not coming till Thursday!"

"He's just telegraphed from Kiowa City, lieutenant. He's ahead of his schedule. He wants an escort for the money. He left Kiowa a few minutes ago in the up stage."

The two lieutenants sprang forward and shouted in chorus: "The stage? He is in the stage!"

Sergeant Clancey stared dubiously from one officer to the other. He misunderstood their alarm, and with the privilege of long service attempted to allay it. "The lieutenant knows nothing can happen to the stage till it reaches the buttes," he said. "There has never been a hold-up in the open, and the escort can reach the buttes long before the stage gets there." He coughed consciously. "Colonel's orders are to gallop, lieutenant."

As the two officers rode knee to knee through the night, the pay escort pounding the trail behind them, Crosby leaned from his saddle. "He has only ten minutes' start of us," he whispered. "We are certain to overtake him. We can't help but do it. We must do it. We *must!* If we don't, and he tries to stop Colonel Patten and the pay-roll, he'll die. Two women and a deaf driver, that—that's a joke. But an Indian fighter like old Patten, and Uncle Sam's money, that means a finish fight—and his death and disgrace." He turned savagely in his saddle. "Close up there!" he commanded. "Stop that talking! You keep your breath till I want it—and ride hard."

After the officers had galloped away from the mess-room, and Sergeant Clancey had hurried after them to the stables, the post trader entered it from the exchange and barred the door, which they in their haste had left open. As he did this, the close observer, had one been present, might have noted that, though his movements were now alert and eager, they no longer were betrayed by any sound, and that his spurs had ceased to jangle. Yet that he purposed to ride abroad was evident from the fact that from a far corner he dragged out a heavy saddle. He flung this upon the counter and swiftly stripped it of its stirrups. These, with more than necessary care, he hid away upon the highest shelf of the shop, while from the lower shelves he snatched a rubber poncho and a red kerchief. For a moment, as he unbarred the door, the post trader paused and cast a quick glance before and behind him, and then the door closed and there was silence. A minute later it was broken by the hoofs of a horse galloping swiftly along the trail to Kiowa City.

(*To be continued.*)

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WHAT BECOMES OF IT?

By JEROME K. JEROME.*

"WHAT is the time?" asked the Girton Girl.

I looked at my watch. "Twenty past four," I answered.

"Exactly?" demanded the Girton Girl.

"Precisely," I replied.

"Strange," murmured the Girton Girl. "There is no accounting for it, yet it always is so."

"What is there no accounting for?" I inquired. "What is strange?"

"It is a German superstition," explained the Girton Girl, "I learnt it at school. Whenever complete silence falls upon any company, it is always twenty minutes past the hour."

"Why do we talk so much?" demanded the Minor Poet.

"As a matter of fact," observed the Woman of the World, "I don't think we do—not we, personally, not much. Most of our time we appear to be listening to you."

"Then why do I talk so much, if you prefer to put it that way?" continued the Minor Poet. "If I talked less, one of you others would have to talk more."

"There would be that advantage about it," agreed the Philosopher.

"In all probability, you," returned to him the Minor Poet. "Whether as a happy party we should gain or lose by the exchange, it is not for me to say, though I have my own opinion. The essential remains—that the stream of chatter must be kept perpetually flowing. Why?"

"There is a man I know," I said; "you may have met him, a man named Longrush. He is not exactly a bore. A bore expects you to listen to him. This man is apparently unaware whether you are listening to him or not. He is not a fool. A fool is occasionally amusing—Longrush never. No subject comes amiss to him. Whatever the topic, he has something uninteresting to say about it. He talks as a piano-organ grinds out music: steadily, strenuously, tirelessly. The moment you stand or sit him down he begins, to continue ceaselessly till wheeled away in cab or omnibus to his next halting-place. As in the case of his prototype, his rollers are changed about once a month to suit the popular taste. In January he repeats to you Dan Leno's jokes, and gives you other people's opinions concerning the Old Masters at the Guildhall. In June he recounts at length what is generally thought concerning the Academy, and agrees with most people on most points connected with the Opera. If forgetful for a moment—as an Englishman may be excused for being—whether it be summer or winter, one may assure oneself by waiting to see whether Longrush is enthusing over cricket or football. He is always up-to-date. The last new Shakespeare, the latest scandal, the man of the hour, the next nine days' wonder—by the evening Longrush has his roller ready. In my early days of journalism I had to write each evening a column for a provincial daily, headed 'What People are Saying.' The editor was precise in his instructions. 'I don't want your opinions; I don't want you to be funny; never mind whether the thing appears to you to be interesting or not. I want it to be real, the things people *are* saying.' I tried to be conscientious. Each paragraph began with 'That.' I wrote the column because I wanted the thirty shillings. Why anybody ever read it, I fail to understand to this day; but I believe it was one of the popular features of the paper. Longrush invariably brings back to my mind the dreary hours I spent penning that fatuous record."

"I think I know the man you mean," said the Philosopher. "I had forgotten his name."

"I thought it possible you might have met him," I replied. "Well, my cousin Edith was arranging a dinner-party the other day, and, as usual, she did me the honour to ask my advice. Generally speaking, I do not give advice nowadays. As a very young man I was generous with it. I have since come to the conclusion that responsibility for my own muddles and mistakes is sufficient. However, I make an exception in Edith's case, knowing that never by any chance will she follow it."

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"Speaking of editors," said the Philosopher, "Bates told me at the club the other night that he had given up writing the 'Answers to Correspondents' personally, since discovery of the fact that he had been discussing at some length the attractive topic, 'Duties of a Father,' with his own wife, who is somewhat of a humorist."

"There was the wife of a clergyman my mother used to tell of," said the Woman of the World, "who kept copies of her husband's sermons. She would read him extracts from them in bed, in place of curtain lectures. She explained it saved her trouble. Everything she felt she wanted to say to him he had said himself so much more forcibly."

"The argument always appears to me weak," said the Philosopher. "If only the perfect may preach, our pulpits would remain empty. Am I to ignore the peace that slips into my soul when perusing the Psalms, to deny myself all benefit from the wisdom of the Proverbs, because neither David nor Solomon was a worthy casket of the jewels that God had placed in them? Is a temperance lecturer never to quote the self-reproaches of poor Cassio because Master Will Shakespeare, there is evidence to prove, was a gentleman, alas! much too fond of the bottle? The man that beats the drum may be himself a coward. It is the drum that is the important thing to us, not the drummer."

"Of all my friends," said the Woman of the World, "the one who has the most trouble with her servants is poor Jane Meredith."

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear it," observed the Philosopher, after a slight pause. "But forgive me, I really do not see——"

"I beg your pardon," answered the Woman of the World. "I thought everybody knew 'Jane Meredith.' She writes 'The Perfect Home' column for a woman's paper."

"It will always remain a riddle, one supposes," said the Minor Poet. "Which is the real ego—I, the author of 'The Simple Life,' fourteenth edition, three and sixpence net——"

"Don't," pleaded the Old Maid, with a smile; "please don't."

"Don't what?" demanded the Minor Poet.

"Don't ridicule it—make fun of it, even though it may happen to be your own. There are parts of it I know by heart. I say them over to myself when—— Don't spoil it for me." The Old Maid laughed, but nervously.

"My dear lady," reassured her the Minor Poet, "do not be afraid. No one regards that poem with more reverence than do I. You can have but small conception what a help it is to me also. I, too, so often read it to myself; and when—— We understand. As one who turns his back on scenes of riot to drink the moonlight in quiet ways, I go to it for sweetness and for peace. So much do I admire the poem, I naturally feel desire and curiosity to meet its author, to know him. I should delight, drawing him aside from the crowded room, to grasp him by the hand, to say to him: 'My dear—my very dear Mr. Minor Poet, I am so glad to meet you! I would I could tell you how much your beautiful work has helped me. This, my dear sir—this is indeed a privilege!' But I can picture so vividly the bored look with which he would receive my gush. I can imagine the contempt with which he, the pure liver, would regard me did he know me—me, the liver of the fool's hot days."

"A short French story I once read somewhere," I said, "rather impressed me. A poet or dramatist—I am not sure which—had married the daughter of a provincial notary. There was nothing particularly attractive about her except her *dot*. He had run through his own small fortune and was in some need. She worshipped him and was, as he used to boast to his friends, the ideal wife for a poet. She cooked admirably—a useful accomplishment during the first half-dozen years of their married life; and afterwards, when fortune came to him, managed his affairs to perfection, by her care and economy keeping all worldly troubles away from his study door. An ideal *Hausfrau*, undoubtedly, but of course no companion for our poet. So they went their ways; till, choosing as in all things the right moment, when she could best be spared, the good lady died and was buried.

"And here begins the interest of the story, somewhat late. One article of furniture, curiously out of place among the rich appointments of their fine *hôtel*, the woman had insisted on retaining, a heavy, clumsily carved oak desk her father had once used in his office, and which he had given to her for her own as a birthday present back in the days of her teens.

"You must read the story for yourselves if you would enjoy the subtle sadness that surrounds it, the delicate aroma of regret

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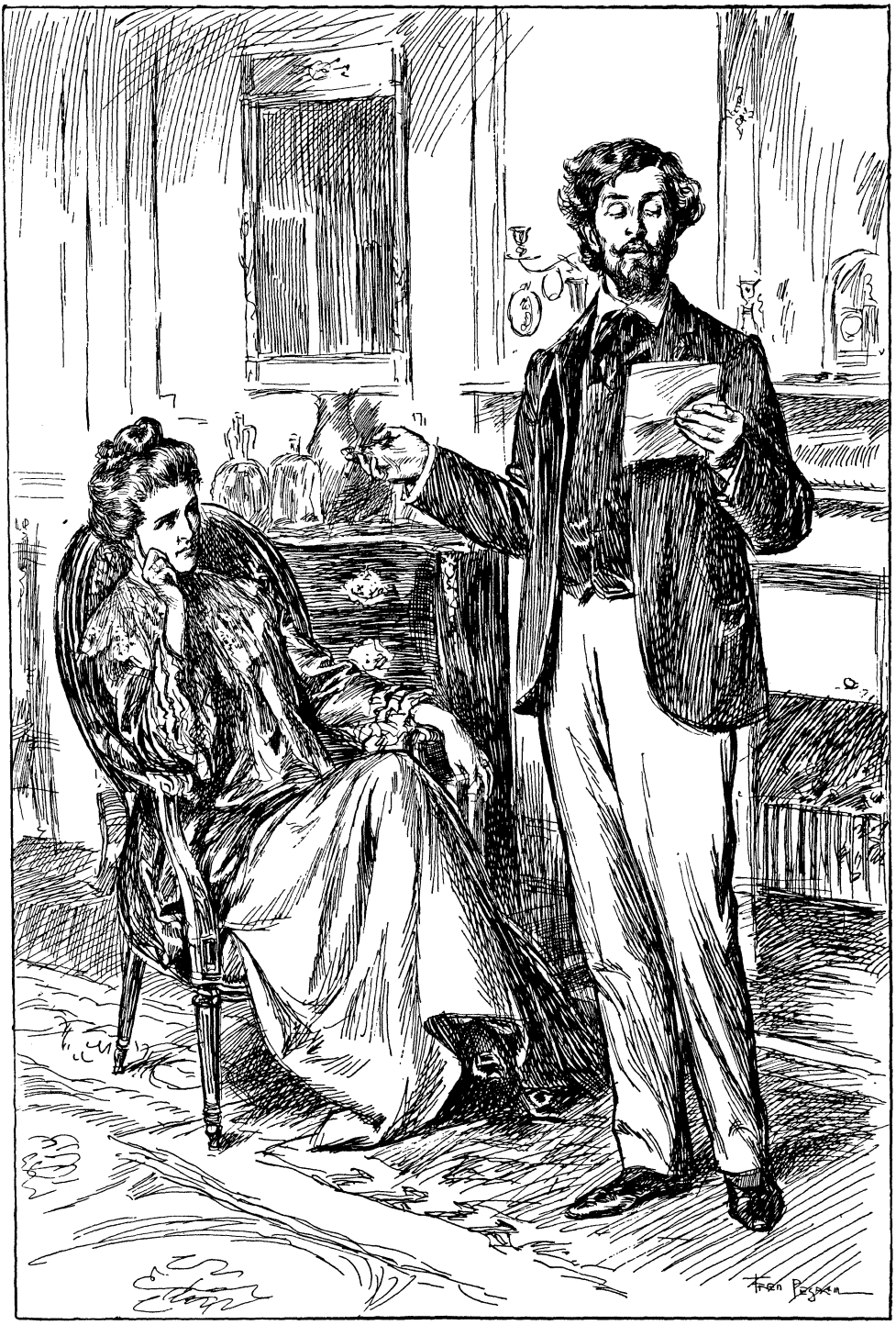

"'Comparing himself the while with Molière reading to his cook.'"

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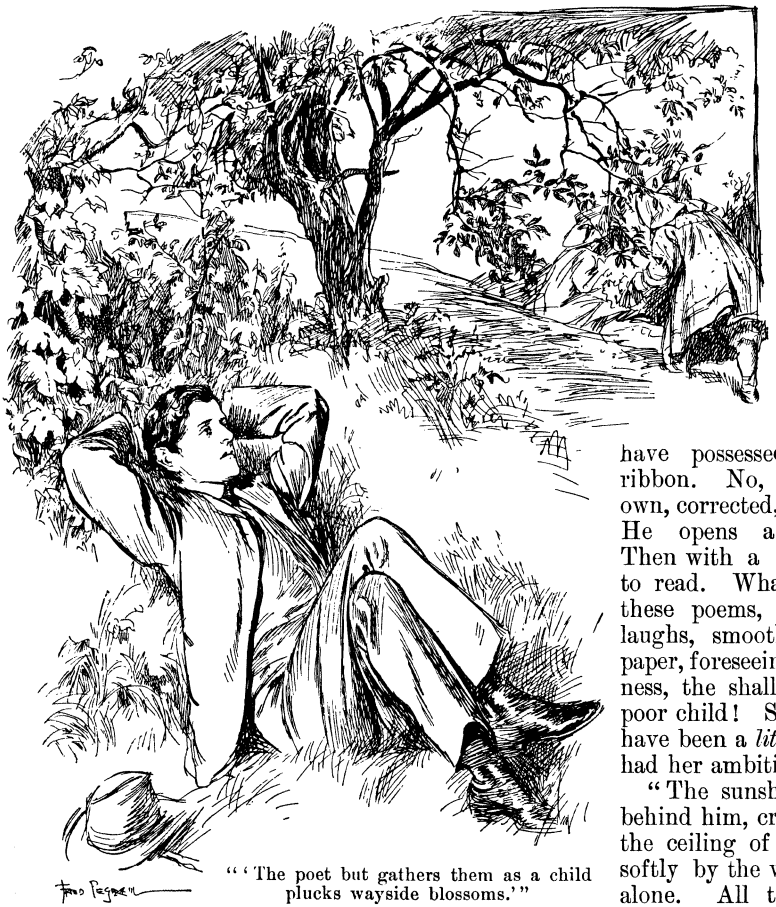

"'The poet but gathers them as a child plucks wayside blossoms.'"

through which it moves. The husband finding after some little difficulty the right key, fits it into the lock of the bureau. As a piece of furniture, plain, solid, squat, it has always jarred upon his artistic sense. She too, his good, affectionate Sara, had been plain, solid, a trifle squat. Perhaps that was why the poor woman had clung so obstinately to the one thing in the otherwise perfect house that was quite out of place there. Ah, well! she is gone now, the good creature. And the bureau—no, the bureau shall remain. Nobody will need to come into this room, no one ever did come there but the woman herself. Perhaps she had not been altogether so happy as she might have been. A husband less intellectual—one from whom she would not have lived so far apart—one who could have entered into her simple, commonplace life, it might have been better for both of them. He draws down the lid, pulls out the largest drawer. It is full of manuscripts, folded and tied neatly with ribbons once gay, now faded. He thinks at first they are his own writings—things begun and discarded, reserved by her with fondness. She thought so much of him, the good soul! Really, she could not have been so dull as he had deemed her. The power to appreciate rightly—this, at least, she must have possessed. He unties the ribbon. No, the writing is her own, corrected, altered, underlined. He opens a second, a third. Then with a smile he sits down to read. What can they be like, these poems, these stories? He laughs, smoothing the crumpled paper, foreseeing the trite commonness, the shallow sentiment. The poor child! So she likewise would have been a *littérateure*. Even she had her ambition, her dream.

"The sunshine climbs the wall behind him, creeps stealthily across the ceiling of the room, slips out softly by the window, leaving him alone. All these years he had been living with a fellow poet! They should have been comrades, and they had never spoken. Why had she hidden herself? Why had she left him, never revealing herself? Years ago, when they were first married—he remembers now—she had slipped little blue-bound copy-books into his pocket, laughing, blushing, asking him to read them. How could he have guessed? Of course, he had forgotten them. Later, they had disappeared again; it had never occurred to him to think. Often in the earlier days she had tried to talk to him about his work. Had he but looked into her eyes, he might have understood. But she had always been so homely-seeming, so good. Who would have suspected? Then suddenly the blood rushes into his face. What must have been her opinion of his work? All these years he had imagined her the amazed devotee, uncomprehending but admiring. He had read to her at times, comparing himself the while with Molière reading to his cook. What right had she to play this

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trick upon him? The folly of it! The pity of it! He would have been so glad of her."

"What becomes, I wonder," mused the Philosopher, "of the thoughts that are never spoken. We know that in Nature nothing is wasted; the very cabbage is immortal, living again in altered form. A thought published or spoken we can trace, but such must only be a small percentage. It often occurs to me walking down the street. Each man and woman that I pass by, each silently spinning his silken thought, short or long, fine or coarse. What becomes of it?"

"I heard you say once," remarked the Old Maid to the Minor Poet, "that 'thoughts are in the air,' that the poet but gathers them as a child plucks wayside blossoms to shape them into nosegays."

"It was in confidence," replied the Minor Poet. "Please do not let it get about, or my publisher will use it as an argument for cutting down my royalties."

"I have always remembered it," answered the Old Maid. "It seemed so true. A thought suddenly comes to you. I think of them sometimes, as of little motherless babes creeping into our brains for shelter."

"It is a pretty idea," mused the Minor Poet. "I shall see them in the twilight: pathetic little round-eyed things of goblin shape, dimly luminous against the darkening air. Whence come you, little tender Thought, tapping at my brain? From the lonely forest, where the peasant mother croons above the cradle while she knits? Thought of Love and Longing: lies your gallant father with his boyish eyes unblinking underneath some tropic sun? Thought of Life and Thought of Death: are you of patrician birth, cradled by some high-born maiden, pacing slowly some sweet garden? Or did you spring to life amid the din of loom or factory? Poor little nameless foundlings! I shall feel myself in future quite a philanthropist, taking them in, adopting them."

"You have not yet decided," reminded him the Woman of the World, "which you really are: the gentleman we get for three-and-sixpence net, or the one we are familiar with, the one we get for nothing.

"Please don't think I am suggesting any comparison," continued the Woman of the World, "but I have been interested in the question since George joined a Bohemian club and has taken to bringing down minor celebrities from Saturday to Monday. I hope I am not narrow-minded, but there is one gentleman I have been compelled to put my foot down on."

"I really do not think he will complain," I interrupted. The Woman of the World possesses, I should explain, the daintiest of feet.

"It is heavier than you think," replied the Woman of the World. "George persists I ought to put up with him because he is a true poet. I cannot admit the argument. The poet I honestly admire. I like to have him about the place. He lies on my drawing-room table in white vellum, and helps to give tone to the room. For the poet I am quite prepared to pay the four-and-six demanded; the man I don't want. To be candid, he is not worth his own discount."

"It is hardly fair," urged the Minor Poet, "to confine the discussion to poets. A

"'The singer may be a heavy, fleshy man with a taste for beer.'"

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friend of mine some years ago married one of the most charming women in New York, and that is saying a good deal. Everybody congratulated him, and at the outset he was pleased enough with himself. I met him two years later in Geneva, and we travelled together as far as Rome. He and his wife scarcely spoke to one another the whole journey, and before I left him he was good enough to give me advice which to another man might be useful. 'Never marry a charming woman,' he counselled me. 'Anything more unutterably dull than "the charming woman" outside business hours you cannot conceive.'"

"I think we must agree to regard the preacher," concluded the Philosopher, "merely as a brother artist. The singer may be a heavy, fleshy man with a taste for beer, but his voice stirs our souls. The preacher holds aloft his banner of purity. He waves it over his own head as much as over the heads of those around him. He does not cry with the Master, 'Come to Me,' but 'Come with me, and be saved.' The prayer 'Forgive them' was the prayer not of the Priest, but of the God. The prayer dictated to the Disciples was 'Forgive us,' 'Deliver us.' Not that he should be braver, not that he should be stronger than they that press behind him, is needed of the leader, but that he should know the way. He, too, may faint, he, too, may fall; only he alone must never turn his back."

"It is quite comprehensible, looked at from one point of view," remarked the Minor Poet, "that he who gives most to others should himself be weak. The professional athlete pays, I believe, the price of central weakness. It is a theory of mine that the charming, delightful people one meets with in society are people who have dishonestly kept to themselves gifts entrusted to them by Nature for the benefit of the whole community. Your conscientious, hard-working humorist is in private life a dull dog. The dishonest trustee of laughter, on the other hand, robbing the world of wit bestowed upon him for public purposes, becomes a brilliant conversationalist."

"But," added the Minor Poet, turning to me, "you were speaking of a man named Longrush, a great talker."

"A long talker," I corrected. "My cousin mentioned him third in her list of invitations. 'Longrush,' she said with conviction, 'we must have Longrush.' 'Isn't he rather tiresome?' I suggested. 'He is tiresome,' she agreed, 'but then he's so useful. He never lets the conversation drop.'"

"Why is it?" asked the Minor Poet, "Why, when we meet together, must we chatter like a mob of sparrows? Why must every assembly to be successful sound like a parrot-house of a zoological garden?"

"I remember a parrot story," I said, "but I forget who told it to me."

"Maybe one of us will remember as you go on," suggested the Philosopher.

"A man," I said—"an old farmer, if I remember rightly—had read a lot of parrot stories, or had heard them at the club. As a result he thought he would like himself to be the owner of a parrot, so journeyed to a dealer and, according to his own account, paid rather a long price for a choice specimen. A week later he re-entered the shop, the parrot borne behind him by a boy. 'This bird,' said the farmer, 'this bird you sold me last week ain't worth a sovereign!' 'What's the matter with it?' demanded the dealer. 'How do I know what's the matter with the bird?' answered the farmer. 'What I tell you is that it ain't worth a sovereign—'tain't worth a half-a-sovereign!' 'Why not?' persisted the dealer; 'it talks all right, don't it?' 'Talks!' retorted the indignant farmer, 'the silly thing talks all day, but it never says anything funny!'"

"A friend of mine," said the Philosopher, "once had a parrot——"

"Won't you come into the garden?" said the Woman of the World, rising and leading the way.

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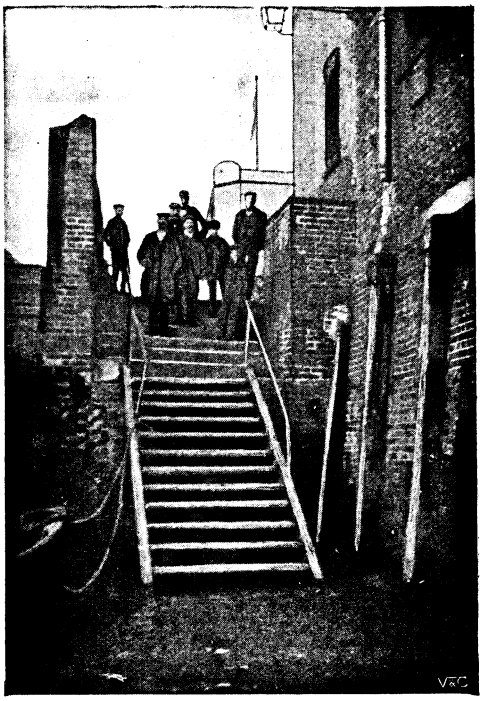

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

THE THAMES IN POETRY AND SONG.

By York Hopewell.

"Above all ryuers thy Ryuer hath renown."—*Dunbar.*

No people is so fond of its national river as the English; indeed, one may almost say that no other country possesses a river so distinctively national, so sentimentally regarded as our own "silver-footed Thames." And the reason is not far to seek. It is our fortune to have one river that far excels all the other streams of our country in importance, and so it behoves us to make all of it we can—as, indeed, we do: it inspires us in the way that has never been equalled since the days when the Romans worshipped on the banks of their Tiber. And, indeed, the Tiber is the only possible counterpart, for we look upon our river with an almost solemn reverence, while yet we think of it as the kindest of hosts when summer bathes its banks in sunlight. Yes, our river is "the river," greater than Tiber, Seine, or Rhone.

Small wonder, therefore, that many of our singers of all time have made it their theme and been immortalised while immortalising it. What says Alexander Pope?

Hail, sacred Peace! hail! long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;—
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.

And so it is here intended to guide the reader to a few of those poems, songs, and ballads which deal with some part of the river, and which are worthy the closer inspection of the "wet bob" as well as the lover of literature. Not that we would be too eclectic in our choice or omit such songs and ballads or poems as are worthy of note even when their claims on literature are but slender; no, we will be catholic.

But where to begin? Can we hesitate when London is there?—London, whose streets are paved with gold; London, "where Thames in sullied glory flows"—and so will we first consider the Thames at London. In the eighteenth century we come on a famous song in Percy's celebrated ballad, "Wapping Old Stairs," which recalls many memories round the district. The words, it is generally supposed, are founded upon even older ones of bygone days, while Percy's tune has caused the ballad to become well known—so popular, indeed, is it that there exist few sailors of the coast and certainly none of the river who do not know "Wapping Old Stairs"; and all can appreciate the delicate touches of the song which sets forth how—

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs.

Almost contemporaneous with this is another and equally famous song of Wapping—Charles Dibdin's "Poll of Wapping," an ingenuous poem, the domestic strain in which tells how—

Her father, he's a hearty dog,
Poll makes his flip, and serves his grog,
And never stints his measure;
She minds full well the house affairs,
She seldom drinks, and never swears;
And isn't that a pleasure?

while the same poet published some few years earlier an even better known poem in "The Jolly Young Waterman," which first saw the light in 1774, when it occurred as a song in Dibdin's play, "The Waterman, or the First of

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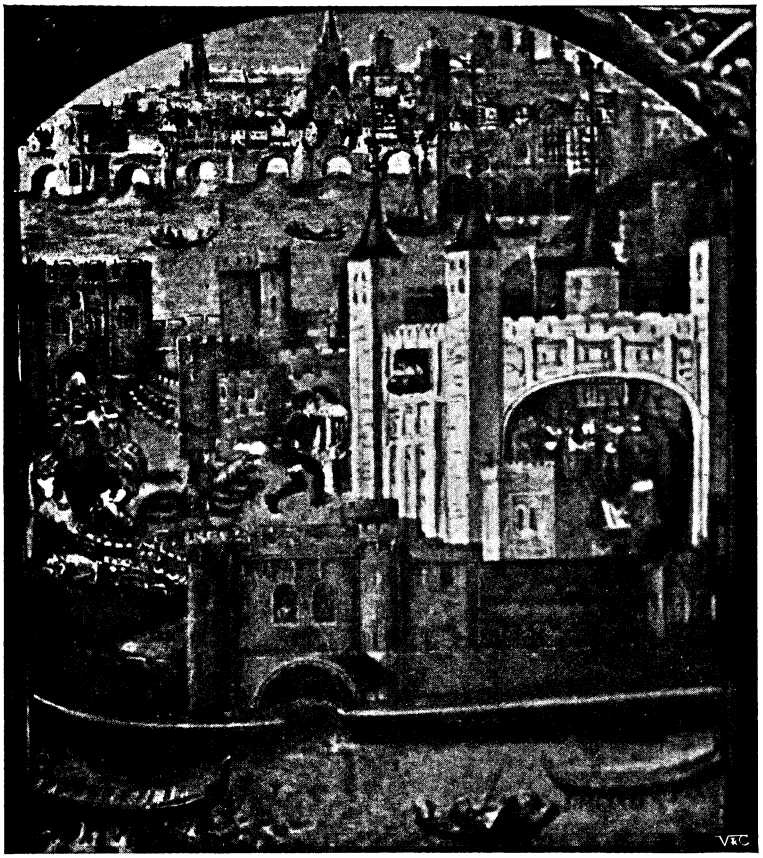
August," produced at this date at the Haymarket Theatre. The jolly young waterman's calling is fast fading away in these modern days, but there are one or two representatives of it to be seen at Blackfriars Bridge yet, if the stroller cares to watch and wait.

But it was at Chelsea that Dibdin, the laureate of watermen, located his next faithful types. Was it not here that Thomas sang when he left for foreign climes—

> Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry,
> Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
> Nevermore at Chelsea Ferry
> Shall your Thomas take a spell?

The allusion to "coat and badge" is doubtless to the rivalry which has gone on annually since 1722 and still continues among Thames watermen for the honour of holding "Doggett's Coat and Badge." "Poor Tom," the hero of the song, so well known among nautical men, was a true type of the waterman, while Dibdin's music soon gained him popularity. Few, indeed, have been able to write nautical ballad as good as Dibdin's, for he was author, composer, and singer. Dibdin wrote altogether no less than nine hundred songs, and it has been asserted that they made more men join the Navy willingly than all the efforts of the old press-gangs made unwilling men join throughout their existence.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE IN THE TIME OF HENRY VII., VIEWED FROM THE TOWER.
The "London Bridge" which was "broken down."

Another fruitful source of inspiration to poets is to be found in London Bridge, perhaps the most celebrated bridge in the world, and its very mention calls to our mind—

> London Bridge is broken down,
> Dance all over, my Lady Lee.

—the old song of our childhood, probably the oldest and most famous of all this "music of the Thames"—the song of our nurses long, long ago. How long it has been sung to English children it is impossible to tell, but there can be little doubt that it is one of our very earliest English songs, and must refer to the time when the old London Bridge was being demolished. But the lines are still almost universally known, though in the course of ages words have been gradually altered and corrupted till to-day it is difficult to say how near they are to the originals.

A more modern song, also called "London Bridge," with words by Mr. F. E. Weatherley, and music by Mr. J. L. Molloy, has gained great popularity in our own day, and well expresses the life and bustle of the modern bridge. It tells how—

> Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
> Over the bridge they go,

and it exalts the ever-flowing stream below by representing it as the only unchangeable

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atom in the life and age of the busy city. To return to earlier times, we find some fine lines on London Bridge prefixed to Howell's "Londinopolis" and bearing the date 1657—

When Neptune from his billows London spi'd,
Brought proudly thither by a high spring-tide;
As through a floating wood he steered along,
And dancing castles cluster'd in a throng;
When he beheld a mighty bridge give law
Unto his surges, and their fury awe;

. . . . .

When such vast arches he observed that might
Nineteen Rialtos make for depth and height;
When the cærulean god these things survey'd,
He shook his trident, and astonished said,
Let the whole Earth now all her wonders count,
This Bridge of wonders is the paramount.

While some forty-five years earlier Drayton wrote of the Thames—

With that most costly Bridge that doth him most renown,
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.

An Elizabethan ballad also states that it was on London Bridge that the merchant we know of as Alderman Fitzwarren first employed one Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London," who, born in Cheshire, was—

Thence brought up to London,
A 'prentice for to be.
A merchant on the Bridge
Did like his service so,
That for three years his factor
To Turkey he should go.

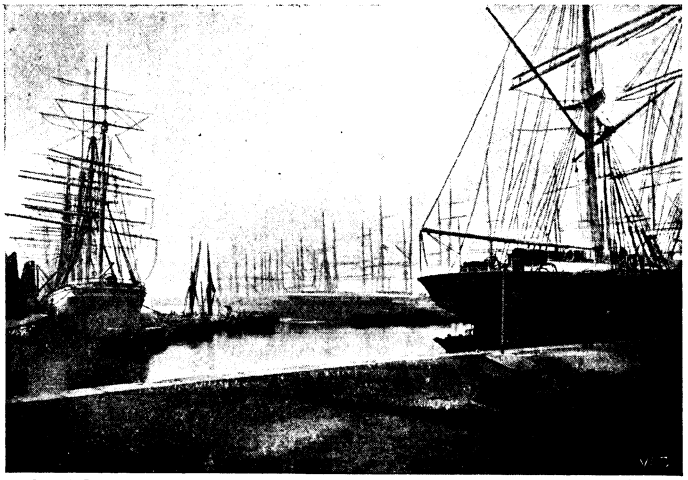

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE EAST INDIA DOCKS.

While John Lydgate's "Welcome to Henry V.," written in the early fifteenth century, tells how—

To London Brigge thanne rood oure kyng,
The processions there they mette hym ryght.

This suggests how in early days the Thames was the resort of the fashionable and the centre of modish merrymaking—a fact of which other songs and ballads afford ample evidence. In "Childe Harold," in the lines on Sunday in London, occur the words, "Some o'er thy Thames row the ribbon'd fair," and as long before as the Great Frost of 1683–1684, when "the river of Thames was congealed to a rock," an old ballad sings—

The various sports behold here in this piece,
Which for six weeks were seen upon the ice;
Upon the Thames the great variety
Of plays and booths is here brought to your eye.

But although the poets of the past have made so much of the social life of the Thames, the commercial aspect of the great waterway has been finely voiced by more than one singer. Mrs. Margaret Armour, in a volume consisting entirely of "Thames Sonnets," addresses the river as—

Father of Cities, on whose bosom vast
A thousand golden argosies have lain,

and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, one of the truest poets of latter-day America, thus describes the Docks—

Where the bales thunder till the day is done,
And the wild sounds with wilder odours cope,
Where, over crouching sail and coiling rope,
Lascar and Moor along the gangway run.

Coming westward to Charing Cross, the same singer has a fine sonnet to the beautiful old York Stairs—

Who kept in green domains thy bridal state
With young tide-waters leaping at thy knee.

And while we pause on this part of the Embankment we remember that the incongruity of Cleopatra's Needle in its Thames-side setting has inspired both Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mathilde Blind with powerful sonnets, and Andrew Lang with a delightful *ballade*.

Perhaps, however, most beautiful of all the poems dealing with London Thames are those which speak of the running of the river, the journeyings of its ships, its junction with the sea. In our own day Mr. Alfred Austin has begun one of his sweetest songs, "A Defence of English Spring"—

Unnamed, unknown, but surely bred
Where Thames, once silver, now runs lead,

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while Mr. W. E. Henley's "London Voluntaries" contain some finely inspired lines on the same subject—

And in the piles the water frolics clear,
The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
And we—we can behold that could but hear
The ancient River singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.

And in his poem on Westminster we come upon a fine line—

The silent river raging tide-mark high.

All lovers of poetry know Edmund Spenser's "Epithalamion," with its last line—

Sweet Themmes! run softly, till I end my song.

O glide, fair stream, for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

And probably the best remembered line of Wordsworth's famous sonnet on "Westminster Bridge" is—

The river glideth at his own sweet will.

Thomas Love Peacock, in his "Genius of the Thames," says of its source—

I see thee, sedge-crowned Genius! rise,
And point the glories of thy way,
Tall reeds around thy temples play,
Thy hair the liquid crystal gems,
To thee I pour the votive lay,
O Genius of the silver Thames!

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, VIEWED FROM LAMBETH BRIDGE.

In a poem on Cooper's Hill, Sir John Denham writes of surveying the point—

Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays,
Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

And later in the same poem occur the even finer lines—

O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Wordsworth, in some of his most felicitous lines, tells how great a source of inspiration the gliding of the river may become—

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.

And towards the end of the same poem we read of its meeting with the sea—

. . Where thy widening current glides
To mingle with the turbid tides,
Thy spacious breast displays unfurled
The ensigns of the assembled world.

In the early seventeenth century Michael Drayton wrote of the Thames from Windsor to London, and mentions "The fair and goodly Thames . . . with kingly houses crowned." And so modern a poet as Mr. William Watson has written a "Riddle of the Thames."

Mr. Laurence Binyon, too, speaks of a point—

. . . Where the City ends
And looks on Thames's stream,
That under Surrey willows bends,
And floats into a dream.

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Of songs and poems dealing with journeying on the Thames there are an immense number. Foremost among these may be mentioned John Taylor's "A Very Merry Wherry Ferry Voyage, or York for My Money," a charming jingle, though without any real poetic worth. In it Taylor tells of his voyage and how—

On that day which doth blest remembrance bring,
The name of an Apostle and our King,
On that remarkable good day, St. James,
I undertook my voyage down the Thames:
So I with colours finely did repair
My boat's defaults and made her fresh and fair.

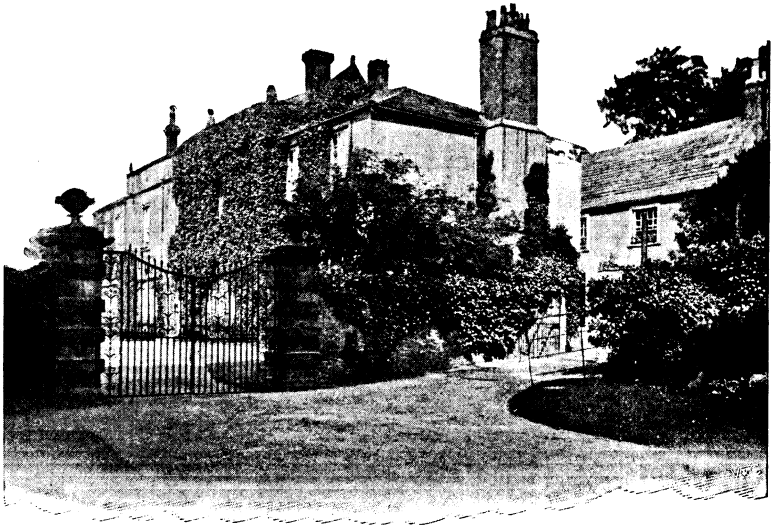

Photo by] [*G. Saunderson, Richmond, Yorks.*

HILL HOUSE, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE, WHERE "THE LASS" REALLY LIVED.

Later in the story Taylor tells how the following morning at Gravesend—

Old Neptune had his daughter Thames supplied
With ample measure of a flowing tide,
But Thames supposed it was but borrowed goods,
And with her ebbs paid Neptune back his floods.

John Taylor was a regular "character" in his day. A man, to quote from Professor Masson's "Life of John Milton," "with a fund of rough natural humour, and an acquired knack of writing, he had won the name of 'the water poet' and at the same time increased his custom as a boatman by a series of printed effusions. . . . His plan for disposing of these productions seems to have been to hawk them about personally among his patrons and acquaintances, or to sell them in parcels to those who retailed ballads and other cheap popular literature."

Gostling, too, wrote a quaint poem on the tour undertaken by Hogarth, Thornhill, Tothall, Scott, and Forest, who "From Covent Garden took departure, to see the

THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND HILL, WHERE THE LASS DID *NOT* LIVE.

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world by land and water," while John Gay, in 1720, wrote a poem of considerable length on "Mr. Pope Welcomed to London."

The Thames between London and the sea has been touched at points within certain of the poems already mentioned, so we will only add a reference to Thomas Hood's "The Boy at the Nore," and then pursue the stream inland.

Before leaving the Thames at London, we must not omit to mention Dryden's poem on the Great Fire. In the portion of the poem devoted to the beginning of the fire occur some graphic stanzas referring to the river—

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
But feared the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn;

while a eulogy on the New London, at the end of the poem, contains the following stanza—

The silver Thames her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

Going up the river from London City, we find many songs connected with Chelsea, notably Ben Jonson's song "To Celia," with its references to "the sands in Chelsea Fields" and the "drops in silver Thames."

And we bethink us, on the way, of Mr. Henley again—

By the river old and gray,
The enchanted Long Ago
Murmured and smiled anew.

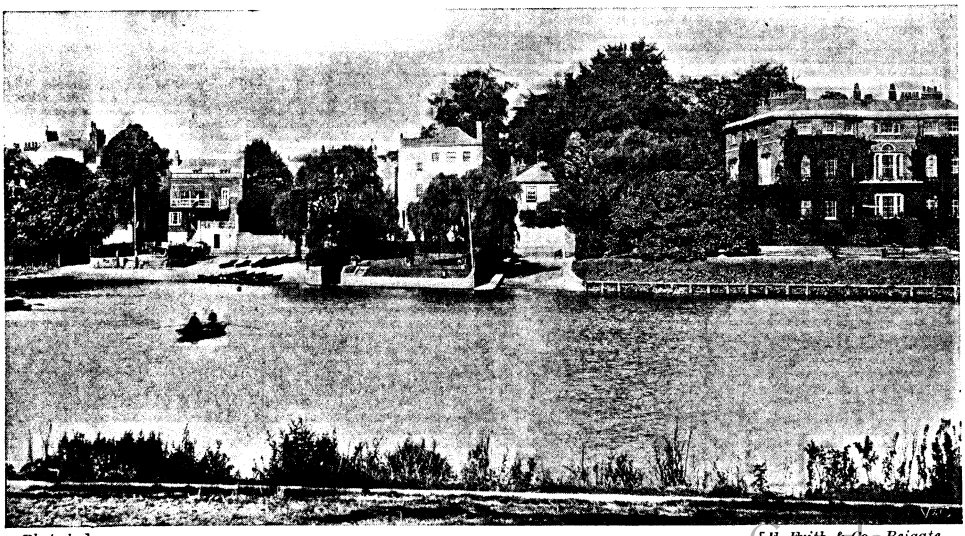
. . . . .

Coming up from Richmond,
On the way to Kew.

Richmond is popularly though erroneously believed to be the *locale* of the famous "Lass of Richmond Hill." In point of fact, the place alluded to in the song has now been proved to be Richmond in Yorkshire, and not the Surrey town. Still, so widespread is the impression that the song tells of Richmond-on-Thames, and so many are the pilgrimages made to its Hill, that we here couple and contrast illustrations of the two places. Perhaps no song of its class has ever raised such wide speculation as to its origin or its first singer, one story being that it was a love effusion of no less a personage than George IV. The tune was a very old one, and had been celebrated for generations when James Hook, father of Theodore Hook, took it in hand and gave us the delightful ballad so familiar to us to-day.

Still tracing "the matchless vale of Thames" up stream, we come to Twickenham, famed both in poetry and literature. But it may well be doubted whether Pope, Horace Walpole, Dryden, or Lady Wortley Montague has so contributed to the town's fame as has "Twickenham Ferry." Both words and music were written by Marzials, and the song at once leaped into public favour. And that its fame is not only English may be easily ascertained from the enormous number of Americans who yearly visit the place in the summer months.

Magna Charta Island, our next point, has given us a song which, though not perhaps so popular as it deserves, has still



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TWICKENHAM FERRY.

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Photo by] [*Taunt, Oxford.*

MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND (RUNNYMEDE), WHERE "OUR SAXON FATHERS BUILT A BRIDGE."

achieved a fair meed of success as a patriotic school song under the title "The Bridge that Bore Them Over." Its lines relate how—

> Our Saxon fathers built a bridge,
> With piers and arches massive.

Windsor brings us to Gray's stately "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," with its apostrophe—

> Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
> Full many a sprightly race
> Disporting on thy margent green.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Who foremost now delight to cleave
> With pliant arm thy glossy wave?

Here, too, is the home of the famous Eton boating song. And a modern poet, Mr. Robert Bridges, in his "Ode for the Ninth Jubilee of Eton College," also celebrates the river reaches at this point. Few modern poets, indeed, have dealt more lovingly with the Thames than Mr. Bridges. One of the happiest of his poems—

> There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
> Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine,

with its many beautiful descriptive touches, carries but one disappointment for the reader—the refusal of the last stanza to divulge the exact spot—

> Lest ere I come the while
> Strange feet your shades defile;
> Or lest the burly oarsman turn his prow
> Within your guardian isle.

From Mr. Bridges we must throw back a moment to Shakespeare, ere the stream carry us farther afield. At first sight it seems curious that Shakespeare has so little to say of what was in his day, as in our own, essentially the national river; but the reason is speedily found in the preponderance of foreign *locale* in his comedies and tragedies, and the historical necessity for scenes in many another English district in the historical plays. Moreover, your true Shakespearian prefers to discern the "soft-flowing Avon" in any river reference not actually identified by the poet himself. But we must not pass from Windsor without recalling the part played by the Thames in the discomfiture of Falstaff by "The Merry Wives," although the passages be chiefly in prose, and this article cannot hope to compass even all the poetry of the subject.

A few miles above Windsor we come to the pretty village of Bray, the tower of whose church is conspicuous some two miles before it is reached; and this church it is around which perhaps the best-known of all these Thames songs, "The Vicar of Bray," centres its story. Simon Alwyn was this Vicar's name, and he lived in the reign of Henry VIII.—and after. A noted character during his life, it has been reserved for him to become, perhaps, for all future ages, the type of the time-serving politician. So attached had he become to his benefice that he was resolved, as the song says, "That whatsoever king shall reign, Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir." As Fuller, in his usual quaint style, says: "The Vicar therefore lived under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; and was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, and then a Protestant again." The writer of the song, however, slightly altered the circumstances by making his hero live during the late Stuart and early Hanoverian periods, and so made the satire still more biting.

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The authorship of the song is a moot question. Nichols says, in his "Select Poems," that the author was a soldier in Fuller's Dragoons, in the reign of George I., which would account for the change of period allotted to the "Vicar of Bray." It is also certain that the song first attracted attention in a setting to an old English air, whose composer is quite unknown, about the year 1720. This again fixes its composition as at most six years after the accession of George I.

And here, for a mingling of the pleasures of river and road, comes Mortimer Collins, a charming poet too nearly forgotten nowadays, with his "Burnham Beeches"—

> O for a picnic here's a place
> Down by express to Taplow race,
> Or row from Maidenhead if you will
> Along the river's loveliest reaches;
> Then take the road and drink your fill
> Of coolness 'neath the giant Beeches.

And then at Cliveden, the residence of Mr. W. W. Astor, we find the birthplace of the most famous song of all. Here, in 1740, on the first of August, was sung for the first time a song which was destined to become the national song of Britons all the world over. That night, in this palace of Cliveden, was being played a masque written by James Thomson and David Mallet, and in it occurred a song which began "When Britain first, at Heaven's command," and had as its chorus the lines—

> Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
> Britons never shall be slaves!

The masque was given in celebration of the birthday of the Princess of Brunswick and of the King's accession. The song had been set to spirited music by Dr. Arne, then in the zenith of his fame as a composer, and it at once became popular. So much, indeed, was this the case that it was adopted by the Jacobites, in the Forty-five, as their national song, within five years of its first appearance.

In this year, too, it was first sung in London, in Covent Garden Theatre, and at once aroused tremendous enthusiasm.

And now we are come into that region of the Thames which modern Fashion has eclectically taken to mean, *par excellence*, "The River," and Hanoverian history makes way for the *vers de société* best suited to a riverine realm "in which it seemeth always afternoon"—in summer-time, at any rate.

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

ETON COLLEGE.

The Muse of delightful Mortimer Collins has already been invoked, and close upon her heels must follow the tuneful wit of gay Mr. Ashby-Sterry, laureate of Henley and Marlow, Sonning, Pangbourne, and Streatley in general, and of Hambleden Lock, Medmenham, Bisham, Hurley, and Bolney Ferry in particular. Geographical order is defied by Mr. Ashby-Sterry's nimble song. For as he says of himself—

> Somewhere on the Thames, I can't give you a clue,
> Be able to find me you possibly might,
> When drifting about in my bass wood canoe.

Of Henley itself Mr. Ashby-Sterry is eloquent in many a lyric—

> On Henley Bridge in sweet July,
> A gentle breeze, a cloudless sky,
> Indeed it is a pleasant place
> To watch the oarsmen go the pace.
>
> . . . . .
>
> And oh, what dainty maids you spy,
> What tasteful toilets you descry.
> What symphonies in frills and lace,
> On Henley Bridge!

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Or, again—

'Tis joyful to run from the turmoil of Town,
To flee from its worry and bustle.

. . . . .

When Goodwood is done and the Season is o'er,
'Tis pleasant the river to ply on,
Or lounge on the lawn free from worry and bore
At the "Lion"!

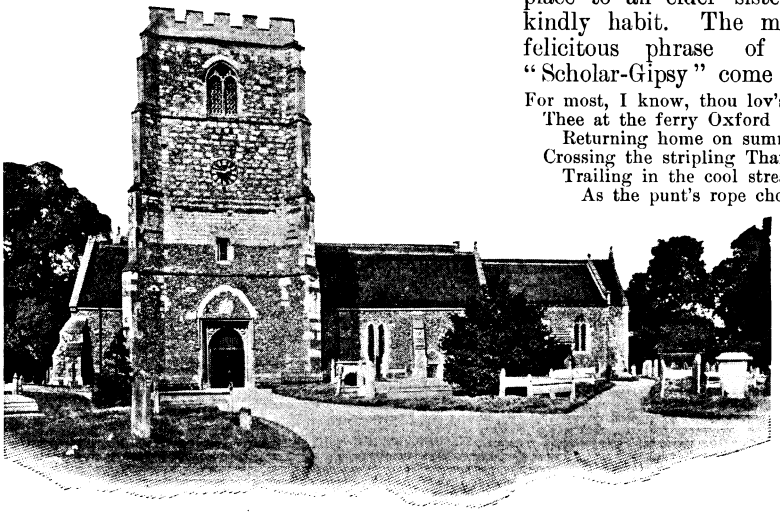

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

BRAY CHURCH, FAMOUS IN SONG FOR ITS "VICAR."

And the same enthusiast's "A Marlow Madrigal" must be allowed space for just its opening stanza—

Oh! Bisham Banks are fresh and fair,
And Quarry Woods are green,
And pure and sparkling is the air,
Enchanting is the scene!
I love the music of the weir,
As swift the stream runs down,
For, oh! the water's deep and clear
That flows by Marlow town.

And all river lovers will at once endorse Mr. Ashby-Sterry's—

Oh! Pangbourne is pleasant in sweet summer time,
And Streatley and Goring are worthy of rhyme,
The river runs swift under Basildon Hill.

And his joy for—

The tankards of "bitter" at Sonning.

As we draw near to Oxford, the gay Muse of Comedy demurely yields the foremost place to an elder sister of loftier yet still kindly habit. The measured stanzas and felicitous phrase of Matthew Arnold's "Scholar-Gipsy" come to mind—

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground.
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round.

. . . . .

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here,
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-winged swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often passed thee near,
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:
Marked thy outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air;
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone.

The river by Oxford has inspired many a stately line in our more scholarly poets, and in the case of Oxford men, such as Matthew Arnold, Clough, Robert Bridges, H. C. Beeching, and others, it is impossible not to "read in" to the text some Thames-side scene in many a river allusion, even where the actual stream is never named.

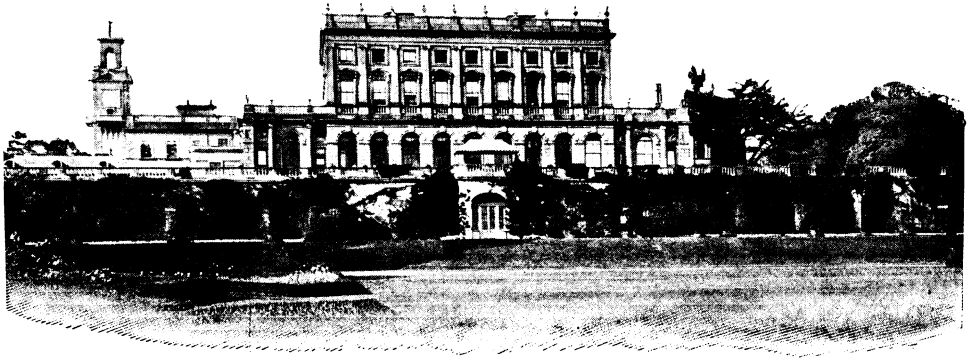

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

CLIVEDEN HOUSE, WHERE "RULE, BRITANNIA!" HAD ITS FIRST HEARING.

Now the seat of Mr. Astor.

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GREAT MARLOW.

The river of less thoughtful Oxford—that is to say, the stream of College Barges and "Eights"—unites in amity this graver sister and the lighter Muse of our *vers de société*, through the medium of many a rollicking stanza devoted to the joys and sorrows of the boating-man, or the gay sociabilities of "Eights Week," and for more serious treatment of the Tow-path here is Miss Louise Imogen Guiney again, with a sonnet beginning—

Furrow to furrow, oar to oar succeeds,
  Each length away, more bright, more exquisite;
  The sister shells that hither, thither flit,
Strew the long stream like dropping maple-seeds.
A comrade on the marge now lags, now leads,
  Who with short calls his pace doth intermit;
  An angry Pan, afoot; but if he sit,
Auspicious Pan among the river reeds.

The late Rev. S. J. Stone, also, whose famous hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," has been aptly called the "Marseillaise" of the Church Militant, has told us how all his life the sound of oars—

Kept ever stirring pleasant memories
Of many a bright laborious afternoon
On the old Isis . . .
. . . Oh, the grind
We grumbled at and loved so for its worth,
So far above all else for growth of strength
And moral muscle.

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

HENLEY REGATTA.

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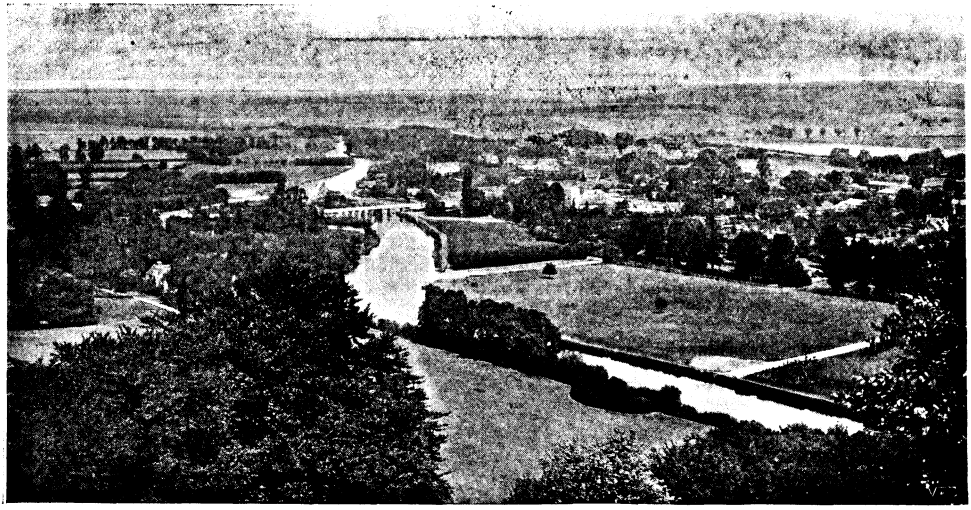

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VIEW OVER GORING FROM STREATLEY HILLS.

Later in the same poem Mr. Stone celebrates the University Boat Race, which has also found singers in Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and in sundry of the song-writers to whom, collectively, allusion has already been made.

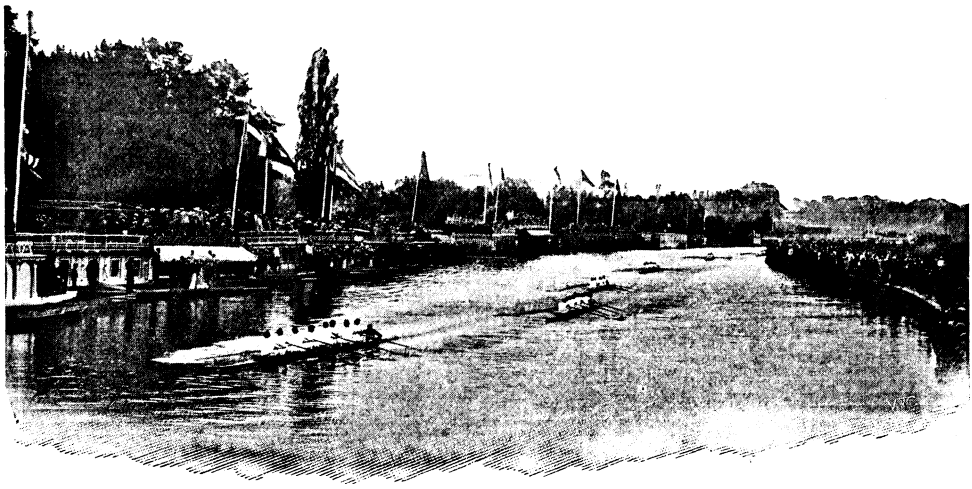
Mr. Lehmann's verses on "The Voice of the Thames" must not go unrecorded. From their many pleasant lines one remembers especially—

> And over all the winding miles,
> The clear calm Thames breaks forth in smiles
> Of welcome to the London man.

The far cry from Oxford to London is well expressed in the sestet of a sonnet by Mortimer Collins—

> O Isis, noble Isis! in thee quivers
> Eternal Oxford's wondrous Gothic glory,
> Poetic towers and pinnacles of pride:
> And, loftier in thy power than classic rivers,
> Changing thy name by some green promontory
> Thou lavest London with an ampler tide.

The less social stream above "the City of Dreaming Spires" owes its chief poetic tributes to the group of scholar-poets already mentioned, and a reference to Shelley's "Lines Written in Lechlade Churchyard," though not actually dealing with the river, must close this brief anthology from a still unexhausted poetic store.



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"THE EIGHTS" AT OXFORD.

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THE PANSY GIRL.

By Maud Churton and Horace Wyndham.

"I WANT a sensation—or a new experience, which is much the same thing," remarked John Charteris to himself as he was wandering disconsolately down Fleet Street one dingy afternoon in February. "We're always hearing about the 'wonderful romance of London' now that this gloomy old metropolis has become the subject of an acknowledged cult; but when a poor devil of a hard-worked editor feels the need of a little change, not a scrap of romance can he find within the four-mile radius!"

"'Isn't it right, miss?' asked the attendant."

The editor of *The New Centurion* was on his way to the little restaurant known to his brother journalists as "The Inkpot," from the eminently journalistic nature of its customers. Here, from four to five in the afternoon, almost all the pressmen in Fleet Street were wont to congregate. But to-day Charteris thought he would take his tea elsewhere; he was so tired of continually meeting the same fellows, and hearing day after day the same time-worn anecdotes, the ill-conceived jests, and eternal "shop" conversation.

As he crossed Ludgate Circus the enamelled sign of a tea-shop caught his eye, and he remembered that it was here he had been wont to come in the old days when he was a lesser personage than the editor of *The New Centurion*—when proofs were few and far between, and the cost of each meal had to be carefully counted in advance. It was half-past four in the afternoon, and as he passed through the swinging door he noted that the place was crowded to its utmost capacity. Making his way with difficulty down the room, Charteris sought in vain for a vacant seat.

"Confound it! I shall have to go somewhere else, after all," he exclaimed under his breath. "Why the deuce can't they put up 'House Full' boards for the benefit of a confiding and innocent public? Must make a note of it in next month's number."

Just then he caught sight of a table occupied by but a single person. It was somewhat apart from the others, being placed under the staircase leading to the room upstairs. There was an empty chair beside it, but then the table was really so small that there seemed scarcely room for even one customer. As he stood hesitating, the girl sitting there looked up, and thinking,

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apparently, that he wanted a seat, half rose as if to make room for him to pass.

"Do you want to sit down?" she said. "There is room here, I think."

He hadn't intended to do anything of the sort, but the girl's voice sounded so inviting—the sweetest he had heard for many days, it seemed to him—that Charteris altered his mind immediately.

"Er—thanks, I think I will. But are you sure there's room?" he added doubtfully. "I'm afraid I shall crowd you."

"If you don't take the seat, someone else will," she answered quietly, raising her eyes for an instant as she spoke.

That momentary glance decided him. "By Jove! what lovely eyes! They're like two pansies—just the same shade as those in her hat," he thought, as he sat down.

She moved her cup a little nearer to herself, in order to allow him room. He thanked her for the courtesy, but she made no acknowledgment of his words beyond a slight inclination of the head.

"I wish she would say something," thought Charteris. "I want to hear that voice again."

A sad-looking waitress, whose dusty hair was padded into an enormous "bun" at the back of her head, came up to take his order. He asked for poached eggs and coffee, with a fleeting smile at the remembrance of those far-off days when poached eggs for tea had been his method of celebrating the receipt of a proof. A biscuit was the most he generally got, and sometimes things had been so bad that tea of any sort became a luxury to be dispensed with.

Charteris was engaged in observing his companion out of the extreme corner of his eye, at the same time apparently engrossed in studying a fat matron at the table opposite, when the meal he had ordered was set down in front of him. The peculiar look that immediately flashed across his companion's face impressed him with a strange notion. The expression that he had momentarily caught was something like that which he had once seen in the eyes of a dog of his—who had been tied up and left unattended for three days. It was a puzzling look on a woman's face, though, and the man leaned back in his seat, rather wondering what it meant.

"Of course! she must be hungry!" he thought suddenly. "Hungry—good Heavens!" And then, as he noticed her cheap little straw hat—a tiny bunch of pansies its chief ornament—the carefully mended gloves, the thin dress, so unsuited to such a day, and, above all, the pallor of her face—"I don't believe she gets half enough to eat!" Charteris told himself.

He stole a glance furtively at her plate. She had only had a biscuit and a small cup of tea, and the crumb or two which she was picking up so carefully convinced him that his conjecture was correct.

"What a pig she must think me!" he thought. "Poor girl! it must be torture to her to see me gorging myself like this. I expect I spent more over my luncheon to-day than she has for a week." He reflected guiltily, too, of what his dinner at the club would cost him that night. Then his thoughts returned again to his own early struggles, and the bitter, heart-breaking days he had gone through, when for weeks and months at a time he had bombarded editors with manuscripts that were only destined to come back again and again. Thank Heaven! that was all over now, and to-day he had a comfortable post, a four-figured income, and a ready market for practically as much as he liked to sign his name to. But as yet success had not spoilt him, and his heart was tender to his less fortunate comrades. Especially he would have liked to have been able to help this girl, but he did not know how.

The obvious idea of monetary assistance occurred to him, but he dismissed it again at once as being impossible. "No, dash it all!" he reflected, as he watched his neighbour critically. "Only a bounder would do such a thing. The girl's a lady, evidently—thoroughbred, too, every inch of her. If she wasn't, it wouldn't be quite so difficult to give her a helping hand. I wonder what she does, though? Typewrites, probably"—as he noticed her fingers drumming mechanically on the surface of the marble-topped table. "Scribbles a bit, too, I expect," he added, perceiving, with practised eye, that the envelope lying beside her teacup contained a manuscript. "Perhaps I could put something in her way, only I don't know how to set about it."

"Will you give me my check, please?"

The sound of her voice, breaking upon his ear, aroused Charteris from his reverie. He looked up quickly and saw that she was speaking to the waitress. It was a commonplace enough remark, but the weariness of her tone did not escape him.

She took the slip of paper, looked at it a moment, and then put it down again with a little cry of dismay.

"Isn't it right, miss?" asked the attendant.

"Why, it's fivepence!" she said slowly,

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staring at the check, and the man noticed a curious gasp in her voice.

"Yes, I know it is," replied the waitress sharply. Ten hours a day in the stuffy atmosphere of a crowded shop are not conducive to any woman's good temper. "Tea's threepence, and the biscuit's twopence: your check's quite right."

"Yes, I suppose it is," assented the girl blankly. "I didn't notice it at the time, but I thought this was a shop where they only charge a penny for a biscuit."

"Well, it's twopence here," snapped the attendant, as she moved away. She had plenty of other things to do, without arguing over a penny. If people made silly mistakes, it wasn't her place to put them right. She was much too harassed for that sort of thing.

The Pansy Girl, as Charteris had named her in his thoughts, took out her purse—such a shabby little thing—and opened it with a sigh. The man couldn't help watching her, and he saw the startled look that came into her eyes as she examined its contents. The little colour there was seemed suddenly to fade out of her face, and her deathly pallor frightened him. He looked at her anxiously; she had put the purse down beside her and was staring blankly at the wall. There was a strained look in her eyes, and he almost thought he saw a tear there. A threepenny piece and two halfpennies were lying on her plate. She looked carefully through her purse again, and then at the coins she had taken from it, with an expression of consternation. It would have been ludicrous, he thought, if it hadn't been so intensely pathetic.

Charteris instantly divined the cause of her dismay.

"I beg your pardon, but will you permit me to be your banker—to the extent of a penny?" he asked quietly, leaning across the table as he spoke.

The piteous eyes of the Pansy Girl turned to him at the question.

"Please let me accommodate you in so small a matter," he continued. "It's so awkward to find oneself suddenly run short. I know that from my own experience."

"You are very kind," she said, "but I won't trouble you, thanks. I shall have to explain to the cashier, and leave my name and address. I thought I had enough money with me, but am afraid I must have dropped a shilling somewhere," she added, with a little catch in her voice.

"You'd much better let me help you," urged Charteris. "It's unpleasant having to explain an accident of this sort in these places." He took a penny out of his pocket as he spoke. "Besides, I've an idea you write," he went on, seeing she still hesitated. "If that's the case, you certainly ought not to deny a brother journalist the opportunity of doing you this little service."

This last plea seemed to decide her, and she glanced back at him with a smile of gratitude. "Thank you very much," she replied, taking the coin he held out to her. "It's very good of you. I certainly did have a shilling, but it's departed. Will you let me know to whom I am indebted?"

"Oh! I shall probably come across you in some newspaper office," he answered lightly.

"I'm afraid I haven't much acquaintance with the *inside* of a newspaper office," she said, with a little laugh—not a very happy one, it seemed to him. "I have to content myself with admiring them externally, and that's not a very stimulating pastime."

"Don't you write for any in particular, then?" he asked, struck by her hopelessness.

"I'm not so fortunate," she answered. "I have to content myself with writing *to* them instead. It's a distinction with a considerable difference."

"Ah! I know what that is," he rejoined sympathetically. "Rather a dreary experience, isn't it?"

"Dire," she replied; "especially when they send your stuff back to you over and over again. I daresay it's hard enough for a man to make his way, but I'm sure it's ten thousand times harder for a girl. This story, for instance"—holding up the long envelope—"has been returned so often that I hate the sight of it. I suppose the fire will be its eventual haven," she added a little bitterly.

"Oh! don't say that. Perhaps you haven't sent it to the right quarter yet. Will you let me look at it for a moment? Perhaps I can give you a hint that may be useful."

She handed the manuscript to him silently.

He smoothed the pages and glanced through it with interest. The neat handwriting made it as easy to read as print. A brief examination of the story convinced him that it contained a vein of originality that ought to make it marketable. Indeed, this fact, taken into consideration with her eyes and voice, made him half decide that he might even use it in his own magazine.

As Charteris handed it back to her he noticed the anxious air with which she evidently awaited his verdict. He scarcely liked to commit himself too far, and so hesitated in his choice of words.

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"Well?" she demanded interrogatively, "is it worth anything or not?"

"Er—yes, I think it is," he ventured. "You've given it a very striking title, 'A Woman's Hell,' and that's half the battle. The story is rather well worked out, too, as far as I can judge from a cursory examination. Where have you offered it?"

"Oh! it's been to half-a-dozen editors in vain!" she replied, counting off the names of sundry periodicals on her fingers. "No wonder I begin to think the fire is the best place for it."

"Don't make a burnt-offering of it just yet," he said quietly. "I am not surprised at its coming back to you—you've evidently been casting your pearls in the wrong quarters. Why don't you send it to a different class of magazine altogether? You might try *The New Centurion*, for instance."

"*The New Centurion?* Why, it simply wouldn't have the ghost of a chance."

"Don't be too sure about that," he said encouragingly. "Take my advice and send it there to-night."

A thought struck her, and she looked at him more intently than she had yet done.

"Have you anything to do with *The Centurion?*" she asked eagerly, "or do you happen to know the editor at all?"

"Yes, that's it," he replied, availing himself of the loop-hole her suggestion offered. "I do know the editor, and so I shall possibly be able to speak for you."

"I shall be so much obliged if you would," she said, a smile brightening her face. "If you can only ensure its being at least read, I should be ever so grateful. Now I must say 'Good afternoon,'" she added, getting up to go. "Oh! but I was forgetting! My debt—what am I to do about repaying it to you?"

"'*Au revoir*,' answered Charteris."

"Put a stamp inside your MS. when you send it to *The Centurion*, and I'll get it next time I see the editor."

"I'll remember," she said, giving him a glance which he felt was ample reward. "Good-bye, and many thanks!"

"*Au revoir*," answered Charteris, looking at her steadily; and then, as he watched her disappearing into the gloom beyond the swing-door, "'A Woman's Hell,'" he repeated to himself. "Poor little Pansy Girl, you looked as if you had experienced it. Won't those eyes of hers shine, though," he added, "when she sees it billed on the placards of *The New Centurion?*"

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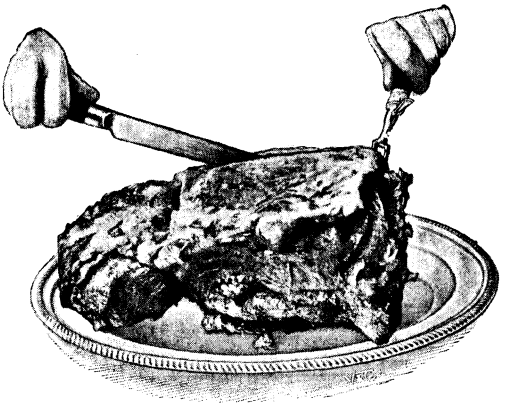
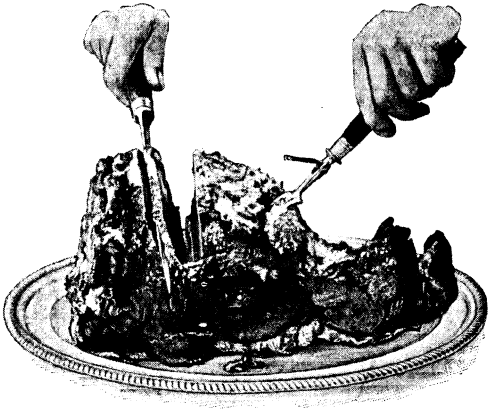
THE ART OF CARVING AT TABLE.

By George Lorimer.



I.—SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

It is to be feared that carving is an art to a great extent neglected in this country. This is a curious fact when considered in connection with the great growth in the cult of the cuisine in England of late years, yet the conscientious historian of the habits of our times is compelled willy nilly to make the admission. The real trouble is that



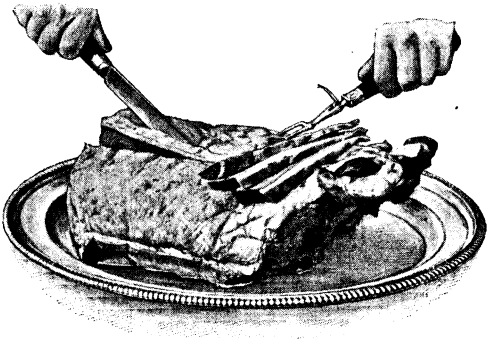
II.—SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

the Englishman does not take the matter sufficiently seriously—passes it over as a mere mechanical and considerably boring accompaniment to a meal. This constitutes a grave error. To carve well is a graceful combination of science with art, and your true carver would carve symmetrically as well as economically even were he put in the position of dividing a sucking-pig between two. Considering how important and useful an accomplishment it is, one is astounded that more people do not make an effort to carve at least passably. The explanation, perhaps, lies in the fact that carving holds a place among those arts which every man is convinced he can practise better and more scientifically than anyone else in the world!

How often, too, does one come across the man who grumbles at the cook when the real fault lies with him who cut the food! The greater number of those who dine in a first-rate restaurant and are pleased to pose as gourmets never in this respect appear willing to learn by experience or example, but quietly turn to their neighbour and discuss the latest news, the weather, and their personal affairs, what time the *maître d'hôtel* is giving an example of an art the acquisition of which has cost him the study of a lifetime and contains perhaps the secret of a great gastronomic success.

Without doubt the first carver of the world to-day is Joseph—proprietor of the Restaurant Marivaux, in Paris, and sometime director of the Savoy Restaurant, here in London. To see Joseph carve a bird should be written as the eighth wonder of the world.

In his own restaurant every aid is given to this *tour de force;* the orchestra stops dead, and taking his stand at the head of the room, the master slices off joints, one after the other, with vigorous single cuts, holding the bird on a fork in his left hand. Lieut.-Col. Newnham Davis, in his "Dinners and Diners," gives an admirable idea of the effect produced by Joseph's



III.—SADDLE OF MUTTON.

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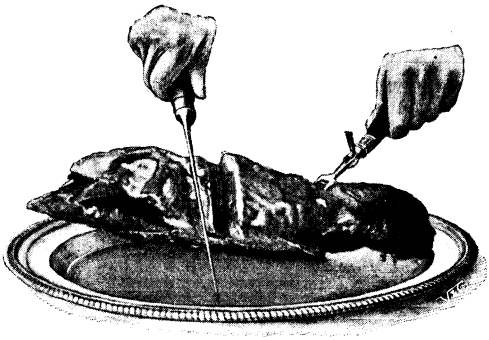
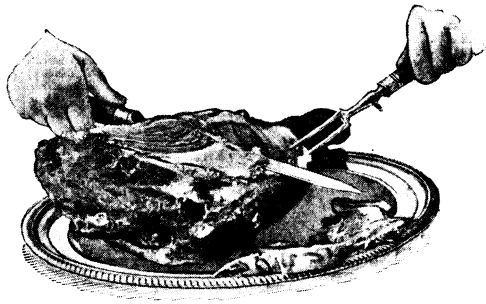


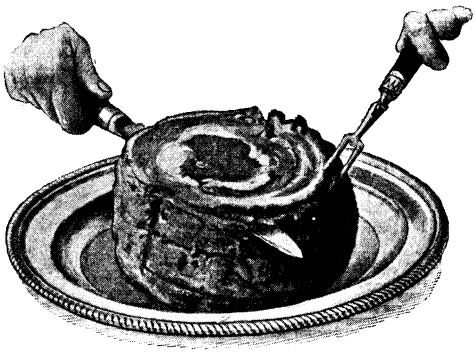
IV.—SHOULDER OF MUTTON.



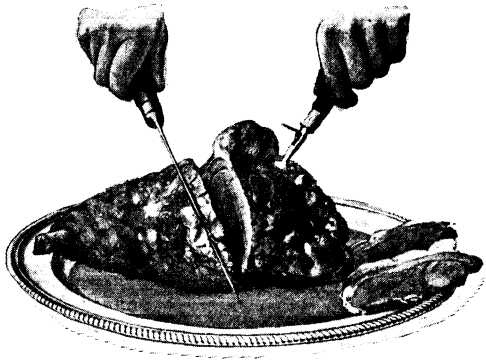
V.—SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

carving when he says: "In an irreverent moment I was reminded of the Chinese torture of the Ling Chi, in which the executioner slashes at his victim without hitting a vital part in the first fifty cuts, as I watched Joseph calmly, solemnly, with absolute exactitude, cutting a duck to pieces with a long, thin knife."

It need hardly be here remarked that the ordinary amateur cannot be expected to attain the pre-eminence of a Joseph or a Ritz, but all men will be well advised to learn at least



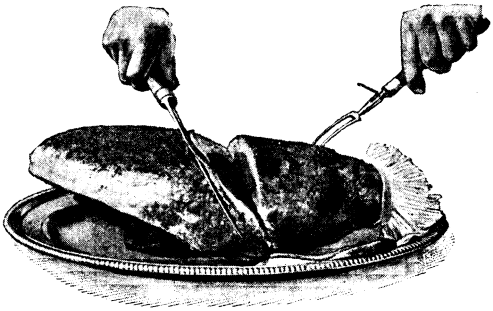
VI.—ROUND OF BEEF.



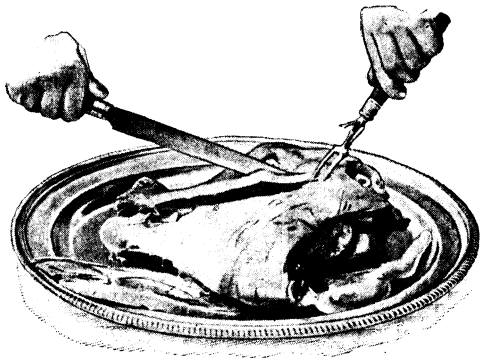
VII.—LEG OF MUTTON.

how to carve some of the simpler dishes of everyday appearance in the average British household.

Truly the case of the man who is entirely ignorant of carving is parlous. We have all seen him, offering in an emergency to assist his hostess, and trying by mere physical force to overcome his lack of skill; with red face and perspiring forehead he hacks and tugs at the dish in front of him, and at every attempt the veins stand out more prominently in his



VIII.—HAM.



IX.—CALF'S HEAD.

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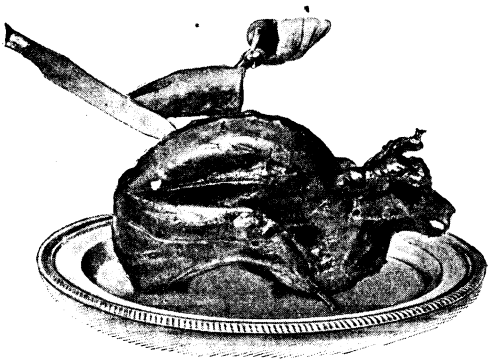
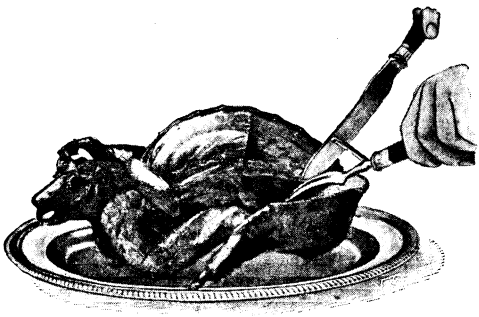
head, while the face of his hostess grows graver each moment as she begins to realise the appalling fact that the dish will not go round. Hopelessly at sea, he shamefully mangles and hacks the joint or bird before him, serving slices ragged and torn, and accomplishing even this result so slowly that the dish is cold long before he has finished. And all this time his agony—especially if he be of a nervous temperament—is terrible to contemplate, and the inconvenience to those who witness it distressing in the extreme.

Besides this disadvantage of the more

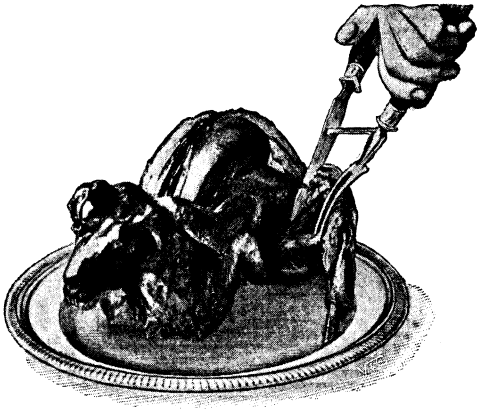


X.—HARE.



XI.—HARE.

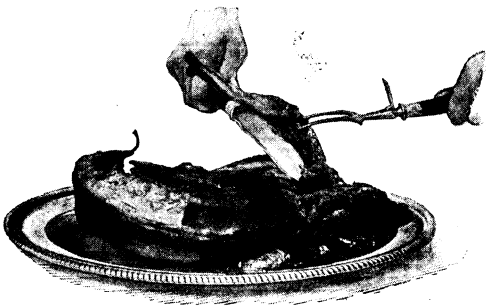
material kind, a bad carver is handicapped in the conversation of the table, in which he plays, or should play, an important part, for the post of carver has come to involve considerable social obligations, and implies that its holder should to some extent preside over the feast. Charles Lamb, in Captain Jackson, has given us an example of the carver who, even though he had nothing or next to nothing to carve, yet contrived to make a meal—however slender—pleasant. "'Let us live while we can,' methinks I hear the open-hearted creature exclaim; 'While we have, let us not want'; 'Here is plenty left'; 'Want for nothing'—with many



XI*a*.—HARE.

more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants of smoking boards and feast-oppressed chargers. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife's plate, or the daughter's, he would convey the remnant rind to his own, with a merry quirk of 'The nearer the bone,' etc., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. . . . None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night—the fragments were *vere hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings, only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings." And who will say that he was not a good carver in the truest, fullest sense of the word? Would that more would imitate him!

The advantages of good carving are many, the chiefest being the ability to derive the best possible flavour from a dish, and at the same time to dispose of it in an economical manner. Your true artist cuts in such a way that every piece which he serves is sightly and palatable and does not contain a disproportionately large amount either of fat or lean. He has, too, a knowledge of the



XII.—HARE.

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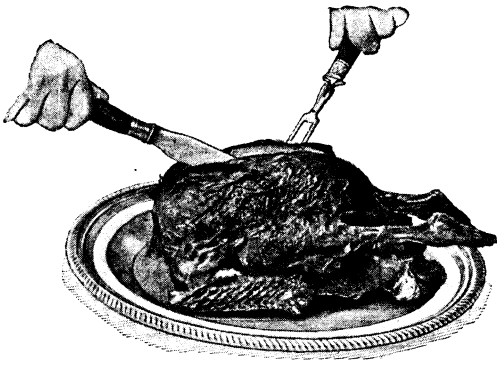
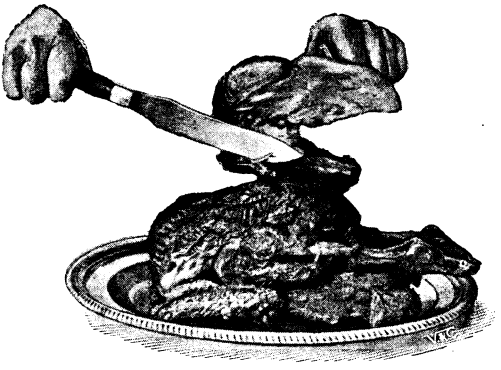


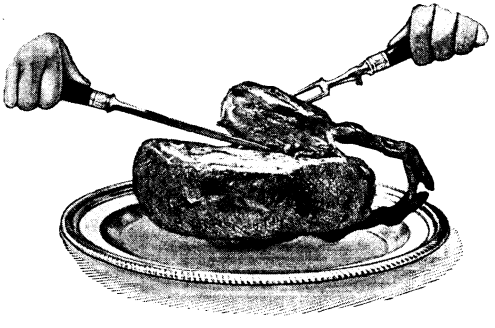
XIII.—TURKEY.



XIV.—TURKEY.

natural construction of various joints—a knowledge indispensable to all who wish to attain any proficiency in the art—and ensures that only the choicest cuts will be served.

The gourmet of to-day is too complex in his tastes, mixing many flavours and so losing the true significance of each, and it is therefore of the highest importance to avoid giving any one person two differently flavoured slices of the same joint. For example, it is undesirable to mix the upper and under cuts of a sirloin.



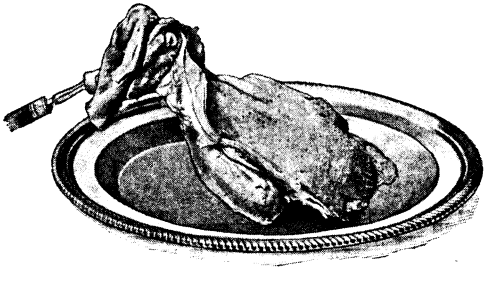
XV.—DUCK.

In a short article one cannot deal fully with the subject or give instructions for the carving even of all joints or poultry, but a few hints for dealing with some of the more everyday dishes may, perhaps, be of use at least to the novice.

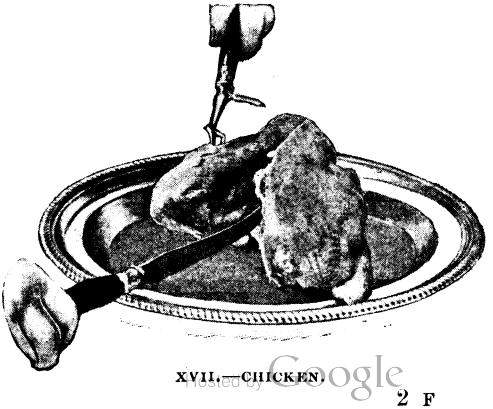
The sharpness of the knife is, of course, an important consideration, and it is well to have some idea of how to use a steel, though the operation is one rather for the workshop than the dinner-table, and should be performed before the meal by a servant; still, even servants are not perfect, so the would-be carver must be prepared for emergencies.

To sharpen the carver, hold the steel in the left hand, which should be on a level with the elbow, so that the point of the steel is towards the right shoulder, and hold the knife, almost perpendicular, in the right hand. Place the hilt of the knife's edge at the top of the steel, and draw the blade downwards the whole length of both steel and knife, first on one side and then on the other—*e.g.*, so that the point of the knife finishes at the hilt of the steel. The blade should be almost flat on the steel, with the back slightly raised and only the edge touching it.

When carving a slice of meat, after the first incision has been made, the angle at



XVI.—BOILED FOWL.



XVII.—CHICKEN.

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which the knife is held must never be altered, or a jagged slice will be obtained. When the way to control the knife has been mastered, the keystone to successful carving has been acquired.

The cut should be direct, sharp, and incisive. A saw-like action should never enter into the operation.

Ham and beef should be carved into very thin slices, and mutton and pork into fairly thick ones. Joints that have to be carved should be served on dishes without any gravy or dressing.

SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

To carve the uppercut (Fig. I.): Make an incision about three inches deep, just above the bone that runs through the centre of the joint, and run the knife along, so that when carved in the manner illustrated the slices are quite detached from the bone.

Turn the meat over for the undercut, or fillet, and carve in slices across the joint, as in Fig. II.

Fat will be found just below where the fork is inserted in Fig. II.

SADDLE OF MUTTON.

Carve as Fig. III., either side of the spinal bone, cutting close to this bone and then working round. This joint can be carved in several ways, but that mentioned is generally accounted the best. Another very good way is to carve in straight strips the whole length of the spinal bone.

Fat will be found at the bottom of the sides, where the joint rests on the dish.

SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

Raise the furthermost side of the meat, and cut into slices as shown on Fig. IV.

When carved in this manner only the primest cut is served, but considerable waste ensues. A more economical way is to carve the under part of the joint, cutting round in the manner shown in Fig. V. In this way every particle of meat will be utilised.

ROUND OF BEEF.

First remove the outside cut, and then carve in thin slices as Fig. VI.

LEG OF MUTTON.

Carve as Fig. VII. Fat will be found at the bottom corner of the thick end. This joint may also be carved to advantage by starting at the knuckle end and slanting towards the middle.

HAM

Should be carved in the manner shown in Fig. VIII., as this at once enables the choicest cut to be served. For economical purposes many start carving at the knuckle end, gradually slanting towards the middle.

CALF'S HEAD.

Carve in straight strips, extending from the ear to the mouth, as Fig. IX. Cut through to the bone, and each piece will become detached naturally.

HARE.

Place the hare on the dish with the head at the left hand. Make an incision, and cut along the spinal bone from about the centre of the back to the end. Then cut through the side and middle, and remove the portion shown in Fig. X. The part it is removed from is more clearly seen in Fig. XI. Then cut off the hind leg in the manner shown in Fig. XI. and XI*a*., and afterwards the fore-leg or wing, as Fig. XII.

TURKEY.

Make an incision about an inch from the breast bone (of course, the size of the bird may cause the distance to vary), cut right through, as Fig. XIII., and remove the wing, which will naturally fall away, as Fig. XIV.; sever the leg at the socket, and this can then be removed in the same way; then carve small slices from the breast. The legs and wings of the turkey are not often eaten at table, for only the breast is considered really "fine." Figs. XV. (duck) and XVI. and XVII. (chicken) show in a different manner, and perhaps more clearly, how the leg and wing are removed.

DUCK.

The wing and leg are removed in the same way as those of the turkey, and the bird then carved in the same style (Fig. XV.).

BOILED CHICKEN.

First remove the wing, as Fig. XVI., and then the leg, as Fig. XVII. The knife should then be inserted straight through the centre of the bird at the point where the wing has been removed from, and then cut straight out to the end of the bird. The meat can then be more easily served.

In conclusion, a word of thanks has to be tendered to the proprietors of Messrs. Harrod's Stores, of the Brompton Road, London, S.W., whose courtesy in providing the subjects and taking the photographs that illustrate this article places the writer under a deep obligation.

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THE GOLD WOLF:

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the City offices of the great financier, Dudley Hatton, a man still young in years, though old with over-work, and world-wearied from the same cause combined with the domestic bitterness of his loveless marriage with a worldly woman of title. A great specialist tells him he is on the brink of a complete nervous and brain collapse, and the total abandonment of all his vast financial work and its greater ambitions can alone save him. The great financier goes home to break the news to his haughty wife. Surely her disdain will break down before this crisis in his fortunes? No; she refuses to make any response to his claim upon her sympathies, and the questions involved in the specialist's pronouncement only move the hard woman to fresh scorn in the heated discussion that ensues. In a sudden access of fury Dudley loses all consciousness of himself and his actions, and in the early dawn the Lady Hermione is found dead in her room—from heart failure, in the certificate of the doctor who has recently attended her. Overwhelmed by the shock of this tragedy, Dudley is next found living in complete retirement in a Cornish cottage, his one attendant an apparently devoted valet, Courvoisier. But his one remaining hold on life is a sudden interest in a girl who is still a child, Beryl Garth. The ruin of her father, leaving her at the world's mercy, renews in Dudley the sense of what riches can do, and London suddenly learns that the master mind is at work again. The scene changes to Cambridge, where Dudley's nephew, an undergraduate, marooned by some jocular friends on a ledge outside a College window overlooking the river, makes the acquaintance of a beautiful girl who, to his amazement, is the living image of his aunt, the dead wife of Dudley Hatton. Almost simultaneously Dudley himself arrives in Cambridge to solve the mystery of a photograph, apparently of his late wife, sent to him anonymously, and meets the girl who bears this strange resemblance.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT SONNING COURT.

IT wanted an hour yet to the beginning of the water-carnival; but Beryl Garth was already down and at the stairhead waiting to see the guests come in. Five minutes ago the housekeeper had told her that she was a "picture"; but she was not greatly interested in her own appearance, and when she stood at the head of the great oak staircase of Sonning Court, she questioned all she met, the maids flitting from room to room, and the footmen hurrying to and fro with their burden of plate and glasses, as to the precise hour and circumstance of her friend Romer's arrival. Their inability to help her and their obvious haste to be about their business excited Beryl's just anger. What was the good of this big house, and all the fine rooms, and all the people, if Romer were not there? She had so much to tell him; she was bursting with news.

"They're all silly to-night; and it's eating again," she reflected wisely; "you never can be 'good form' unless you stuff. I'd sooner be—yes, I'd sooner be a duck——"

Her finished comparison happily remained unspoken. The sudden appearance of friend Romer, flannel-clad and noisy, in the hall below, cut short her simile and sent her bounding down to him like an antelope. Beryl was one who could not conceal either her love or her hate. She had claimed Romer for her confidences from the very first.

"I said it—I said you'd do it—and it's done—and you're here—oh! I'm so glad—glad—glad!" she cried all in a breath. Romer was accustomed to these greetings by this time. He took Beryl by both her hands and kissed her.

"I've come through from Harwich this morning—beastly train and jolly hot. Is Percy here?—seems to be a decent sort of log cabin we've struck upon, Beryl. I suppose Uncle Dudley's upstairs?"

Beryl put her fingers to her lips and indulged in other mysterious gestures, all implying a pressing need of secrecy.

"They're all here—heaps of them. Mr. Ellingham came last night, and he's fun! And she's upstairs, Romer, she's really upstairs, and her father."

"What! Miss Bell and old Norton?"

"Yes; he came this morning, and I took him out in a boat, and we were nearly drownded. It's that horrid weir again, and I wish they'd take it away. The boat will go over there; and he couldn't row, you know, and when I asked him if he could swim, he said: 'Great Heaven! my dear, has it come to that?' Then I got a boat-hook and grabbed the bank, and Jacob, the gardener, came tearing along, and I said 'Leap,' and he did it; but it wasn't far enough, and all his legs

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got wet. The stupid! as if he couldn't have loped as I told him!"

Beryl's past participles were always a trouble to her, especially in exciting moments when she had a great tale to tell. Her solitary childhood had left her at fifteen an attractive medley of infancy and womanhood, so that she would talk almost like a baby at one moment, and with a woman's wit the next. Romer never quite knew which mood was the more winning. He preferred them both.

"Good thing you didn't drown the old chap, Beryl," he said, when she made an end of it for want of breath; "we should have had a funeral then, instead of a wedding."

Beryl opened her eyes very wide and clasped her hands in an expressive gesture.

"Now, do you—do you really think it will be a wedding, Romer?"

"I—why, I haven't thought much about it. But if it isn't to be, why's Uncle Dudley taken this house, and why are we all at Sonning when we ought to be in Switzerland or in his yacht? He doesn't ask an old bundle of Greek manuscripts like Norton Bell for nothing, you be sure of that! Don't you say I told you, Beryl; don't you say anything about it to anyone."

Beryl was wise enough for that. She knew nothing, certainly, of the customs which Romer mentioned so glibly, nor was she any authority upon the claims of the mountains or the sea; but the sudden change in her patron's mode of life was too startling not to set such a little wisehead thinking, and thinking she had been during many an hour of that sunny month. To Beryl it was all unreality still—the old life remained so unforgotten that the new must be her fairy story. London had dazed her; but Sonning Court, that immense brick house by the riverside, was her enduring wonder. It could not be, she argued, that such a place was hers for a home henceforth. Her father would send for her before many days were passed, and all this splendour, this magnificence would vanish as the mists. Beryl used to look at the clock sometimes and say: "He will come before it strikes again." She never asked if it were well or ill with Rhoderick Garth. By years of neglect had he earned this indifference.

Dudley had taken Sonning Court shortly after his return from Cambridge. The June week, with its dances, its dinners, its flower shows and its *fêtes*, was for him some new pleasure come suddenly into a flagging life. Not even in his undergraduate days had frivolity meant so much to him or the pursuit of frivolity been so earnest. This, be it said, was but the measure of his excuse, for upon the day that Daphne and her father quitted their house in Queens' College for a farmyard in Kent, upon that day Dudley took the first train from Cambridge to return to his home and his affairs. Thereafter, so much of the world as knew him said that he was like a man risen from the dead. Rumour, upon the wings of Chagrin and Malice, noised the thing abroad and made much of it. Dudley Hatton, it said, had resumed control of his great undertakings and had brought more than the old genius to the development of them. His successes surprised London. They surprised none more than those who had profited so largely by his withdrawal. This man, rich as the fables of wealth, was adding daily to his store. Difficulties which would have crushed the less gifted and resolute were but opportunities for him. His broken health was restored tenfold. In spirit, in activity, in almost boyish zest of his new possession, he was different from the Dudley even of the old victories. His friends rejoiced exceedingly; his enemies feared him. The women said: "He will marry again"—they had but a woman's reason for saying it.

This man, ransomed by a woman's face from the grip of neurasthenia and its consequences, laboured steadily at his business during the months of July and August, and astonished the world of tongues by taking Sonning Court for the summer—that "baronial hall," as the auctioneers call it, which lies but a mile above Shiplake Lock and is one of the show-houses of the sorely tried Thames. Here he spent the "week-ends" and the evenings of the days. Hither came Beryl in the last week of July, and here assembled the guests for that water-carnival with which Dudley would celebrate Daphne's arrival at the house. He had taken it that she might visit it—for no other reason. Were the whole truth told, it would be this—that he had counted the days until her father could bring her to Sonning. And now she was come at last—she was upstairs dressing. Beryl told Romer as much while they went up the staircase together.

"She's in the Tower Room, and she's doing her hair, for I heard her drop the comb. Isn't she lovely, Romer? Don't you think she's perfectly lovely?"

Romer had not thought much about it. He was particularly anxious at the moment

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to know that his dressing-case was going to the right room, and that his kit-bag had not been pitched out at Slough.

"I got out of the train to see—well, to see the papers, and there was an old parson went off with a bag just like mine. I never thought of it until just this minute, Beryl, but if I've got his kit, you'll find me in a cassock and bands. By Jove! that would be a new idea! Cassock and bands and a water-fête!"

"We're to have the bands, anyhow," said Beryl, but half understanding it. "A man came about an hour ago with a long thing you make noises through, and he's gone upstairs to practise. I suppose he doesn't want anyone to hear him. And Romer, there's to be—yes, real boats and lanterns, and we're to go on the water—all except Mr. Bell, who went and got into it; and we're to eat lots; and after that, it's dancing. Do dance with me, Romer—you will, won't you? Last time you said you would, and then you bunked! I thought it horrid of you——"

At any other time Romer would have stopped to tell Beryl that "bunked" was scarcely His Majesty's English; but the guests were appearing now from many rooms, and carriages were to be heard on the drive of the park, and footmen bustled more than ever; and through the half-open door of the dining-room you saw the great table, and the candles already lighted, and other preparations for that which was nominally a supper, but in reality an excellent dinner; so Romer disappeared into his room, while Beryl waited a moment; and as she waited, someone gripped her suddenly by the arms and kissed her very gently. She knew that it was Dudley and turned impulsively; she clung quite close to him and told him her trouble.

"I never—never can go down amongst all those people," she said, measuring every word of it. He answered her, linking his arm with hers and leading her towards the hall—

"Nonsense!" he said. "Do you think they will eat you, Sunshine? Not a bit of it—not while there are plover's eggs and asparagus. Come down with me; and if you're frightened, you can get into my pocket."

Beryl knew Dudley in many moods, but not in this. Romer, she said, in his most frivolous mood was not more light-hearted. Everything she said or did pleased him. He scanned the preparations for the feast with an eye become critical of trifles; and he could not hide it from her that a vague excitement compelled this unusual activity. "It must be Daphne," she thought; "of course it is Daphne."

"I'll come with you for a bit," she said, in her matter-of-fact way; "but I know you won't want me for long. It's going to be different now, isn't it? You won't want me when Daphne comes down."

She did not pout or assume that wounded air right and proper for such an occasion, but just spoke from her heart. "It would be different." Beryl was quite wise enough to see that, and Dudley was too honest to contradict her.

"Yes, Sunshine," he said, "it will be different; but not for you—no, not for you."

Beryl said nothing, but she fell to wondering, while she followed him through the great rooms, if, in years to come, she would be able, as Daphne had done, to bring a man from the darkness to the light. She did not think that she would; but she envied, none the less, the gifts which could bestow happiness so unmistakable.

* * * * *

Daphne dressed in the Tower Room, much troubled by a persistent maid. Whatever services a trim domestic of her own household rendered her, these never went to ransacking her travelling-bag or commenting upon those necessaries of civilisation which she had left behind. For the most part of the year she lived with an uncle in Kensington, and his idea of domestic happiness was expressed in the phrase, "Honest roast beef on good British china!" She had lost both her parents when she was ten years old, and, while she had never known real poverty, nevertheless a good middle-class economy had attended her education and the subsequent years. She was sensible enough to make no complaint of it; and while she had a small income in her own right, she recognised her indebtedness to relatives upon whom she had no real claim. It is to be doubted, indeed, if Daphne ever took much account of her surroundings. She was, as her uncle told her, the oddest mixture of the practical and the ideal he had ever come across. Willing to humour both his eccentricities and her grandfather's, her real life was spent in a world apart from them—a dream-world of her own creating. She did not covet riches—far from it; a strain of some Celtic romance, inherited and ineradicable, enacted for her a hundred dramas of which she was the heroine. She would

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sleep to dream of moated castles and pursuing knights. Waking, she would imagine herself the mistress of the arts, the mistress of the theatre—now a great singer, now a great actress—the recipient of profound homage and the object of the people's plaudits. The same untrained imagination wrote for her a young girl's creed of love. Some day, she said, out of the unknown the man would come and end the monotony of the suburban life. She felt she was born to some great position and ultimately would win it. And yet, with all this, her girlhood lost none of its attractiveness. She was sympathetic to the last degree; had a woman's tenderness for those who suffered, a woman's unselfishness and winning gentleness. With vanity, as the word is commonly understood, none might charge her. It is to be doubted if she knew that she was beautiful; but she never ceased to tell herself that some great event would change the course of her life; and when it was so changed, she accepted the day as a matter of course.

Daphne did not like the maid fussing about her; perhaps the size of the room at Sonning Court somewhat awed her; but she dressed, nevertheless, with a matter-of-fact routine, and acted the part as though she had been born to it.

"I came away in a great hurry. My servant, I fear, has packed very badly. Indeed, I think Mr. Hatton intended this quite as a surprise party, did he not?" she asked the maid, while she put on a dress which Beryl afterwards declared was the "most sweetest" thing she had ever seen. The servant, however, understanding the situation perfectly, and being quite used to this kind of story, would not hear of apologies.

"And I don't wonder, miss," was her brisk reply. "What with the silver they put in the bags nowadays, and all the silly things that nobody ever wants, really I am surprised that ladies can travel at all. Will you have the white gloves or the pink? and shall I borrow the tongs from downstairs?"

Daphne said that she would have the white gloves, and she had no need of the tongs. Her hair, indeed, was Nature's dower; it covered her like a veil when she let it down, and she invariably lost her temper when trying to put it up. She was anxious to-night to look her best, and yet found herself unable to make the effort. The immense house, with all its suggestion of wealth and tradition, the maid watching her, warred upon her natural energy and stifled it. The prying eyes of the girl seemed to follow her wherever she turned. And Daphne was always conscious of that great event which must happen presently. The master of the house, she said, would ask her to be his wife. His wealth would become her wealth; the home which now awed her would, in its turn, acknowledge her. A vista of a splendid future opened to her eyes and kept her dreaming. She would have been very late for dinner but for her grandfather's knock and the old fellow's timid request that she would tie a bow for him.

"My poor old fingers never can do it, Daphne," he said apologetically; "and, really, I am frightened to trouble the gentleman—ahem!—who brings me my hot water."

Daphne took the bow in her nimble fingers and tied it cunningly. She dusted the old gentleman's collar and turned it down lovingly. The pin which should keep the tie from climbing up the back of his head was pressed to-night with trembling fingers. Even the old Don perceived her agitation and spoke to her with some kindness.

"You are really very, very beautiful, Daphne!" he said.

She kissed him very gratefully and went back to have one more look in the glass. The maid had left them at this time and they were alone.

"Can you believe it, Daddy?" (she always called him that); "can you believe it's all real?"

The old gentleman was no dreamer—besides, he had been in the river that morning.

"It is certainly very surprising," he confessed; "and I hope I shall take no hurt from it." And then, as though he realised what Daphne meant, he said, taking her hand in his: "I shall be all alone, my dear—all alone now!"

She answered him with one of those wayward gestures always irresistible and not to be answered.

"You couldn't be pathetic if you tried, Daddy!" she said with a laugh. "You know you like it! Why, think what a dinner you and the books will have together!"

He shook his head in protest; and they went down the great corridor together. At the stairhead, Daphne, seeing all the people in the hall below, the lights, the jewels, the flowers, hearing the buzz of talk and the dreamy music of a string band on the lawn

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"Daphne took the bow in her nimble fingers and tied it cunningly."

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without, stopped suddenly and spoke her thoughts half aloud—

"If I thought that I were here because he is rich," she said, "I would go away this minute! But oh! isn't it—isn't it splendid, Daddy?"

The old scholar assented with a word and quickened his step. He could see the 'sixty-three port among the silver on the buffet. His goal was there.

* * * * *

There were hundreds of lanterns hung in the gardens of Sonning Court, and a row of them at the river's edge where the boats were moored. The darkness of the night helped the bewitching picture of house and river, and the wood beyond it, framed in this ribbon of dazzling lights. Belated voyagers from Henley or Caversham eased their launches or rested their oars to gaze a moment at that starry scene. They obtained glimpses of laughing women and active men; of honest fiddlers from Kensington pretending to be Hungarians, of open windows through which the lights, the silver, the wreck of the feast might be observed—these and the woodlands behind, where lanterns swung from many a tree and the leaves trembled in the dazzling radiance. Upon the lawn itself, that process of selection which is Nature's law set many a heart a-fluttering, left many a dowager with the refreshment-tent for her consolation. It was the survival of the fittest, Dudley said; even ping-pong stood at a discount. Bridge had no charm, nor could the Reverend Norton obtain his beloved "rubber." All the world was for the water and the carnival of oars. Women grown old in discretion went to the boats under protest; young girls led the way unblushingly. It was delightful to see that cunning of youth which pointed out the frailty of outriggers, and, having frightened the oldest ladies, rowed away with the youngest. Soon the whole breadth of the river echoed a note of music and of laughter. Lanterns went dancing from island to island above Shiplake—other lanterns went out and were not rekindled. You heard the tongue of satire and the cynic; but not the tongue of love, for the wind did not whisper a sigh more gentle. And were there not the secret places of the woods, the lonely backwaters, the unlighted thickets for the practice of the oldest art—the lover's art? The wise ones, indeed, slunk away ashore. They were rarely alone.

Dudley was one of those; and making neither excuse nor apology, he led Daphne away to a remote arbour in the grounds which even the gnomes with the refreshments had forgotten. There was no light here, nor could he see her bright eyes or the flush upon her face. He walked and talked with her for a little while as with any guest that Sonning might harbour.

"Yes," he said, speaking of the house, "it is an old place, but not too old. I like old houses; but not to live in. If a man is accustomed to modern civilisation, he is not sorry that Henry the Eighth is dead. They told me that Sonning was a Tudor house, possibly because it was built in Queen Anne's reign. In Henry's day they kept a bedroom for the King—who called twice a year to rob them—and put everyone else in attics. There is no King's bedroom at Sonning; but you have the Queen's—at least they call it so in the catalogue."

Daphne liked the compliment, but did not immediately answer it. A sense of great intimacy, of chosen friendship with him had been hers from the first moment of their introduction. She experienced it again to-night. It was just as though one had come into her life to whom she might tell everything—confess her whole story, even those things of which no living being had ever heard. She knew that she must go to him if he asked her; it was her destiny.

"I have never had the chance to live in big houses," she said frankly. "My uncle's house in London has eight windows and a door, and that's all you can say about it. At Cambridge I like the old college rooms because one seems so much alone in them. All the world doesn't stare in through your windows; and then the gardens are so lovely. That's why, if I were rich, I think I should like old houses; just to open one's window in the morning and to breathe the scent of the jessamine and the mignonette; all the dear old trees, too—the laburnum, and the may, and the hawthorn. One lives then—one lives a whole life on a summer's morning!"

She stood a moment upon the path as though realising a joy of summer which imagination only could recall for her. Perhaps she was a little afraid of her own frankness; but Dudley understood her so well that she did not regret it.

"I hope that you will find such days at Sonning," he said gently. "They are rare days, I fear, even for those of us who are the happiest. I suppose we live in the

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expectation that they will come back. It is absurd to speak of things as though any of us could enjoy a greater measure of realisation than expectation. We live for the splendid hours; but they are very few."

She knew that he was speaking of his own case, the whispered story of which had come to her. Another, at her age, might have complained, perhaps, of a lover whose outlook was thus clouded by the gospel of regret; but her vanity was satisfied that it should be so; "for," she said, "I can change it." This, from the first, had been her idea—to give happiness for the love that she would win.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed sincerely, "we imagine most of our pleasures; but they are not any the less pleasures because we imagine them. I do not think any of us would care to go on living if it were not for imagination. They tell me that I'm the most romantic creature alive, and I know it is true. It is foolish, perhaps; but not more foolish than regret. Sometimes I think I am a great singer, and you know I can't sing a note! When I am tired of that, I become a great painter. Why shouldn't I? If I really were a great singer, I should have all sorts of bothers. There would be rivals to hate, managers who would not engage me, parts which would be horrid. If you imagine it all, you don't have anything of the kind; your voice is always splendid, people hiss your rivals off the stage, you get—oh! fabulous salaries: and it isn't hard work at all, as it would be if it were true. That's just the beauty of it. You hurt no one by imagination; but it makes you happy—now, doesn't it?"

Dudley smiled at the exuberance of her confession. Years ago he, too, had been a visionary; but the realisation surpassed his dream, and here, in his thirty-ninth year, he could remember how pitiful his ambitions had been—how immeasurably below reality. This girlish philosopher was wiser in her generation; he devoutly hoped that the truth would be kinder to her than it had been to him.

"The world would be happier if we were all as easily contented," he said reflectively. "Each has his ideal and strives for it. You have one, I am sure. An imagination does not destroy it. Won't you tell me all about it, Daphne?"

It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name; but it was done so naturally, and as though by right, of something deeper than mere friendship, that she passed it by and went on as though it had been unsaid.

"I suppose I have, but I don't think I could tell you," she said quickly. "I am too changeable to have any great purpose, as my uncle calls it. The real truth is that I am afraid I am vain. I want someone to minister to my vanity—and no one ever does. That's what makes me a person with a grievance."

Dudley did not answer her at once, but, taking a coloured lantern from one of the trees, he led the way through the thicket until they came to an arbour which looks out over Sonning Weir; and there, drawing a wicker chair close to hers, he sat beside her. For a little while they watched the distant hills flitting like glow-worms over the still water, and listened to the plaintive music of fiddles to which the woods gave their harmonies.

"You and I are very much alike, Daphne,' he said at last. "Our vanity hurts no one, but it helps us. You have all your life before you, but mine is half lived. I had many ideals when I was your age, but most of them are broken images now. There is one left—one only. I want to speak to you about that."

He closed his hand about hers and bent down low so that his lips almost touched her silky hair. Her heart was beating quickly, and she knew that all the blood had gone leaping to her face. The hand that touched her own was hot and nervous. She understood that this was one of those hours for which she had lived. That low, musical voice bewitched her. She had imagined this scene many a time; but how different it was! No lover's passionate declaration carried her away by the very stress of its pleading; there were no vows, no protests, no childish appeals to her affection. She heard but this—the story of a man's life and of his need.

"Shall I speak to you about myself, Daphne?" he asked. "Shall I tell you something about my own life?"

She said: "Yes, yes! please do!" in a voice that was scarce more than a whisper. And he went on.

"I knew you would like to hear it. From the very first moment that I saw you, I said: 'Here is one who must know!' It was not strange that I should say it. They have told you why it should not be?"

She answered without evasion.

"Yes; I think they have told me."

"That you are very like my dead wife?"

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"Yes, yes——"

"And yet so different."

He pressed his hands to his forehead, and for a spell he wrestled with memory. One page in his history he dared not recount even to her who had the best right to know it. That page he strove to shut from his recollection now. To-night would obliterate it for ever.

"Yes, so different, Daphne—so different. I could never speak to Hermione as I speak to you. It was just as though something intervened all the time, as though someone said: 'She's not listening, she does not care.' And I tried to speak so many times; I tried to tell her why success did not make me happy. I wanted her to know what lay behind it all, my need—yes, almost my salvation. She did not mean to wound me; she was not unkind naturally, I think. But she never understood me. You cannot love if you do not understand. I have just been asking all my life that some one woman might love me. I am asking it now, Daphne—now!"

She trembled at his touch, and finding his arm about her, she laid her burning cheek upon his own.

"And should I—should I understand, Dudley?"

"You understood from the first," he said. "I knew it at Cambridge—I know it now. We two have been seeking each other through the years, Daphne, but to-night I have found you! Thank God, I have found you!"

* * * * *

They returned to the house at midnight. The masqueraders had come in from the river and were dancing in the hall. Beryl, discovering Dudley at once, ran up to question him.

"Where have you been?" she cried dictatorially. But then observing Daphne, her voice sank to a whisper, and as she raised herself on tip-toe she said: "Oh! I am so glad—so glad it's different!"

* * * * *

At the same hour the valet Courvoisier, packing his bag in hot haste, left Sonning by the morning mail and said that he quitted Dudley Hatton's service for ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MESSAGE OF RUBIES.

DUDLEY was going to town next morning, and old Norton Bell, having an appointment with a bookseller, and a distinct aversion from rivers, said that he would take advantage of the reserved carriage and accompany him. The disappearance of the valet Courvoisier had stirred the curiosity of the household to its depths; and a letter from that faithful fellow, in which he said that he had been suddenly called away on a domestic affair of great urgency, satisfied no one. Dudley was not less perplexed than the servants'-hall. He associated Courvoisier's flight—he knew not why—with the brougham he had seen in Charles Street and the empty house to which it had carried his valet. "The man has been making a fool of himself, and I must stand by him," he said. He had other reasons for going to London; but of these he would speak to no one. There were jewels in the safe at Park Lane whose existence he had almost forgotten. Some of them he had bought merely as the collector will buy any pretty thing; others had been his gifts to Hermione. He hoped that he could find a dower of the former for Daphne; the latter he was determined to sell.

It is not possible to describe with what a changed spirit and giant hope the master of Sonning set out to London. The night had given him all. That for which he had craved in the long years of work and success—the love in which alone the past might be forgotten, the gentleness, the sympathy, the gift of true womanhood—was his to-day. Never had the sun shone so brightly upon his own gardens that summer morning; never were the woods so green, the air so sweet, the world so fair. Every whisper of the wind said "Daphne!" her name was written on sky and water—"Daphne, Daphne!" She had come to him at last, and a new heaven and a new earth were created at her touch. His love, he said, was not as other men's—a passion, a desire; it was the love of one who gave him the right to live; the love of one in whose gentle heart all sorrow should be buried.

He drove to the station in his motor-car, taking many risks and breaking the law with a delight which was boyish. The old Don at his side remembered forgotten prayers and expostulated with heathen gods. He was two generations behind motor-cars, and, after all, the Greeks got on very well without them. In the train he mopped his brow and declared his lack of courage.

"It is perfectly astonishing," he said, "perfectly astonishing! You will not think me very old-fashioned if I say that my nerves

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"She said: 'Yes, yes! please do!' in a voice that was scarce more than a whisper."

are—hem!—a little too classical for this kind of thing."

Dudley, arranging their bags in the carriage reserved for them, expressed great contrition for his reckless driving.

"It is just idiots like myself," he said,

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"who injure the industry and cripple it. I ought to be fined ten pounds, and perhaps I shall be. It was really wicked to bring you along so fast. I am altogether irresponsible this morning, and I hope the police made a note of it."

It was quite true, he ought to have been fined ten pounds; but the old parson thought that he understood the circumstance, and having been a lover himself in a past which seemed so remote that even the year was forgotten, he hastened to be agreeable.

"Man is always angry with himself because Nature has only given him legs," he said didactically; "he wants wings, wheels—he would like to be a cannon-shot. Daedalus tried to fly, you remember, and Icarus was killed. He was the guest in the motor-car."

And then, remembering his flight through space, he exclaimed—

"Tell me, now, how fast do you think we went this morning? Was it twenty miles an hour—or even more?"

Dudley, much amused, flung himself into a seat, and taking out a cigar-case, he offered the old man a consoling cigar.

"Twenty miles an hour? More likely fifty! It is wiser not to ask how fast a man goes when he has a train to catch."

The old gentleman opened his eyes very wide in astonishment.

"Fifty miles an hour! Bless my soul!"—he determined already to make it seventy over the college port at Queens'.

"We have to go fast nowadays to live," Dudley went on. "Men do everything in a hurry; they even make love in a hurry. It's only marriage that goes a little more slowly. We marry at leisure and repent in haste. I am the exception, Mr. Bell. I am going to marry in haste, and I shall never repent at all!"

He was glad of this opportunity for a formal interview with Daphne's grandfather. Such a simple old man would deal with the affair in the simplest manner; but Dudley's business habit compelled him to think of meaner aspects.

"I am glad you came with me," he said, "for, of course, I wanted to talk to you about Daphne. With your consent—I believe you are her guardian—I propose that we avoid the customary formalities and arrange the whole thing, if you like, with indecent haste. The settlements are really matters for the lawyers; but I don't think we need worry about those rogues. I am a rich man, as you know, and where Daphne is concerned my fortune is hers. But I shall begin with a settlement; and it is for you to say if you think it is a just one. It occurs to me that an express train is just the place for such a chat."

He gave the poor old parson not a ghost of a chance either to assent or to differ, but raced on from point to point in that fresh field of a roseate vision, whither love had led him by the hand, and all his wish was a young girl's pleasure. Ah! the things he would do for Daphne presently; the wedding journey they would make together; the cities they would visit; the joy they would garner. There was nothing in the world too good for one who had changed his life in a day and would hold it changed for all time. She must have houses, horses, jewels—she must reign in London, be the mistress of his home and his wealth, fulfil to the last line those pages of her dreams which were now become reality. In vain Daphne's grandfather put in his "Dear me's!" and his "Well, well's!" Dudley went on like a steam engine. The old gentleman's glasses were at the very summit of his antique forehead before the lover had half done with it. They were at Paddington when he began to understand the splendid proposition which had been made to him.

"Five thousand pounds a year—to be settled on my Daphne! And I have but four hundred pounds," he said to himself, with just a suspicion of a jealous thought; "it's fabulous, positively fabulous. What will she do with it? I must tell her uncle this very day—and how her relations will plague her! *Vade retro*—we live in an age of miracles. Five thousand pounds—five——"

He could not grasp it. That a mere sentiment should be thus rewarded! And Greek particles went at less than a tenth the sum. Daphne's grandfather had solved many riddles in a busy life, but this riddle of the honey and the poison was beyond him.

Dudley left his companion and drove to Park Lane upon the first of his errands. He had already sent a telegram to Patrick Foxall, inviting the "wild Irishman" to lunch; and he would not have been surprised to find that worthy in his study. But his housekeeper said that no one had called, and from that she passed on to a rambling apology for the state of the place, which, she explained, was entirely due to the shortcomings of her maids and the intemperate habits of a disobliging sweep.

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Dudley made short work of it, and passing at once to his own study, he began that task which was to engross him so greatly. If he reflected how much humanity gives to a house, he could remember at the same time that Daphne would presently bring the light to these gaunt rooms and deck them out with a splendour they had never worn. It was a tribute to the power of her name that he could now go fearlessly where a month ago he had feared to go at all. The silence, the half lights, the papered windows, the white and ghostly furniture were dismal enough; but in his imagination Daphne moved everywhere, calling in the sunshine and bidding his house awake. In the winter, he said, she would come; in winter this London would worship her. His quick, impatient movements, his hurried flight from room to room were but expressions of a desire to return to Sonning and to hear again that message of his happiness she alone could speak. Nor would he go empty-handed. He had come to London that he might return with gifts. In his own study the gifts lay—the dower of a kingdom, if the need were.

This, in truth, was the one room which had been held ready against such a surprise as the one his ancient housekeeper now enjoyed. He found the curtains drawn there, the chairs uncovered, the table dusted, the writing-pad newly turned. There was even a letter upon the table, in a handwriting he did not recognise. But he cared nothing for the letters this morning; his mind was full of that contemplation which a gift affords; and, unlocking the safe, he drew out the tray of jewels and showed it to the sunshine. No sight so rare could have rewarded his eyes in all London. Shimmering stones; diamonds of priceless lustre; emeralds which a Queen of France had worn; sapphires so deeply blue that but for the sun they had been black; opals whose veins of green were like a rare enamel upon a sheen of roses; turquoises whose blue was of the summer sea, unmatched, inimitable—these in all shapes and sizes, in pendants and rings and brooches, in bracelets of bewitching design, in earrings, in baskets of flowers, in *fleurs de lis*, in roses, littered that tray and dazzled the eye which looked upon them. Many of them had been worn by his dead wife and were powerful to recall the shadows of the darker days. But others he had bought for the love of their beauty; and of such should his present to Daphne be. Turquoises for giant earrings; a collar of diamonds for her shapely neck; bracelets a-many to match the white of her arms—he picked them out one by one and laid them aside with gentle fingers. But rubies he would not give her. He could not forget that Hermione had died with rubies about her neck. As a man is drawn to morbid things in spite of his will to overlook them, so now he peered into the safe for the string of rubies his wife had worn when she lay dead at his feet, and he had uttered that fervid cry: "Speak to me, Hermione!" He would not give the jewels to Daphne—no, not for twice his fortune. But he would sell them, he said; they should go to-day to his jewellers. He had come to this determination when first he perceived that the rubies were missing.

Very carefully, and with method, Dudley gathered together the gems that were to be Daphne's present and put them aside upon his writing-table. He was a little disturbed that he could not find the missing rubies immediately; but he knew that they were somewhere in the safe, and so he began diligently to search it from the first shelf to the last. The necklace had been a substantial ornament and could not be hidden in any nook or cranny. What, then, had become of it? Certainly Hermione had worn it on that night of nights. He remembered other jewels, her diamonds especially, which had sparkled upon her pretty arms and throat when she confronted him in the grave scene he would not forget to his life's end. One superb bracelet with a crown of sapphires and rubies he remembered particularly; and this he drew from the safe to be sure of its identity. But why, if it were thus in safe keeping, should the rubies be missing? He could not answer the question. For a full hour he searched the room and the house, until the truth would be no longer denied. The jewels were gone.

It was not a great matter, perhaps, for many explanations occurred to him, and he was in a mood when a man is easily satisfied. After all, he had been too unwell to concern himself with such little things in that terrible week; and he thought it quite possible that someone had sent the jewels to his bankers. Courvoisier would do it—and yet Courvoisier had this morning left his service. This fact began to force itself upon his memory and to suggest others. He did not like that figure of mystery which imperceptibly almost was growing into his life. It had been his hope that yesterday would obliterate the past so that not one line of it remained to be read. And here was the

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past confronting him with these perplexing riddles. A strong mind should have done with such perplexities at once. He determined to abide by his purpose of mental discipline. In the end, he said with anger that the jewels were at his bankers' and that he would get them to-morrow. As for Courvoisier—well, he did not count.

Thus ending it, Dudley rose from his chair with a gesture of impatience and went to the window to read the letter which he had remarked when he first entered the room, but had ignored until this time. Three times he read it without being conscious of its meaning; but at the fourth attempt he stood very still, and when he put the letter down, he could not see where he had laid it. Then, strangely preoccupied, he walked to the window and for many minutes together did not move from the place.

* * * * *

Patrick Foxall arrived at Park Lane exactly at two o'clock, and going at once to the study, he found Dudley with the letter between his fingers. His usual greeting, resonant and reverberating, was broken upon his lips when he beheld his friend thus agitated, and realised that his call was in the nature of an intrusion.

"Dudley, me bhoy——! Faith, what is it, now?"

Without a word, Dudley passed the letter across the table, and the Irishman's clumsy fingers closed upon it. Patrick needed glasses for print; and there was a hat to set down, to say nothing of gloves and a stick to be laid upon a chair, before he was ready. But when all was done, and he stood at the window, and cast one glance at the paper and one at the man who passed it over, he read the words:—

"If Mr. Dudley Hatton would pursue a matter of great importance to him without present interference or subsequent regret, he will hear something of interest by calling to-day at the above address."

Patrick read the letter twice, and then, folding it deliberately, he crossed the room to Dudley's side and expressed his opinion of it without preface.

"By all that's holy, 'tis an impudent blackmailer!" said he.

Dudley took a pen in his hand and made some meaningless marks upon the blotting-pad before him.

"Yes, Pat, I shouldn't be surprised if it were that," he admitted quietly.

"Then what's the meaning of it, what's he being afther? Ye'll know who brought the letter—ye'll have asked that, surely?"

Dudley could answer none of these questions.

"I have asked nothing," he said pathetically. "I'll begin now, Pat."

The old housekeeper herself answered the bell, breathless and very loquacious. No, she was sure she knew nothing of any letter, or with her own hands she would have posted it that morning. It must have come when she was out. She would ask the maids, but what she suffered with them——

Patrick sent her flying at this point. The maids were no wiser. They were sure that no letter had come by hand.

"Then it's wings it has taken and flown here!" cried the Irishman angrily. "Do letters come through the windows like flying-machines?" he asked fiercely. The girl went weeping to the kitchen. "Oh! the brute! the great big brute!" she cried. Patrick, meanwhile, was pacing the room like a caged beast.

"There's someone in the house has a finger in it, and we must be afther finding out," he continued, speaking his thoughts aloud. "The next step is the police, Dudley. We'll call in the police, and they shall go to the address upon the paper. 'Twill be a surprise party, and nothing to pay. Some paltry blackmailer that has heard of your doings and would be selling his lies for any price you name. Ye'll have no truck with them, Dudley—not a word, as I live!"

Dudley did not hear what he said. For a full quarter of an hour Patrick raved and stormed, now dealing with it this way, now that. When he had quite finished, he was astonished to see his friend taking a revolver from the study drawer and putting cartridges into it.

"What d'ye mean, man?" he cried; "and what next will ye do?"

"I shall go to the house," said Dudley quietly, "now."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHUTTERED WINDOWS.

They left the house without further remonstrance and set off at once through Aldford Street and thus towards Berkeley Square. Patrick Foxall had uttered his warning and scarcely knew how he might repeat it. That Dudley was about to do something very foolish, he felt convinced; but the ideas in his own head were confusing and would

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take no definite shape. Who had written the letter, and what was its immediate object? Money? He scarcely thought it was that. From the first he divined that a strong man's enemies had obtained some secret which might give them a hold over him, and that they would now make use of this power to further their own ends—perhaps to effect a supreme *coup* which only Dudley could frustrate. The "diamond gang," as he put it to himself, certainly had a finger in this pie. How they would crow if Dudley were in exile once more—a wanderer, and impotent to harm them. And if they held a secret, whom could it concern but the dead woman and the manner of her death? These people, perchance, had trafficked in those rumours which a latter-day school for scandal had toyed with in the weeks following Lady Hermione's death. And what use could they make of them? It depended upon Dudley. Society had sympathised with him, with that sympathy which is akin to vanity. "The poor devil!" it had said. But Draper's Gardens—he would find no sympathy there. They would crush him as quartz is crushed in the rollers of the mines. At the best an ugly scandal must ensue. Patrick fell to asking what was in Dudley's mind—what did his impatience, his agitation mean? The drawn face, the restless eyes told a plain story. He was suffering greatly. Patrick did not dare to ask him why.

"'Tis a mad business," he protested, as they went; "and we're a pair of fools to be out upon it. They'll be afther making trouble about the Great Southern Railway, I'm thinking, if it's true that ye've mischief there among the men. Ye'd be wiser to go to the police, Dudley."

This was but a tale, for he knew that the Great Southern Railway was not in the mind of those who had uttered the threat. But he had to say something; and he waited for correction. Dudley's answer was that of a man trying to speak with measured calmness. It would have been successful with any other but Patrick Foxall.

"There is no trouble on the Great Southern Railway that cannot be handled by a cool head," he said very deliberately. "This is a deeper business, Pat. They have heard some silly story about Hermione and are trying to make capital out of it. You see, it must be that. If I went to the police, I should never know what lies they were selling or who sold them. It is necessary to get to the bottom of the matter, and then to talk of Scotland Yard. You'll agree to that, if you think it over calmly. I should be a madman to go on blindly, fighting in the dark. I'll not do it, Pat; I'll get at the heart of it now—this day!"

His resolution was apparent in the emphasis of every word. He walked with giant strides, as though impatient even at that trifling delay. It had been Patrick's advice that they should go on foot; but Dudley was angry with him now for giving it.

"We could have been there in two minutes," he went on fretfully, "and I should have known by this time. You're giving me bad advice to-day, Pat. Don't you see that I must have it out with them? I dare not tell the police, simply dare not, until I know."

He clenched his hands and hurried on. Patrick, casting a sidelong glance at him, wondered still more what he feared. These scandalous chronicles had something in them, then; and yet, against that, stood Dudley's apparent frankness.

"'Tis a precious deal they'll tell you if you're not carrying money in your hands," the Irishman said next. "Why, who are ye dealing with but a dirty parcel of blackguards that would as soon take your life as your character if it meant money to them? You're foolish to go, Dudley—more foolish than ever I thought you!"

He buttoned his coat about him as though signifying the dangerous position in which his friend was about to place himself. If he knew that Dudley would not listen to reason, that was no argument for his silence. Indeed, the candour with which he was met disarmed him. He might have been listening to some simple lad who told him a boy's frank story.

"Pat, for the risk I care nothing. I want to tell you—I am going to marry Daphne, the little girl I met at Cambridge. I love her as only a man who feels what I do can love. I shall marry her and live with her, Pat. If these people think they can come between us, they are mistaken. There is nothing in my life that I need to hide from anybody; I give you my word on that point, Pat."

He reiterated the word "nothing" as though he might convince himself against conviction. Patrick's hearty "I believe you, me bhoy!" did not satisfy that lingering doubt he so plainly betrayed.

"I believe you, me bhoy; and it's just because I believe you that I'd keep you from the house. What's easier than the plan I'd

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be afther? You send the letter to Scotland Yard, and the police do the rest. 'Twould be reason, Dudley—and more like yourself to do it!"

"And set all London talking. Do you think these people would hold their tongues because of the police? Not a bit of it. They must be prepared for that. If I go myself, I know the best and the worst. And I'm going, Pat. I'll be in the house in five minutes' time."

Patrick shrugged his shoulders like one who had done his best.

"And I'll be outside, waiting for news of you. If there's any mischief, show yourself at the window. Not that I'd suppose they're likely to try that on, for their game's money. But you never know. 'Tis a rash journey, Dudley, and I wish you were twenty miles away."

"I'll be that to-night, Pat. Daphne's waiting for me at Sonning. What shall I have to tell her—what?"

The cry escaped him unwillingly, and for the moment his thoughts passed to the river and to the old house there, and Daphne among the roses, and all the scene of light and happiness he had lived through yesterday. Was it the joy of a single day? he asked himself; had this hour blotted it out for ever? He said that it was folly to believe any such thing. He went on again with impatience renewed.

"What was the number, Pat?" he asked presently. "Charles Street, I think you said. You have the letter in your pocket."

Patrick took the document from his ample coat and looked at it as they walked.

"It's Charles Street, 14b," he said.

"That's odd, anyway."

"I've been thinking it from the first."

"A West End house and blackmailers for its tenants. I saw my valet, Courvoisier, going into that place once, Pat."

"Your valet—ye don't mean it! Then it's all as clear as daylight!"

"I wish it were—I wish to Heaven it were!"

Neither spoke again until Charles Street was reached. Patrick, an old campaigner, halted at the corner of Berkeley Square and pointed out the wisdom of his remaining there.

"I'll give you twenty minutes," he said; "if you don't come out by that time, I'm there to fetch you. Good luck to you, Dudley, and mind you don't kow-tow. Let them know from the first that you'll not pay a penny, and the game's yours! Say that your next step is to Scotland Yard. They'll take your meaning, be sure they will."

Dudley nodded his head and pressed on. The house itself was just as it had been on that night of Courvoisier's visit. The blinds were drawn and a shabby board announced that it was to let. The bell which he rang jarred sonorously and echoed in the empty rooms. He waited fully ten minutes on the doorstep before the door was opened to him; and then it was by a wire from within and not by the hand of any servant. In the square hall, uncarpeted and littered by the sweepings of many days, he heard a woman's voice from the floor above asking him to come up. The ground floor of the house he would have said was both tenantless and unfurnished; but as he mounted the stairs, a door at the end of the passage closed suddenly, yet not so quickly that he did not see the hand of the man who shut it. Whatever the mystery of this strange place might be, it gathered force at every step. There were carpets on the landing above, pictures upon the walls, brackets for the electric light. And the drawing-room upon the first floor—that was the greater surprise. It might have served for any West End house, he thought, as he glanced at its mock French furniture; but in a West End house the curtains would not have been drawn and the electric light turned on. Dudley entered the room with some apprehension and looked round cautiously. It was empty. The woman who called him had disappeared.

He put his hat down upon a chair and began to examine the apartment with some curiosity. Undoubtedly he had taken a great risk in coming to the house; but his curiosity did not give way to fear. These people were admittedly swindlers; they had bought over his valet and would blackmail him. Very well; he would hear their terms. All they asked was money; and they would know that he did not bring money with him.

It had been his first impression that the room was well furnished, but he had not been in it many minutes before certain incongruities jarred upon his own excellent taste and set a new train of ideas going. The ornaments, indeed, were an odd medley. Here was a fine Louis Quinze bureau, there a jimcrack mirror which might have been bought on the hire-system plan. A pretty French chair would be side by side with a wicker abomination. Fine engravings and gaudy prints elbowed each other upon the wall. The clock on the mantelpiece was

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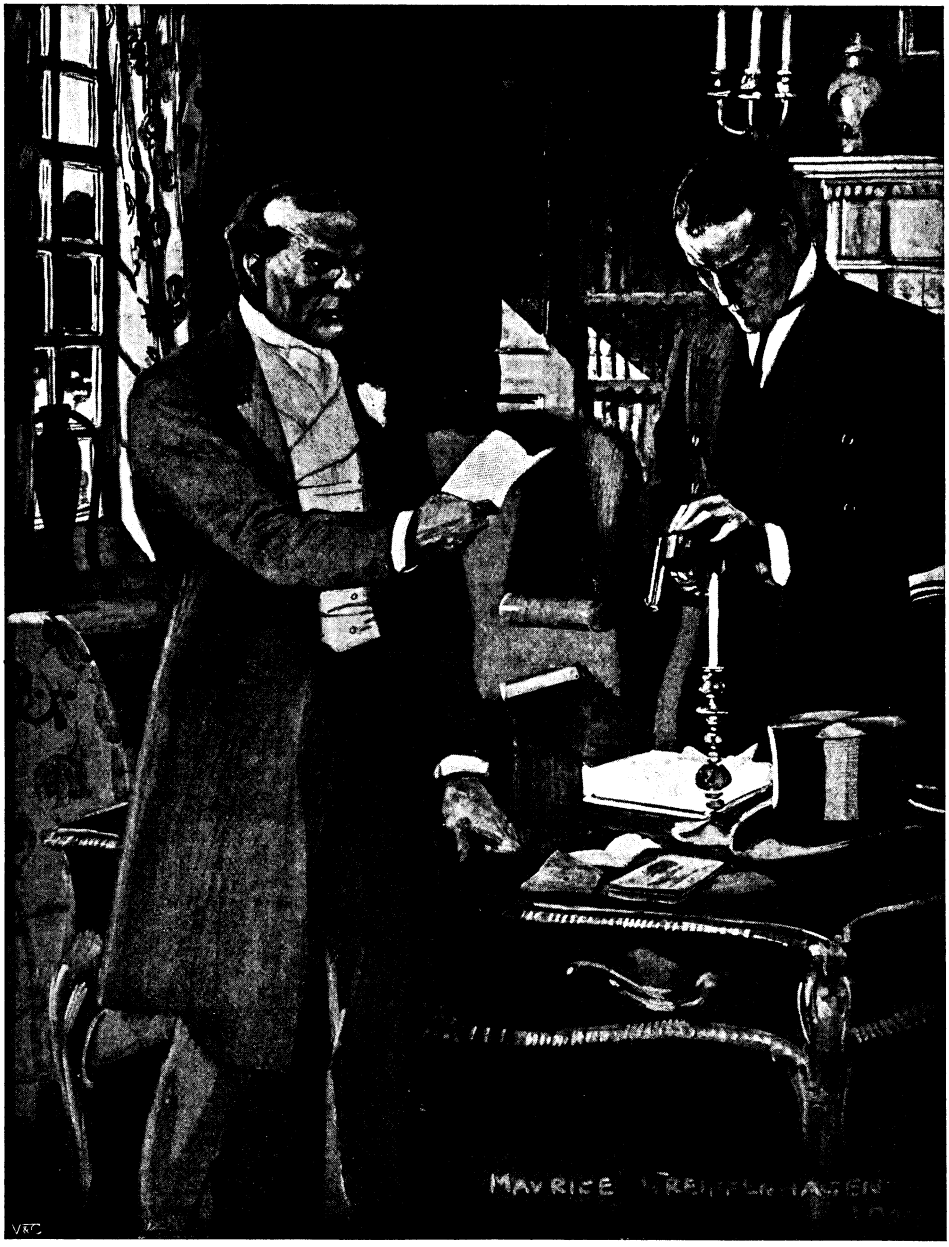

"For a full quarter of an hour Patrick raved and stormed."

worth fifty pounds, perhaps; the candlesticks eighteenpence. In the back drawing-room the contrasts were even more remarkable. An oddly carved mantelpiece supported penny china ornaments. The floor of this room was carpeted with felt; a safe stood in the corner, and upon the top of the safe an iron candlestick. Dudley noticed that the curtains drawn across the front windows were exceedingly thick and dusty. They were, moreover, looped together in three places. Curiosity led him to examine them with some care. It was to be observed that they shut out the daylight completely. He did not know whether the windows behind were shuttered or merely had the blind drawn. But it was very plain to him that a man might be the victim of any outrage in

this room and none in the street be the wiser. After all, old Patrick Foxall carried a wise head. It would have been possible to approach these people in another way. He, Dudley, was an impatient fool. And there were men in the house; he had seen one and did not doubt there were others.

A woman entered the room while he was engaged in this critical survey; and shutting the door quickly, she stood there a moment to be sure of his identity. Dudley, turning swiftly, saw that she was a young woman, perhaps not yet twenty-five years old, and that she was dressed in black, with a black lace mantilla drawn closely about her head, so that he could not even see the colour of her hair or eyes. But his quick glance detected a wedding-ring upon her finger and a diamond above it. Her face, he thought, was not unsympathetic, while her voice was distinctly pleasing.

"Mr. Dudley Hatton?" she said. "Yes, I'm sure it is. How very good of you to come so soon—how very good!"

She advanced to the table and put a chair for him near it. Her actions were slow and deliberate. She did not seem in any way agitated, and her face wore a pleasing smile whenever she spoke.

"I came," said Dudley abruptly, "in answer to a letter delivered at my house this morning. It was an unusual course, perhaps, and I had been better advised to go elsewhere with it. I am sure that you cannot possibly be aware of the nature of such a document as that. Let me suggest—well, that your friends be informed of my visit."

She understood him at once, but did not move from her chair. Her attitude was that of one who had expected such a request and was prepared to answer it.

"I am quite alone, Mr. Hatton," she said smilingly, "or I should not have asked you to come. Of course, I speak for someone else—you have imagined that rightly; but what I have to say could not be so well said by others, perhaps."

Dudley leant forward in his chair and watched her critically. She had begun with a lie. He had no doubt now that she would continue with others.

"Madam," he said, with a fine perception of his opportunity, "is the person for whom you speak my valet, Courvoisier?"

It was a daring attack, and the words had no sooner escaped his lips than he realised the danger in which he stood. Whatever the woman had been prepared for, it was not for this. Clever actress as he afterwards came to call her, she had no art to conceal the success of this bold charge; indeed, she half rose from her chair in her astonishment, and casting a hurried glance behind her, she appeared to be seeking some signal from an unknown. Dudley, on his part, having taken a course, stood to it without flinching.

"Was it my valet, Courvoisier, madam, who left my service this morning under circumstances which I shall presently investigate—is he the person who should have spoken for you?"

The woman put a hand to her throat as though the mantilla were choking her. The nervous haste of her denial was in itself an admission of the truth.

"No, no," she said, with a little hysterical laugh. "I do not know any such person, Mr. Hatton; I have never heard the name. There are others—let me make it clear to you. We are the friends of one to whom you have recently shown much kindness. We wish to speak about her. I am a woman and I understand. There is no such person as this Cour—Cour—oh! I cannot remember that name. I have never heard it before."

It was not cleverly done, nor did it deceive him for a moment. Leaning across the table like some advocate who has a victim in his grip, Dudley did not turn his eyes from the woman's face while he pursued the point relentlessly.

"Come!" he said contemptuously, "this is a pretty story, madam. Do you know, I am very much tempted to go to that window and to call in the first policeman I see? If you were not a woman, I certainly should do so. But, madam, there are even women whose sex does not protect them. If you value your own safety, be plain with me. Why have you asked me to come to this house?"

He waited for her answer, watching her lips while she uttered it. If he had imagined that the threat would help him, he was greatly mistaken. This woman had lived half her life among those whose vocation it was to challenge the police; indeed, the violence of his words reassured her. She laughed a little impudently and leant back in her chair, believing that the battle was half won.

"Mr. Hatton," she asked defiantly, "why should you send for the police?"

"To give you in custody, madam, for a very impudent attempt to blackmail me."

"Blackmail? I do not understand you.

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What is blackmail—oh! please tell me that."

Her assumption of innocence was clever, but in no way successful. Dudley stood up angrily and went to the mantelpiece.

"In plain English," he cried, "why have you brought me to this house?"

She shrugged her little shoulders and tapped the table with the point of her fan.

"In plain English, Mr. Hatton, why did you come here?"

The cleverness of the thrust astonished him. Why did he come? An innocent man would have handed the letter to the police. This woman seized at once upon that fatal mistake. His reply was lame, the defence of a man who has no case.

"Why did I come?" he replied, like one who is seeking a story. "I came, madam, I came to save an honest man from thieves, My valet, Courvoisier——"

She stopped him with an exclamation of anger so cleverly feigned that, for the moment, he was half deceived by it.

"Why do you mention that name?" she asked; "I have told you that I do not know it. What is the good of deceiving yourself, Mr. Hatton? You do not come here for the sake of this person at all—no, no; you come to find out what we know. You come because the shadow of the past is still upon you. You come because your dead wife——"

Dudley swung round upon his heel with a gesture so threatening that the woman rose from her chair and turned pale in spite of her bravado.

"My wife! You dare to speak of her, madam!"

"Since you compel me—yes. She died—let me see, Mr. Hatton, it is a little more than a year ago since the mystery attending her death——"

"The mystery?"

"Yes—but we won't talk of it; it cannot be a pleasant subject either for you or for me, Mr. Hatton. The circumstances under which Lady Hermione died——"

He stopped her with a fierce outburst—

"In Heaven's name, madam, what do you mean?"

He had drawn so near to her that she could feel his breath on her cheek. His eyes were unnaturally bright. She was half afraid that he would strike her. It was plain that his determination to have a clear issue could no longer be thwarted. The woman knew that her friends were near and did not fear him.

"Ask Rupert Hadley what I mean," she said, in a very low voice.

The uplifted hand dropped to Dudley's side. His nervous fingers closed upon the back of a chair which was near to him. His breathing was quick, almost stertorous. She knew that her secret was his in that moment.

"Rupert Hadley—ah! I see! You have the impertinence to suggest that he is the friend of my valet, then!"

"Of your valet?—oh, no, not that, believe me." And then, as though she would change the subject quickly, she went on: "Ah! do not be angry; I speak in your own interests. You are about to do a great wrong, a very great wrong—I wish to forbid it."

He went to the window and began to pull at the roped curtain as though to admit the daylight.

"Go on, madam; I am very patient. I am always glad to hear of my own shortcomings. Don't keep anything from me. I should be disappointed if you did."

His cynicism rang falsely; it deceived neither of them. The woman, on her part, took courage at his agitation and laughed when he could not unlace the curtains.

"I am glad you are patient; for you will have much to suffer," she said a little brutally. "Do not tear my curtains, I beg of you; the sunshine will not help us—it will not help us at all."

He turned from the window, for the window foiled him; and picking up his hat and stick from a chair, he made as though he would leave the room.

"You are very considerate, and I am somewhat foolish," he said, with a new calm. "The story which you tell me is certainly better than many told in such a den as this. Perhaps I shall ask you to tell it somewhere else before many hours have passed."

She shook her head and drew the shawl closer about her face.

"I think not, Mr. Hatton," she said pointedly; "indeed, I think not. You are too clever for that. When you are at home, in your own house, you will see that I am right. Believe me, a marriage between you and Daphne Bell is out of the question. I am one of Daphne's oldest friends, and if you compel me, I shall prevent it. Oh! do not misunderstand me; I am not frightened of you at all. Perhaps I am sorry; but it is not the time to speak of it. We cannot blot out the past, Mr. Hatton; try as we will, it comes before us every day."

She was a consummate actress, and her

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mock air of a moralist who is shocked added the last straw to Dudley's burden. He had been about to quit the room and the house; but her threat, the first of its kind that had been uttered, robbed him altogether of his self-control; and he caught the woman suddenly by the wrist and held her in a grip of iron.

"The men in this house—where are they? I must see them!" he cried passionately. "I do not argue with a woman!"

She quailed before him. The blood rushed from her cheeks, and he believed that she was about to cry for help; but she did not raise her voice, and answered him almost in a whisper.

"No—for your own sake, not that! You would gain nothing; you might lose much. Let me go, Mr. Hatton; you are acting foolishly."

He released her arm; but his passion was unabated.

"I insist upon seeing the men who have made you their instrument!" he reiterated stubbornly. "Let us come face to face and have done with it. What have they to sell me—what do they want for it?"

She was still frightened, and step by step drew back from him into the smaller and unfurnished apartment behind the drawing-room.

"They want nothing," she said, with apparent honesty; "nothing at all. You would see them at your peril."

"At my peril let it be, then!"

He waited like one who believed that insistence would prevail; but at the moment when she was about to repeat her warning, a bell rang in the empty basement of the house, and almost immediately another bell sounded on the landing above them. For an instant the woman listened intently; then, as at a prearranged signal, she suddenly put out her hand and switched off the electric light. Profound and utter darkness fell upon the room. Not a ray of sunlight came through the veiled windows. Dudley could not hear even a step upon the parquet of the uncarpeted room. There were voices in the hall below, the voices of men; but in the room itself that of which he could make nothing—a current of fresh air blowing he knew not whence. It became apparent to him at once that he was in a situation of grave personal danger, and, expecting every moment that men would burst into the room, he began to grope blindly for the switch which the woman had touched. Many minutes passed before he could find it or call back the scene. Here and there, his hands flapping upon the bare walls, he stumbled in that blind quest. The intensity of the darkness was beyond all belief. He said that he was trapped in the room—a prisoner, the victim of the vulgarest conspiracy. And then, upon a lucky chance, his hand touched the switch, the light shone out, everything was as it had been. And he was alone. The woman had gone out by way of the back drawing-room. She had vanished in an apartment with no visible door to it.

A dead silence had fallen upon the house now, and it was broken only by the bell which still jangled in the basement below. A quick thinker, Dudley began to see that, whoever were the agents of this vulgar affair, they, at least, were sufficiently afraid of interference from without to vanish at the first warning of it. Not a sound could he hear, not a whisper of voices. The room through which the woman had escaped possessed neither door nor curtain by which an aperture might have been concealed. There were no pictures upon the walls; nothing was disturbed or moved; the paper betrayed no crevice where a false door might have stood. Perplexed to the last point, trembling with an excitement altogether foreign to him, Dudley hurried down the stairs to answer the bell which rang in the basement for the second time. Patrick Foxall had come for him, he was sure. He hurried down the stairs like one who feared that every shadow cloaked a figure. Never had he welcomed a friend as he welcomed old Pat, standing there, impatient and threatening, upon the doorstep.

"The very man! Come in, Pat. I want to find out who is in this house—come in and help me."

Old Pat clutched his great stick with a monstrous hand and peered into the dark passage.

"What is it, me bhoy? What fool's tale have ye been hearing?"

"They're low blackmailers, Pat, and I want their names. If there are twenty of them, I mean to have it out! Come in and be the witness."

Pat laughed at the promise of danger, and cried out in a voice which half the street might have heard—

"The police on the beat are waiting till I come out—I've told 'em the story. Go on, Dudley; Buckingham Palace is not safer this day!"

He had done no such thing; but his wit

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"'The men in this house—where are they?'"

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prompted the bold assertion. In the house itself nothing justified his apprehensions. A little room at the end of the passage was furnished with a plain bed, which had recently been slept in; but it and the kitchens below were entirely deserted. The empty dining-room, wherein Dudley had seen a man's hand as he went upstairs, was now tenanted only by feeble rays of sunshine which came through the yellow blinds. Unconvinced, and listening at every turn for the whisper of a voice or the sound of a footstep, the men mounted from landing to landing, to make assurance doubly sure. Every room added a new mystery. There was no one in the house. Save for that pretentious smartness of the drawing-room, it was as bare as a vault.

* * * * *

In the cab which drove them from Charles Street, Dudley told the whole story, adding nothing, keeping nothing back. He had been to the house, had seen the woman, had listened to her threat that she would stop his marriage. The rest was the unknown.

"What's the meaning of it, Pat?" he asked, like a child in his trouble; "what do they want—what's their idea? It isn't money, if the woman's to be believed; and yet they talk of preventing my marriage with Daphne. Where will it end? what's behind it all? If they'd have asked ten thousand pounds, I would have met them face to face and had it out upon the spot; but they didn't. She says they do not want a penny! What am I to believe—what am I to do?"

Old Patrick, with his hat upon the back of his head, and an unlighted cigar between his fingers, used his wits as he had not used them for many a long year.

"Dudley," he said bluntly, at last, "if you tell me how your wife died, I can be a better friend to you. It's that, man—all that!"

"I know it, Pat. You see, they're trying to get at the doctor. He was always Hermione's favourite, but I never liked him. Perhaps his servants told them some story about the certificate. I have nothing to conceal about Hermione's death; she died after a quarrel——"

"Ah! but you did not mention that, Dudley——"

"Well, I mention it now. We quarrelled. She left me. She was found dead in the night. It's the truth—before Heaven, Pat! Hadley spoke of irregularity, and then gave the certificate. I am sure it was out of kindness. If this is true, it was nothing of the kind!"

Patrick was silent for a little while. Then suddenly he poked his stick through the trap and gave a new order to the cabman.

"Where's this Rupert Hadley live?" he asked bluntly.

"South Audley Street—by the Mount Street crossing."

"We'll drive there, Dudley; we'll see him."

* * * * *

They drove to the house; but when Dudley would have sent up his card to a flat upon the first floor, the commissionaire returned it.

"Doctor Hadley's in South Africa, sir," he explained patronisingly; "he's been gone these three months."

Patrick did not whine at the blow; he had not been unprepared for it. There were other ideas beginning to shape themselves in a mind accustomed to such problems.

"Dudley," he said presently, "could you spare me a thousand pounds?"

"If it will help me, ten, Pat."

"I cannot say. I'll do my best. Perhaps I carry my life in my hands. 'Tis not worth a king's ransom, anyway. Do you go back to Sonning and wait the news of me."

Dudley assented almost without interest.

"Yes," he said, "I am going back to Sonning—to tell Daphne everything."

Patrick struck a match and lighted a cigar.

"You're a brave man and a wise one, Dudley," said he.

(*To be continued.*)

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EYES OF GOLD.

By MURIEL F. HINE.

DARK, foggy November night without, where the distant gas-lamps of St. James's tried in vain to penetrate the murky gloom that hung like a spectral pall over London, and barely succeeded in shedding a sickly halo in their immediate vicinity, rendering the shadows still more intense, and the confused crossing further fraught with peril than without their unsteady flicker.

Within, in his cosy bachelor quarters in Ryder Street, cross-legged, in a blissful state of repose before the flickering fire, sat Eustace Erroll. By his side a half-finished cup of coffee and delicate liqueur-glass; and as he lighted his cigarette and sent a long wreath of blue-brown smoke up to the low ceiling, he vowed, for the fiftieth time that evening, that he would "see himself further—first," before he wandered out into the cold, foggy night in answer to Mrs. Miles-Banks' pressing invitation. And yet——

He kicked the sleeping terrier at his feet, "Eh, Soda, what do *you* say about it, old boy?" But the dog only opened his eyes drowsily, with a feeble wag of his tail, and settled down again to further slumbers. And still that obnoxious card stared him full in the face, wedged in the narrow ebony frame of the mirrored mantelshelf, and he could feel, even when he turned his eyes away, the gilt glare of the prominent "In aid of——" and the more discreet black lettering of "Price one guinea," supplementing the announcement.

There was the rub.

"If only she'd let me pay," he complained aloud, as he stooped to pick up a tiny cinder that had spluttered out on to the carpet, and the terrier, with sleepy presence of mind, sprang to its feet and investigated the smell of burning wool.

"If there's one thing I hate, Soda," he continued plaintively, "it's being paid for, and then cutting the show! What do you say, old man, shall us toss?"

He took a coin off the mantelpiece and spun it nimbly in the air. "Heads, I stay with you, Soda, and tails"—he caught it, glittering as it fell under the electric light—"I go!" Alas! tails it was, and after "a final" cigarette, he left the cosy room for the bleak air outside, and was soon making his way cautiously—the horse stumbling and stopping—down slippery Piccadilly, listening to the hoarse shouts of the 'bus-drivers and cabbies, and cursing his bad luck in general, and Mrs. Miles-Banks' hospitality in particular, in a way which would have made that sociable lady quiver with indignation had she but heard her unwilling guest.

Past Hyde Park Corner the hansom swerved and jolted, through Knightsbridge, and down the long, interminable road to Kensington; but as the wheels grating against the kerb stopped with a jerk outside the famous ballroom, and a breath of warm air was wafted out from the gaily lighted hall, Eustace Erroll's spirits rose with a bound, and by the time he had drawn on his gloves and elbowed his way through the warm, laughing crowd to where his hostess stood, he felt quite glad that he had come.

"Naughty!" said Mrs. Miles-Banks in her ponderously playful way, as she held out a firmly gloved hand to the offender. "Always late; always the last to arrive—eh, Mr. Erroll?"

The stiff satin folds of her tightly draped bodice creaked as she sighed plaintively and turned to two sombre-looking girls who stood limply beside her—"My nieces," she explained, and Erroll bowed and set his teeth manfully as he scrawled his name on both the cards that were hopefully presented to him, with a due sense of discharging his guinea's worth of obligation.

This done, after a few polite phrases to his hostess, he turned away and took up his favourite post of vantage by the inner door, where he could both watch the girls coming and going on their partners' arms, and also catch the confidences of the chaperons, who,

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unable to bear the swinging and throbbing of the splendidly built ballroom floor, foregathered in the little lobby beyond.

"*Most* unusual, I call her," said a high, thin voice behind him. "A foreigner, I should imagine!" Had she said "a serpent," her tones could not easily have been more bitter.

Erroll turned slightly to see the object of the discussion, and as he did so a woman swept past him into the room.

The first thing that struck him was the wonderful way she moved, the exquisite proportions of her slender figure, and the wealth of coppery hair that gleamed gold and red over the low, white forehead.

As he watched her, with unwonted eagerness, she was claimed for the dance, and swept away in the mazing swirl of the brightly coloured crowd.

"Very bad style," continued the condemning voice behind. "I should be extremely sorry to see any of *my* girls making themselves so conspicuous!"

A strange feeling of irritation rose up in Erroll's mind as he turned and faced the speaker, which gave way to one of tolerant amusement as he recognised in her the fond mother of half a dozen elderly girls who never in the wildest flight of imagination could have been classified as out of the common.

II.

Erroll strolled leisurely upstairs to the refreshment-room, smiling inwardly as he went at the odd feeling of championship the censure had called forth in him; but as he reached the top he had to stand aside for a couple descending, and he recognised with a start that the girl leaning lightly on the man's arm was the late object of his meditations. He looked her up and down with the quick criticism of the man of the world, and, for the life of him, he could find no fault.

She was dressed in some soft, clinging material of deadest black, caught in round the slender waist by a strange belt of amber and big, uneven pearls, and a large string of the latter was wound twice about her neck and fell over the beautifully modelled white shoulders, that were thrown into strong relief by filmy black draperies, edged with row upon row of Russian sable, that seemed to tone with and yet accentuate the wonderful colour of her hair.

In one light, he noticed, it shone a golden brown, in another the reddest red, and her straight brows and long eyelashes were very dark;

"In a blissful state of repose sat Eustace Erroll."

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and as he took in rapidly the details of her appearance, he came, as it were, to the culminating point of these perfections, and he realised what he felt at the moment to be the keenest desire of his life, for she paused for a second upon the stairs and looked him steadily full in the face—then "Pardon, monsieur," she said, with a soft, foreign accent, as her flowing skirts brushed past him in the narrow space where he stood against the wall.

And so he saw her eyes.

He had pictured to himself they would be brown, possibly black—as the wildest conjecture, blue; but what they really were it was almost impossible to say, for they seemed to him like the clearest, palest amber, with great brown pupils, full of untold tragedy, that glowed and deepened with every passing emotion under the heavy lashes.

Erroll caught his breath with a little gasp, and the next moment she had turned the corner of the stairs and was lost to view.

As he stood there, an old phrase, some long-forgotten reminiscence of nursery days, flashed across him—

And the beautiful princess was called "Eyes of Gold."

He walked mechanically into the refreshment-room and drank a glass of claret-cup that the waiter handed him; but his thoughts were still straying, and he jumped as a hand came smartly down on his shoulder and a voice behind him said—

"Hullo, Erroll! how are you?"

He pulled himself together with an effort and turned to face a tall, grey-haired man, with the word "barrister" written unmistakably across the high, thinking forehead and keen, blue eyes.

"Why, Bertram!" he said impulsively, "you're just the very man I want," as he recognised the tiny crimson badge which marked his friend as being a steward. "I want to know—can you tell me, quickly?—who the lady is who——" but the other interrupted him with a laugh.

"Who the lady is *who*——" he repeated mischievously. "My dear Erroll, what a waste of 'who's' for a man of your concise brain!"

"Don't chaff, there's a good chap!" said the younger man quickly. "I really *must* know—and you can't help having noticed her, I'll bet; she's in black, with reddish hair and wonderful yellow eyes."

This time his friend looked grave. "Ah!" he said very quietly, "Madame Vroski." He paused for a moment and then continued: "Yes, I know her—very slightly—that is to say, I met her in Moscow a few years ago, when I was over there on that Countess Cracovitch case—you remember—it was all in the papers at the time—that affair with Nicholas Fedrovna; and to-night she recognised me. I bowed"—he put his hand up as the other would have spoken, with the quick gesture of a man accustomed to hold his audience by a sign—"but besides that," he continued with a little frown, "I have seen those wonderful yellow eyes before"—he broke off sharply—"my memory plays me false sometimes, and when or where I cannot tell you; but mark you, Erroll, I feel she's not to be trusted."

But his warning passed almost unnoticed.

"You'll introduce me?" he asked anxiously.

A shade of uneasiness came across the keen face as he noticed the younger man's scarcely disguised excitement.

"It does worry me so," he said absently. "I cannot place her, and yet I feel sure—without any apparent grounds—that I have met her before, and not under the same circumstances as now. Something not very reputable—only, I don't know; but take care, Erroll. I'll introduce you, of course, if you insist; but Russian women, you know, are not *always* too honest."

Erroll laughed aloud.

That was the worst of barristers, he said to himself, for ever scenting a mystery and trying to rake up crime, and he slipped his arm through his friend's as they went downstairs happily together and into the ballroom, his heart beating in anticipation of the coming introduction.

And so it was that, within half an hour of the time he had first seen her, he found himself murmuring incoherently, "The pleasure of a dance," and looking with unfeigned admiration into those eyes of gold.

III.

"Won't you tell me all about it and let me help you? You cannot think what a pleasure it would be to me to serve you in any way, however small," Erroll was pleading, with all the power of his deep, persuasive voice.

Olga Vroski shut her large ostrich fan with a sudden resolution, as she turned to face him in the narrow curtained recess to which he had led her after this their fifth dance together, for he had thrown prudence to the winds that night, even to the cutting of that inevitable Lancers with "My niece Florence."

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"Yes?" she said slowly, with her quaint foreign accent, and the wonderful yellow eyes flashed as she gazed at the man beside her through narrowed lids. "*I think*—I will." She paused for a moment and laid a slender, gloved hand lightly on his arm. "You are a soldier—is it not so?—and a gentleman. In England, it is, I believe, a good combination, and so——" She shrugged her white shoulders slightly and continued—

"It is of my little sister I am ver' much in trouble. We are orphans, she and I, and she is so young—but sixteen yesterday. She come to England to a school; *une pension séculaire*, and she meet—" her face darkened vindictively—"a gentleman—what you call a 'blackguard,' I think. Is it too strong, ze word? *Enfin c'était un misérable.* He make love to her—she—but a child, you understand. She write to him. She believe in him. He make her presents; first ze little things—a flower, a glove, an' so on. An' then I come to England to see my leetle sister, my Vera. She is so sweet, so simple. She tell me all, and then she show me his last gift." She threw her head back sharply and passed her hand over the shining masses of her hair with a gesture which already he well knew. And rarely in all the years to come could he see a woman smooth back a wayward curl without a strange, dull pain creeping into his empty heart.

"I tell you"—she spread out her hands dramatically, palm upwards, and a flush of colour came into her pale face—"it was a bracelet, diamonds! worth—*ah, ciel!* how should *she* know, who never had had but tiny trinkets? Poor, silly leetle child!"

She paused for a moment, and Erroll, deeply interested, watched while a hundred different emotions passed over her mobile face.

"You must not think ill of her," she continued anxiously. "My leetle Vera! How should she know? She is so young!"

His man-of-the-world cynicism seemed to have quite deserted him. "Why should I?" he said simply, and she gave him a brilliant, grateful smile.

"Thank Heaven, I come in time! He write to her to run away—to meet him three nights hence. She, poor child, hate ze tiresome school, ze long, sad walks, ze dull lesson-days—instead—to marry a handsome man and wear lovely jewels. Think you, what a temptation for a leetle schoolgirl; *n'est-ce pas?*

"An' then I come—sudden, unexpected, an'—we love each other much. She tell me all. She show me letters of this brave man—this gay hero of her romance—an' I ask among my friends—a word here—a word there, for the child's sake—an' I learn——" She stopped for a moment an' clenched her little hands, and the beautiful eyes flashed fire "—all that was necessary," she concluded slowly.

For a moment Erroll respected her silence, then, mastering his impatience, "Well?" he interrogated gently.

"To-morrow"—she gave a little sigh of relief—"I take her home—to Russia—to my beloved Petersburg. "Ah! to feel the breezes of the Baltic on my face again!"—she clasped her hands together—"to see dear, grim old Kronstadt stand out wild and fierce once more!"

"*To-morrow!* You leave England to-morrow?" The note of distress in the man's voice was unmistakable, and Madame Vroski started from her reverie and smiled.

"But I return," she said softly. "Not ver' long, and I return." There was a moment's deep silence, for the man could not speak, and the woman would not; and then she went on vehemently: "But first there is my duty. It is for that alone I am here to-night. For I must see him, this fine gentleman, and give him back his noble"—her voice rang with scorn—"his most generous gifts! But, oh! I dread it!" Suddenly her mood changed. "I *dread* to meet him!" She turned her face piteously towards her companion, as though seeking his sympathy and advice, and all Erroll's chivalry was roused at the sight of her distress.

"He will be here to-night," she said hurriedly. "It is so cowardly, I know, but oh! I do fear this *rencontre.* What am I to say, who know so badly even ze English tongue? When I feel so much, I will break down! I know, an' then"—she went on excitedly—"all ze ballroom will know, ze *gran' monde* will know, and my Vera, my little sister——" she broke off and covered her face with her hands.

But this was more than Erroll could bear. Gently he tried to take them in his own, to soothe her in her great distress.

"There is no need," he said firmly. "Let me see him for you. Let *me* do it. I will say what you wish. I will give him back this present, and I will tell him what I think of him and his dastardly conduct!"

His voice rose excitedly, and his nerves tingled with joy and that fierce exultation which comes to a strong man at moments in

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"A woman swept past him into the room."

his life when he feels he can fight the battle of the woman he loves.

She caught his hands feverishly, and her eyes glittered as she faced him.

"You will do this for me?" she said. "You will give them him back with your own hand, that I may never even see his accursed face?"

He bent forward until his lips nearly touched her.

"I will do this," he said, "this little thing"—and his voice was very low and

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tender—"and anything else you ever ask, for the sake of those eyes of gold."

IV.

"PARDON, Madame, if I interrupt, but may I speak to you?"

Erroll looked up with a frown as a man disengaged himself from the crowd, struggling up the long, curving staircase to the supper-rooms above, and bowed low—with an air of humility that somehow struck the soldier as affected—before his beautiful partner.

She glanced down at him sharply as he stood a step below them, and then, slipping her hand from Erroll's arm, with a murmured word of apology she moved back with the stranger into a little recess, formed by a curtained door. In the shadow where she stood, Erroll could not see her face, but as he waited impatiently, in a sudden lull in the buzz of conversation round him, he caught a stray sentence.

"Quite so—and therefore it will be better to come quietly, Madame."

There was nothing in the mere words, but the man's voice as he spoke was so familiar that Erroll instinctively took a step forward, but at that moment she pushed aside the curtain and came to meet him.

He was struck by the deadly pallor of her face and the startled look in the lovely eyes.

"What is it?" he queried anxiously. "Whatever is the matter?"

She swayed slightly and put out her hand on the staircase rail, as though seeking support.

"It is—*Vera!*" she said slowly. "Will you get me my cloak, Mr. Erroll? I must go at once."

She handed him the numbered ticket, and so urgent was the look of entreaty on her face that he took it without a word to do her bidding; but as he turned the corner of the stairs he glanced back and saw that she was talking and gesticulating vehemently, and that the stranger stood there stolidly with a look of steady indifference on his sharp, ugly face.

Erroll was seized with a sudden misgiving. "What could be the matter?" he said to himself, "and who on earth could the fellow be?"—such a little bounder as he looked, standing there callously scrutinising Madame Vroski in her sudden trouble.

An irresistible desire to shake him as a terrier shakes a rat came over him, as he rejoined the ill-assorted pair, with her long, black cloak hanging over his arm.

Madame Vroski came forward impetuously with outstretched hands to take it.

"Vera has had an accident," she said quickly. "She is very ill—my poor little Vera—and I go home at once. Good-bye—good-bye——" With a rapid gesture she threw the cloak about her, but Erroll held the hand she offered firmly in his.

"One moment," he pleaded. "May I not at least see you safely home?"

She drew back almost coldly, and the stranger interposed.

"*I* will see Madame Vroski—home," he said, and this time so peculiarly grating and unpleasant was the tone of his voice that it took the soldier beside him all his control to keep his hands off the man; but all he said, as he turned impetuously to his late partner, was—

"You wish it, Madame?"

For one moment she hesitated, as Erroll's eyes compelled an answer, and the other man watched her keenly and drew out his watch with a significant gesture, and Madame Vroski started forward.

"Yes, yes," she gasped. "I must go—I am so ver' sorry, but I must go—to Vera."

She slipped one hand through the stranger's arm as she drew her cloak tightly round her with the other, and Erroll, like a man in a dream, from his post of vantage on the stairs, watched her cross the hall and pass through the swinging-doors and out into the fog beyond.

He heard the sharp click of the carriage door, a quick command, and the rattle of wheels, and she was gone—had he but known it then, as he stood there dazed amidst the gay throng—gone that night out of his life for ever.

V.

As he wandered sadly back into the ball-room, Erroll remembered, with a certain feeling of consolation, that he had given Olga Vroski his address, and that she had promised to write to him on her return from Russia, and fix a day for them to meet again.

He began mechanically to reckon the time he imagined it would take to go to Petersburg and back, and to wonder how long a visit she would spend in her beloved city. He had taken up his old position by the door, and the Lancers were in full swing, the floor throbbing to the romping of the dancers, and a more than usually energetic set forced him to step back sharply through the doorway, and in doing so he collided with a man who had just arrived upon the gay scene.

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"'*I* will see Madame Vroski—home.'"

He turned politely to apologise, but as he saw the man's face, with a flash it came across him that he had utterly forgotten the interview he had so blindly undertaken a short hour ago, for here in truth was the very man they had been seeking together when the interruption came and she was, so to speak, snatched from him out into the dark, foggy night.

Again, he remembered the peculiar emphasis she had thrown into her last words—"I must go—*to Vera*," she had said, as she had looked at him with a strange, meaning glance. How foolish of him to have missed the point! She was reminding him, of course, as well as she could before a third party, of his compact.

He murmured a few conventional words of apology as he rapidly scrutinised the stranger and rehearsed the plan of action. He was a man of medium height and somewhat foreign looking; no doubt on account of the wax-like face, that contrasted oddly with dull, dark eyes and black hair cut *en brosse*. And here it was that the peculiarity that Madame Vroski had so dwelt upon in her description was apparent; for five small patches were visible on the dark head, as though a magic hand had been pressed lightly upon it, and the hair under the finger-tips had turned white as that of an old, old man.

As he would have passed on with a slight bow of acknowledgment for the other's apology, Erroll stopped him with a gesture. "I have a message to deliver to you," he said quickly.

The man's dull eyes under their heavy lids seemed suddenly to awake as he glanced keenly up at the speaker, and without a word he drew back behind the high palms that flanked the ballroom door, and, the other following, the two men were thus screened from general observation.

Erroll and his beautiful partner had talked over the manner of this interview from many

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aspects, and had finally agreed, to save the slightest possibility of a scene in such a public place, he was quietly to give the packet into the man's hands, merely stating that it came from "a Russian lady."

No names were to be mentioned. The recipient would find out soon enough, on opening the enclosure, from whom it was sent.

This he accordingly carried out, watching keenly the man's face before him.

He had expected to see a look of surprise, indignation, possibly to be answered with an insolent speech, but what really took place entirely puzzled him.

For, as he gave the box into the stranger's hands, with the simple words, "I was asked to return you this by a Russian lady," and stood there grimly on his guard, the other slipped it, without opening, into an inner pocket, after one sharp look; and, with an expression more akin to relief than anger, quickly replied, with a distinctly foreign accent: "I am much obliged, monsieur."

To say that Erroll was astonished, was to say the least of it. In the first place, he had clearly imagined the villain of the romance to have been an Englishman. Now that he came to think of it, she had certainly not told him so, but he had naturally taken it for granted.

The enigma grew still deeper as the stranger whispered softly—

"Was there no message from Madame?"

Erroll shook his head blankly, and a smile flickered across the other's face. "Then I thank Monsieur again," he said, "and will relieve Monsieur of my presence"; and before his listener could speak, he had glided out from behind the palms and was lost to view in the crowded lobby.

VI.

CONTRARY to his usual habit, Erroll rose early on the morning after the dance.

His attempts at sleep had been a dismal failure. As he tossed from side to side wearily, his over-excited brain went steadily on, forming one hypothesis after another to clear away the touch of mystery that piqued his curiosity and at the same time troubled his faith in the woman who had so greatly fascinated him.

He heard the distant clocks strike four, then five, then six, and at last he fell into a fitful doze; but even then his dreams were haunted by that strange parting and the look of almost terror she had thrown at her companion.

Why had she gone with him? *Who* was he? And why, again, had she tolerated for an instant the cool familiarity of his manner? Erroll's blood boiled as he remembered the man's quiet insolence. Of course, there was her sister's sudden accident. That would naturally unnerve her. It struck him then for the first time that he had been too preoccupied at the moment to ask for any particulars of the case.

But why had Madame Vroski not explained

"Her rooms were searched and various documents seized."

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that the mysterious villain of her story was a foreigner, presumably a Russian like herself? And then the man's odd behaviour when he handed him the parcel! Erroll could almost have sworn that the fellow was expecting it, and, moreover, welcomed it with a distinct feeling of relief. Why? Why? Why?

The questions surged up in his brain as the first grey streaks of light filtered through the badly drawn curtains of his window. At last he fell into a heavy sleep, deep and dreamless.

The light grew stronger and stronger, and a clock down in St. James's chimed slowly seven o'clock. What was that? He sprang up in bed. Someone had called him. It was *her* voice, and it was a voice in distress.

As he collected his senses he realised he had been dreaming again, and a feeling of anger at such foolishness swept over him. He got up and drew back the curtains and threw open the window.

The sun was shining, and the cool crispness in the air gave him a certain feeling of relief. A few clerks and shop-boys were stepping briskly along through the clean, deserted streets to their business. A thin layer of frost on the roofs and pavements hid the smuts of yesterday, and London looked at her best.

To go to bed again seemed absurd, and Erroll, with a certain feeling of exultation at being thus early astir, dressed leisurely, and calling Soda, who—almost as bewildered as the landlady herself—leaped round his master in circling bounds of joy, he strolled out into the early sunshine.

He passed through Pall Mall and Waterloo Place, where he paused for a minute to buy a morning paper from a hoarse-voiced gutter-snipe, and descended the steps into St. James's Park.

As he went he unfolded the damp sheets leisurely and skimmed the headings—"Parliament"—"South Africa: Casualties in the Transvaal"—"The Great Jewel Robbery: Sensational Arrest at a London Ball."

What was this? He stopped dead in his walk, oblivious of his surroundings, as he devoured the lines that followed.

"We hear that the London police force has again been baffled, and so apparently near to the goal this time that we quite despair of ever settling the mystery enshrouding the great jewel robbery.

"To give a brief history of what occurred, it seems that some days ago Scotland Yard received a clue from Russia, whither one or two of the celebrated stones have been traced, but the finest of them all, including some of the famous Ethinton diamonds, have absolutely disappeared.

"In accordance with this, last night, at a charity ball at Kensington, Detective Jerrold arrested a Russian woman, passing under several aliases—*viz.*, Madame Zvott, Vroski, Rols zo, etc.—who had been under the eyes of the police for some time as implicated in a celebrated Paris burglary some years ago.

"Whilst at the ball her rooms were searched, and various incriminating documents seized, but no jewels of the description wanted were forthcoming, and it was supposed that she had them with her concealed about her person. She was accordingly followed and arrested at the ball, but so quietly was the affair conducted that it passed without notice. Why Madame Vroski should have dared such a bold *coup* as to show herself at a public ball, knowing, as she must have done, that she was in momentary danger of arrest, one cannot surmise, but the fact remains that when conveyed to Scotland Yard and searched, *no* jewels were found upon her.

"She has been detained, however, to answer other charges from abroad, brought against her under the Extradition Act.

"It was notified to the police that a certain Polski, of Polish extraction, had booked a passage from Liverpool to America by the White Star Line, and was likewise traced by them to this same ball, but the coincidence proved of no ultimate importance, as Madame Vroski's arrest took place some minutes before the other's somewhat late arrival at the ballroom, so that the pair could have held no communication.

"Thus the mystery of the Countess's jewels seems to have become greater than ever, and we offer our sincere sympathies to the disappointed authorities, who seemed last night so sure of a swift solution."

* * * * *

A few hours later, in his gloomy chambers in the Temple, Bertram read with interest the self-same paragraph, and as he did so, with a flash the scene changed in his busy brain. The gloomy court without gave place to the white, sunny streets of Paris, and he saw himself once more in the great Law Courts, listening enthralled to the eloquent pleading of Maître Monnard, as he held his audience spellbound under the magic of his voice,

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disentangling subtly the long, mysterious course of a great Paris robbery ; and in the dock rose the solitary figure dressed in black.

The sun forced its way through a narrow window and played like a halo of fire round the masses of her copper hair, and as Bertram watched, she raised her eyes steadily and met his scrutinising gaze, and he saw, with a silent admiration as they shone through the dusky lashes, that they were as eyes of gold.

And the great K.C. smiled grimly to himself as he laid the paper down, for it is no small privilege in these times to possess a splendid memory and to prove that it but rarely fails.

But, for many a day, to Eustace Erroll, remembrance came as a curse.

A SUMMER SHOWER. FROM A WATER COLOUR BY JOHN H. BACON.

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Photo by] [*R. Brown, Inverurie.*

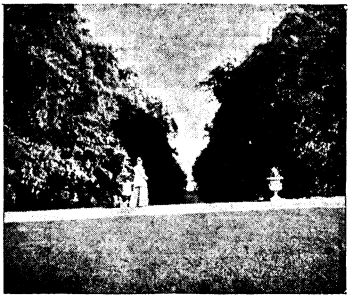
HADDO HOUSE: FRONT VIEW.

A NURSERY OF STATESMEN:

HADDO HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE EARLS OF ABERDEEN.

By Edward T. Slater.

When the future historian of the nineteenth century begins to fill in the background of his picture, he will often leave the scenes of high debate and elaborate ceremonial and turn aside to some quiet old country house away from the haunts of men, where some statesman of the period has found rest and refreshment in the interludes of a busy life. Hawarden and Hatfield, we may be sure, will be names well known to the next generation, and many such places will be closely identified with the lives of the leading figures in the century's history. Not the least interesting is Haddo House, in Aberdeenshire, the home of one of Queen Victoria's most trusted ministers, her "dear and valued friend," the Earl of Aberdeen, whose name must always figure prominently in the history of her reign. As British Ambassador at the Court of Vienna in the early years of the century, he played no small part in shaping the map of modern Europe, and afterwards, as Prime Minister, he was responsible for the chief conduct of affairs during a critical moment in our history.



VIEW OF THE LONG AVENUE, A MILE LONG.

But Haddo House will be doubly interesting to many now, as the home of the present Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, whose names are beloved and honoured through no small portion of the British Empire. North and south of the Tweed they are known for countless activities in many good causes, but their influence is now far wider. As Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at a somewhat critical period in that country's history, the Earl of

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Aberdeen played a very difficult part, but played it well, and, aided by Lady Aberdeen, did wonders in winning the affections of the Irish people and promoting a better feeling towards England. As Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen performed another great service to the Empire. During his

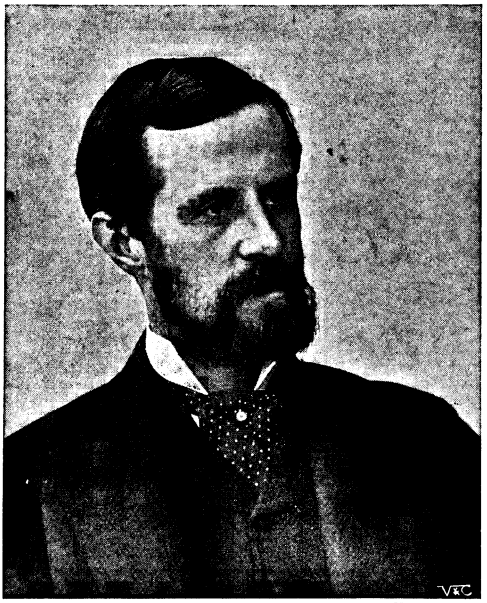

Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

Governorship the great Dominion was drawn closer than ever before in thought and feeling to the Mother Country. In Ireland and Canada we hear again and again how by tact and kindly thoughtfulness Lord and Lady Aberdeen quite won the hearts of the people, and their success came from no cunningly devised policy, but from that genius for getting into sympathy and touch with the aspirations, the sorrows and joys of a people, which always marks successful statesmanship. And the interest felt in the present occupants of Haddo House relates not only to the past, but to the future.

Though the present house is not yet two hundred years old, the history of the Aberdeen family and their connection with Haddo dates centuries back.

About the time when the powerful family of Gordons settled down in the north of Scotland, during the fourteenth century, we find a cadet of the family, James Gordon, established as laird at Haddo. From him the present Earl descends in direct male descent. He was the first of a line of Haddo lairds who proved a rough fighting lot, always engaged in the struggles of their time. One of them fought for Mary Queen of Scots, and received as reward a locket containing a ringlet of her hair, which is still preserved by the present Earl as a precious heirloom. Another of these lairds —Sir John Gordon—distinguished himself as a Cavalier leader, and fought for Charles I. against the Covenanters with plenty of dash and spirit. Sir John is the hero of the famous Haddo Raid. Swooping down upon Aberdeen with a troop of horse early one Sunday morning, he frightened the good folk out of their wits as he rattled through the town. Seizing the provost and the principal officials of the place, he rode up and down the chief street of the town with the prisoners tied behind his men upon

Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

their horses, and then galloped off, prisoners and all, to Haddo. It was one of the many daring deeds that this doughty Cavalier performed during the war. But retribution came at last. His castle at Kelly, very near the spot where the present house now stands, was besieged by the Marquis of

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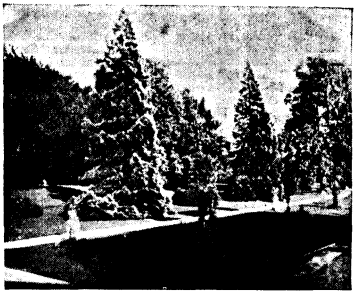
Argyll, forced to surrender, and its owner taken prisoner to Edinburgh and there executed.

It was the son of this turbulent Cavalier leader who became first Earl of Aberdeen. An eminent lawyer, he was appointed Lord High Chancellor of Scotland by Charles I., and created Earl of Aberdeen; but he was no time-serving courtier, and eventually resigned rather than give unjust decisions to suit the King's wishes. When the revolution came, William III., who reckoned him "the solidest statesman in Scotland," tried to persuade him to return to public life; but his thoughts turned homeward, and the ex-Lord Chancellor retired to his home at Haddo and took no further part in public affairs.



TWO TREES PLANTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

TREE PLANTED BY MR. GLADSTONE, HADDO HOUSE.

The second Earl, son of the Chancellor, built Haddo House in 1732. Before his time the mansion went by the name of the House of Kelly, and stood some distance from the present house; but there seems to be some doubt as to the exact site of the old house. Built in the Paladin style of architecture by John Baxter, of Edinburgh, Haddo House dates from 1732. The main portion rises three storeys high, with steps at the front descending from the first storey to right and left. Originally these steps had to be ascended to reach the front door, but the main entrance is now beneath. On the opposite side of the house, which looks south, another flight of broad steps leads down on to a wide, spacious terrace, bright with flower-beds and affording fine views over the park. From the front two great wings run forward at right angles to the main structure, but only two storeys in height. This was the house built by the second Earl; but the surroundings were then bare and uninviting, and there had been little attempt to develop the natural features of the scenery. Not until the great-great-grandson of the Chancellor—the Earl of Aberdeen who became Prime Minister—had come into possession of his estates, did the grounds of Haddo begin to

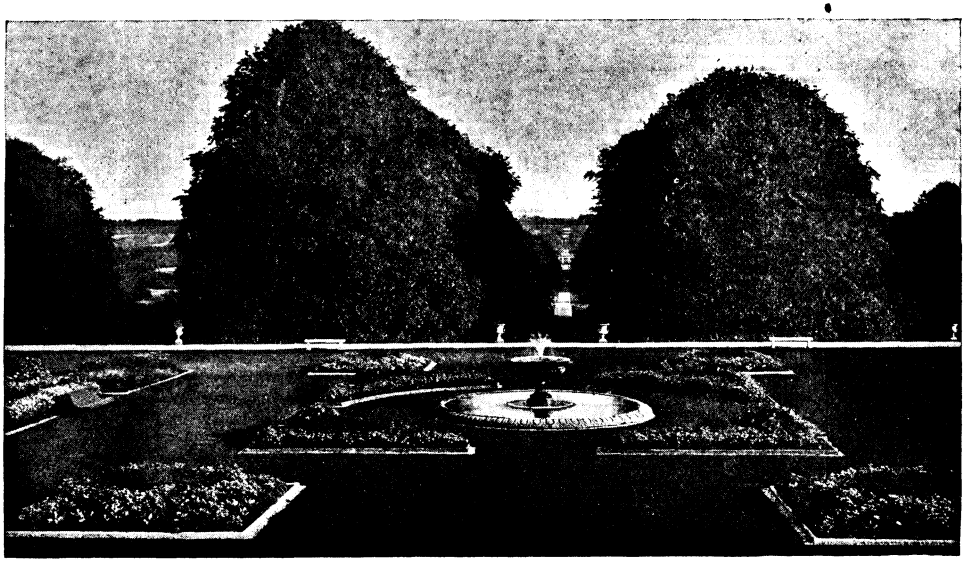


Photo by] [*G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.*

THE AVENUE, HADDO HOUSE.

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assume their present beauty. It was in 1805 that, after wandering through the sunny lands of Greece and Italy, where he found plenty to satisfy his classical tastes, the young heir came to see his Scotch estate, which he had left when only eight years old. The visit he afterwards described as a rude disappointment. After conjuring up bright visions of his old home, the sight of the bare, monotonous country stretching away beneath a cold, cheerless sky, the uncouth character of the people, whom he found living in miserable hovels, so depressed him that he had serious intentions of getting rid of the estate and never coming near it. But upon second thoughts the young Earl came to the conclusion that it was his duty to stay and improve the place in every way possible; and right well did he act up to his conviction. After many years of draining, building, and planting, he had created a garden out of a wilderness at Haddo. Drives and walks were made, lakes formed, four thousand acres planted with wood, and the gardens laid out with skill and care, so that the bleak and dreary character of the surroundings has now gone, and Haddo House looks forth upon some of the pleasantest scenery in Scotland. For many miles the drives which the old Earl formed thread in and out of the thickly wooded park, and the visitor need never lack for a walk along the winding paths that lead in every direction through the grounds, giving charming glimpses of the distant scenery. He was a great woodsman, too, and would spend much of his time when at Haddo trimming the trees and making new plantations, and always studying how to improve the grounds. A specially fine feature in the laying out of the grounds is the broad avenue which he formed, leading down in a direct line to the edge of the deer park. As you look from the steps outside the drawing-room window the eye is carried right away down the avenue, and then away along a further green drive leading up through the deer park to a great urn which crowns the distant hill. The avenue is just one mile in length. Upon the urn are the words "Haud Immemor," placed there by the great Earl in memory of his first wife, whom he dearly loved, and whose loss he never ceased to mourn throughout his whole life. Some

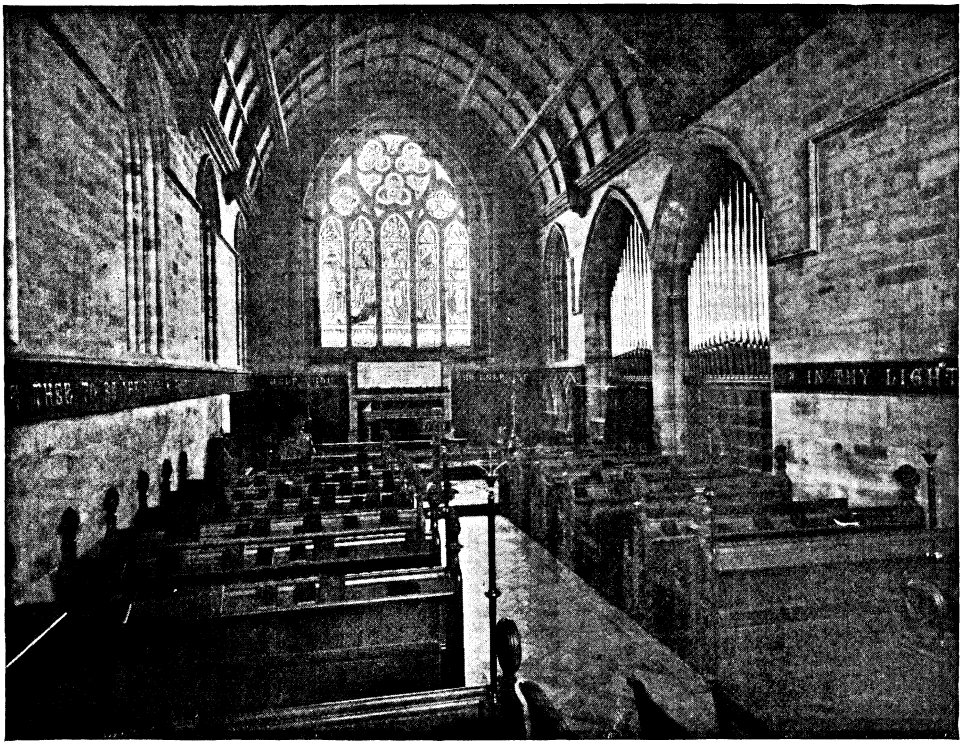

Photo by] [*G. W. Wilson.*

THE CHAPEL, HADDO HOUSE.

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idea of the beauty of this lady, who exercised so great an influence upon the life of the great Earl, can be gathered from the fine work by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a cherished heirloom of the family, which hangs in the drawing-room.

In his youth Lord Aberdeen was one of an interesting circle of celebrities. He had William Pitt and Henry Dundas (Lord Melville) as his guardians, and it was at Bentley Priory, the residence of Lord Melville, that he met Sir Walter Scott, the Sheridans, Kemble the actor, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the famous artist who painted his wife, and many of whose works adorn the walls of Haddo House. There is a curious relic remaining of his friendship with Kemble the actor. Just off one of the many winding paths that lead through the park, in a shady nook, is a rough seat made of flat stones. Upon the flat rock which forms a back for the seat is the following inscription: "Sedes haec saxea et inculta Joanni Philippo Kemble, per aestivos, anni MDCCCXVII menses multum diuque secum meditanti praeter omnes semper ridebat"; from which we learn that Kemble made no short stay at Haddo with his old friends in the summer months more than eighty years ago, and that for many a long hour he played the "absent-minded beggar" when comfortably resting upon this sunny seat.

A great event in the history of Haddo House during the great Earl's time was the visit which Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort paid their old minister in the year 1857. The visit was strictly private, but for more than a mile the approach to the house was lined by the tenants, who turned out and escorted their Queen to the house, just as they acted years before when Lord Haddo brought home his bride; and when Mr. Gladstone visited Haddo in 1884 he was honoured with a similar escort. A relic of the former visit remains in two fine Wellingtonias, planted one by Queen Victoria and the other by Prince Consort, which are now flourishing on the east side of the terrace; and in one of the principal rooms of the house is a bust of Queen Victoria, presented by Her late Majesty as a token of regard to her old minister shortly after his retirement from office.

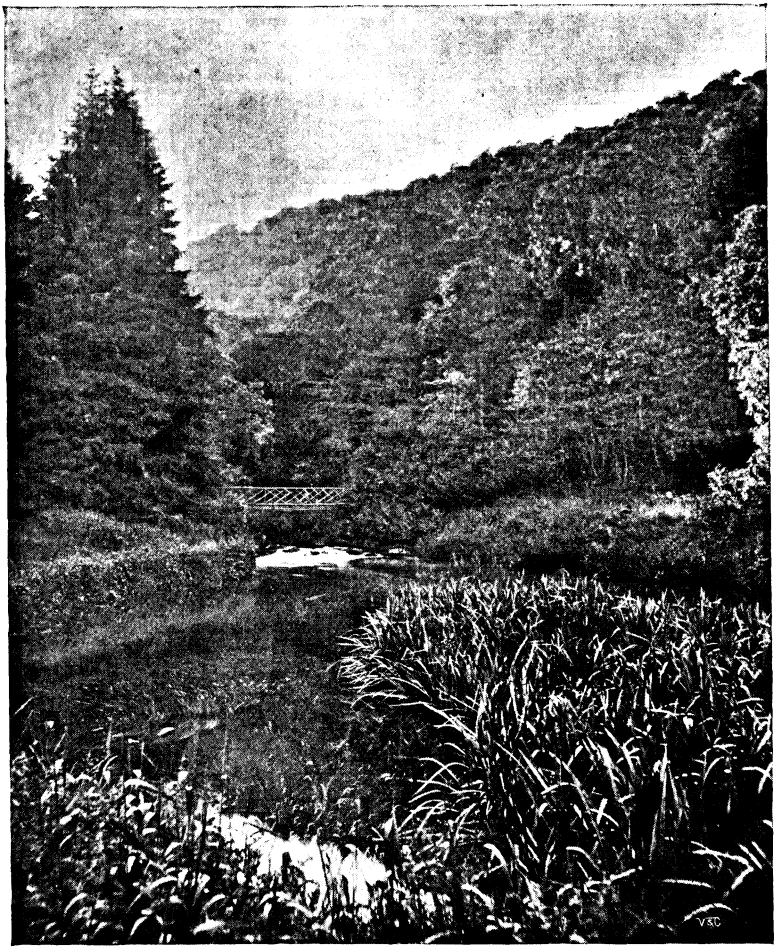

Photo by] [*R. Brown, Inverurie.*

THE BRAES OF GIGHT.

Another record of the old Earl's time is the lofty monument standing in the middle of a wide, open space in the park, placed

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there by the family in memory of the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, *aide-de-camp* to the Duke of Wellington, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo. A like monument to the same gallant officer stands near the farm of La Haye Sainte, at Waterloo. He was no less distinguished for his gallantry than beloved by all who knew him, and by none more than by the Iron Duke, who burst into tears when he heard of his death.

Haddo House is full of associations with the "Premier" Earl. Like the Chancellor Earl, he was always longing to get free from the cares of State and back to Haddo, which he regarded as his home in every sense. M. Guizot, one of the many distinguished guests from home and abroad who came to see the veteran statesman in his retirement, describes his manner of life at Haddo as "Cette grande existence féodale, vie de grand seigneur——," a relic of feudal life, for he scrupulously fulfilled his part as a great Scotch landlord. On a Saturday morning for many years he would hold a *levée* on the flight of stairs in front of his house, and there he received all who had any request or inquiry to make, or who sought his advice, and till the later years of his life he kept up this quaint old custom. His favourite amusement, we are told by Lord Stanmore in his interesting biography, was driving himself about in a light pony carriage, thus being able to visit works in progress at a distance and to wander about the beautiful parts of his estate. On Sundays a long array of carriages regularly conveyed the whole household to the parish church in the neighbouring village of Methlick. Outside the old church can still be seen a steep flight of stone steps up which his Lordship would climb with his family and enter the family pew in a kind of gallery, all the rest of the church-goers remaining outside till he had entered. At the close of the service, after pronouncing the blessing in quaint fashion, the minister would turn to the gallery and make a low bow, which was returned with great gravity by his Lordship, standing.

Now that Lord and Lady Aberdeen have settled down again in the Old Country, and are taking their share in political and social

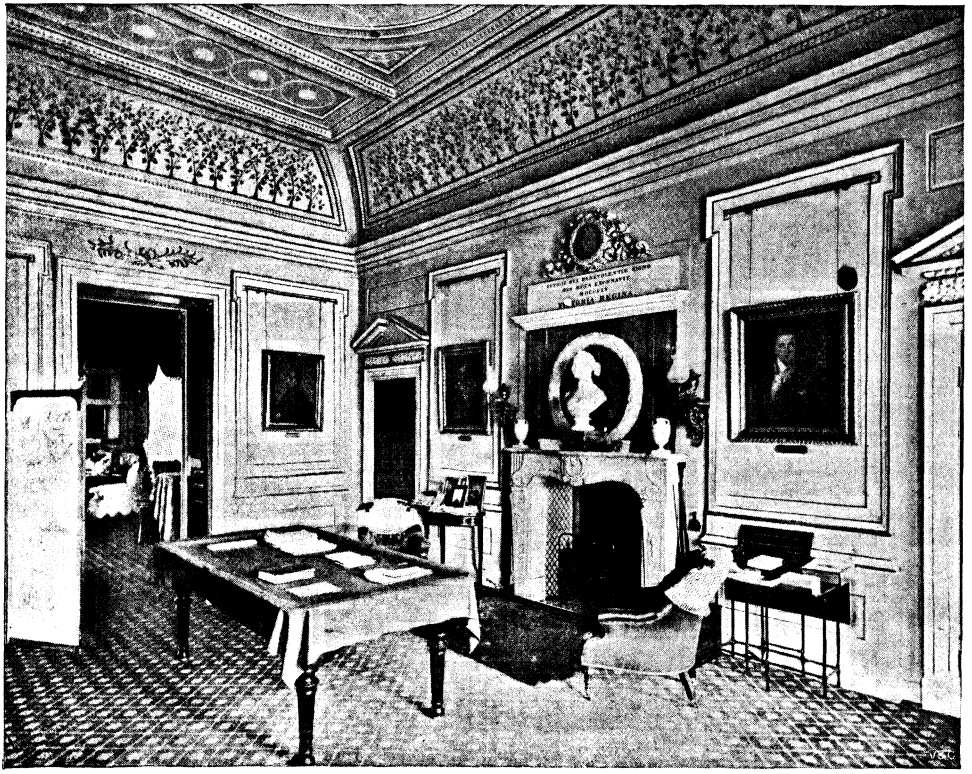

Photo by] [*G. W. Wilson.*

SITTING-ROOM CONTAINING BUST OF QUEEN VICTORIA PRESENTED BY HER LATE MAJESTY TO THE "PREMIER" EARL.

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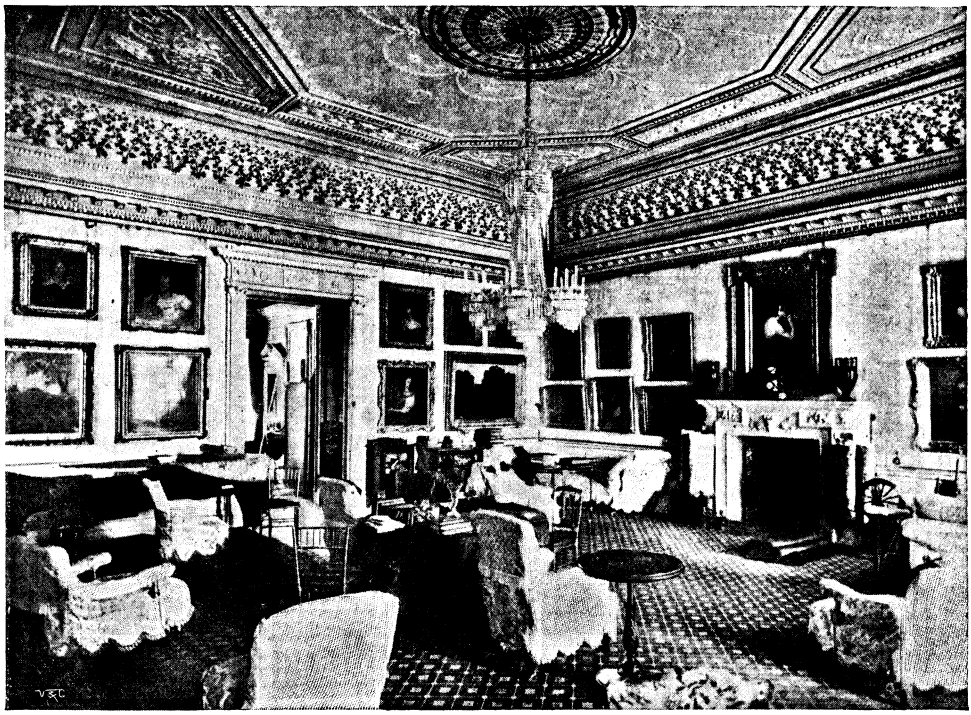

Photo by] [*G. W. Wilson.*

DRAWING-ROOM, HADDO HOUSE.

activities, life at Haddo House has resumed its normal course. Lord Aberdeen has all his predecessors' affection for his ancestral home, takes a keen interest in its many associations with the past, and is never happier than when enjoying the quiet and refreshment of country life. Already during his ownership considerable improvements have been carried out, a pretty winding lake near the Keithfield entrance has been made, and a lodge built from designs by Street. The same eminent architect built for the present Earl the beautiful chapel standing at the east end of the house—a very typical example, in simplicity of design and beautiful proportions, of Street's work.

But there is one new addition not yet mentioned. If you turn down one of the many winding paths, a short walk brings you out on to one of the sunniest spots in the park. Here, suddenly, you come upon a little plot of land walled in with a structure of stone and granite. There is a pretty gateway through which you enter and find the whole plot covered with bright flowers; clematis, honeysuckle, and creepers of various kinds cover the beautifully designed walls. Everything is cheerful, and on a fine day the whole is bathed in welcome sunlight. This is the spot chosen for the family cemetery. Lord and Lady Aberdeen in their early life had one great sorrow in the loss of their second child, and in this beautiful spot she lies buried. And "Lady Marjorie's Cottage" should be mentioned. This pretty little wooden structure, which was bought by Lord Aberdeen for his daughter, stands some distance from the house, near the golf-links, surrounded by a little garden bright with flowers in the summer.

Mr. Gladstone, as an old friend of the family, of course knew Haddo House well, and a flourishing young tree planted by the great woodman just below the terrace bears witness to one of his visits. It must be now some fifteen years old and has reached a considerable height.

Needless to say, the interior of Haddo House is full of objects of interest. Besides a fine collection of pictures, including several interesting works by Sir Thomas Lawrence—notably his portraits of Kemble and Lord Melville—the Old Masters are represented by Titian, Murillo, Paolo Veronese, and other great artists, and the many family portraits hanging upon the walls are well in keeping with the ancient traditions of the house. Among the cherished heirlooms is

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the locket containing a ringlet of her hair given by Mary Queen of Scots to the James Gordon who "bigged a house called Kelly," and there are many mementos carefully preserved of the time spent by Lord and Lady Aberdeen in Ireland and Canada. At the back of the house is a large room erected for the use of the household club, formed by Lady Aberdeen, which attracted a good deal of attention, largely, no doubt, because of its novelty; yet, like much of Lady Aberdeen's work, it is the carrying out of an idea which when realised seems perfectly simple and natural. The club is devised as a means of providing needful recreation for the household staff in their leisure moments. Hitherto the various movements for raising the intellectual status of the people have not touched those employed within households. They have been left to shift for themselves, and as a consequence idle gossip takes the place of anything better. Why, then, should not domestics have the opportunity of meeting together, discussing and hearing lectures, and in various ways get the chance of making their lives brighter and more interesting, or arranging dances and social entertainments among themselves? It is simply to supply the want that Lady Aberdeen suggested the formation of the household club at Haddo; but the management is left entirely in the hands of the members. Suitable rooms and a spacious hall are provided, where meetings can be held. Lectures are occasionally given, sometimes by Lord Aberdeen himself or one of his guests, followed by a discussion, and many an evening is thus profitably spent. Clubs for cricket and football and other amusements are, of course, the necessary adjunct to such an institution, which has fully justified its formation.

The natural beauty of the scenery round Haddo is not remarkable. Indeed, the charm of the present surroundings is due to very successful landscape gardening carried out by the old Earl and his successors over more than half a century. But the hand of man has done little to add to the wild beauty of the Valley of Formantine, where stand the ruins of the ancient Castle of Gight, overhanging a deep ravine. With its quaint entrance and circular staircase, and the great hall upon the first floor, adjoining which is a room surrounded by walled chambers, the building is a good example of a fifteenth century castle.

Held for three centuries by the Gordons of Gight, a hardy fighting race, many of whom died a violent death, it was at one time in the hands of Catherine Gordon, the mother of Lord Byron, and was eventually added to the Haddo estates. A legend clings to the spot which has, perhaps, helped to keep the building empty and desolate. In old times there was a saying that at least three of the owners of Gight were bound to meet a violent death, and to confirm the legend the story goes that after two of the owners had been killed and had thus helped to fulfil the prophecy, a bricklayer, engaged in repairing the building, expressed some doubt to his mate as to its truth. Immediately a portion of the building fell and promptly crushed him to death; and, strange to say, four years after the then Earl of Aberdeen had bought the estate, in 1787, his son, Lord Haddo, was thrown from his horse and killed at the Castle, and ever since Gight has been left desolate and empty. Beneath the Castle, at the bottom of a steep cliff, is the Hagberry Pot, a deep, dark pool formed by the stream. When the Covenanters attacked Gight, the laird, anxious to conceal his treasure, is said to have sunk all his silver plate in the Pot, binding it to the iron gate of the Castle; but, as it turned out, it was sunk for ever. When all was safe again a diver was sent down to bring the treasure up. He returned empty, saying that it had been taken further below, to a place where it could easily be melted. Sent again, he returned "drowned and quartered," and the search has never proceeded further.

At the village of Methlick is a fine new church built by the Earl of Aberdeen, and beside it is the old church, a quaint old structure with steps in the old Scotch fashion leading from outside to the family pew. The country folk round are a hardy lot and thoroughly attached to the Aberdeen family.

But it would take long to exhaust the interest of Haddo House and its surroundings. Lake, wood, stream, and moorland give plenty of opportunity for sport of all kinds. Wild duck abound on the lakes and start up in great flocks when disturbed. The drives through the woods are endless and take long to cover even with a bicycle. On all sides there is evidence of the care and affection with which this old house has been preserved and its surroundings moulded into beauty. As a link between an interesting past and the busy modern life of to-day, Haddo House is, indeed, full of attraction, especially to the many who now follow with interest the fortunes of an honoured family.

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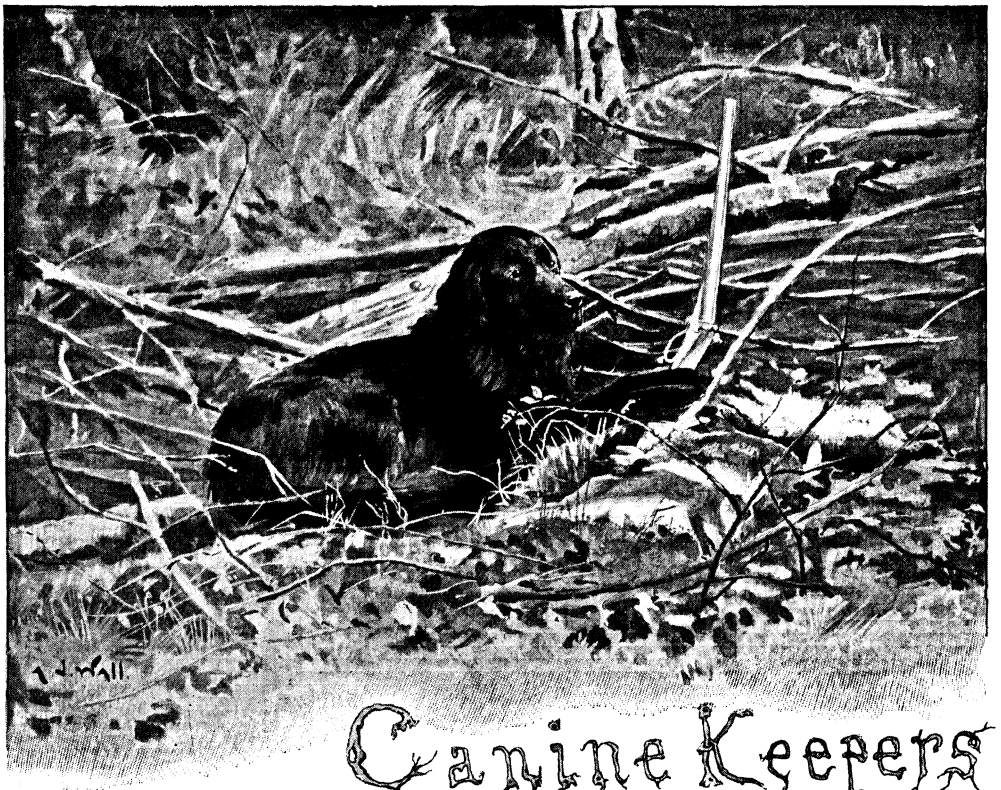

Canine Keepers

By

A. S. Appelbee

THE floodgates of heaven opened and we made a bolt for the nearest cover. It was a keeper's cottage, with a comely young woman and two rosy children standing at the door. The owner, whose name turned out to be George Outhet, appeared simultaneously from the other side shaking the water from his dripping hat.

"This is wet," he observed; "it has been threatening a thunder-shower all day."

It *was* wet, although the remark was as commonplace as need be. We said as much—rather redundantly, since there was a young river flowing down the yard by now and a lake across the bottom of it.

A damp retriever approached the lake and looked at it from the far side with puzzled brown eyes.

"It's only a shower, you old duffer!" said the keeper. "Here! Come here! Do you think the Flood has come again?"

The retriever negotiated the lake, but my friend hazarded the opinion that his error of judgment was a reasonable one—for a dog. My friend did not know keepers' dogs.

"He'd ought to know a thunder-shower by now," observed Outhet severely. "He knows most else. He knows when a cove's a parson, and when he's only a fraud togged out like a parson."

"I fancy he's smarter than either of us, then," I suggested.

"Of course," assented Outhet in a matter-of-fact tone. "It was like this here. Sam was chained up one night—like it might be there"—pointing to a row of kennels, each with a chained occupant, "and suddinly my man Barlow—he's the second keeper, you know—Barlow sang out—

"'I say, Outhet, look at Sam!'

"There he was, for sure, dancing about like mad at the end of the chain.

"'There's someone close to, he's that egzited,' said I.

"'Must be,' says Barlow. 'But I've seen no one excep' that cove going up to preach at Church Witton'—he spoke just like that.

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"'He's got religion—he'd never be among the covers,' says I.

"'Loose the dorg,' says Barlow. 'Let's see.' And I did.

"There is a little valley up yonder, only a few acres, but it's wired in for rabbits. Sam went for it as straight as an arrow, and in about half a minute we heard the most 'orrid languidge coming that way, and Sam making noise enough for a free fight—dog fight. Barlow and me, we strolled up, and if talking would bring down blue fire, as the saying is, something would have happened that day, for I never heard such a shindy in my born days.

"The feller was awfully proper in the ordinary way, but it was him right enough, pinned up against a tree, and Sam dancing round on his hind legs, and would not let him move any way.

"'Hallo, mister!' says I. 'You taken to poaching, too?'

"'N—n—n—no, sir,' says he, howling. 'I was only trying to find a short cut. Call off that dog.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you can short-cut home, and next time you hear a feller usin' languidge you'll be just the right man to slate him. Come here, Sam!'"

We laughed heartily.

"You can laugh, gentlemen," observed Outhet, with a sly look; "but Sam would have had him. Here, Sam! show your teeth."

I never knew that a dog could

"Jim."

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grin before. Sam obeyed orders and lifted his massive lips, displaying a long double row of white fangs of formidable dimensions. I think the Eastern poet must have seen something of the same kind who instituted the phrase, "*Grin like a dog*, and run about the city," only Sam performed to order and with peaceable intent.

"Now, see that dog, sir," said Outhet—"the black one chained under the big elm there? Well, I call him Diver. I was offered twenty-five guineas for him when he was a pup, and I reckon he would sell at a hundred now, for all he belongs to me."

"I should sell him at the price, Outhet," said my friend. "You can afford to train them at less money."

"No, sir," said the keeper. "The master knows him now and likes him. It's not worth my whiles to sell him. But when I drop across another like that—well, I'm selling him as a puppy.

"He did a clever thing once, did Diver. You saw the river as you came along. Just above that bridge where you crossed there is a fletcher—weir, as some call them. Diver used to cross the stream regular by running over the fletcher, and the other dogs picked up the trick from him. One summer there was a tremenjous lot of rain, and the shepherd's dog got washed over by the stream, trying the same trick. He was not found for three weeks.

"'Back came Fag with the box hat.'"

"At the beginning of August the squire was out duck-shooting, and I was with him, naturally. Duck-shooting had just begun, and the floods were very late that year. It was one of those wet summers, when nothing went right and people's hay was hanging against the trees all down the stream. Diver got sent across the water a bit higher up in the park and worked down. He was starting to come across to us again with a duck at the fletcher, when I remembered the poor shepherd and beckoned to him to swim it a bit further along. Not he—he was always obstinate. He went for the fletcher. Well, the stream caught him sideways and over he sailed. I never thought to set eyes on him again, but in a minute or two up he came out of the deep hole, swimming like a fish against the strong current; and you can please yourself whether you believe it or no, but he climbed the fletcher against a stream I could not have stood in, and *never lost the duck*."

The grass was beginning to grow where the dogs were chained under the elms, and when the rain had stopped, Outhet showed us a curious natural phenomenon close by

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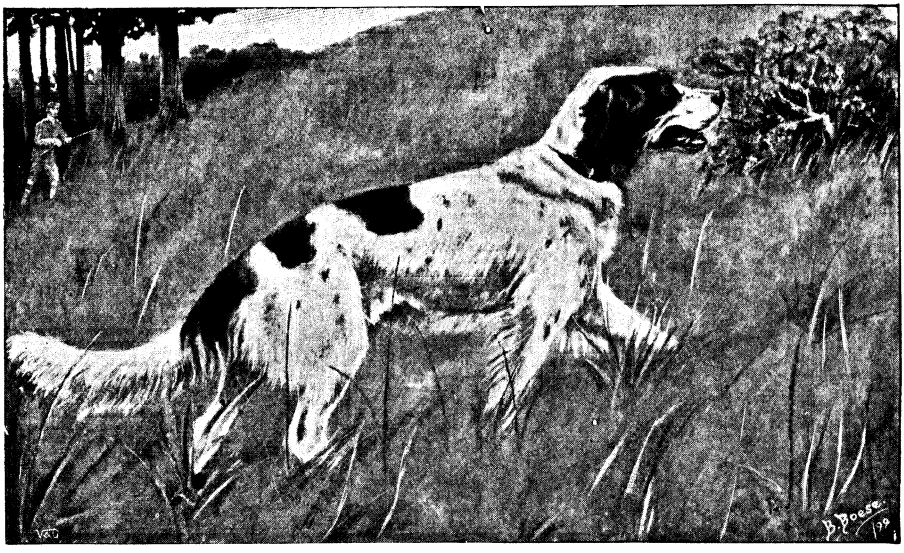

SETTER.

this same Diver's kennel. Each dog had worn a little circle in the grass, the radius of which was the chain from the kennel. Two adjoining circles did not quite meet, and in the space between, with the constant yapping of dogs on either side of her, and with the keeper and his family passing many times a day, a partridge had sat serenely on thirteen eggs. All but two had just been hatched out, but we did not see the youngsters, as the old lady was too unconcerned at our introduction to rise.

"See that dog next to Diver?" went on the keeper. "That's Jim. Here, Jim! Good dog! He knows well enough that we are talking of him."

Jim was a long way off, but he did behave as though he knew well enough. He got up with a self-satisfied air and walked round his little circular world in a way that struck us both simultaneously as a perfect caricature of a certain little masher who used to frequent the esplanade at Scarborough in days gone by. Outhet was unkind.

"He ain't much to look at," he observed judicially. "And he's old; but he's full of grit."

Jim was subjected to a severe test, for

SPANIEL.

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Outhet picked him up by the tail and he offered no protest.

"You see his nose is a bit on one side," said the keeper. "It does not add to his beauty, does it? Well, he's lucky to have any nose at all. It was all pulp once, and I never thought it would pan out straight again. Yes, sir, it was a fox. Jim went at an old dog fox in a hole, and that was the result. But he was as game as ever after. He knows a thing or two, does Jim. He knows that a badger in a hole won't even loose your nose like a fox. Don't you, Jim, old boy?"

Jim looked up and wagged the remnants of his tail sympathetically.

"Once," said Outhet, with a smile playing about his lips and then vanishing, "when rabbiting was all over, I was asked to take my fer'ts along to a neighbour's, for a bit of ratting. I took the fer'ts and Jim, and we had a rare day's sport. Talk about rats! You would not think there were so many in the world. There was a stack of them. I forget just how it came about, but we left Jim in charge of them while we went away. I suppose he thought they were game and wanted looking after. Anyway, when an old cow came along and sniffed at them, Jim took hold of her by the nose. You know, Jim is a friend of mine, and he's a very good friend where he is a friend; but where he ain't a friend I should rather not know him, much less have him hang on to me. Nor did the old cow like it. She did war-dances with her heels up, and pranced on her tail, and bellowed like blazes; but that didn't worry Jim. He just hung on where he had got hold like, and he kept on that game till we got there. But there was some noise, I can tell you."

"What was the best dog you ever had, Outhet?" asked my friend.

"'Duck-shooting had just begun.'"

The keeper looked out into the grey distance, and pulled his moustache, and was lost in thought.

"Well, sir," he said at length, "there are dogs and dogs, and I've had a good many, but I think the pick of the lot was Fag. He was a cross between a St. Bernard and a retriever, you know, and he was a better keeper than many a man drawing his twenty-five or thirty bob a week. He had a trick which I've taught Diver since. Here, Diver, fetch it off! Fetch it off, then!"

Diver was loose by now, and ran towards the keeper's little girl, who was standing near. Springing behind her, he put his paws on her shoulders, caught the brim of her straw hat with his teeth, and neatly whipped it off.

"That was old Fag's joke," said Outhet.

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"One night me and Barlow was out watching. It was not in this part of the country, and I don't know that it much matters where it was.

"As we stood beside some larches in the dark, who should come sailing along the road but the master's estate clerk. He was not a general favourite. He was a short man, who fancied himself a good deal. He walked very upright and spoke very solemn, and he always wore one of those box hats. We stood close in under the shadow, and he did not see us as he went by. Just afterwards Barlow nudged me in the ribs and said, rather wicked-like, in a whisper—

"'Fag would fetch that hat, Outhet.'

"I said, 'Yes. Fag—here—fetch his hat!'

"Before you could say 'Knife,' back came Fag with the box hat, and old Dignity was yelling as though there was murder being done.

"When we had the hat, we did not know what to do with it. So Barlow started running away in the dark across a field of swedes, and I collared the hat and went after him. Fag came behind. The hat made an awful noise banging against the leaves of the swedes. We did not know a bit what to do with it, so at last we hid it in a drain. Yes, sir, there was a fuss afterwards, and Fag was suspected, but Barlow and me kept our mouths shut, and as for old Fag—he never gave it away. So nothing could be proved agen us.

"Poor old Fag! He belonged to the master. He would have given Fag to me if he had known. After I left he would not touch his food because I was not there to give it him. He simply pined away and died."

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THE FAIRY BOAT-MAKER:

A SEASIDE EPISODE.

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

THE sun was beating hotly down upon the wide stretch of yellow sand. The sound of laughing voices made the air heavy, and here and there in the shade the exhausted head of a family dozed the while the children waded and delved. Nurses in cool dresses passed up and down, pausing now and again to listen to the rasping voices of the proprietors of various Punch-and-Judy shows which dotted the beach. Ladies in bright costumes reclined under gay parasols and talked intermittently, not of the beauties of the sea, but of the glories of the towns they had left behind them. Here and there on the sands shone a little smooth-faced pool.

In one of the shady places under the rocks a man reclined languidly. He was not sleeping or reading or watching the gay crowd before him. His eyes, set in a haggard face, were gazing out towards the sea with a listless expression. His air said that the sea wearied him—as did everything else. He did not accost any of the passers-by, nor did they accost him. The shade fell over a face which held already a shadow of loneliness, and lips which were curved in a melancholy smile.

The morning passed slowly by as he lay there, and the crowd on the sands began to thin. A few departing holiday-makers cast curious glances as they left at the man who showed no signs of stirring; but their curiosity had no effect upon him. He did not seem to notice it. His gaze was still seaward, or, when he coughed—and he coughed often—upon the shining patch of sand nearest to him.

Just upon the rim of the shadow within which the man rested lay a rounded, grey-white stone. Towards this a small child, whose feet and legs were still shining and wet with the warm sea-water, made her way with a shout of happy glee; and the man sighed. He glanced at the small intruder with some annoyance visible upon his face, but she was not noticing. She had seated herself upon the stone, and all her attention was given to the task of disentangling a pair of long black stockings which were twisted about her neck. He looked away again and became once more lost in his own thoughts. Then came a small, grumbling voice with the suspicion of a tremor in it.

"If you weren't *dreffu*l unpolite, you would help a little girl," it ran. "Only *dreffu*l unpolite people don't help little girls."

It was some few seconds before the man realised that she was talking to him. Then he turned his head and caught a vision of a pair of reproachful blue eyes on the point of tears. He muttered an exclamation and, half rising, set about the task of disentanglement. When he had finished, he began to cough, and the cough shook him through and through. He leant back panting against the rocks.

The owner of the blue eyes paused in the act of pulling on a black stocking to look at him doubtfully.

"You coughs very hard. Haven't you any sweeties?" she asked.

He smiled. "No, I'm afraid I haven't."

"I haven't, either, now. I eated all mine, or I'd give you half to make you better." She put on her shoe and tied the laces in a one-sided knot. "Well, you can easily get some, can't you, in the shops?"

"Quite easily."

"Can't I make nice bows?" She tied the laces of her second shoe with hot and somewhat dirty fingers, and eyed the result with a fond pride.

"Very nice," said the man absently. He was not looking at them, but she did not notice. She did not resent the absent tone, either, being too absorbed in the contemplation of her footgear.

"'Tisn't a bit easy to tie bows, now—not since I've growed so much. I growed all this much since Christmas." She indicated

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"Disentangling a pair of long black stockings which were twisted about her neck."

on a sturdy black-stockinged leg a space of about three inches. Her tone held a subtle expectation of his astonishment.

The man was coughing again. When he could find his voice, he said, "Really!" with quite the requisite note of awe in his voice, and she rippled into a gleeful laugh.

"Just you wait till I've growed all I've got in me! *Then* you'll be s'prised." She laughed again at the thought of it. "I'm going to be 'mense big. You can, if you're good, you know."

"I shouldn't wonder," said he.

"You're *very* big!" She drew a long breath. "I s'pose you're dreffu l good. What makes you all like—bony? 'Cause you growed too fast?"

He laughed, a little bitterly. "I suppose that must have been it."

The child looked at him earnestly. She wondered vaguely what he was looking at and why he seemed so sad. The answers to the questions were beyond her. She supposed he did not like being so very bony; but she felt there was something else the matter. She put a tiny hand out and touched him. "I'm Bess, and I'm six," she said wistfully.

"Indeed!" said he, somewhat amused. He pressed a hand to his side to stifle the pain there, but the smile did not fade from his lips. "I'm Langham, and I'm very much older than six, Bess," he said, after a pause.

Bess clasped her hands in front of one knee, and her brows puckered. "When I broked my doll, I was horrid sorry," she said. "I s'pose you haven't got no doll?"

"No."

"When I eated all my sweeties, too, I cried hard—once. P'r'aps—p'r'aps—you've eated all your sweeties?"

"You've hit it, Bess, this time. That's just it. I've eated all my sweeties."

"There's more—in the shops."

"You're right—so there is." A shadow came into the man's eyes. That was just the bitter part of it: there were more sweets in the shops, but not for him—not for him.

"They're new ones. I got them just for coming here," said Bess, her thoughts re-

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verting again to her footgear. She shot her two feet out straightly in front of her and looked at them. "They're prettier than yours—lots," she said. "Only the sand gets in them. Does the sand get in yours?"

"No. You see, I'm grown up, Bess."

"Still, there might be just a weeny drop of sand—if you looked. I could take them off for you. You haven't hard bows, only tied-once ones." Bess knelt persuasively by his side with fingers ripe for mischief, and Langham was alarmed.

"No, not now, there's a good girl. I looked just a minute ago, and there wasn't even a suspicion of any."

Bess was distrustful. The fib hardly deceived her. Besides, she did not know what "s'picions" were, and did not care; she was on the track of sand. "H'mph!" said she. Her very curls danced with unbelief. Her eyes were wide with it.

Presently, to Langham's relief, the matter dropped as suddenly out of her mind as it had come into it. Bess went back to her seat. A steamer was passing over the water to the pier, and her attention was caught by it. "Do steaming-boats go to bed at night?" she inquired abruptly.

"I don't know. No, I don't think they do. Of course they do not."

"It would be a dreffu l big bed. I s'pose the shops hadn't any big 'nough, so they couldn't have none," said Bess thoughtfully. Then her mood changed. She crushed her wide hat down over her ears and laughed out at him from under the improvised bonnet. "When the sun shines—*hard*, then I do this," she said. "What do you do?"

"Grin and bear it," said Langham carelessly. Then he caught her puzzled glance and reproached himself. "I come here, Bess, and lie in the shade, as you see. It's the best plan."

"It's dreffu l dull. Don't you ever play yourself?" The childish eyes almost held pain at the thought of his dullness.

"Oh, yes, of course—what am I thinking about? You never saw anyone play as I do. Why, I play at heaps of things!"

"What first?" asked Bess the inexorable.

Langham cudgelled his brains. "O Curiosity, thy name is Woman!" he muttered. A struggle to repress the laughter which he felt would offend the small Miss Dignity beside him brought on another fit of coughing. When it was over, "Well, I make fairy boats, to begin with," was his declaration.

The rejoinder was inevitable. "Make some now," commanded Bess.

The man's hand went weakly to his pocket. He brought out a letter and shook it out of its envelope. The two sheets of notepaper

"'It won't do, Bess. It won't sail on the sea, you know.'"

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were yellow and a little worn. He looked at them for a moment. Then he folded a sheet in two. Bess forsook her seat and crept over the sand to watch. She dug a little elbow into his chest to steady herself, and he bit his lips and then panted; but he did not ask her to move it. As best he could, he fashioned a boat out of paper, and as he did so there came a rush of remembrance of his own old childish days, and his fingers trembled. "It takes a dreffu l long time to make a boat!" complained the small maid, with a sigh; and "It does," said the boat-maker, with a sigh not less deep than hers.

At last it was made, and Bess clapped her hands with delight. The boat had a charming sail in the middle of it, and looked quite real and was beautifully light. There was a little space underneath it into which you could poke your little finger, and so hold the interesting vessel up to view. Then there was some writing on one side, which looked just like the name, Bess said. Her little form quivered with glee. She was in raptures. "Now, I'll go right down an' sail it!" she cried shrilly. "I can *quite* easy put my finger underneath and hold it a weeny, weeny bit. It won't know."

Langham shook his head. "It won't do, Bess. It won't sail on the sea, you know. My boats never do sail." The last sentence was spoken under his breath, but Bess's ears were sharp, and she heard it. She dug her elbow in a little deeper. "Never mind, it *looks* nice," she said comfortingly.

Presently another thought came to her. She patted the tiny craft with a loving forefinger. "*Of course* the fairies sail in it; I almost forgotted. When you're asleep—sound—then they come—heaps—an' sail, an' sail, an' sail——"

"And where do they sail to?" asked the man.

"I don't know," said Bess dreamily. "Somewheres dreffu l good, I expec'," she said after a pause, and she took up the little yellow-white boat and kissed it.

Then she was surprised; for the boat-maker lifted his head and kissed *her;* but she did not mind. She threw her arms around his neck and hugged him; and when she had finished, his eyes were wet as if with the bright sea-brine.

Then she started to her feet. "There's Nurse now, and she's looking—that's for me. You must take care—heaps—of the fairy boat till to-morrow-day, and watch. Then you can tell, when I've comed, how the fairies sailed in it. 'Cause I'm coming to-morrow-day, an' the next, an' the next, an' the next, an' you must make heaps of fairy boats. Of course, you must be *dreffu l* careful the fairies don't see you watching, you know!"

Langham had recovered his breath by the time she had stated her intention and instructed him in his duties. "I'll be dreadfully careful," he said.

She turned when a few yards away and kissed her hand to him. "I'll sure and come to-morrow-day," she cried; and her eyes said, "Be *dreffu l* careful."

Langham lay and looked at the little boat. A fairy vessel it was—and fashioned from an old, old love-letter—of the woman who had married somebody else. He lay for a long time. Then he made a little hole in the sand and buried the fairy boat. "The last one," he muttered, "and they none of them sailed."

Well, perhaps the fairies sailed in them. He would soon find out.

When at last he rose, it was with an effort and with a grey tinge about his lips. He looked along the yellow shore. A week since he had been able to crawl up and down it; to-day he had with difficulty managed to creep slowly, slowly, to the shadow under the first rocks; to-morrow——

He raised his handkerchief in a vain endeavour to check a cough, and moved painfully away.

The morrow came to the shore, and with it Bess with her dancing curls. She searched every nook and cranny by the rocks, and then searched them again; but the fairy boat-maker was not there.

BRITISH EXPORTS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

PART II.

By J. Holt Schooling.

In the first part of this account we saw last month that British export trade has not maintained its position in the markets of many foreign countries that buy goods from us. This result was obtained by a comprehensive survey of the facts during 1881-1890, and during 1891-1900, the comparison of these two periods of ten years each affording a stable fact-base.

Now I have to examine the facts for the purpose of ascertaining who has been getting the trade that we failed to get.

First, I show a summary of the special * exports from all the trading nations of the world whose records are known. This summary relates to the twenty years, 1880–1899, for the reason that 1899 is the most recent year for which the official returns relating to foreign countries are published in April, 1902. Exports from British Colonies, etc., are not included in the present account.

In Table A the countries are arranged in the order of their total special exports during 1880–1899. For Spain and Roumania the general exports are stated, special exports not being recorded in these two countries. "General exports" include all exports, not "special exports" only.

Country.	Exports from each Country during 1880-1889 (A)	Exports from each Country during 1890-1899 (B)	Increase of Exports during 1890–1899 (C)
	millions.	millions.	millions.
United Kingdom	2,304	2,368	64
United States .	1,558	1,987	429
Germany . .	1,545	1,698	153
France . . .	1,353	1,405	52
Holland . .	715	1,054	339
Russia . . .	603	672	69
Austria-Hungary	597	659	62
Belgium . .	514	608	94
Italy . . .	420	422	2
Spain . . .	287	348	61
China . .	202	235	33
Argentine Republic	153	234	81
Sweden . .	139	183	44
Egypt . . .	120	132	12
Chili . . .	123	112	−11
Japan . .	74	140	66
Denmark . .	87	123	36
Roumania . .	95	110	15
Norway . .	62	74	12
Uruguay . .	49	63	14
Portugal . .	53	57	4
Total .	11,053	12,684	1,631

TABLE A.—THE SPECIAL EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM AND FROM EACH FOREIGN COUNTRY DURING 1880-1899, SHOWN IN TWO PERIODS OF TEN YEARS EACH.

NOTE.—The minus sign [−] appended to Chili in column (c) denotes a decrease in Chili's exports.

British exports bulk large, and perhaps the sheer size of them does sometimes cause us to take for granted that a thing so big must necessarily be quite sound. Sheer bulk is often imposing, if we do not look into it closely. But when we look at column (c) of Table A, in which are stated the actual amounts of increase in exports during 1890–1899 as compared with 1880–1889, we see that British exports have not been nearly so vigorous in their expansion as those of many other countries. The actual increase of sixty-four millions in British exports has been exceeded by no fewer than seven foreign countries—namely, by the United States, Holland, Germany, Belgium, the Argentine Republic, Russia, Japan, in the order here written. And each of these countries has a smaller bulk of exports than we have—the most of them a very much smaller bulk of exports; but their actual growth of exports has exceeded our growth of exports. It is probable that a part of Holland's large increase of 339 millions does not really belong to Holland, for goods that are exported from Dutch ports do not all come from Holland.

In addition to the above seven countries

* Special exports are exports of home production by this or that country.

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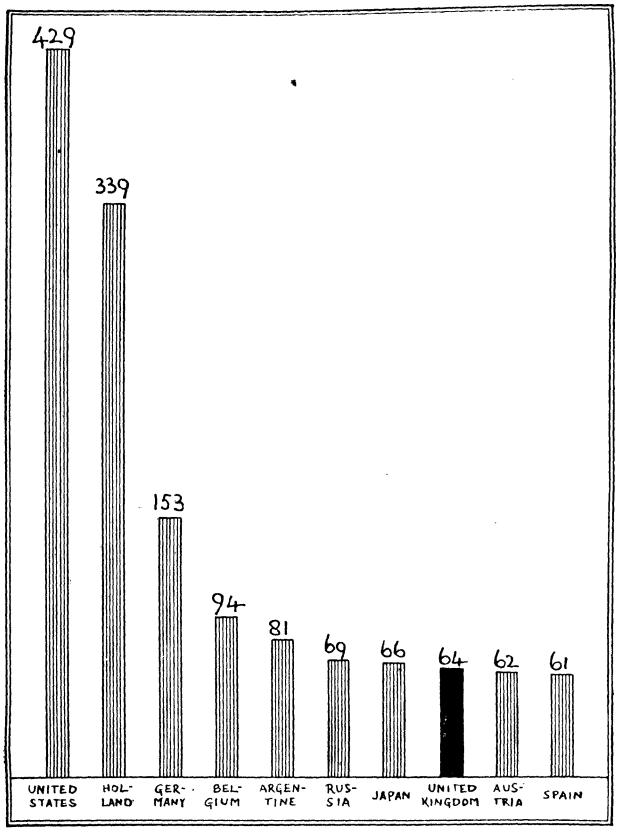
that exceeded our growth of exports, Austria-Hungary and even Spain were almost equal to us in growth of export trade during 1890-1899. See column (c) of Table A, and Diagram No. I.

The average increase for all the twenty-one countries in Table A was 78 millions, and our actual increase of 64 millions falls short of even this absurdly lenient test.

We shall, perhaps, obtain a better view of the meaning of the facts in column (c) of Table A if we convert them into percentages of increase during 1890–1899.



I.—THE TEN COUNTRIES WHICH HAD THE PRINCIPAL ACTUAL INCREASES IN THEIR SPECIAL EXPORTS DURING 1890-1899 AS COMPARED WITH 1880-1889.

See Table A, and also the remarks that qualify Holland's large increase of exports.

Stated in millions sterling.

We saw in Table A that the *actual* growth of our exports was much smaller than that of many of our rivals—in sheer millions sterling—and in Table B (p. 462) we see that when we compare the *relative* degrees of increase in exports, we are left far behind by nearly every other trading nation. Of all these many nations, whose export records during twenty years are now summarised, only Italy and Chili have a poorer record than we have, as the net result of this wide survey of the export trade of the world.

I do not know whether the persons who seem to be contented with the present condition of our export trade will regard the foregoing facts with easy complacence. The "argument" may again be brought forward that because our trade is so large, it does not need and cannot expect further expansion.

But our population expands, and so do our needs (as evidenced by the vast growth in our imports—see Part I. of this article), and one is inclined to think that our export trade ought at the least estimate to keep pace with the average increase in the exports of the world's traders. We see very clearly in Tables A and B that British export trade has not done this—by a very long way.

Moreover, the small increase of 64 millions in British exports shown in column (c) of Table A is wholly due to an increase of 72 millions in our exports of coal. If our exports of coal during the twenty years are omitted from the account, the result is an actual decrease of 8 millions in our exports during 1890–1899 as compared with 1880–1889. This important fact should be duly noted in connection with the condition of our export trade.

I now come to the examination of each foreign country's imports from various sources, for the purpose of definitely ascertaining who has been getting the sales in foreign markets that we did not get. This part of the investigation is based on the facts during 1890–1899, not upon the facts for 1880–1899; for the reason that I have now to examine each foreign country's trade with each other country, and the foreign records are in many instances irregular or faulty in years prior to 1890. We shall be able to compare the five years 1890–1894 with the five years 1895–1899—a solid fact-base.

Table C (p. 463) is very interesting. It shows, for each foreign country, the percentage of total imports which came from

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the United Kingdom during 1890–1894 and during 1895–1899.

In Table C we have the results of examining the total imports of twenty-four foreign countries, and we see that in eighteen of these twenty-four countries their imports from the United Kingdom during 1895–1899 formed a smaller part of their total imports from all sources than was the case during 1890–1894. This result, relating to more recent years than the period dealt with in the first part of this article, amply confirms the conclusion therein shown as to the weakness of British export trade.

I will now deal with each of the principal importing countries separately, for the purpose of showing the respective shares in each country's total imports that were contributed by the United Kingdom, by Germany, and by the United States, during 1890–1894 and during 1895–1899.

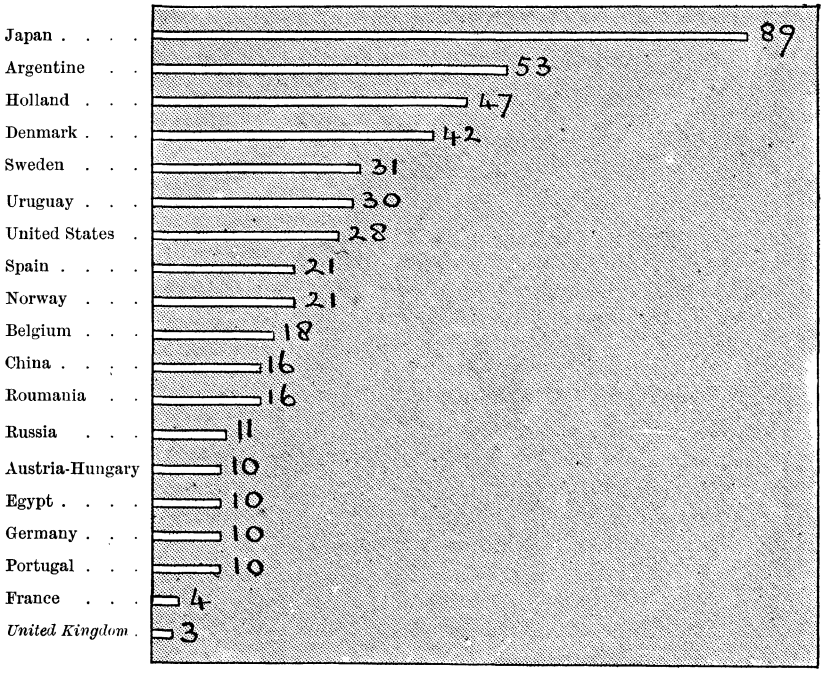
THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The imports were

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
Germany . . .	6·3	6·2—a fall.
United States . .	23·5	24·4—a rise.
All other countries	70·2	69·4—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0

There was a slight fall in Germany's *proportion* of imports into the United Kingdom, although Germany's *actual* imports to us increased by 7 millions, and a rise in the share contributed by the United States to our total imports. Bearing in mind that our total imports from 1895–1899 were much greater than our imports during 1890–1894, this United States rise means an actual increase of over 60 millions sterling.

GERMANY.—Germany's total imports were made up as follows :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
United Kingdom .	13·8	12·2—a fall.
United States . .	10·9	14·5—a rise.
All other countries	75·3	73·3—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0



II.—THE PERCENTAGE OF INCREASE IN EXPORTS DURING 1890-1899 AS COMPARED WITH 1880-1889. *See Table* B.

EXAMPLE.—Japan's exports were £189 during 1890-1899, for every £100 of exports during 1880-1889.

The fall in our proportion of Germany's imports was accompanied by a large increase in Germany's imports from the United States. The percentage-rise above stated means an actual increase of 61 millions in Germany's imports from the United States. We observe that during 1890–1894 we were well ahead of the United States in Germany's imports, and that during 1895–1899 the United States obtained a material lead over us.

THE UNITED STATES.—These imports were contributed in the following proportions :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
United Kingdom .	20·8	20·2—a fall.
Germany . . .	10·7	11·6—a rise.
All other countries	68·5	68·2—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0

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American imports from us fell off, but there was a rise in imports from Germany.

FRANCE.—France's imports were made up thus :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
United Kingdom .	12·9	12·7—a fall.
Germany . . .	8·0	7·9—a fall.
United States . .	9·4	10·2—a rise.
All other countries	69·7	69·2—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0

England and Germany both lost ground in France, but America's advance has been considerable in French markets.

HOLLAND.—The shares in Holland's imports were :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
United Kingdom .	19·6	15·4—a fall.
Germany . . .	20·4	18·6—a fall.
United States . .	9·2	12·8—a rise.
All other countries	50·8	53·2—a rise.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0

Our relative share in Holland's imports fell off considerably, and Germany's share also declined. The American advance was nearly equal to our decline. Holland's actual imports from the United States increased from 52 millions to 91 millions.

BELGIUM.—The imports into Belgium were :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
United Kingdom .	11·9	13·2—a rise.
Germany . . .	11·0	12·2—a rise.
United States . .	10·1	11·6—a rise.
All other countries	67·0	63·0—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0

All the three great rivals increased their sales in Belgian markets at the expense of "All other countries," and the American advance was the biggest.

AUSTRIA - HUNGARY. — These imports were :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
United Kingdom .	10·3	9·3—a fall.
Germany . . .	36·8	36·0—a fall.
United States . .	4·2	7·4—a rise.
All other countries	48·7	47·3—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0

England and Germany lost ground in Austria-Hungary, and the United States made a large advance.

RUSSIA.—Imports into Russia were contributed in the following proportions :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
United Kingdom .	23·7	19·6—a fall.
Germany . . .	25·4	32·0—a rise.
United States . .	9·3	7·8—a fall.
All other countries	41·6	40·6—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0

Here, for the first time, there is a fall in imports from the United States, accompanied by a much larger fall in imports from the United Kingdom. Of the three rivals, only Germany advanced in Russian markets, gaining a very large lead over us.

Country.	Percentage of Increase in Exports during 1890-1899.
	Per Cent.
Japan	89
Argentine Republic . .	53
Holland	47
Denmark	42
Sweden	31
Uruguay	30
United States . . .	28
Spain	21
Norway	21
Belgium	18
China	16
Roumania . . .	16
Russia	11
Austria-Hungary . .	10
Egypt	10
Germany	10
Portugal	10
France	4
UNITED KINGDOM . .	3
Italy	0
Chili	−8
All the above 21 countries .	15

TABLE B.—THE PERCENTAGE OF INCREASE IN SPECIAL EXPORTS DURING 1890-1899 AS COMPARED WITH 1880-1889. *See also Diagram No.* II.

ITALY.—Italy's imports came from the following sources :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.
United Kingdom .	22·5	19·1—a fall.
Germany . . .	12·0	12·2—a rise.
United States . .	7·4	10·9—a rise.
All other countries	58·1	57·8—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0

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Our share in Italy's imports fell considerably; there was a slight advance made by Germany in Italian markets, and a large advance made by the United States.

SPAIN.—Spain's imports were :—

Imports from	1890-1894. Per cent.	1895-1899. Per cent.	
United Kingdom .	21·3	19·2	—a fall.
Germany . . .	3·5	5·4	—a rise.
United States . .	10·0	10·7	—a rise.
All other countries	65·2	64·7	—a fall.
Total Imports	100·0	100·0	

Country.	Percentage of the Total Imports into each country that came from the United Kingdom.	
	During 1890-1894.	During 1895-1899.
A FALL IN IMPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Chili . . .	44·5	42·3
Egypt . . .	36·0	35·0
Japan . . .	32·4	26·6
Uruguay . .	30·2	27·7
Norway . . .	28·3	27·6
Greece . . .	28·0	26·5
Russia . . .	23·7	19·6
Roumania . .	23·4	20·2
Italy . . .	22·5	19·1
Spain . . .	21 3	19·2
Denmark . .	20·9	20·1
United States . .	20·8	20·2
China . . .	19·8	17·7
Holland . .	19·6	15·4
Germany . .	13·8	12·2
France . . .	12·9	12·7
Austria-Hungary .	10·3	9·3
Switzerland . .	4·9	4·6
A RISE IN IMPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.		
Argentine Republic .	38·3	38·4
Portugal . .	29·2	30·6
Sweden . . .	27·2	29·6
Bulgaria . .	21·8	23·8
Mexico . . .	15·9	18·7
Belgium. . .	11·9	13·2

TABLE C.—THE PERCENTAGE OF THE TOTAL IMPORTS INTO EACH FOREIGN COUNTRY WHICH CAME FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1890-1894 AND DURING 1895-1899.

EXAMPLE.—During 1890-1894, 44·5 per cent. of Chili's total imports came from the United Kingdom; and during 1895-1899 only 42·3 per cent. of Chili's total imports came from the United Kingdom.

We lost ground in Spanish markets, and Germany and the United States gained ground.

I have now dealt with the ten leading importing nations one by one. We have seen in each instance where ground has been lost or gained by each of the three rivals—the United Kingdom, Germany, and the United States. It is convenient to summarise these results so that we may get a bird's-eye view of the net result of this extensive investigation into the imports made by each of the ten countries.

During 1895–1899, as compared with 1890–1894, and regarding only the *leading* importing countries—

The UNITED KINGDOM *gained ground* in the markets of Belgium, and *lost ground* in the markets of Germany, United States, France, Holland, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Italy, Spain.

GERMANY *gained ground* in the markets of the United States, Belgium, Russia, Italy, Spain, and *lost ground* in the markets of the United Kingdom, France, Holland, Austria-Hungary. Although the facts show that Germany has done much better than we have, yet I suggest that they also suggest that Germany's rivalry with us has been considerably overstated in some accounts of British commerce.

The UNITED STATES *gained ground* in the markets of the United Kingdom, Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, and *lost ground* in the markets of Russia.

I think that it is not necessary to continue the process which has just been summarised in respect of the ten leading importing countries, for all the smaller importing countries that are named in Table C. Table C shows the results in detail as regards imports from the United Kingdom into all foreign countries, and we have sufficient evidence in the facts relating to the ten leading importing countries to show that the United States are by far our most formidable rival, and that they have been the principal recipients of the trade we failed to secure.

Although it is not possible to deny that the comprehensive and broadly based facts now shown are unsatisfactory from the British point of view, I would suggest that they do not justify the very pessimistic accounts of British commerce which we sometimes see. In the first place, we have to bear in mind that these unsatisfactory facts relate only to our foreign commerce.

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Now, our foreign commerce is very much smaller than our internal trade, which has been prosperous simultaneously with a flagging export trade which has felt severely the strenuous efforts of our great rivals. This most important distinction is often overlooked, and the omission to distinguish between our foreign commerce and our internal trade has caused much confusion. Prosperity arising from our internal trade has been mistakenly held up as evidence that our foreign commerce cannot be in a weak condition. Many persons have not seen this fallacy, and have therefore been led to conclude that our foreign commerce is quite as it should be, and that unfavourable accounts of it are pessimistic and not accurate. There is no pessimism and no optimism in plain facts such as those at which we have been looking. But there may rightly be a rational optimism in our reception of these facts—unsatisfactory as the facts are.

Realising that our export trade is weak, a rational and discerning optimism should cause us to take steps to put it right, in the full belief that we do possess the necessary qualities to hold our own in commerce as we do in war—however arduous the fight may be.

There are two main points that arise out of a careful consideration of the foregoing facts. One is that the time has come when we ought to reconsider the matter of Free Trade, or of what we call Free Trade. True Free Trade is indubitably the best sort of trade—if you can get it. But true Free Trade is a "round game" in which all nations must join if the game—Free Trade—is to be played. This essential condition does not exist, for other nations refuse to play the game. It follows that our so-called Free Trade is only a spurious Free Trade, which may possibly be injurious to us. Although, to my mind, any form of Protection is inferior to true Free Trade, it may very well be that a rational form of Protection might be better for us than the spurious Free Trade that we have. At any rate, the whole matter ought to be most carefully reconsidered, and not pooh-poohed as it is by nearly all those who are responsible for the governing of this country.

Lord Rosebery's recent words, that "for good or for evil" he and his friends are bound to Free Trade, afford an excellent example of the singular fascination that has been exercised for half a century by a mere shell of attractive glamour; for Free Trade, as we have had it, has never been the real thing that it was intended to be by Cobden and his associates. But so great is the fascination of the mere name "Free Trade" (without the real thing itself) that Lord Rosebery and many other men are unable to get the dazzle out of their eyes, and they are prevented from seeing present-day facts by reason of the false glitter that still emanates from a fifty-years-old economic theory which has never developed into actuality.

The second matter is that connected with the establishment of a Ministry of Commerce. The Board of Trade is an excellent institution, and I, personally, have to thank the Board for frequent assistance in my work. But the Board of Trade has not the status and the authority that a Ministry of Commerce would have. A Ministry of Commerce, with a thoroughly capable and far-seeing man of business at the head of it, would be able to devote itself to the many matters which arise, in which, as things are, British commerce is too often hampered instead of fostered. I do not advocate any artificial bolstering-up of British commerce—it does not need this—but at present British commerce lies exposed to attack upon every side and from every hand. Surely our commerce is of sufficient national importance to receive from the Central Government of the Empire an official status second to no other department of our Imperial affairs.

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"BY SHALLOW RIVERS." A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY CHARLES REID.

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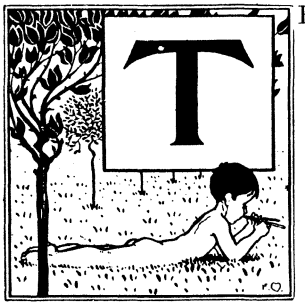
THE SHEBEENERS.

By FRED M. WHITE.*



THE big man stood winking and blinking in the sunshine. He might have been suffering from some hard-fought emotion, or just drawing back from the gates of a wasting illness. As a matter of fact, he was fresh from the gates of a gaol.

It all came back to him now, and the wiry threads of his full grey beard quivered. Was it four weeks or four years ago that he had lounged in the well of a whitewashed room and vaguely heard himself described as "the Prisoner"? He could see the three sleek, well-groomed old gentlemen opposite him called "the Bench"; he had wondered vaguely over the pink clearness of their cheeks and the amazing glossiness of their linen.

He hadn't done much; indeed, he and his "pals" regarded the matter more or less in the light of a joke. There were eight thousand navvies, more or less, up in the "Vale of Sweet Waters," on that big Midland Water Supply Scheme — eight thousand men generally thirsty, and surely there was no great harm in the importation of a few kilderkins of muddy ale and a few gallons of raucous whisky. And if he, Long David, did make a modicum of profit on the transaction, why, it only covered the loss of glasses and mugs reduced to component parts what time the roysterers chose, to add to the doctor's account and the gaiety of nations. So long. Dave smiled and jingled the two "quid" in his pocket—the usual penalty of shebeening — and hoped those pink-gilled Solons would hurry over the matter.

But they didn't. They took a serious view of the case and their own responsibility. There had been a good deal of illicit liquor-dealing amongst the huts. The prisoner must know that he was infringing the law; also he had used threats to Mr. Daniel Rhys, the smart local Excise officer who had so successfully brought him to book. The Bench were going to be lenient, yet firm. One month's imprisonment.

"One month's imprisonment!" He had never done anything wrong before; he had never robbed anyone of a farthing. Shebeening was mere sport, no worse than the predatory visits of a schoolboy to an apple-orchard. Besides, he had a little girl in Penymont Cottage Hospital. Couldn't he——

Well, it was all over now. The man who had lived in the open air all his life was back in the streets of Penymont again. He was wondering vaguely how he had lived through it all. As he looked down the narrow, whitewashed street glittering in the sunshine, there was a hard, murderous lump in his heart. He had money in his pocket; the sign of the "Oxford Arms" creaked invitingly, but he did not move. Then from the side street leading up to the hills came a procession.

There were some forty men altogether; big, reckless fellows, strapped as to the knee, with open-throated woollen shirts and caps of peculiarly villainous cut. They had come down from the hills to welcome Long Dave back again, to protest against the atrocity of his sentence. With the recollection of bygone "sprees" fresh in their mind, they could do no less. Gipsy and Dandy headed the deputation, the others glancing obliquely from the herd to the "Oxford Arms." Gipsy's big earrings flashed in the sunshine, the Dandy's unspeakable Newgate curl shed a halo over the proceedings.

"Well, old man," Gipsy cried cheerfully. "What O!"

"'Ow's the kid?" Dave asked sullenly and without the slightest apparent emotion.

"Spiffin'!" Dandy remarked. "Come to herself in the 'orspital 'ere same day as you was—was—well, it don't make no odds. Maddy's all right. Seems as she wandered away and got lost. Fell into a 'ole, she did. Some chap found her and brought her to the 'orspital. And never better than she is to-day. And as to yourself, Dave, why——"

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"Come and 'ave a drop," Dave said shortly. "An' if you chaps is to keep friends along o' me, don't you go for to mention yonder place again."

"I knows what the feelin' is," Dandy said sympathetically. "Sorter 'ollowness in the pit of the stomach, first of all. Then you grows defiant——"

"Will you stow your jaw?" Dave cried furiously. "I put two quid in my pocket comin' down 'ere, to square the beaks, and I'm going to spend it. *Come* along."

The deputation yielded gracefully, no factious dissent marring the harmony of the proceedings. They flooded the big stone-flagged kitchen of the "Oxford Arms," they kept a sullen, and not too willing, landlord busy for some time. For Rees Thomas liked not the wild hordes from the hills—they scared his regular customers away, and during their rare visits the mortality of the crockery was enormous.

Into the midst of the fragrant group, rolling presently over the village street, there came a little dapper man in rusty black, a red-headed, foxy-eyed individual, with a fringe of rusty beard round his chin. His clean-shaven lips were shrewd and kindly, his slight frame suggested a deal of wiry strength. He was dressed in solemn black, a prehistoric top-hat rested on his head. A howl of derision greeted him.

This was no other than Daniel Rhys, the alert little Excise officer who had broken up so many happy little shebeens up yonder amongst the hills. Usually he had no lack of vituperative repartee, but he was fresh now from a meeting of chapel deacons, and he would fain have passed on in the brown study of contemptuous preoccupation.

"Lor'! what feet some people 'as!" Dandy said admiringly. "Just what I expected."

Mr. Rhys sprawled in the gutter as Dandy dexterously tripped him up, whilst Gipsy restored the ancient silk hat with a gesture of exaggerated politeness. Personal courage and cat-like sagacity ranked high amongst Rhys's virtues, but it was no time for a generous display of these attributes.

"Yess, you are a nice lot, whatever," Rhys said in the staccato tones of all true Llewellyns. "And I have not done with you yet—oh, no, indeed, look you. You hear that, Long David?"

Long David did hear it, and a sudden blind, unreasoning passion filled him. He stepped slowly forward as Rhys struggled to his feet and smote him heavily on the lips. Had the little man not been slightly off his balance, the blow might have been serious.

"Come out of it," Gipsy said anxiously. "I'm all for fun, and I ain't too proud to pay for it. But when it comes to a little lot 'without the orption,' I ain't on."

Rhys rose, slowly mopping his mouth as he did so. There was a deep crimson stain on his handkerchief as he removed it from his lips. Just for a moment a certain melancholy hung over the deputation. Rhys forced a smile to his lips.

"It's a day of atonement for us, yess," he said. There was just a suggestion of fanaticism about him. One often sees it in Welsh religious zealots. "A day for forgiveness. A kiss for a blow, look you. But there are other days, Long David, and we shall meet again, yess, sure."

"Aye, aye," Dave growled in his beard. "Any night you like. And there's more of the stuff where the other came from, and other ways o' hidin' it. If you ketch me out next time, you're free and welcome to do it, and no ill feelin' o' my side. But if I ketches *you* doggin' round o' nights, I'll kill you, sure."

He meant it, he meant every word that he said. And nobody knew that better than Daniel Rhys, who had lost a colleague not so very long ago. It was so easy for a belated officer to fall over one of those stone quarries in the dark, so difficult to prove that the disaster had not been absolutely accidental.

Rhys fell back from the ring of scowling faces around him, all of them looking murder, with the possible exception of Gipsy and Dandy. This keen warfare was all very well so long as a sovereign or two met the case, but gaol was a different matter. It would go ill with Rhys if he fell into the hands of these men on one of his midnight rambles, and well he knew it. The strong admixture of pluck and religious fanaticism that went largely to his making up blazed within him.

"I could get you another month for that, iss, sure," he said. "But no, my friend. You defy me! We shall see. Now you get out of my way, whatever."

Not without dignity he pushed his way through the jeering, soil-stained crowd.

Rees Thomas, discreetly irate, beckoned him into the shelter of the "Oxford Arms." With a final howl of derision the deputation went off, singing patriotic or other less desirable snatches, in the direction of the hills, where the claiming of the sweet waters went on night and day.

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"A drop of brandy, Daniel Rhys?" the landlord suggested hospitably.

"Indeed, and I don't mind if I do, Rees Thomas," the Excise officer replied. "I never had no nastier blow than that, whatever."

"Blackguards!" said the other. "Why for you not tell him as it was you who picked up his little girl in the hills and brought her to the cottage hospital here, and your shoulder dislocated into the bargain? Why you no tell him that, Daniel Rhys?"

Rhys saw no reason for going into psychological details. As a matter of fact, he had stumbled over Long David's wild little slip of a girl up in the hills when nosing out shebeens. He had got out of a tight corner himself at the expense of a big jump and a dislocated shoulder-blade; but this had not prevented him shutting his teeth together and bringing the starved and unconscious child all the way down to Penymont, after which he and his assistant had gone back two days later and caught Long Dave *in flagrante delicto*."

"He didn't know that I had anything to do with it, Rees Thomas," he muttered.

"Then you should have told him, yess, sure. Who saved that child life, look you? Why, Daniel Rhys. And what does that blackguard do? Knock you in the mouth."

"But how could he know?" Rhys insisted.

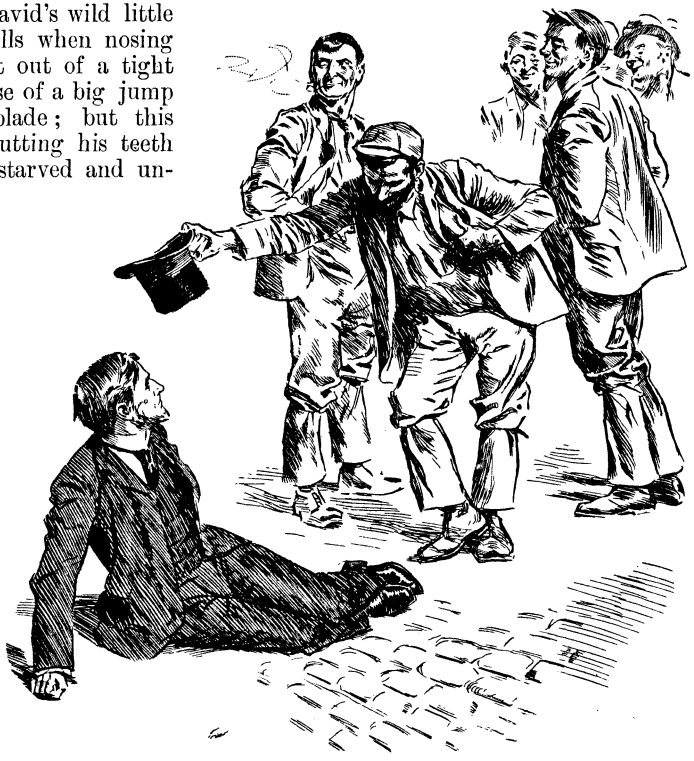
The landlord, didactic—after the manner of his kind—could not see what that had to do with the nice ethics of the question. Nor could he understand that Rhys had a fairly high code of honour of his own; also he had an ambition to make his name a terror in the hills. Long Dave had challenged him again, and they should start fair. The child must not handicap either party to the fray.

"You are a great stupid donkey, whatever," said the aggrieved landlord. "And it's my belief as the girl is as bad as her father, look you."

Daniel Rhys finished up his brandy and went out thoughtfully. Unconsciously enough, Rees Thomas had let a flood of light into a dark corner. Perhaps, after all, that quick-witted, dark-eyed child had her uses. Also it was strange that he should have caught Dave red-handed after the child was out of the way, although for the last year his efforts in the same direction had been futile. On the whole, Rhys came to the conclusion that it was greatly to his advantage that child Maddy should know nothing as to the identity of the individual who had rendered her such timely assistance.

II.

Long Dave's welcome back to the huts had done much to wash the prison flavour from his mouth. He was still silent and sulky, inclined to brood over what he called his wrongs, and a little too prone to harbour bitter feelings of revenge against Daniel Rhys, who, after all, was doing no more than earn the stipend paid him by a grateful country. If the conflicting elements came together again, the comedy might flame into tragedy of the most lurid kind.



"With a gesture of exaggerated politeness."

Long Dave tramped up from the big wooden town at Cumguilt to his own lonely hut up on a spur of the hillsides. In many ways it was an ideal spot for the exciting

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and slightly remunerative sport of shebeening. In the first place, there were high ravines on either side of the long, flat, artificial tableland, a tunnel at the far end, and a sloping path, at the foot of which lay a cluster of huts, from whence ready and sinewy aid could be commanded should the authorities make anything like a raid in force.

There was a thoughtful grin on Dave's dark face as he entered the hut. A lean-to shed full of tools was on one side. By extending the hut a foot or so a long gut of big water pipes could be covered—at least, so far as a section of it was concerned. Later on these pipes would convey water to the thirsting Midlanders; at the present moment they were naturally empty, and the cover of a manhole stood open. By a little ingenious alteration the manhole might be taken into the hut—or outbuilding, rather—and here, ready made, was a natural hiding-place for barrels and bottles, beyond the ken of the sharpest Revenue officer of them all. For the first time for a whole month Dave's face cleared.

He sat in his chair chuckling, secure in the knowledge that he would make Daniel Rhys a walking derision amongst the hills, until the door opened and a child looked in. She danced into the room with a glad cry, her dark, gipsy eyes gleamed, her feet flashed as if the blood in her veins were quicksilver. A wild, eager, alert child, black as the night and cunning as the fox. A queer, Mliss-like little elf, loyal to her friends, and hating her enemies with a passionate whole-heartedness.

"Daddy!" she cried. "Daddy, daddy!"

Dave's grim face relaxed still further. He forgot all about his wrongs; the prison taint seemed to slip from his broad shoulders; something seemed to soften at his heart and melt away. He lifted the child from her feet and held her at arm's length.

"So you are all right again?" he growled.

"Oh! I got better directly. Of course, you could not come to see me, because——"

She paused, with the subtle instinct of her sex for the word that wounds.

"And the other man, the good man who found me, didn't come neither," she added quickly.

Dave nodded abstractedly. He was not in the mood at present to entertain anything like a large measure of gratitude to abstract humanity. Under ordinary circumstances he would have sought out Maddy's friend and made a friend of him.

"Didn't do more than say his name was Foxy," Maddy said dolefully.

Dave nodded again. Not for a moment did he connect the aforesaid Foxy with Daniel Rhys. On the other hand, Rhys had kept out of the way simply because Maddy was Dave's girl. The little man was exceedingly fond of children — perhaps because he had none of his own—but he wanted a fair field and no favour.

"I guess you's been very unhappy, Daddy," the child said suddenly.

She saw the big man's shoulders heave; she saw the strained agony of his eyes. Very slowly he took the girl upon his knees.

"Nobody's goin' to know nothin' 'bout that," he said. "I'd done no 'arm—never did a chap out of nout. An' a month—a month long o' thieves and the like. Don't you never mention it; never let me 'ear of it again. An' if the man as I've got to thank for this ever comes here some night . . . an' he'll come, too——"

Maddy caught the lurid glare in her father's eye, the dull glare she had seen in the eyes of poor jealous Dick Martin the night he killed his wife. And they had taken Martin away and hanged him.

Maddy was terribly frightened, though she had too much tact to say so. A queer, lonely, imaginative child who lived quite alone, she knew and understood enough to astonish Dave if he could have seen into her mind.

"Nothing happens to you whilst I keep watch," she said.

Dave nodded again, this time more cheerfully. He kept clear of his mates for the rest of the day, and by nightfall had completed the *annexe* to his hut. Two days later and his store of excisable liquor bloomed again; the manhole held it safe enough, though Rhys's subordinates brought news to the effect that a couple of barrels and a can of suspicious shape had been delivered at Long David's hut over the hills from Rhyader. The little man's foxy curtain of whisker bristled as he went gaily off in pursuit of a search-warrant.

But Sir Pryce Llewellyn would have none of it. He flatly declined to produce the necessary document, without which no search could be made, unless he had a sworn information. For the police to raid a shebeen and capture the culprits red-handed was one thing—to issue a search-warrant on mere assumption was another. Sir Pryce had great respect for the majesty of the law, also his dignity still rasped under the recollection

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of the one time when he had appeared in the pillory of a certain weekly paper.

"You ought to know better, Rhys," he said. "Can you swear an information?"

Daniel was silent. He was sure of his ground, but he could not swear an information. He set his teeth together; his little eyes gleamed.

"Not this morning," he said, "but to-morrow, Sir Pryce. By to-morrow I shall be able to do it, look you. I shall know all about it, iss, sure."

Whereupon the Excise officer departed, and Sir Pryce retired grumblingly to Lady Llewellyn with the prophecy that Rhys would get his neck broken some night, and further desired to know how a man could be expected to keep his pheasants if the authorities were always harrying the navvies over every cask of beer they swallowed.

But Rhys had another point of view entirely. Seven o'clock the same evening saw him creeping up the valley in the direction of Cefro Tunnel, in the neck of which Dave's hut was situated. Because he fully appreciated the danger, Rhys was alone. His assistant Jenkins was a good man and plucky, but his tongue was loose and the gift of silence had been denied him.

There was only one way up to the hut, as Rhys well knew, and consequently there was only one way of retreat in case of disaster. And Long Dave would assuredly keep his word. Rhys was taking his life in both hands, and he knew it.

It was not a dark night, with a ragged moon showing now and again behind a jagged, racing cloud. Down below it was all still enough—so still that Rhys could hear the sound of voices from the cluster of huts at the end of the cutting. Presently these huts would each yield a man or two, who would join Dave and partake of his illicit hospitality. Dandy and Gipsy and Doolan and Gammon all had their habitation there, all of them were known to Rhys. If he could reach the scrub outside Dave's hut and lie there, why, the search-warrant would come as a matter of course. Rhys had been there before—invariably too late. Some sort of a signal had heralded his coming, and what the signal was had hitherto been a puzzle to Rhys. Now he had a pretty shrewd notion that he had solved the problem.

He pushed his way cautiously along, creeping like a fox that he was until he came to the first fringe of dusty blackberry bushes. Behind he could hear something moving. There was just the faint suggestion of a whistle, almost inaudible as yet, but rising.

"Maddy!" Rhys whispered. "Maddy, are you there?"

The bushes parted with a sudden swish, and Maddy stood delightfully dazed. She had not the slightest idea that here was the enemy; indeed, her notions as to the utility or end of her sentinel's duty were hazy in the extreme.

"Foxy!" she cried. "Foxy come to me at last!"

It was not nice work, and rounded off badly with the fierce Nonconformist conscience which was a second nature; but the sophistical juggling of the theological mind was equal to the occasion.

"Then you haven't forgotten me?" he asked sheepishly.

Maddy's answer was practical and demonstrative. In the excess of her emotions she would fain have carried Rhys off at once to receive her father's warmest expression of gratitude. But Rhys was no chapel deacon for nothing, and he had his duty before his eyes. At the same time he was sufficiently human to wish that he hadn't come.

"Presently, presently," he remarked. "Plenty of time, whatever. And you won't leave here, my child?"

In Maddy's joyful emotion it never occurred to her to wonder whence Rhys had derived his local knowledge. But it did occur to him that he might gain all he desired without a primitive eclipse of himself in Maddy's eyes. Nobody could polish a drab lie into a pure white truth better than Rhys, but he shrank now from the child's gaze with an uncomfortable pricking of his cheeks.

"You just stay where you are for a minute," he said hurriedly, "because I want a word with your father alone. Then I'll come back presently, you see."

He departed with a mysterious nod, which to a more sophisticated mind would have suggested a shilling box of chocolates at the least. An occasional predatory lump of sugar was the extent of Maddy's education in the saccharine field. Still, she had imagination and anticipation.

Rhys crept on, feeling now that the ground was clear. If he could only look into the hut, only see the preparations made for the coming feast of reason and flow of soul, he would be satisfied. After that the search-warrant would follow as a matter of course, and then——

He had forgotten all about Maddy by this

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time. An exceedingly convenient cloud—no doubt designed by Providence for the especial purpose—had trailed darkly over the moon, a faint yellow light picked out the doorway and windows of the hut, from within came the dull stone clink of pottery, then the popping of a cork. Evidently Long Dave was going to celebrate his freedom with some style.

He looked in. He saw a long table and two lamps thereon. A half firkin of beer rested on the table, flanked by a dozen mugs and a tempting array of bottles. Then a shadow fell across the doorway, and an arm like a pillar of stone grasped Rhys by the neck and dragged him as a cork into the room.

"You dirty dog!" Dave said hoarsely. "So I've got your neck under my fist at last!"

"'Foxy!' she cried. 'Foxy come to me at last!'"

But the clink of the mug and the thud of the cork were by no means evidence in support of a search-warrant on the distinguished authority of Stone's "Justice's Manual." Moreover, Rhys was a Welshman to his finger-tips, and Eve was popularly supposed to be a Welshwoman. Rhys advanced cautiously and lifted the latch.

III.

THE loquacity of his race was absent in Rhys at that moment. He was not so much keeping his breath to cool his porridge as to save his bacon. One eel-like motion of his head had sufficed to show him murder standing stark in Long Dave's two eyes.

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Under any circumstances his feet had been planted amongst scorpions, but here he had caught David *in flagrante delicto* again, and, prosaically stated, that meant six months.

"What's your game, whatever?" Rhys gasped.

"I'm going to kill you," Dave replied. He spoke in a dull, mechanical way, yet with the air of a man after long deliberation. "I can swear that nobody saw you come here, and nobody will see you go. There's a deep pit full of water at the back of the cutting that they're filling up. This day week you'll be under forty feet of stone and shingle. D'ye hear?"

Rhys intimated by a gesture that he was alive to the situation. He had been more than once threatened with violence; indeed, he bore more than one honourable scar on his body; but this was a different matter altogether. With a sudden writhe and twist he slipped from Dave's grip and scrambled on hands and knees for the door. As Dave caught one foot the other struck him full in the mouth. With a stifled curse the big man drew Rhys to him and smote his head with a thud on the floor. For the next few minutes mundane affairs became as a dream to the unconscious Rhys.

Dave rose slowly with an ugly smile on his torn lip. He crossed over to the door of the hut and whistled. Immediately the answer came.

"Go down to the huts and bring the lads up here, Maddy," Dave gurgled. "Tell 'em as there ain't any danger."

Maddy flew off presumedly, for no further sound of her voice came. Dave was standing over the prostrate body of his foe when Maddy looked in with sharp, beady eyes.

"You just 'ook it back," Dave said shortly.

"But you told me there was no danger," said Maddy. "And seeing that Foxy was here, and that you must have finished your business—— Ah, ah! what have you done to him? What have you been and gone and done to my poor Foxy, you bad old father?"

"Oh!" Dave asked blankly. "What d'ye call 'im?"

"Why, Foxy, of course. The man who found me starvin' and dyin' yonder; the man as carried me all the way down to Penymont, and 'im with a dislikated shoulder all the time. And you've gone and killed my Foxy."

She bent over the prostrate body and wiped the bleeding face. Then she poured some illicit whisky into a mug and forced it between Foxy's lips. She did not feel faint or flurried, nor was she in the least timorous or afraid. She had seen too much death and disaster for that; had seen the strong man bleeding and quivering, death in its most repulsive form. . . . Rhys opened his eyes with a desire to know where he was.

"Oh! you're safe enough, dear," she said, with her arms round the prostrate man's neck. "I expect Daddy took you for one of them Excise men."

"Did," Dave growled. "An' that's a (lurid) fact."

"But you see it was all a mistake, Foxy," Maddy went on.

Dave looked grimly uncomfortable. All the passionate anger had died out of his heart. He stood leaning sullenly against the table, big and powerful in the lamplight, whilst Maddy's little black eyes seemed to be picking up all the broken threads of the story.

"Why didn't you tell me about it afore?" Dave asked.

"Didn't mean to," Rhys snapped, his curtain of red beard quivering. "I'm as good a man as you any day, look you, Long Dave. And I wanted to meet you in fair fight, whatever. Come to tell you what I did for the child, and where are you? Nowhere. I beat you every time, and your hands is tied for thinking of the child."

"And you're the man what sent Daddy to—— Oh, Foxy! how could you?"

Rhys shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing to be said, for the simple reason that explanation was impossible. The child was too young to understand, and, being a girl, naturally had the lack of logical sequence that renders the sex so charming. Also his duty lay plainly before him. He ought to have escaped in the confusion, and he ought to have gone down to Penymont and sworn an information against Dave without delay. As a matter of fact, he did nothing of the kind; instead, he stood there looking so like a fool that his subordinate Jenkins would have hardly recognised him. Was ever a clean conscience in so sorry a plight before? It was Maddy who broke the strained silence.

"You're not going to take Daddy to——?" she asked.

"If he wants to," said Dave, with an effort that caused the big drops to stand out on him, "I'm ready to go, and be hanged to him!"

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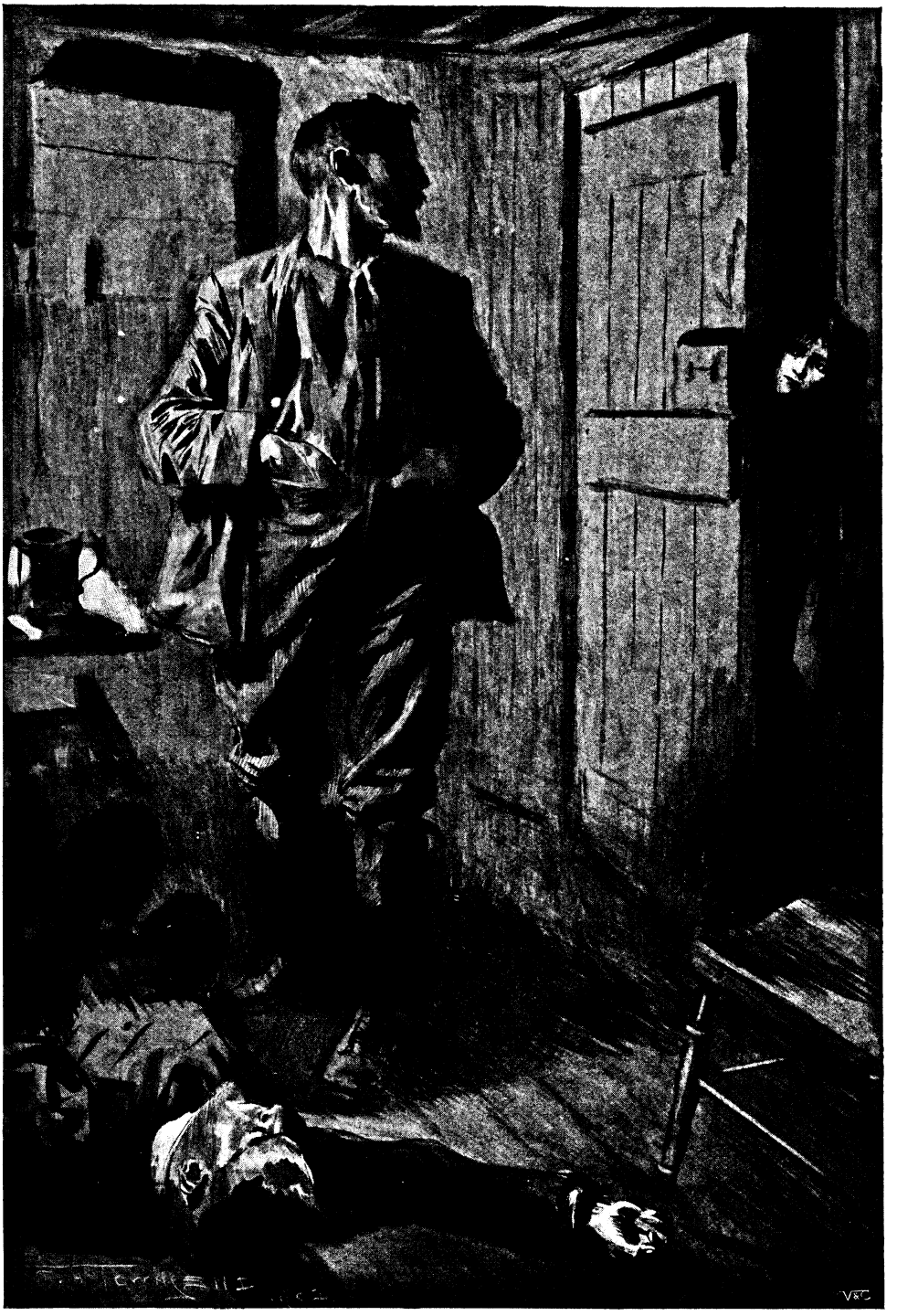

"'You just 'ook it back,' Dave said shortly"

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"Lord!" Rhys gasped. "Here's a pretty state of things, whatever! If I go away——"

"You can't," Dave said suddenly. "The boys is comin' up the cutting. They'd have your blood; they'd never trust you, not on your oath. No mor'n if you were a Welsh policeman."

Outside the sounds of ribald mirth came nearer. Gipsy was leading a song. Dandy and the rest were roaring over the chorus. Rhys stood panting shortly with his back to tne wall, not in the least afraid and yet horribly hysterical. Maddy was watching him with eyes that filled her face with a wild black blaze. She saw the danger now.

There was no escape. And there were men outside who were ready for anything. Moreover, Daniel Rhys was the only man they feared. They would have only been too pleased to take the matter of retribution out of Dave's hands. Once let Rhys escape, and there would be another visit to Penymont Petty Sessions, and the gaol for all of them.

"Tell them Foxy isn't going to do them any harm," Maddy suggested.

Dave fairly laughed aloud. Even Rhys smiled faintly. There was deadly war between himself and the tribesmen, and nothing less mundane than an archangel would have convinced them to the contrary. The humour of the situation was not lost upon David.

"*Now* you're going to enjoy yourself," he said grimly.

Rhys set his teeth tightly together. The ragged curtain under his chin trembled. There was no longer any question as to the genuinely hospitable intentions of his host. It was bitter to be compelled to shield himself behind the child; but life was sweet, even to a man with the snug theology of Daniel Rhys.

"There's some place I can hide, look you?" he suggested eagerly.

Maddy pulled at his sleeve. Her dark eyes were blazing fiercely. There was a tiny room at the back of the hut which was all her very own. Into this she fairly bundled Rhys and closed the door behind him as the first of the roysterers burst into the hut. They came, eager and excited, greasy and redolent of the soil, filling the hut with that faint, sour smell that goes to the mid-week toiler, who literally earns his bread in the sweat of his brow. A hard, reckless, bitter lot, most of them with a past, and all of them anarchists in embryo. If the whole pack of them could have been wiped off the face of the hills, the head ganger would have been frankly grateful.

"Where is 'e?" the foremost hand cried. "We tumbled to your message, Dave."

The speaker rocked to and fro with exquisite enjoyment, tempered with a sudden fear as he looked round the hut. The rest of them laughed loudly; they were in a playful mood—the playfulness of the cat about to spring. Dandy stood a trifle heavy and sullen in the doorway; over his shoulder peered Gipsy's slightly anxious face. If murder was to be done, he was prepared to accept his share of the responsibility. But as a matter of fact, Gipsy was here for peace.

"Just you trot 'im out," another suggested.

"I dunno what you mean," Long Dave said stolidly. "'Oo d'yer mean?"

"Why, Rhys, of course. Come, where be you a-hidin' of 'im?"

Dave shook his head solemnly. Beyond the ring of grimy faces he caught Gipsy's eye. The latter winked slightly, and Dave's soul was uplifted. As ill luck would have it, at this same moment Maddy came into the glare of the lamps. One of the roysterers caught her up and set her on his shoulder.

"Who're you got in yer bedroom, Maddy?" he asked. It was a pure venture, but the child was taken off her guard for the moment.

"Only Foxy," she said innocently. "Nobody else."

It was a critical moment. "Foxy" conveyed little to the visitors. Long Dave looked imploringly at Gipsy. If those fellows only knew for certain who was listening to them, Rhys's end was at hand. And here was all the damning evidence on the table. The little man with the big earrings rose to the occasion.

"I seen the dog this mornin'," he said. "Foxy 'ull make a good 'un, if you don't go for to give him too much meat, Maddy."

"That's just what I tell her," Dave remarked wisely. "Gels allus spiles their dogs that way." With rare inspiration Maddy said nothing. Something told her that her beloved Foxy was in danger, or why should Gipsy pretend that he was a dog? And she had the most profound respect for Gipsy's many-sidedness.

"Dorg," came a voice from the edge of the pack. "A terrier, most like. Let's see 'im. I 'ad a bull terrier wunst as killed three score rats in——"

"This ain't no terrier," Gipsy retorted contemptuously. His foot shot out and caught Dandy fairly on the shin. That individual took the hint without the tremor

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of a muscle. "It's one of them poodles like Mr. Marrin the engineer's wife's got. Maddy took a fancy to one of them, and I nicked 'im."

"What's the game?" Dandy whispered hoarsely.

"Rhys is in yonder," the Gipsy replied; "and Dave's a-shieldin' 'im for purposes of 'is own. If we don't stop this little manœuvre, it's murder will be the matter. An' I ain't goin' to 'ave my neck stretched if I can 'elp it——"

"An' there ain't no dorg?" Dandy asked.

"No, nor a cat, neither. Chuck it, Bill! 'Oo wants to see a black doormat out of a bloomin' circus? If it was a bull terrier, now! Leave the girl alone."

Maddy slipped off and Gipsy breathed easier. The first speaker refused to reface his opinions so freely.

"I dunno as I shouldn't like a dorg like that for my kid," he said. "What colour, Gipsy?"

"Black as yer 'at," Gipsy said, with rising irritation. "Got to be painful sober to know which is the business end of 'im. Wicious little beggar, too. Got me through the finger afore I could say ——."

"I should like to see the dorg as 'ud bite *me*," the first man remarked. "I 'ad a Airedale——"

"Oh! *sit* down!" Dave roared. "On the floor anywhere. 'Elp yourselves."

A liberal construction was placed upon the suggestion, and the dog subject was forgotten. A thick cloud of pungent blue smoke lay like a curtain across the table. The uneasy feeling that the proceedings might be interrupted by the arrival of the authorities added pungency to the tobacco that already possessed a reeking zest of its own. As every man filled up his glass or his mug he dropped twopence or threepence in a bowl on the table. Then the thin, wiry man who had opened the proceedings absorbed a second whisky before he spoke again. He had the air of a man who has something on his mind.

"I quite understood as you'd got 'im," he said thoughtfully.

"I ain't got 'im, and, what's more, I ain't goin' to get 'im," Dave growled. "You can 'ave what drinks you like, boys, an' all the coppers is goin' to the 'orspital fund. After all, this 'ere little Rhys ain't doin' no more than his dooty."

"I'd like to 'ear that again," the malcontent said politely.

"I'll ram it down your throat if you like," Dave growled hospitably. "Rhys 'as got to get his livin' same as you and I. 'E ain't going to injure me to-night, and I ain't goin' to injure '*im* after to-night."

"Clean off 'is bloomin' chump," said the misanthrope sorrowfully.

Mugs stood neglected on the table, pipes were suspended in mid-air. There was a half-shamed flush over Dave's face, but his eyes were steady. Gipsy was watching him with a flattering interest. This was one of the comedies that he loved so well.

"We're fools!" Dave declared. "Just fools. Why do we do this 'ere sort of thing when we can get better an' cheaper stuff at the canteen? Why, because it's agin' the law. An' it's Rhys's duty to see the law is kep'."

"I've knowed gaol affect a bloke's 'ead like that afore," said the discontented one.

"Maybe as you've found good points in Rhys?" Dandy suggested.

Dave brought his fist down on the table to a dancing jig of mugs and glasses.

"I 'ave," he cried. "He came 'ere to-night, and—and I let 'im go." It suddenly flashed across his mind that Rhys would appreciate this way out of the difficulty better than the dramatic production of his person. It would be much more likely to fit in with his sense of duty. "Why did I let him go? Because I found out as he was the man what carried little Maddy down to the 'orspital at Penymont. An' 'im with a damaged shoulder all the time. And why didn't 'e tell me? Because he wanted to beat me without a handicap."

"Got the feelings of a real sportsman," said Gipsy.

The misanthrope shook his head sorrowfully, but the feelings of the meeting were evidently against him. Gipsy had gone over already to the enemy, and Gipsy knew perfectly well who was in the little bedroom listening to every word of the proceedings. And, moreover, Gipsy was grateful to the man whose modest courage had averted an ugly tragedy.

"I don't want," said the misanthrope slowly, "to say as Dave's a coward——"

There was a sudden uproar, terminating with the violent opening of the door and a dissolving view of the speaker disappearing in a paste of red clay. Then there was a distant rumbling of threats to be left darkly to the future, drowned by cheers for Dave and Daniel Rhys. Only a strong sense of fairness and decorum restrained Gipsy from dragging Rhys out into the fierce light of

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popular approbation. The jugs and bottles were empty at length, and the company, having no longer any rational or respectable excuse for staying, lurched heavily homeward. Gipsy and Dandy brought up the rear.

"Mean to say 'e was there all the time?" the latter asked unsteadily.

"Mean to say as 'e's there now," Gipsy responded.

"Good old Rhys!" Dandy remarked, and lapsed into gloomy silence.

* * * * *

Rhys stepped out, blinking his eyes. His gaze was scrupulously and steadily averted from the table where evidence of illicit traffic was thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. He held out a lean, sinewy hand, which Dave grasped largely and painfully. It was characteristic that neither man met the other's eye.

"I've—I've been wrong," Dave said shortly.

"But not in the future, whatever," Rhys replied. "I heard you say so, yess. And it's a good thing, for you are a good man, Long Dave."

"Never no more," Dave responded. "If it hadn't been for Maddy, I——"

He paused and Rhys nodded. He knew all about that. Then he picked the blazing-eyed Maddy up and kissed her. His wonted loquacity had suddenly failed him. He was glad, and yet sorry, as he walked along—glad to have made a friend of the dangerous enemy, sorry because he was going to fail grossly in his duty.

"Call yourself an honest man, whatever?" he muttered, with the dim lights of Penymont in his eyes. "To think that I should pass a night in a shebeen, and the police none the wiser! But what can I do more than plead for this miserable sinner, and leave the rest to Providence, whatever?"

With which comfortable shifting of responsibility, Rhys went to bed untroubled by any odd thorns on the rose of his tender conscience.

A MEADOW SCENE.

From a photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

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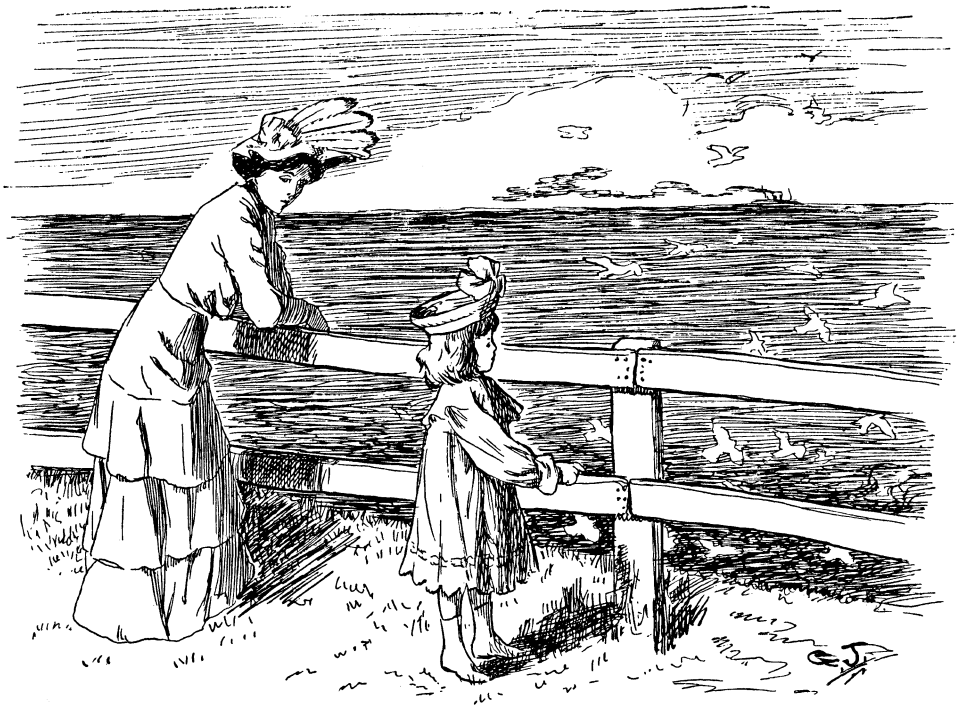

BEGINNING YOUNG.

"LOOK at all the pretty birds, dear."
"Yes, mummie. What a lot of hats they would make!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

I CAME upon him in the walled gardens of his lordly pleasure-house. He was on his knees scraping at the damp mould.

"Come, get up," I said. "You are spoiling your trousers."

"I have plenty of money to buy more," he answered bitterly.

"And why are you out at this time of the morning?" I asked.

"'Sh!" he whispered, glancing guiltily at the sack beside him, still half full of gold "I'm putting these things into the asparagus bed."

"Oh! don't do that," I said. "Isn't it rather waste?"

"What should I do with it?" he exclaimed fiercely, flinging a handful into the duck-pond. "I must get rid of it—honestly, if I can—but if not, any way."

"Well, there are deserving people who might like some," I answered. I knew of one.

"No," he said with a groan. "I thought of that, but it's wrong. I must not support others in idleness. I should be undermining the social fabric. No, to give it away would be mere selfishness on my part."

"Oh! don't take that view," I protested.

"I must," he replied firmly. "Besides, it's been done before—entirely without success."

"Education?" I suggested.

"Done to death," he sighed. "I ask you, would you—supposing you were a millionaire—be another of those 'education' millionaires?"

"No," I was bound to confess, "I would not. Why not hospitals?"

"How original!" he sneered. "How many 'hospital' millionaires are there? No, it's no good counting. They swarm like blackberries."

"Build a yacht."

"I'm seasick."

"Start a stable."

"I have the strongest possible objection to the turf and gambling, on moral grounds."

"Marry."

"One never knows. She might not get rid of it any faster than I can."

"Have more country houses."

"I can hardly fill this one. The competition among us is so great. I hear that half the people are leaving this morning because of the *soufflé* last night."

"Start a newspaper."

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"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

LADY VISITOR: Yes, you've certainly got a beautiful old church here, but it's a pity the acoustics are so bad.
ANCIENT SEXTON: That I'm sure they bain't, ma'am—leastways, no longer, for I catched and killed the last on 'em weeks ago.

"It might be a success. You see, I couldn't run it all by myself."

"Run a theatre for the legitimate drama."

"That's quick, of course, but this at any rate is exercise. No, depend upon it, this is the best, the only way."

With a sigh he shovelled in the last heap of sovereigns and patted down the earth. Then he rose and strode moodily away.

"Perhaps you are right," I said, and went to borrow a spade.

THE HERO.

THE curtain had fallen on the second act amid a tumult of applause, and the vast house had relapsed into silence, broken only by the low murmur of conversation.

Suddenly those near the stage became vaguely conscious of a stir and hurrying behind the scenes. A faint, acrid smell began to pervade the atmosphere. Some remarked that it must be foggy in the streets. Then a puff of smoke came from the wings. In an instant the same thought

A CONFUSION IN TERMS.

TRIPPER: Can we 'ave your boat for an hour, guv'nor?
OLD MAN OF THE SEA: Are you sure you know 'ow to manage 'er?
TRIPPER: I ought ter, after the times I've bin on the Serpentine!
OLD MAN OF THE SEA: No, I don't think you can 'ave 'er; there's a 'eavy swell at sea.
TRIPPER: Well, 'e don't want all the bloomin' ocean to 'isself, does 'e?

A CASE FOR REWARD.

SMALL BOY: Please, ma'am, was you the lidy wot was offerin' a reward for a little dog?
LADY: Oh, yes—my little Tiny! Have you got him? Where is he?
SMALL BOY: Inside our ole Kroojer, lidy!

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struck home to everyone in the enormous concourse, and the heads waved like a field of wheat. The same word hoarsely whispered came from every lip: "Fire!"

The confused murmur was rapidly rising to a roar, and a stampede seemed imminent, when a man with a calm, determined face rose in the middle of the stalls.

"Keep your seats!" he shouted in stentorian tones that rang out above the uproar.

Caught by the strong, fearless accents, the crowd forsook its unreasoning clamour, and with shamed faces sank into its seats, while those who were densely hustling about the doors fell back. Slowly, as if about to speak and pacify the mob, the man strode to where there was now an open avenue to the exit. Then, without a second's hesitation, he turned and made a rush for the door.

Once safe outside, he mopped his forehead and murmured breathlessly, but in tones of keen and heartfelt satisfaction: "Well, there's someone saved, anyway!"

H. W.

THE OYSTERS.

Three oysters were playing the tambourine,
But their music was terribly sad;
They sang of the beautiful days that had been,
When their whiskers were curled and their faces were clean,
And their appetites really weren't bad.

Three turtles were sobbing aloud in distress,
The music affected them so;
They were squeezing their waistbands to make them seem less,
And their teardrops were making the floor in a mess,
But their figures continued to grow.

The music concluded with wonderful crash,
And a wail that was mournful and sweet;
The players were suddenly taken with cramp—
They had been for a swim where the water was damp,
And had thoughtlessly wetted their feet.

The sequel's a sad one and painful to tell,
Alas! for the musical three;
They died before dinner through feeling unwell.
No coffin enclosed them—they each had a shell,
And were all of them buried at sea.

A. E. Parsons.

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THE VASE PAINTER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. HERNANDEZ.

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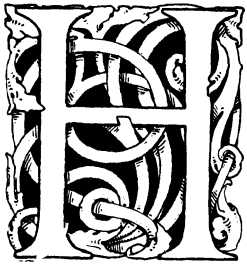
THE CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.*



EAR and attend and listen, for this befell and behappened and became and was, O my Best Beloved, when the Tame animals were wild. The Dog was wild, and the Horse was wild, and the Cow was wild, and the Sheep was wild, and the Pig was wild—as wild as wild could be—and they walked in the wet Wild Woods by their wild lones. But the wildest of all the wild animals was the Cat. He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him.

Of course the Man was wild, too. He was dreadfully wild. He didn't even begin to be tame till he met the Woman, and she told him that she did not like living in his wild ways. She picked out a nice dry Cave, instead of a heap of wet leaves, to lie down in, and she strewed clean sand on the floor, and she lit a nice fire of wood at the back of the Cave, and she hung a dried wild-horse skin, tail down, across the opening of the Cave, and she said: "Wipe your feet, dear, when you come in, and now we'll keep house."

That night, Best Beloved, they ate wild sheep roasted on the hot stones, and flavoured with wild garlic and wild pepper, and wild duck stuffed with wild rice, and wild fenugreek, and wild coriander, and marrow-bones of wild oxen, and wild cherries, and wild grenadillas. Then the Man went to sleep in front of the fire ever so happy; but the Woman sat up, combing her hair. She took the bone of the shoulder of mutton—the big flat blade-bone—and she looked at the wonderful marks on it, and she threw more wood on the fire, and she made a Magic. She made the First Singing Magic in the world.

Out in the wet Wild Woods all the wild animals gathered together where they could see the light of the fire a long way off, and they wondered what it meant.

Then Wild Horse stamped with his wild foot and said: "O my Friends and O my Enemies, why have the Man and the Woman made that great light in that great Cave, and what harm will it do us?"

Wild Dog lifted up his wild nose and smelled the smell of the roast mutton, and said: "I will go up and see and look, and say; for I think it is good. Cat, come with me."

"Nenni," said the Cat. "I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. I will not come."

"Then we shall never be friends again," said Wild Dog, and he trotted off to the Cave. But when he had gone a little way, the Cat said to himself: "All places are alike to me. Why should I not go, too, and see and look and come away at my own pleasure?" So he slipped after Wild Dog softly, very softly, and hid himself where he could hear everything.

When Wild Dog reached the mouth of the Cave, he lifted up the dried horse-skin with his nose and sniffed the beautiful smell of the roast mutton; and the Woman, looking at the blade-bone, heard him, and laughed, and said: "Here comes the first. Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, what do you want?"

Wild Dog said: "O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, what is this that smells so good in the Wild Woods?"

Then the Woman picked up a roasted mutton-bone and threw it to Wild Dog, and said: "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, taste and try." Wild Dog gnawed the bone, and it was more delicious than anything he had ever tasted, and he said: "O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, give me another."

The Woman said: "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, help my Man to hunt through the day, and guard this Cave at night, and I will give you as many roast bones as you need."

"Ah!" said the Cat, listening, "this is a very wise Woman, but she is not so wise as I am."

Wild Dog crawled into the Cave and laid his head on the Woman's lap, and said: "O

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my Friend and Wife of my Friend, I will help your Man to hunt through the day, and at night I will guard your Cave."

"Ah!" said the Cat, listening, "that is a very foolish Dog." And he went back through the wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

When the Man waked up, he said: "What is Wild Dog doing here?" And the Woman said: "His name is not Wild Dog any more, but First Friend, because he will be our friend for always and always and always. Take him with you when you go hunting."

Next night the Woman cut great green armfuls of fresh grass from the water-meadows and dried it before the fire, so that it smelt like new-mown hay, and she sat at the mouth of the Cave and plaited a halter out of horse-hide, and she looked at the shoulder of mutton-bone—at the big broad blade-bone—and she made a magic. She made the Second Singing Magic in the world.

Out in the Wild Woods all the wild animals wondered what had happened to Wild Dog, and at last Wild Horse stamped with his wild foot and said: "I will go and see why Wild Dog has not returned. Cat, come with me."

"Nenni," said the Cat. "I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. I will not come." But all the same he followed Wild Horse softly, very softly, and hid himself where he could hear everything.

When the Woman heard Wild Horse tripping and stumbling on his long mane, she laughed and said: "Here comes the second. Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, what do you want?"

Wild Horse said: "O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, where is Wild Dog?"

The Woman laughed, and picked up the blade-bone and looked at it, and said: "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, you did not come here for Wild Dog, but for the sake of this good grass."

And Wild Horse, tripping and stumbling on his long mane, said: "That is true; give it me to eat."

The Woman said: "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, bend your wild head and wear what I give you, and you shall eat the wonderful grass three times a day."

"Ah!" said the Cat, listening, "this is a clever Woman, but she is not so clever as I am."

Wild Horse bent his wild head, and the Woman slipped the plaited hide halter over it, and Wild Horse breathed on the Woman's feet and said: "O my Mistress, and Wife of my Master, I will be your servant for the sake of the wonderful grass."

"Ah!" said the Cat, listening, "that is a very foolish Horse." And he went back through the wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

When the Man and the Dog came back from hunting, the Man said: "What is Wild Horse doing here?" And the Woman said: "His name is not Wild Horse any more, but First Servant, because he will carry us from place to place for always and always and always. Ride on his back when you go hunting."

Next day, holding her wild head high that her wild horns should not catch in the wild trees, Wild Cow came up to the Cave, and the Cat followed, and hid himself just the same as before; and everything happened just the same as before; and the Cat said the same things as before; and when Wild Cow had promised to give her milk to the Woman every day in exchange for the wonderful grass, the Cat went back through the wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone, just the same as before. But he never told anybody. And when the Man and the Horse and the Dog came home from hunting and asked the same questions as before, the Woman said: "Her name is not Wild Cow any more, but the Giver of Good Food. She will give us the warm white milk for always and always and always, and I will take care of her while you and the First Friend and the First Servant go hunting."

Next day the Cat waited to see if any other Wild Thing would go up to the Cave, but no one moved in the wet Wild Woods, so the Cat walked there by himself, and he saw the Woman milking the Cow, and he saw the light of the fire in the Cave, and he smelt the smell of the warm white milk.

Cat said: "O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, where did Wild Cow go?"

The Woman laughed and said: "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, go back to the Woods again, for I have braided up my hair, and I have put away the magic blade-bone, and we have no more need of either friends or servants in our Cave any more."

Cat said: "I am not a friend, and I am not a servant. I am the Cat who walks by himself, and I want to come into your Cave."

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Woman said: "Then why did you not come with First Friend on the first night?"

Cat grew very angry and said: "Has Wild Dog told tales of me?"

Then the Woman laughed and said: "You are the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to you. You are neither a friend nor a servant. You have said it yourself. Go away and walk by yourself in all places alike."

word in your praise, you may come into the Cave."

"And if you say two words in my praise?" said the Cat.

"I never shall," said the Woman; "but if I say two words in your praise, you may sit by the fire in the Cave."

"And if you say three words?" said the Cat.

"I never shall," said the Woman: "but if

"Sniffed the beautiful smell of the roast mutton."

Then the Cat pretended to be sorry and said: "Must I never come into the Cave? Must I never sit by the warm fire? Must I never drink the warm white milk? You are very wise and very beautiful. You should not be cruel even to a Cat."

Woman said: "I knew I was wise, but I did not know I was beautiful. So I will make a bargain with you. If ever I say one

I say three words in your praise, you may drink the warm white milk three times a day for always and always and always."

Then the Cat arched his back and said: "Now let the Curtain at the mouth of the Cave, and the Fire at the back of the Cave, and the Milk-pots that stand beside the fire, remember what my Enemy and the Wife of my Enemy has said." And he went away

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through the wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

That night, when the Man and the Horse and the Dog came home from hunting, the Woman did not tell them of the bargain that she had made with the Cat, because she was afraid that they might not like it.

Cat went far and far away and hid himself in the wet Wild Woods by his wild lone for a long time till the Woman forgot all about him. Only the Bat—the little upside-down Bat—that hung inside the Cave knew where Cat hid, and every evening he would fly to Cat with news of what was happening.

One evening the Bat said: "There is a Baby in the Cave. He is new and pink and fat and small, and the Woman is very fond of him."

"Ah!" said the Cat, listening, "but what is the Baby fond of?"

"He is fond of things that are soft and tickle," said the Bat. "He is fond of warm things to hold in his arms when he goes to sleep. He is fond of being played with. He is fond of all those things."

"Ah!" said the Cat, listening, "then my time has come."

Next night Cat walked through the wet Wild Woods and hid very near the Cave till morning-time, and Man and Dog and Horse went hunting. The Woman was busy cooking that morning, and the Baby cried and interrupted. So she carried him outside the Cave and gave him a handful of pebbles to play with. But still the Baby cried.

Then the Cat put out his paddy paw and patted the Baby on the cheek, and it cooed; and the Cat rubbed against its fat knees and tickled it under its fat chin with his tail. And the Baby laughed, and the Woman heard him and smiled.

Then the Bat—the little upside-down Bat—that hung in the mouth of the Cave said: "O my Hostess and Wife of my Host and Mother of my Host, a Wild Thing from the Wild Woods is most beautifully playing with your Baby."

"A blessing on that Wild Thing, whoever he may be," said the Woman, straightening her back, "for I was a busy woman this morning, and he has done me a service."

That very minute and second, Best Beloved, the dried horse-skin Curtain that was stretched tail-down at the mouth of the Cave fell down—*woosh!*—because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat; and when the Woman went to pick it up—lo and behold!—the Cat was sitting quite comfy inside the Cave.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "it is I, for you have spoken a word in my praise, and now I can sit within the Cave for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

The Woman was very angry, and shut her lips tight and took up her spinning-wheel and began to spin.

But the Baby cried because the Cat had gone away, and the Woman could not hush it, for it struggled and kicked and grew black in the face.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "take a strand of the thread that you are spinning and tie it to your spinning-whorl and drag it along the floor, and I will show you a Magic that shall make your Baby laugh as loudly as he is now crying."

"I will do so," said the Woman, "because I am at my wits' end; but I will not praise you for it."

She tied the thread to the little clay spindle-whorl and drew it across the floor, and the Cat ran after it and patted it with his paws and rolled head over heels, and tossed it backward over his shoulder and chased it between his hind legs and pretended to lose it, and pounced down upon it again, till the Baby laughed as loudly as it had been crying, and scrambled after the Cat and frolicked all over the Cave till it grew tired and settled down to sleep with the Cat in its arms.

"Now," said the Cat, "I will sing the Baby a song that shall keep him asleep for an hour." And he began to purr, loud and low, low and loud, till the Baby fell fast asleep. The Woman smiled as she looked down upon the two of them and said: "That was wonderfully done. No question but you are very clever, O Cat."

That very minute and second, Best Beloved, the smoke of the Fire at the back of the Cave came down—*puff!*—from the roof, because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat; and when it had cleared away—lo and behold!—the Cat was sitting quite comfy close to the fire.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "it is I, for you have spoken a second word in my praise, and now I can sit by the warm fire at the back of the Cave for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

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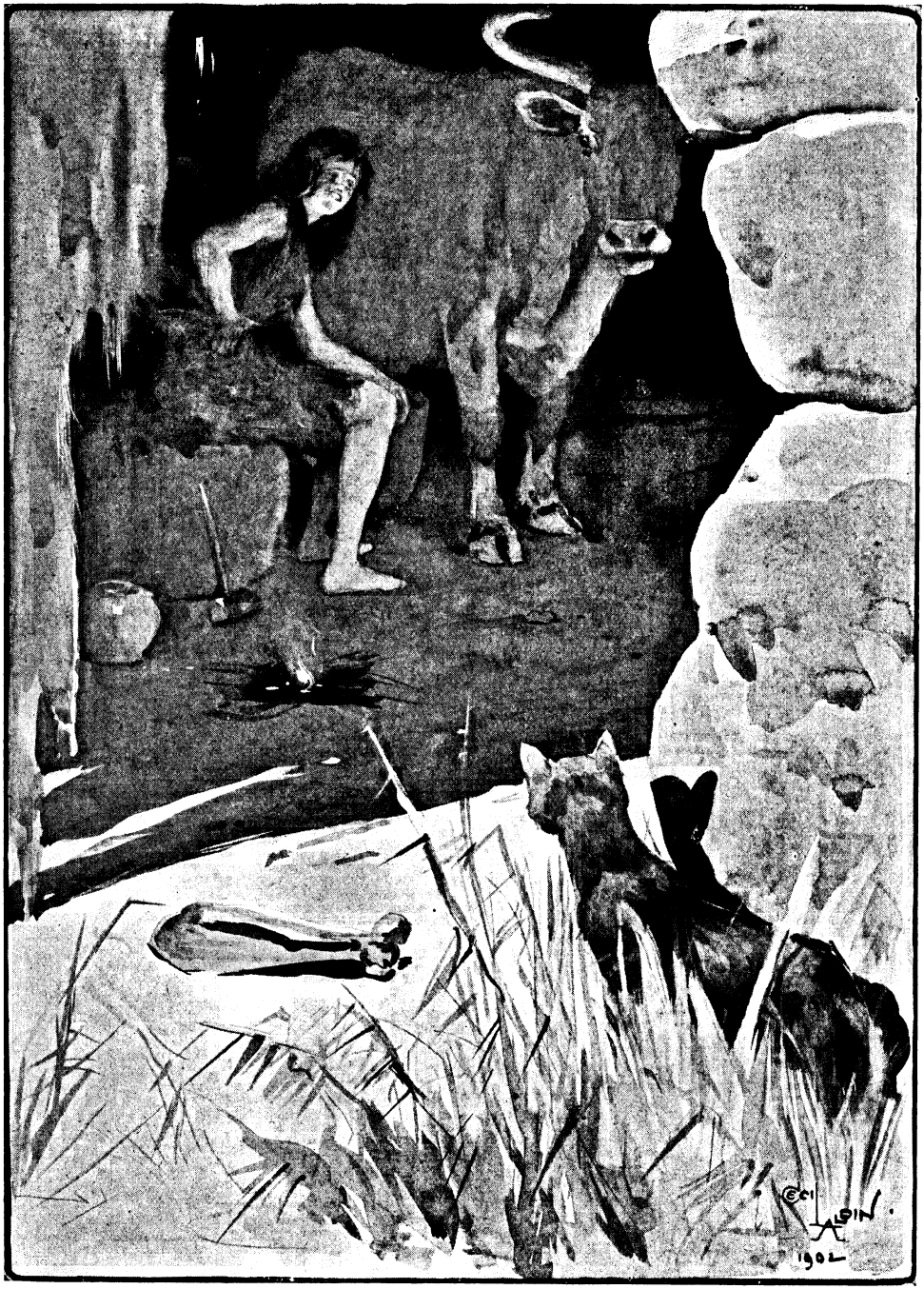

"The Woman laughed and said: 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, go back to the Woods again.'"

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Then the Woman was very very angry, and let down her hair and put more wood on the fire, and brought out the broad blade-bone of the shoulder of mutton and began to make a magic that should prevent her from saying a third word in praise of the Cat. It was not a Singing Magic, Best Beloved, it was a Still Magic; and by and by the Cave grew so still that a little wee-wee mouse crept out of a corner and ran across the floor.

Cat made one jump and caught the little mouse, and the Woman said: "A hundred thanks. Even the First Friend is not quick enough to catch little mice as you have done. You must be very wise."

That very moment and second, O Best Beloved, the Milk-pot that stood by the fire cracked in two pieces—*fff!*—because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat; and when the Woman jumped down from the footstool—lo and behold!—the

"The Baby laughed."

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "is that little mouse a part of your magic?"

"Ouch! Chee! No, indeed!" said the Woman, and she dropped the blade-bone and jumped upon the footstool in front of the fire and braided up her hair very quick for fear that the mouse should run up it.

"Ah!" said the Cat, watching, "then the mouse will do me no harm if I eat it?"

"No," said the Woman, braiding up her hair; "eat it quick, and I will always be grateful to you."

Cat was lapping up the warm white milk that lay in one of the broken pieces.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "it is I; for you have spoken three words in my praise, and now I can drink the warm white milk three times a day for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

Then the Woman laughed and set the Cat a bowl of the warm white milk and said: "O Cat, you are as clever as a man; but

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"The Cat ran out of the Cave and the Dog chased him up a tree."

remember that your bargain was not made with the Man or the Dog, and I do not know what they will do when they come home."

"What is that to me?" said the Cat. "If I have my place in the Cave by the fire and my warm white milk three times a day, I do not care what the Man or the Dog may do."

That evening when the Man and the Dog came into the Cave, the Woman told them all the story of the bargain, while the Cat sat by the fire and smiled. Then the Man said: "Yes, but he has not made a bargain with *me* or with all proper Men after me." Then he took off his two leather boots, and he took up his little stone axe (that makes three), and he fetched a piece of wood and a hatchet (that is five altogether), and he set them out in a row and he said: "Now we

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will make *our* bargain. If you do not catch mice when you are in the Cave for always and always and always, I will throw these five things at you whenever I see you, and so shall all proper Men do after me."

"Ah!" said the Woman, listening, "this is a very clever Cat, but he is not so clever as my Man."

The Cat counted the five things (and they looked very knobby) and he said: "I will catch mice when I am in the Cave for always and always and always; but still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

"Not when I am near," said the Man. "If you had not said that last, I would have put all these things away for always and always and always; but now I am going to throw my two boots and my little stone axe (that makes three) at you whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Men do after me."

Then the Dog said: "Wait a minute. He has not made a bargain with me or with all proper Dogs after me." And he sat down and growled dreadfully and showed all his teeth and said: "If you are not kind to the Baby while I am in the Cave for always and always and always, I will hunt you till I catch you, and when I catch you I will bite you. And so shall all proper Dogs do after me."

"Ah!" said the Woman, listening, "this is a very clever Cat, but he is not so clever as the Dog."

Cat counted the Dog's teeth (and they looked very pointed) and he said: "I will be kind to the Baby while I am in the Cave, as long as he does not pull my tail too hard, for always and always and always. But *still* I am the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

"Not when I am near," said the Dog. "If you had not said that last, I would have shut my mouth for always and always and always; but now I am going to hunt you up a tree whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Dogs do after me."

Then the Man threw his two boots and his little stone axe (that makes three) at the Cat, and the Cat ran out of the Cave and the Dog chased him up a tree; and from that day to this, Best Beloved, three proper Men out of five will always throw things at a Cat whenever they meet him, and all proper Dogs will chase him up a tree. But the Cat keeps his part of the bargain, too. He will kill mice; and he will be kind to Babies when he is in the house, just as long as Babies do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, and when the moon gets up and night comes, he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes to the wet Wild Woods or the wet Wild Trees or on the wet Wild Roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

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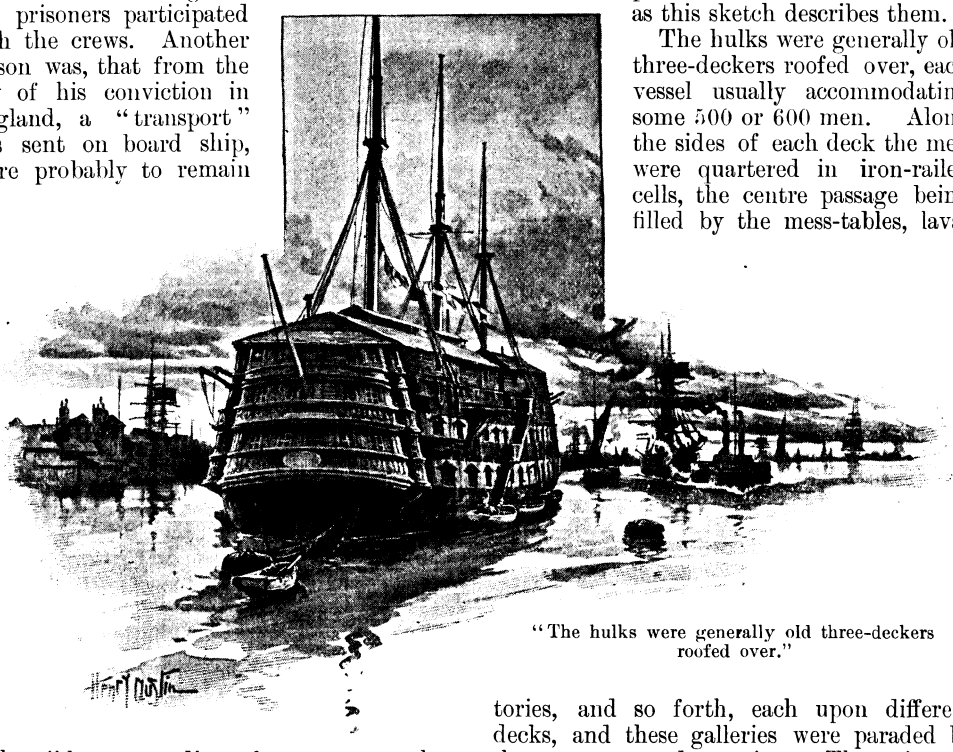
THE MAKING OF PIRATES IN THE CONVICT DAYS.

By LOUIS BECKE AND WALTER JEFFERY.*

THE sea-story of Australia is full of instances of convicts turning sea-pirates, from the beginning of the dreadful convict system to its end. The number of sailors and smugglers who were transported largely accounts for many piracies and mutinies, though in some cases—notably that of the transport *Lady Shore*, the soldiers who were sent to guard the prisoners participated with the crews. Another reason was, that from the day of his conviction in England, a "transport" was sent on board ship, there probably to remain in horrible surroundings for many months, and thus familiarising himself to a certain extent with life on shipboard.

In the days of transportation, a man, as soon as he was sentenced, was generally despatched to one or other of the "hulks" then maintained at Portsmouth, Gosport, Chatham, Woolwich, Deptford, and Devonport. This plan was followed from about the year 1776 down to the "fifties" of last century, and although the regulations were, during that period, often improved, and the prisoners treated less like wild beasts, when the hulks were the intermediate stage between conviction and embarkation, these floating prisons remained much the same as this sketch describes them.

The hulks were generally old three-deckers roofed over, each vessel usually accommodating some 500 or 600 men. Along the sides of each deck the men were quartered in iron-railed cells, the centre passage being filled by the mess-tables, lavatories, and so forth, each upon different decks, and these galleries were paraded by the overseers and sentries. The prisoners slept in hammocks, and each morning went to their work in the dockyards by boats, and the whole economy of the system was, in fact, very much the same as that on board a man-of-war. Thus even the loutish agricultural labourer, sentenced to transportation for some trifling offence against the laws of the country, soon began to feel at home among sailors, and it can be easily



"The hulks were generally old three-deckers roofed over."

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"Successfully reached Timor without the loss of a man."

understood that, in the lack of proper supervision and assorting of the men, that then made our prison system the worst system possible, there was ample opportunity for the nautical characters among the convicts to spin seductive yarns of the possibilities that lay in store for brave men when once they got into blue water, if the landsmen would join in an attempt upon the transport which was presently to embark them for Botany Bay. Many a plot was thus conceived at such times; and no doubt, too, in spite of precautions, friends of the prisoners smuggled on board odds and ends likely to be useful to the plotters when the time was ripe.

For example: in a vessel that left England for Sydney early last century, a great number of the prisoners were discovered to have in their possession (hidden in the soles of their boots) watch-springs with which to saw through their irons. This discovery was made a week after the ship put to sea, when half of the convicts were found to have freed themselves from their manacles.

The long, wearisome voyage to Australia completed the criminal education of the men, always occupying at least four months, sometimes six or seven. By the time the weather-stained and sea-worn transport sailed in between the high, rocky heads of Port Jackson, every prisoner on board had not only got his sea-legs, but had become as familiar with the sea life as are many steam-

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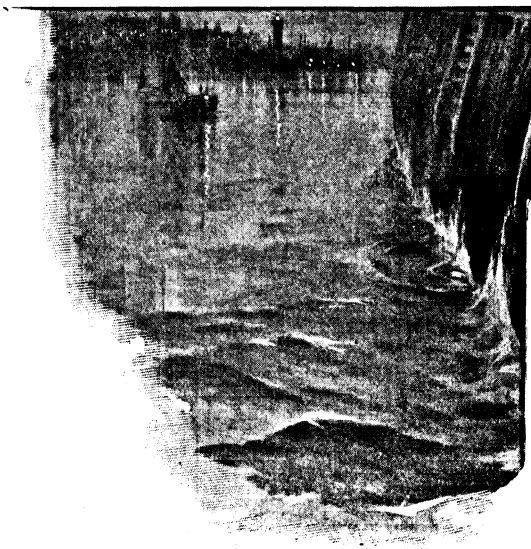
boat sailors of to-day—was often, though he had never seen the sea till he saw it at Portsmouth, or some other port, an infinitely better sailorman than too many of our alleged merchant sailors are to-day.

There are a number of cases on record where the prisoners did not wait to reach land, and suffer to the full the horrors of the Convict System, before they made their break for liberty. But, generally speaking, mutinies were speedily quelled—as usual, the informer giving timely notice to the ship's authorities, putting them on their guard, and saving *his* neck from the rope, or his back from the unsparing lash. We have some stories of this kind to tell, but there is no room for them in this article.

It will thus be seen from the above that the transported smugglers, and the hundreds of seamen who offended against their country's laws, at a time when it was easier for an ignorant man to incur the punishment of death, or a long time of transportation, than it is now to get "three months' hard," were prisoners under circumstances peculiarly inviting to them to become pirates, and the very landsmen who were their companions in exile were really, all unconsciously by the State, taught the trade of the sailor.

When the prisoners were landed in New South Wales, so long as they remained near the coast—and in the early days of Australia the coast-line was the only part where they did remain—there was constant inducement for them to run away with vessels. One party of convicts actually attempted to journey from Sydney to China in a copper punt. Another party, which was composed of William Bryant, six other men, and Bryant's wife and two infant children,



"Swallow managed to escape and reach the shore."

escaped from Sydney in a small boat and made a voyage as daring and as remarkable as that of Bligh when he was set adrift by the *Bounty* mutineers; for they successfully reached Timor without the loss of a man, although one of the poor infants died at an island inside the Great Barrier Reef.

There were many piracies of brigs and schooners in the old Colonial days, and Marcus Clarke (see "Old Tales of a Young Country," and "For the Term of his Natural Life") has twice told the story of

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the two most astounding of these piracies, as he has also told the story of the adventurer Jorgenson (the one time King of Iceland), whose autobiography was published a few years ago by Mr. Hogan, M.P. We have before us the little work—now become rare—in which was first printed Jorgenson's true yarn, told in its pages by himself, and the same book contains Marcus Clarke's *Osprey* incident. The *Osprey* was really the *Frederick*, and Clarke himself has given us his authorities for this adventure and the famous *Cyprus* piracy, both used in "His Natural Life" almost from the original in "The Hobart Town Almanack and Van Diemen's Land Annual," 1837–38–39. The narratives are, of course, also to be found in the Hobart contemporary newspapers and the old *Sydney Gazette*, and are re-told by Dr. West in his "History of Tasmania," 1852—a capital work, but long out of print, and now rare.

Jorgenson, as we have said, has had a book to himself; and he deserved it. He was born in 1780, at Copenhagen, went to sea as a youngster in an English collier, met with several adventures, then went to Australia and cruised among the islands of the South Pacific; was in the ship that first attempted a settlement in the Colony of Victoria; went back to England and took command of a Danish privateer, and fought her gallantly off Flamborough Head against the English frigate *Sappho*, but had to strike his flag and was made prisoner. Whilst he was on parole he took supplies (for the British Government) to Iceland, caught the Governor napping, seized his person and set up a Dictatorship upon the island, and successfully ruled its people until an English man-of-war came along and took him off. On the voyage home he met with more adventures, and on his arrival in London turned gambler and presently found himself in gaol. Then from his own statements we learn that he was soon afterwards employed upon the Continent as an English spy, and was highly successful in the business, having the luck, on his way home, to be present at the battle of Waterloo. Then he did more spying in Poland, returned to London, fell to gambling again, and was again sent to gaol for "illegal pawning." At this point he became "concerned for his soul," and obtained a "soft billet" as assistant to the surgeon at Newgate, and won his release. But he soon fell into further trouble and was transported for life to Australia. In Tasmania, where he next found himself, he did good work in exploring the country and fighting the blacks, ultimately being made a constable, when he became a terror to bushrangers and performed such notable and valorous service that he was pardoned and returned to England—only to fall into gambling habits again in his old age and die in extreme poverty in a squalid lodging-house.

The seizure of the *Cyprus*, to which we have alluded, created such excitement that all England was interested in the story, and the event was dramatised on the London stage. The ringleader in the affair was a man named Swallow, who, eighteen years before, had cut out a schooner in Sydney Harbour, and was transported to the dreaded Macquarie Harbour, in Tasmania, for punishment. In a vessel called the *Deveron* he managed to stow away until she was well on her voyage to England, when he was discovered and handed over to the British Admiral at Rio. From Rio he escaped and returned to London, where he was once more taken and again transported to Tasmania.

This man, and others as desperate characters as himself, were one day sent under the charge of ten soldiers and a lieutenant on board the *Cyprus*, bound from Recherche Bay to Macquarie Harbour. During the voyage the vessel was becalmed off a desolate and inaccessible part of the coast of Tasmania, and the officer in charge of the soldiers, with some others, imprudently lowered the boat to go fishing. Then the prisoners, headed by Swallow, rose, seized the vessel, and sailed away with her, first, however, landing certain loyal persons of the ship's complement, and Mrs. Carew, the wife of the soldier-officer in command, and her children. These unfortunate people constructed a coracle of wattle and canvas, in which some of them ventured to sea in order to reach a settlement, and, happily for themselves, reached Partridge Island, where they found the Government vessel *Orelia* lying at anchor, detained by contrary winds. The boats of the *Orelia* set out and rescued the remainder of the party, and ultimately all reached Macquarie Harbour in safety.

Meanwhile the pirates had headed the *Cyprus* N.E. for the Friendly Islands, which they eventually reached. From Tongatabu they sailed for Japan, where they separated, some making their way to islands in the China Seas, whilst Swallow and his own near following stuck to the ship and ran her over to China, ultimately leaving her in boats and

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"Bidding him be silent on pain of instant death."

appearing at different periods in the port of Canton, explaining that they were shipwrecked seamen. But each party's story differed ; suspicion was aroused, and several of them were arrested and sent to England as prisoners, among them being Swallow, the ringleader. The ship anchored off Margate, and Swallow managed to escape and reach the shore, and for a time eluded capture. He was, however, retaken and with his companions brought to trial. Some of them, through a flaw in the indictments, were acquitted, others hanged, and the remainder sent back to Tasmania (among these latter being Swallow), where they ultimately died either in the fashion of the time by hanging, or, as in the case of Swallow, managing to die—as nearly as was then possible for Van Diemen's Land—" natural deaths."

The case of the *Frederick* happened in January, 1834, when ten prisoners seized that vessel as she was taking away the last remnants—human and otherwise—of the old prison settlement at Macquarie Harbour. The ten prisoners with a corporal's guard formed the crew of the brig, and one of them, John Barker, was a seaman by profession and had a knowledge of navigation. The vessel being detained by contrary winds, some of the soldiers were allowed to go on shore to fish, two only remaining on board. Then the convicts suddenly rose and took possession of the ship, their number being great enough to accomplish this without bloodshed.

The pirates behaved with great humanity all through this business, sharing their provisions with the soldiers and officers of the ship whom they left behind. After a passage of great hardship the convicts reached Valdivia, in South America, where they were most kindly treated by the inhabitants, to whom they told the truth directly they landed. (When they did land,

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it was in their own boat, for the *Frederick* was actually sinking when the South American coast was sighted.) Several of the men married at the port, the Governor thinking well enough of them to be present at the marriage of Barker, the pirate captain. At one time an attempt was made by Commodore Mason, of H.M.S *Blond*, to retake them, but the inhabitants would not give them up, and they continued to live happily until a new Governor was appointed. He treated them harshly, and Barker and three others, who were building a boat for him, seized it and absconded. The Governor, in revenge, then delivered the others over to the *Blond*; they were taken to England, then back to Tasmania, and those who escaped in the boat were also ultimately discovered in the South Seas. All of them were sent back only to complete their sentences, their humanity and some ingenuity in their defence saving them from the usual punishment of death.

One dark night in May, 1808, as the brig *Harrington* lay at her moorings at Farm Cove, in Sydney Harbour, a party of convicts rowed silently on board and made themselves masters of the vessel. When the dawn broke, her owner, whose house overlooked the Cove, looked out from his bedroom window and discovered that his brig had vanished! A gun was fired, and the soldiers' drums beat, and in half an hour a small vessel called the *Halcyon* was manned, ten soldiers put on board of her, and despatched in pursuit. There was no doubt as to the reason of the disappearance of the *Harrington*, for one Robert Stewart, a notorious prisoner, and several of the gang who worked with him, were missing. With the *Halcyon* a whole fleet of small boats put to sea to join in the chase, but there was then no wind, although a fresh breeze had been blowing all night; and in consequence the *Harrington* was long out of sight before the flotilla reached the Heads. The small boats then returned to Sydney, and the *Halcyon* lay rolling helplessly on the long Pacific swell just outside. Towards evening two ship's boats came into port, and it can be imagined what excited crowds gathered along the harbour shores when the news spread that they were the *Harrington's* boats, in charge of Mr. Fisk, the chief officer. His tale was told as follows, in the old *Sydney Gazette:* "The brig was riding at two anchors, the ship's company in bed in the steerage, when Mr. Fisk was suddenly awakened in his cabin by seeing two men at his bedside and feeling the cold barrel of a pistol to his forehead, a stern voice bidding him be silent on pain of instant death. Meanwhile some of the party, who were all well-armed, had gone for'ard and overpowered the crew, while others slipped the cables and made sail. At seven in the morning the land was twenty miles distant, and Mr. Fisk (the captain was sleeping on shore when the ship was seized) and his men were forced into two boats." The subsequent adventures of this band of pirates would take too long to narrate in this article, but it may be mentioned that the *Harrington* was captured by an English man-of-war off the Philippine Islands and brought to Calcutta.

There are many similar stories to this—the seizure of the yacht *Alice*, the mutiny of the brig *Venus*, are celebrated cases, and Brett's "Early New Zealand" has many tales to tell of mutinies and piracies in the old Colonial days. And, as we have said, all these and other narratives can be found in books; but what perhaps is newer matter is the ending of some of these "runaways" in the South Seas, many of whom rose to terrible notoriety for their crimes in the "Islands," while others lived respectable lives, made money as traders, were esteemed by white and brown men alike, and have left as their descendants a race of half-blooded people whose reputation as sailormen is famous from the Hawaiian Islands in the North Pacific to the Friendly Archipelago in the South Pacific.

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THE GOLD WOLF:

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the City offices of the great financier, Dudley Hatton, a man still young in years, though old with over-work, and world-wearied from the same cause combined with the domestic bitterness of his loveless marriage with a worldly woman of title. A great specialist tells him he is on the brink of a complete nervous and brain collapse, and the total abandonment of all his vast financial work and its greater ambitions can alone save him. The great financier goes home to break the news to his haughty wife. Surely her disdain will break down before this crisis in his fortunes? No; the questions involved in the specialist's pronouncement only move the hard woman to fresh scorn in the heated discussion that ensues. In a sudden access of fury Dudley loses all consciousness of himself and his actions, and in the early dawn the Lady Hermione is found dead in her room—from heart failure, in the certificate of the doctor who has recently attended her. Overwhelmed by the shock of this tragedy, Dudley is next found living in complete retirement in a Cornish cottage, his one attendant an apparently devoted valet, Courvoisier. But a sudden interest in a girl who is still a child, Beryl Garth, and the ruin of her father, leaving her at the world's mercy, renew in Dudley the sense of what riches can do, and London suddenly learns that the master mind is at work again. The scene changes to Cambridge, where Dudley's nephew, an undergraduate, makes the acquaintance of a beautiful girl who is the living image of his aunt, the dead wife of Dudley Hatton. Almost simultaneously Dudley himself arrives in Cambridge to solve the mystery of a photograph, apparently of his late wife, sent to him anonymously, and meets the girl who bears this strange resemblance. Before he is well aware of it, Dudley has fallen in love with this girl, and at a ball given by him at a country seat, Sonning Court, which he has taken for the summer, she promises to become his wife. The next day the valet, Courvoisier, leaves Sonning by the morning mail, saying that he quits Dudley Hatton's service for ever. Full of new hope for a life that may yet be happy, Dudley goes to town, and incidentally looks out the jewels that have lain untouched since the Lady Hermione's death. Those worn by her Ladyship at that tragic hour are missing, and all that Dudley finds is a mysterious summons to an empty house, where a strange woman warns him that his marriage with Daphne Bell cannot take place.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONFESSION.

DAPHNE was at Romer's side in the motor-car when the afternoon express from London steamed into Reading Station. She wore a river blouse of cream-coloured silk, and a great straw hat with a heliotrope feather for its only ornament. Dudley espied her at once when he stepped from the carriage; and pushing through the press of busy people, he took the hands outstretched to him.

"I must, even if they're looking!" she said affectionately, while she lifted her face to his and walked with him through the barrier; "and, of course, they're not; they're going to the refreshment-room! Oh, dearest, dearest! it has been such a long time, and you—you look so ill, so changed!"

Her voice was gentle with a woman's pity and won a grateful smile from him.

He told her that the journey had tired him. There had been bad news in London—yes, he would speak of it by and by. He was sorry that it had been such a long day; but he had not found it short himself. The distracted air, the nervous desire to talk, did not deceive Daphne at all. Her big eyes scanned his face intently, searching for that secret which was hidden from her. Her own madcap gaiety had been lost at the first word he spoke. She knew not what to say or how to question him. She left it to Romer to recount the uneventful history of the sunning hours. And Romer was very eloquent.

"We pulled up to the bower, and Daphne wanted to be drawn by swans. I tried to catch one, and the brute upset the lunch. Lohengrin is dead, or we might have got a tip or two! I played Wagner's music on the banjo; and Percy's been catching chub. He'll be ready to lie about them at ten o'clock to-night. She's been in the rose-garden all the afternoon, and I've been reading Roman law. It ought to be useful when my tailor duns me for that account you paid him last term. I shall write to him in Latin, and he'll think it's a secret society—but I wish you looked better, Uncle Dudley; you're rather knocked out, aren't you?"

Dudley avoided him with a discreet excuse, and the swift car soon set them down in the quadrangle of Sonning Court. The scene there was typical of an English country house upon the close of a summer's day. Men, in the whitest of white flannels, played tennis in the gardens by the rosery; a tea-

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table had been set under a gigantic cedar-tree before the windows of the hall; the silver shone brightly upon the spotless cloth; old china gave colour to the picture. In the distance you had vistas restfully green, suggesting remoter glades in a forest's heart; the sheen of the setting sun flushed crimson upon the lazy river and touched all things with its mellow lights. Young voices were to be heard, the splash of oars, the twittering of birds, the pheasants' cluck. Nature answered to the splendour of the dying day. The call to rest was spoken by every glade and shadow of the spreading trees. Well might a man have claimed dominion of such a home and said: "Here will I rest; here will I live"; but Dudley, returning to that gentle homage which all paid him so willingly, could utter no such aspiration. This night might be the last he would ever know at Sonning Court.

He had determined to tell Daphne, to tell her all. Whatever the night cost him, it should be the night of her judgment. For the first time he had begun to see whither the events of the day were leading him and what was their goal. He knew now that those enemies of his, many of them nameless, all irreconcilable, were closing in about him in this crisis of his life, and would stand at nothing in a last endeavour to accomplish his ruin. A clever brain, awakening to the danger, permitted him to say that, vulgar as the conspiracy was, none the less a shrewd ingenuity devised it. The treachery of one man, one whom he had accounted among the most faithful of his servants, gave him the key to this peril in which he had been enveloped so swiftly. They had bought Courvoisier—he never doubted it. By money also would they buy the perjured evidence of the doctor who had attended his wife in her last illness. Neither valet nor doctor could of his own wit conceive a method of attack so subtle and devilish. He understood now why money was not the immediate quest of those who would ruin him. Judging the time ripe, they had said: "We will stand between this man and his happiness, drive him out by threats, destroy him by shame." They played for a greater stake than money, the destruction of his hope, of his new content, that from the ashes of his ruin the house of their own fortune, phœnix-like, might rise again. And to this threat, so subtle, there could be but one answer. He must destroy the weapon while it was yet young in their hands. He must tell Daphne. He knew that his reason—nay, it might be his very life—depended on that fateful hour of his confession.

It should be to-night; he was determined upon that, for delay galled him, and his impatience was not to be endured. The resolution followed him to his dressing-room; he renewed it at the dinner-table, where it set him apart from those whose leisure of the day became, in jest and laughter, the promise of the morrow. If these young people spoke of his depression, railed at it or were compassionate, their own occupation soon engrossed them again; and they left to Daphne that continuing solicitude for which, at any other hour, Dudley had been so grateful. Daphne's now to watch him with loving eyes, to express the mute question, to be conscious that even in the face of her love he might be unhappy. And how she waited for the after hour; how quick she was to answer "Yes" when he would take her to the gardens, apart from all, to the bower where but last night the intimate word of her own confession had been spoken! Ah! she would know now. She scarcely waited until the voices were lost before her hands were closed upon his and her pity found expression.

"Tell me, dearest, what has happened. Oh! there is something—I knew it, I felt it directly you came. I read your face—will you not let me understand to-night, Dudley? You promised; yes, you promised!"

His heart beat quickly. His hand upon her own was hot as the hand of one in a fever. He turned his face from her and looked into the shadows when he spoke.

"I shall keep the promise, Daphne," he said in a broken voice; "yes, I came here for that. Last night we both thought that we understood; but we did not. I blame myself, dearest. I did not tell you; but I am going to tell you now. It is the story of my life, Daphne; I want you to hear it."

She clung to him in a close embrace, as though to say: "Whatever it be, I love you because of it!" The woods about them had fallen to the hush of sleep. A cold, grey light fell upon the river to cloak it with the gloom of twilight. There were boats by the island, but they seemed to move almost imperceptibly. The sun had set and darkness came to the glades. Daphne clung to her lover as though the night were their enemy.

"I wish what you wish, dear Dudley," she cried, desiring only that he should say: "She trusts me." "If you think that I should know, tell me." But I would never

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"'I must think!'"

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ask you. I am sure that it has been a brave life; one who loves you could ask nothing more—there is nothing else to hear."

"There might be something, Daphne. Her love asks nothing, it is true; her friendship never doubts. She says: 'It is right because my friend has done it.' She gives all because of her belief. Would you give me that, dear child, if I asked it of you to-night?"

She drew him down to her and kissed his lips almost passionately.

"Heart and soul, I would give it you, Dudley. Have I any other gift but myself? Oh! it is so little, so little to make so much of! Dear friend, I am such a child that you should think of me, that you should say: 'Come with me through life.' How can I repay you if it is not to say: 'I trust; I shall never doubt unto my life's end'?"

She pressed her forehead to his lips, and for a little while neither spoke. The silence all about typified the gathering night. There was no longer a grey light upon the river. The windows of the distant house were like stars shining through the thicket. Dudley trembled when he began to speak again.

"The common things of life leave us our idols sometimes. I always try to think of Hermione as I wished her to be; I would like to think of her so to-night."

"She must have been very proud of you, Dudley."

"In her own way, perhaps. She did not understand me. Her ambitions were not my ambitions; and that estranged us. She disliked my business, and I disliked her amusements. If she had known it, Daphne, what I wanted was a woman's sympathy, such a sweet sympathy as I found yesterday and shall never forget. I had been ill for many months, and it was hard to suffer all alone. Then came the crisis. I went to a doctor, and he ordered me to give up business. I could not do it, Daphne, I hadn't the courage."

"I understand that, Dudley; you could never give it up. You would regret it always. No one is happy who regrets."

"Ah! but Hermione did not see it like that. I can make excuses for her now, if I could not then. I do not suppose one of her own family ever did a day's work in his life. She couldn't understand why I sought power or what it meant to me. I was a stranger in my own house, Daphne; I rarely heard a kind word there. If it had been otherwise, I do not think my health would have broken down. But the end came suddenly. You do not know what I suffered, child! I think for some months I was almost mad!"

Some memory of this suffering was spoken in the faltering voice and the emotion of his words. He lived again through the bitter scenes of his solitude. But how differently! For now the full measure of a woman's pity was given to him; and clinging to him, caressing him, a woman bade him hope.

"Oh! dearest, dearest!—if I had known, if I could have come to you in those days! But it will all be forgotten now. I shall help you, watch you, love you, Dudley! You will never think of the old days if I am with you!"

He had all the desire to answer her with a fervent protest; but the resolution forbade him; and, turning from her pity as from that which he might not enjoy, he bowed to his destiny.

"I would gladly forget them, Daphne; but, for your sake and mine, it is forbidden! When a man is warned as I am, he has a duty to others which he may not neglect. A year ago Doctor Chaplin told me that my reason would give way if I did not abandon everything and rest. I believe that his opinion was justified then, if it is not now. But how can I know for certain? If my illness recurred, what right have I to speak of love to you? None, dear child; I know that I have none——"

"You have every right, every right, dear Dudley," she said a little wistfully. "If you are ill, is not my place at your side? Let it be that always. Let me find my world there. It would be happiness for me, the greatest happiness I can know."

He answered her with a lover's caress, but did not say: "It shall be so"; and for a little while they walked together in silence beneath the sheltering canopy of leaves. A fresh wind of the night stirred the thicket all about them. None intruded upon a confidence so fateful. And the lovers' thoughts lay apart; for while her trust and gentleness added to the burden of his task, she, despite her love, was like a child perplexed by some mystery beyond its understanding. How different it all was from the splendid romance of the childish years! The heroic face of her dream, though she knew it not, altered its aspect with every word of his confession. This revelation of a manhood that did not give, but asked the courage of life, was altogether new to her. The figure of her dream had been mighty,

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fruitful in strength, and helpful to her womanhood. She had rejoiced in her girlish dependence, for he who was coming into her life would seek her worship. But this unheroic attitude she had not imagined. She said that her love could not be the less for it.

"You are speaking of that which is passed, Dudley," was her answer, when they came out into the open again, and the moon gave a clear light to the terrace of the old-world garden. "Why should we bring it back to-night? why should we think of it?"

"Because we must, Daphne—you and I. We must ask ourselves if we are doing well. You do not know the truth yet; I am trying to tell it you."

"The truth—the truth of what, dear Dudley?"

He could see the startled expression of her eyes and feel the little hand tremble upon his arm; but he knew that he might not spare her.

"The truth of Hermione's death," he said, though every word cost him an effort. "She died after we had quarrelled, Daphne. I have never known the whole of it. I think I was mad that night. I only know that we quarrelled, and that when next I found her she was dead. The rest is oblivion; I cannot tell you what I did. I would give my fortune to know!"

He stepped back from her so that her hands fell from his arm; and, clasping them, she tried to speak to him.

"Dearest, dearest! what are you saying?"

"I am telling you the truth, Daphne. I do not know how my wife died. There are some who say that I killed her!"

She uttered a low cry and turned from him, pressing her hands to her death-white face. The idol had fallen now; it lay shattered at her feet. She was terrified, stricken dumb, a child before one of life's great tragedies.

"No, no! no, no! You are not telling me the truth! I will not hear you, Dudley—you are cruel, cruel! You frighten me!"

He caught her by the arm, fearing that she would fall, and began to lead her gently towards the house.

"I wish to Heaven I could say 'No!'" he said, in a voice grown hoarse with the pain of that confession. "It is true, true, every word of it, dear child. I do not know how Hermione died. That is why I speak to you to-night. Ask yourself if I have the right to marry any woman. You cannot answer me, Daphne! You cannot, child!"

His tone had changed to that of one who would charge her with the consequence of his own confession. She could not answer him, indeed. As he suffered, so did she. She knew not why she was silent. Fear, an overwhelming, abiding fear, closed her lips. It forbade her pity. She must think, think. The word had plunged her into that soul's darkness whereto no ray of her love might come. Of all his confession, she heard but this, that he had no right to marry her because of that which he had done.

"I must be alone, Dudley. I must think!" she cried at last, turning her pale face from him and avoiding his touch. "To-morrow it may be different. I cannot answer you to-night."

"You will never answer me, Daphne. We have met for the last time. It is our destiny. God make it light for you and for me!"

She ran from him into the house. In her own room, her courage failed her and she fell sobbing upon her bed. But midnight found Dudley, a figure of the shadows, in the moonlit gardens.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

He quitted the house with the sunlight, leaving for Daphne's grandfather a letter in which he spoke of business urgencies. For Daphne herself he left no message. It was not without a sense of relief that he had crossed the valley of the shadow; but he knew that the goal for which he had striven was lost to him irretrievably. That supreme devotion upon which he had counted had failed him in the hour of his need. A woman who loved, he said, would have answered him there and then, disbelieving the charge he brought against himself and showing him how false it was. But she had doubted him. He believed it was that. She, as those others, had said: "It may be so." Her fear repelled him. He, who had so loved, had earned a title to the generosity of her affection. She should have said: "Though all the world doubts, I believe"; but she shrank from him, had gone away as one who feared his touch. So let it be; he would never show his face to her again. He would ask her to forget that he had lived.

The whole house was sleeping when he wrote the letter; and having written it, he changed his clothes and made ready for his journey. The silence of the morning hour

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attuned itself to his own need. He was glad that all should be sleeping and he awake to suffer. The cold air of day found him shivering as with an ague and very weary; but he defied sleep; and when he had drunk a little glass of brandy, he took a stout stick in his hand and quitted Sonning Court by the servants' gate. In the lonely gardens, the vista of the woods shaped already by the wan rays of a cloudy dawn. The old house, every gable clear-cut in that mournful light, rose up like some vault of his happiness. He cursed the day which had carried him out of Cornwall, and his exile to this brief dream of happiness and love. The gardens wherein Daphne had walked, the rosery, the sheltered glades, were so many landmarks upon that road he had followed gladly. And whither would it lead him now? He looked at the black water of the river and asked himself what kept him back from the rest which is eternal. A coward would have answered "Nothing"; but he was not a coward; he would yet live to repay to the uttermost farthing that debt of vengeance over which his enemies had exulted.

And herein was to be seen that unlooked-for turn of events by which ultimately his fortunes were shaped so strangely. It had been in the minds of Dudley's enemies that their unscrupulous attack must drive him from their midst and hold him, impotently, an exile, as erstwhile he had been. For this they schemed; in this belief their plans were laid. Threatened by the gravest charge, they had no doubt that he would quit London and leave to them that financial field wherefrom, in his absence, they garnered so full a harvest. But it chanced that the very act which drove their victim out sent him upon the same day back to the world, there to meet them face to face. From the first hour, revenge was Dudley's impulse of life. He would return to London and map the battleground. Such pity as they had dealt to him should be their measure. In the past, even the worst of them had found him a generous enemy. His house had earned an envied reputation. He used to say that a code of honour, foreign to Drapers' Gardens, cost him a considerable income. But these very men who had profited by his tolerance were those who contrived this infamy. He was resolved to throw down the glove to them. Sentiment should guide him no longer; he would wage an unscrupulous war against the enemies of his financial fortunes; he would live for gain. Let the means be what they might, the end should be paramount.

He had struck upon the Maidenhead road, which led him away from the river to Twyford and the railway. By here and there he passed labourers going doggedly to the fields; there were gipsies in a nook of his own woods, and the rags of the children fluttered at his approach and showed the naked arms and legs of sunburnt beggars. Children rarely begged of him in vain in the old days, but he thrust them aside this morning and gave nothing. The friendly greetings of early neighbours were scarcely answered. At Taplow station an inspector's loquacious welcome met with no better reward. London beckoned him like some goal of despair. He did not listen until the stationmaster spoke of London.

"I am sorry to hear of this trouble on your line, sir," the man said, believing that the news brought him to Twyford. He could imagine no other reason.

Dudley asked what news there was. He had heard nothing.

"It was in last night's paper, sir. They say your men are coming out."

"I did not see it," Dudley said, with a new interest. "You speak of the Great Southern, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There seems to have been a meeting at Battersea last night, and, from what I hear, things went badly. It's a pity you weren't there, sir. If you'll excuse my saying so, you're worth a hundred of the others. They'd have listened to you, sir, please believe me."

This compliment would have flattered Dudley at any other time. He resented it this morning. His mind strove constantly to persuade his heart that it had no longer any interests in men or their troubles. He was like one who had his back to the wall against the whole world. This grave news promised him his opportunity. Why should he spare these men? The Great Southern Railway was his own undertaking; he was proud of it—responsible in a measure for its success. If it had not prospered in the past, he laid that to the charge of his own humanity. Why should humanity count henceforth?

"If the men want me, they know where to find me," he said bluntly to the official. "When is the next train to London?"

"There is nothing till the seven forty-five, sir."

"I can't wait for that; I must have a special."

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"Her grandfather put on his spectacles and regarded her very critically."

Specials are not often asked for at Twyford Junction. The stationmaster, greatly important, made haste to appear as though it were a very simple matter.

"We shall have to telegraph to Reading, sir."

"Telegraph where you like. I must have a special."

"It will mean half an hour, sir."

"Then don't waste your time here. Go away and telegraph."

The man went away very pleased at such an honour as a special for his own station; but Dudley, forgetting it already, fell to wondering how Daphne would awake to-day.

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He arrived at Paddington a little after six o'clock. No one was awake in Park Lane when he reached the house. He asked for a simple cup of coffee, and drank it while he despatched a messenger to Macalister, his partner in the firm of Hatton and Hatton. That discreet Scotchman was just about to set out for the City when the news came; but he returned at once with the groom and found Dudley in his study. His recognition was one of surprise and pity.

"Man!" he said shortly, "you're very ill!"

Dudley took a cigar from his box and lighted it with some deliberation.

"The very thing I wish you to put about this morning, James," he said phlegmatically.

Macalister eyed him with suspicious curiosity. The pallid face gave to the sunken eyes the brightness which often attends fever. The cheeks were furrowed as they had not been yesterday. The hands were shrunken and nervous. The mouth twitched when the lips were still. Macalister had seen Dudley under many circumstances, but never like this.

"What do you mean? what's the matter with you?" he asked in his brusque way. "I'm thinking you'd be better to bide in bed, by the looks of you, Dudley!"

Dudley laughed with a grim humour that meant much.

"If you like," he said, "put me in bed, James. Let Drapers' Gardens understand that I have had a great blow. Get it about as quickly as you can, over the tape if possible. We're going to make some money, you and I, to-day, James."

"I'll be no party to anything inordinary," said the Scotchman determinedly. He had never heard such a suggestion as this. And Dudley turned on him fiercely.

"What, man! isn't it true? Look at me! Am I well or ill? Would you put sixpence on my life if you were a stranger?"

The Scotchman took a snuff-box from his pocket and opened the lid of it clumsily.

"Chaplin will be your doctor," he remarked, after a pause. "He shall see you this day."

Dudley did not resent the proposal.

"Excellent!" he remarked, with a finer irony. "He calls here before eleven; it is known in the House at twelve; you will buy Louisvilles at one—buy heavily. And every shillingsworth of Great Southern stock you can sell for the next week let the market have. Do you follow me?"

Macalister was agitated in spite of himself. Coveting money patiently, he found himself at war already with conflicting principles. Should a rumour of Dudley's collapse reach Drapers' Gardens, the crash would be tremendous, he remarked. But what of the aftermath, the day of reckoning? This man beside him seemed at death's door. If he died, the house of Hatton and Hatton would fall like a pack of cards. A disciple of the truth (*rara avis* in Drapers' Gardens), Macalister tried to tell himself that it was the truth. Dudley undoubtedly was very ill.

"'Twould be no lie to say as much," he admitted at last; "but I'll be no party to any prevarication. Man, your health's your ain—and poor enough at that. Should they find you out, there'll be the devil of a settlement!"

Dudley raised his hand.

"Not a word of it," he said; "it's not your business. Tell them to mind their own. I am ill, James—ill enough, Heaven knows! Let those who have made me suffer pay the price. If I pull through, Heaven help them, James!"

Macalister lowered his heavy brows and watched his partner shrewdly.

"There's been trouble in your own house, then?" he remarked at a hazard.

"It's not difficult to guess that, James; there's been great trouble. I am here because of it. I am here to answer the men who brought it about. I shall begin when you go the City."

There was no need to tell James Macalister another word. He picked up his hat and buttoned his frock-coat.

"If there's any justice betwixt man and man, I'll help you this day!" said he. "But I'd be sorry for the innocent to suffer."

Dudley laughed again.

"The innocent always suffer. You and I cannot help the fools, James! We have something else to do."

* * * * *

The City has not yet forgotten that day upon which Dudley Hatton returned to London. Brokers speak of it even now with a bitter phrase, as of some widespread conspiracy by which they suffered. The names of those whom the cataclysm brought down are referred to without pity. The survivors ask sympathy for themselves.

It began at eleven o'clock on the morning of the day. The subtle rumour ran from ear to ear and office to office like a current of greed and gain. Men spoke of it at first

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in corners; anon openly. Dudley Hatton, the King of the Financiers, had been stricken down and lay dying. Some said that he had finally lost his reason; others named the physicians in attendance upon him. While one report left him at Sonning, unconscious and beyond hope, another brought him to London and promised him but a few hours of life. Soon that pandemonium which heralds crisis set up in the purlieus of Throgmorton Street. In the House itself a multitude of throats cried in descending scale the story of the downfall. Sober men surrendered themselves to the intoxication of panic. Telegrams fell as a shower of leaves before the gathering storm. Cabs rattled incessantly upon the asphalt pavements. There were groups about every tape in the outer offices. Men saw their fortunes melting before their very eyes. Down, and still down, rattled that fabric whose foundations were but a name. Great throngs surged about the well-known doors and uttered the news as some sentence of doom. Those who were rich men at eleven o'clock were beggars at four. Few profited by that hurricane of disaster. Wild messages to Park Lane, to Sonning, to Dudley's yacht in the Solent, appeared to confirm the news. When night fell upon the City, it was said that Hatton was dead. Men went westward reluctantly. Some had looked upon the scenes of their success for the last time.

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And the truth? Ah! days passed before that was known! For while the storm gathered, and the tempest broke, and the madness of panic fell upon the bewildered City, one man, as the master of the storm, sat at the helm of the driving ship and steered it whither he would. From hour to hour, sometimes from minute to minute, the messengers had entered and received their instructions. By a word sometimes, by a sentence at others, the spoil was netted. When night fell, the helmsman was alone. But the treasure of the ship he could not reckon.

In a few short hours he had won a fortune, had answered his enemies in the words of his promise.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN LETTERS OF DUST.

DUDLEY had left Sonning Court believing that no one had witnessed his departure; but in this he was mistaken, for Daphne heard his step upon the path, and she watched him when he set out upon the Twyford road. Her night of tears had ended in a day of a woman's resolution. Yesterday a man's confession left her child and witless. She had turned upon an impulse of fear and fled from him who had the title to her courage. Her dream of heroic love had been so real, so dear to her, that the awakening frightened her to silence. It was all so different from the future she had imagined. That a woman must share a man's sorrows, as she would share his joys, had been no part of the girlish creed in which she delighted for so many years. She loved with all her heart, and yet it had seemed to her that Dudley's confession robbed her of this right to love. Why had it changed his tenderness towards her? why had he spoken to her like a man in anger? She could not believe the dreadful story he had told her; she had never really believed it. But the first shock deprived her of the will to deny it. She was a child still in the face of tragedy so terrible. She knew that Dudley charged himself falsely, but his nervous anger at her silence she could not understand.

Why had she not said at once: "I will trust you; I will be your friend even now"? Dudley, she thought, was to be blamed for her own cowardice. She could not say: "I believe nothing — will hear nothing," with those hot words still in her ears. The new day found her longing ardently for that moment when she might go to him and say: "Dudley, forgive me! I did not know." The thought that she could bring joy to him was the solace to her grief. He had loved another woman, but not to his own happiness. Daphne remembered how he had spoken of Hermione's coldness, of her want of pride in him, of the growth of an inevitable estrangement. And she—she who had loved him so—had she not acted as the dead wife in the hour of his greatest need? Her tears of distress became, anon, tears of self-reproach. The night did not pass quickly enough for her desire. If she could find him, find him before any stirred in the house, and run to him, and in his arms forget that he had spoken! She fought with sleep for that. She must see him at the very break of day.

She did not undress, but lay upon her bed with the cloak she had worn in the garden still wrapped about her. Towards the hour of dawn, fatigue, which she had defied so long, mastered her a little while, so that

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she dreamed she was at Cambridge again, looking from the window of Queens' upon the river and the Fellows' gardens. In her troubled sleep she believed that Dudley waited for her and was in great distress; but when she tried to rise, a dream-figure of the darkness forbade her, and all the doors and windows round about were locked. This suffering of sleep was very real, and when she started up from her bed she knew that she had been crying. The daylight streamed into her room at this time, and, despite a glowering morn, the birds were singing in the garden, and she heard the murmur of the weir. The familiar scene brought to her a sorrowful memory of Dudley's confession, and looking upon her own dress and the cloak tumbled upon the bed, she remembered everything and chiefly her own desire to go to him.

It must now be six or seven o'clock, she told herself, and perhaps he would be awake. The best of fortune would have sent him already to the gardens awaiting her; and when she heard a step upon the gravel of the drive, she ran with fluttering heart to the window, believing that indeed it was so. The truth was a new hurt to her pride. For Dudley was there, as she wished, but even a first look made it plain that he was about to quit the terrace. This was such a humiliation for her, so contrary to her desire and belief, that she had no ready courage even to open her casement or to lift a hand to beckon him. It was evident that he was leaving Sonning. For an instant he paused upon the steps of the terrace in fitful hesitation; then, with firm stride and an impatient gesture of the hands, he set out towards the lodge, and the shrubs of the drive hid him from her view. Daphne knew not what to think of it. She dressed in bitter haste, caring nothing for the clothes she wore. Dudley would return to breakfast, and she would go to him and tell him all her pretty story. It was her only hope. She did not know how many long days must pass before she would hear his voice again.

The servants were up and about when, at last, she went downstairs, but none of them knew anything of their master's departure. Dudley lacked a valet now, and old Spiler, the butler, proved a clumsy substitute. He had taken the hot water up, he said, but was not sure whether Mr. Hatton were awake or not. Daphne did not tell him what she had seen or speak of it to anyone; but she counted the minutes until eight o'clock, their breakfast hour, and when eight was struck, and after that nine, and no message came, the truth confronted her and she knew that he would not return. Overwhelmed by self-reproach, heart-broken, she ran from the house like one who cheated herself with the delusion that she might still find him where she had found him in the supreme hour of her life. She longed ardently to be alone with him. She spake her grief where none might hear.

It was twelve o'clock when she returned to the house, to find the guests wondering both at Dudley's departure and at her own absence. To Romer, and those who were with him on the tennis-court, she made some good excuse. It was more difficult to answer little Beryl, and the child's questions troubled her.

"What is it, Daphne—why is he gone to London? Oh! you know and you won't tell me! It must have been something, or he wouldn't have gone without saying good-bye to me. Was he ill, dear—do you think he was ill?"

Daphne said that it was nothing and went up to find her grandfather. She wished to conceal everything from him, but his quick eyes, aided by the letter which Dudley had left, were not to be deceived. When she said "Good morning" to him, he took her hand in his and kissed her with some affection. He thought that there had been a lovers' quarrel—that and nothing more. But he was not a little surprised that it should be so soon.

"He's gone to London, Daph!" he admitted, with gentleness in every tone. "Perhaps you know why he's gone? I won't ask you, my dear. I'm thinking how very glad you'll be when he comes back."

Daphne flung herself into an arm-chair (they were alone in the library) and gazed into the empty firegrate.

"He won't come back, Daddy," she said; "he'll not come back while I am here."

She spoke with such an earnestness and so defiantly that her grandfather, who believed that it was but a lovers' tiff, put on his spectacles and regarded her very critically.

"Why, what is it, Daphne?—you've been crying, child!"

She tried to say that she had not; but the tears came to her eyes again when she protested—

"It's nothing, nothing, Daddy. He'll not come back, and it's my fault—and I wish I had never entered this house!"

The bitter truth found its measure of consolation in this wild confession. Daphne

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had determined to tell her grandfather nothing; but kindness, attuned to her own grief, dragged the words from her; and, so far as she might regarding Dudley's honour, she told him much.

"He has had great trouble, Daddy. I was unkind and frightened. He will never forgive me! That's why he's gone to London. Of course he won't come back—I could not expect it."

She clung to him in the bitterness of grief, and he, knowing Daphne, and understanding, took her in his arms and said—

"We must go home, little Daph; he shall find you there."

* * * * *

They left the house by the afternoon train. but not until Daphne had spent a full hour upon the contrite letter in which she confessed to Dudley all the childish wrong of her doubt and hesitation. Such a page betrayed the unmeasured truth of a young girl's love. How she reproached herself! with what promise would she not atone! She offered him all—her belief in his innocence, her willing sympathy and loving care; she would return to him whenever he might command her. Her affection was unchanged, unchanging. And this letter, costing her so much of shame and tears, she left with those who promised that it should reach the master without delay.

Mr. Hatton would return to-morrow, the servants said. They laid the letter upon the library table, expecting him without delay. It had gathered dust abundantly, and many weeks were numbered before Daphne's sweet confession came to Dudley's hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOUSE IN THE RUE MARBEAU.

PERCY ELLINGHAM was away to the North so soon as the grouse season began, and Trevor Webb remembered that he had mountains to climb, and set out about the business with a philosopher's leisure. Of the three, Romer alone idled at Sonning when the stifling month of August drew to its welcome close. Old Aunt Mary had come down to take charge of that forlorn establishment and to warn all and sundry against the perils of damp linen and the treachery of misty nights. From day to day little Beryl wrote to Dudley and wondered that he answered her so curtly or did not answer her at all. To the house itself the vaguest news of its master's movements came. Dudley was in London, but not at Park Lane, report said. They heard of his financial triumphs; the papers did not tire of his name. He had recovered from a grave illness, said the paragraphists, and was the busiest among the busy of Drapers' Gardens and its purlieus. The tattlers for society papers summed his fortunes in cabalistic drawings, or showed you how his linked gold would girdle the earth. Others attacked him fiercely in pamphlets of surpassing bitterness. The Radical papers named him for a greedy tyrant and oppressor of men. Even his friends wondered if his principles had not been modified. He was making a rare fortune, they admitted, but were the means to be justified? The pessimists believed that the Great Southern Railway would yet be the grave of his ambitions. He had not done with that trouble yet.

Beryl used to ask Romer every day why Dudley did not return and why Daphne had left them; but the answers were evasive, and she could make nothing of them.

"When you are a woman, you'll know," Romer used to say patriarchally. "You should never ask for reasons when girls are concerned. A game of patience is nothing to them. They can never understand why their queen should not take your king. I always liked Daphne—but I'll be hanged if I can make head or tail of her! She seemed to be awfully fond of Uncle Dudley, and just when I was wondering what I should give him for a wedding present, off she goes! It's worse than Roman Law, Beryl. You'll know all about it some day!"

Beryl shook her head and did not believe that she would. That anyone should run away from Dudley was a fact beyond her comprehension. She would lie for hours on the lawn by the old weir trying to puzzle it all out. Sometimes she thought that she hated Daphne. And what had she done to Dudley that he did not answer her letters? Beryl remembered the old days in Cornwall and wondered if they would ever come again.

"I don't want to understand it, Romer," she said pugnaciously; "I don't want to understand anything! He's gone away, and he hates us all, and we're no better—than trees!" she burst out, with one of her splendid similes. "And it's all Daphne—you know it is! Don't you wish she was a man—or should it be 'were'? If I could hate her, how glad I'd be!"

She could not hate Daphne; she remembered her with love. Romer, on his part, guessed something of the truth. He imagined Daphne had left his uncle because

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of some truth of Hermione's death. He would have done much to help the lonely man had chance offered him the opportunity; but it delayed to come. The idle hours at Sonning Court began to weary him, and when he heard of Dudley's activity he would have given much to share it. Shrewd enough, he imagined that all this smoke of gossip could not be without fire. Dudley was treading a perilous way. Romer dreaded a fall, though he knew not by what catastrophe it would be brought about. He was never more pleased in his life than when, on coming down to the breakfast table upon the second day of September, he found a letter from old Pat Foxall asking him to go to Paris without delay. "For your uncle's sake," old Pat concluded, "lose no time. There is that going on here which may save or ruin him."

Romer took the morning train to London and was in Paris before midnight.

He had looked to find the Irishman at the Gare du Nord to meet him, but no one that he knew was there; and he was about to take a cab to the Ritz Hotel, when a burly Frenchman stepped into the vehicle he had engaged and refused to budge an inch. Romer laughed at his impudence and began to wonder if it were worth a scene.

"*Je ne bouge pas—je ne bouge pas!*" cried the man defiantly.

He was a typical Frenchman, with flowing iron-grey hair, a wide-brimmed felt hat, and a smart coat trimmed with astrakhan. Romer had the mind to take him by the collar and fling him to the pavement; but he remembered the Chauvinistic partialities of the French police, and he tried to keep his temper.

"It's my cab," he argued doggedly, ignoring the fact that the man spoke French. "For two pins I'd throw you——"

"Into the gutter, faith! Come in, me bhoy—it's no time to be treading on the tail of me coat!"

Romer got into the cab without a word. He had common sense enough to understand that Patrick Foxall had some object for this amazing humour. Not until they were rattling over the *pavé* of the busy streets by the station did he confess his astonishment.

"Pat, by all that's unholy!" he said, slapping the wild Irishman affectionately upon the thigh. "If I hadn't been a chump, I'd have known it. What's up now, Pat? Is it bailiffs or females? You look like the roaring lion of Sadis! What's it mean, old chap?"

Patrick, relieved to have left the station behind him, took off his hat and showed a flowing wig of iron-grey curly hair. His manner was unusually earnest; but he had lost none of his spirits.

"Molinard's me name," said he, "and Victor was I christened in me baptism. There's a great deal up, young sir—your uncle's safety, for one thing. I'm glad to have you in Paris, Romer. It's no coward I am, Heaven knows! but there are times when a man counts the number of his friends. This night's one of them."

He took a cigar-case from his pocket, and when both were smoking, he began to tell a quick story.

"Romer," he said, "ye'll have heard how your Aunt Hermione died?"

"I know something of it, Pat; not much. She was found dead in her boudoir, and they said it was heart disease, I remember."

"Aye, they said more than that! Trust your friends to be first in lying about you."

"I know what you mean, Pat; you mean that people talked about my uncle. They said he was unkind to her."

"It's gospel truth—they said that he killed her."

"I wish I could come across the man who said it—he wouldn't be in voice to-morrow, Pat!"

"That's a luxury you won't enjoy, Master Battleaxe. Malice speaks with a cloak about its face, let me tell you. You'd chase a shadow. I've been at work night and day for the month past chasing those same shadows—but now I've nailed one to the wall!"

Romer apologised for laughing at old Pat.

"Go on, Pat," he said; "I won't tell it at the Club. I'm sure it's no joke that brought me to Paris to-night, anyway!"

"Indeed and 'tis not, Romer. 'Twill need something more than an Irishman's wild talk to do the work that's to be done in this city between now and to-morrow night."

He was silent for a spell, and then he asked suddenly—

"Did it ever occur to you, Romer, why your uncle's valet left him?"

"I can't say that it did."

"And you didn't know that your Aunt Hermione was always against him?"

"I knew she never liked him."

"Ah!—she never liked him! True as sin—she couldn't abide him! Dudley told me as much the last time I saw him. And yet—mark this, my lad!—'twas Courvoisier

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"A man sprang out of the darkness of the corridor."

that came first to your uncle's help on the night Hermione died!"

"Good Heavens, Pat! I never thought of that!"

"If I could say the same, 'twould not be so many sleepless nights I'd know. He was the first down, let me tell you, and the quickest to the doctor. His blarney carries your uncle to Cornwall and tries to keep him there! There's another marriage talked of, and what follows? Courvoisier gives notice. Shall I tell you why? Because, as heaven's above me, I believe he murdered your aunt!"

Romer had seen a good deal of the world for a lad of his age, but little of its tragedies. This unmeasured accusation both excited and unnerved him. He did not know what

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to say. Patrick, he thought, must have imagined half of it.

"If you believe that, Pat, why don't you charge the man? You owe it to Dudley. You should arrest him at once."

Old Pat smiled at his simplicity.

"'Tis an innocent kind of a fox ye are altogether, Romer. What would be the good of arresting him until I had the proof in me hand? He'd laugh over the damages a court would give him. I should be called an interfering old fool for the trouble. No, I'll just wait like a sane man. Let him give me the half of a chance, and I'll have him in prison in twenty hours. I'm in Paris to get it—that's what brought me here."

"Then he's in Paris, too?"

"As sure as the judgment. He's in Paris; he arrived yesterday, and what do you think it's for, now?"

"I'm no good at riddles, Pat."

"How if it should be to sell jewels?"

"Jewels! whose jewels?"

"The Lady Hermione's."

"Do you believe he stole them, then?"

"If I did not, should I be wearing this hat? 'Tis rubies he has to sell, and, mark you, rubies your aunt wore on the night of her death. I'm sure of it as far as mortal man can be sure. What's more, I'll buy those stones to-morrow night, Romer."

"You——?"

"No other. Ah! young gentleman, 'tis useful sometimes to have been a rolling stone which takes a glass with Moss—bad cess to him! If there's anything they can teach me about the selling of stolen jewels in Paris, I'm a Dutchman and not born in honest County Cork! Believe it, I know every blackguard buyer in the whole city; there's not a decent 'fence' in Paris that I haven't met in honourable agreement one of these days or the other. 'Tis these men that wrote to London for me, at my prompting, telling your uncle's valet that if any friends of his had jewels to sell, one Victor Molinard was to be trusted and would buy them. They wrote through one of Courvoisier's pals. Romer, I paid five hundred sovereigns to have that letter written. To-morrow night I'll tell you if it was worth the money. 'Twill be when Courvoisier thinks he's dealing with Victor Molinard, that buys stolen rubies and asks no questions. I'd give something to see his face when he finds out that this same gentleman is just old Pat Foxall—God bless him!"

"And you are going to meet Courvoisier face to face, Pat?"

"'Tis truth that I am. To-morrow at seven o'clock in the Rue Marbeau. I'll carry me life in me hand, Romer; but I'll go! You'll come with me, bhoy. 'Tis no '*Marchons!*' they'll sing when they see you, Romer! St. Patrick be praised that you got me letter!"

Romer said nothing. He had come to realise how that his journey to Paris might save his uncle's honour, perhaps his life. This, then, had been Dudley's trouble in the dark months. Romer was very sorry for his uncle that night; he regretted that he had left him so much alone in the bygone months. The excitement of to-day was like wine to him. He determined already that, whatever the cost might be, he would trace this dark mystery to its source.

* * * * *

Romer spent the night at the Ritz Hotel, having left old Pat in the cab at the door. He did not see the Irishman on the following morning, nor again until they met at the Café Joncereau, at six o'clock, as it was agreed. That they were about to embark upon a highly dangerous undertaking was plain to Romer from the first. He understood Pat's desire to remain hidden from such friends as he numbered in Paris.

"Courvoisier is lodging in the Rue Marbeau," Pat had said. "I shall go to him as Victor Molinard, the receiver. If he discovers who I am, 'tis likely I must run for it. But I speak French like an Irishman," he remarked sapiently; "and I doubt if 'tis Courvoisier that will deal. He was not on your uncle's yacht when she was in the Solent; and he's never seen me but twice in his life. We'll take the risk, lad; we'll not turn back, for Dudley's sake. I know that you'll say 'Yes' to that."

The question was superfluous. Romer's impatience would have worked a mischief had not Pat controlled it. All that day he wandered aimlessly about the streets of Paris like one who resented the hours between him and a night of pleasure. Six o'clock had scarcely struck before he entered the Café Joncereau and found Patrick sipping absinth at a marble table. They met as casual acquaintances. The peril they were to face was scarcely named. In the cab which carried them to the Rue Marbeau, Patrick spoke of it as of the commonest adventure. But he knew, none the less, that it might cost him his life.

"'Tis simple as A B C," he said, while he buttoned his coat with nervous fingers

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and forgot, in his excitement, even to smoke.

"I shall go to the house, and whoever sees me will put down the rubies. If it's Courvoisier, the trick's done; I shall refuse his price and leave. If it's not Courvoisier, I shall act as the opportunity serves. You'll stand in the street like a watch-dog, me bhoy. Don't be too far away; and if I whistle, come in—with the police, if you think best."

Romer could see the gravity of it and, little as he liked his part, he feared there was no other.

"It would give the show away, I suppose," he said, "if I came in with you, Pat?"

"There wouldn't be a rag of it left, young gentleman! I must go alone this night. I must go, for me friend's sake. But you will not desert me—faith, you won't! There's no man in Europe I'd so soon have with me, Romer!"

The cab stopped with a jolt at the corner of the Rue Marbeau almost as he spoke, and without any further word upon it Patrick stepped nimbly to the pavement. It was almost seven o'clock then; the first gloom of twilight already darkened the shabby street. Romer saw that it was one of those narrow thoroughfares with immensely large houses which bordered upon the Gare du Nord. By here and there a low *brasserie* gathered harvest from workmen returning from the railway. Of the shops, many had no windows, for their owners sold carriages and there was *garage* for motor-cars. In a way, the Rue Marbeau had a character of its own—it was neither a slum nor a suburban thoroughfare, but a lofty, narrow street, alternately speaking of sufficiency and poverty. Romer, in truth, could learn nothing from it, nor did his anxious impatience permit any second inference. He was telling himself all the time that old Pat Foxall risked his life for a friend's sake.

"I wish I could come with you, Pat," he repeated for the tenth time; and for the tenth time Pat would not hear him.

"It's No. 7," he said nonchalantly. "Don't let anybody see you loitering. Walk as though you had business here. I know you'll stand by me, Romer!"

He squeezed his hand and turned away. Instinctively Romer's fingers closed upon the good pistol in the pocket of his light grey coat. He did not move until Patrick had disappeared into the carriage-builder's shop some eight doors from him. Then at his leisure he walked down the street.

Let us follow the Irishman while he enters that shop and asks, as it had been arranged by letter, for Paul Dufayel. By such a name, he believed, had Courvoisier, the valet, written to him from London.

Ostensibly a carriage-builder's shop, there was but one shabby motor-car in the showroom upon the ground floor; and when Patrick entered, he could not attract attention, nor did he see any bell. A dirty wooden office at the far end of the shop showed a single electric lamp—but there were neither books nor letters upon its crazy desk. Patrick observed a loose door upon the right hand side of the office and a flight of narrow, tortuous steps. And when he had waited a little while and no one answered his knock, he climbed the stairs and found himself upon a cramped landing to which the daylight came through a starred skylight of frosted glass. It was plain to him by this time that whoever had named the house for the rendezvous did not live there, but used it for his own security. His suspicion of Courvoisier gained conviction while he stood. This man, who had written to him in the name of Paul Dufayel, would not deal openly, then, even with a notorious friend of thieves. Such a disinclination was of itself a proof of something more than common guilt. Even the lowest of the criminals of Paris bartered freely with Victor Molinard, the receiver of their dangerous spoil. But Courvoisier appointed another's house for the rendezvous; he came under another's name.

All this passed through Patrick's mind like a flash while he stood upon the landing and knocked at a bare wooden door to which the stairs conducted him. He expected to meet Courvoisier face to face, but in this he was greatly mistaken, for when the door opened, a woman answered him, and he concluded at once that it was the same woman who had tried to blackmail Dudley in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Her appearance, her manner, her voice justified that conclusion. The same black Spanish mantilla was wrapped about her face; she wore the black dress of which Dudley had spoken; her French was excellent, without flaw or accent. The surprise staggered the Irishman. He had not schemed for this.

"Monsieur Molinard?" she exclaimed, with a curious look at once of suspicion and of pleasure. "You are expecting my husband, Paul Dufayel, I think?"

Patrick bowed with a great air of gallantry, and answered with all assurance—

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"Madame, the expectation was less than the pleasure of this surprise. Tell me that your husband will be very late."

Again she looked at him with a quick, searching glance which betrayed a woman's doubt.

"My husband will not come at all; he is detained in—Rome," she said bluntly, with just an accent upon the word. "Not that it matters at all. I am here to act for him, Monsieur Molinard."

"He is very good to me, madame, your husband. It will be a protracted business, I hope."

"I trust not—pray come in. We can be alone here."

She entered a little room upon the first floor of the house and closed the door. Scarcely had she done so, when masked men came stealthily from the staircase above and waited upon the landing as though for some signal which the woman would make to them. Patrick, meanwhile, was quite at his ease. He knew how to manage a woman well enough.

"I owe something to the antiquities of Rome," he exclaimed, with the fine air of the schooled gallant. "Your husband is a great traveller, madame?"

"Sometimes, monsieur."

"He likes new scenes, when a city becomes unhealthy!"

He whispered it in her ear. It was such a signal as one rogue might make to another -- a Masonic-like pass to a good understanding between thieves. She did not misunderstand it, and laughed with him. Her voice was unpleasant and harsh. Patrick imagined she had known much trouble.

"If you like, unhealthy—as unhealthy as this poor room, Monsieur Molinard. Come, won't you sit down?"

She indicated a cane chair with a torn seat. The room was shabby enough, and its one window gave out upon a bare brick wall. The furniture scarcely suggested permanent habitation. The table was littered with the remains of a hasty meal. A sofa and three chairs completed the ornament. When Patrick sat down, he could observe the woman more clearly. He had begun to ask himself already where and under what circumstances that evaded him for the moment he had seen her before.

"Madame," he said, "the room could not be better. I go into many like it in Paris. Sometimes I carry pretty things away. In that case, I leave pretty things behind me. But I have a treacherous memory, madame. I can never recollect my friend's name when I have left his house. Pity me and say that I am foolish."

The woman put her elbow on the table and almost peered into his face.

"I will tell you that by and by," she said, with some meaning. "You are fond of pretty things, are you not, monsieur?"

"Incurably fond, madame."

"And you have your preferences?"

"Certainly I have."

"They would be for——"

"Pretty women, madame — Nature's jewels!"

"Costly treasures, monsieur."

"Madame, I observe that you know the sex. Why should we complain? We do not value that which costs us nothing. I blame woman for her sweet reasonableness. Whatever she costs us, we should pay the price."

"In ready money—did you say?"

"In ready money, exactly."

"For the treasures she has garnered?"

"For the gold of her hair, the pearls of her teeth, the sapphires of her eyes, the rubies of her lips. I am very fond of rubies, Madame Dufayel."

She laughed softly. The masked men, listening at the door, stooped to hear every word. When Patrick said "rubies," one nudged the other. In the room, the two fenced with words like skilled exponents of the subtlest art.

"Being very fond of rubies, you buy them sometimes, Monsieur Molinard?"

"Whenever I can find them, madame."

"At a man's price?"

"When a man is vendor—yes."

"But when a woman?"

"I pay folly its tribute."

She paused a minute and then she asked suddenly—

"Why did you come here to-night?"

"I have told you—to pay folly its tribute."

"Ah! then you look for rubies in this house?"

"Pearls are found in deep places, madame."

"And rubies——"

"In the lace about your throat, madame."

The shrewd guess startled the woman and brought her hand swiftly to her throat. For a moment she appeared almost to cry out; but she mastered herself and answered with studied calm—

"There are no rubies there, Monsieur Molinard."

"I beg your pardon, Madame *Courvoisier*,

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there is a whole string of them in the place I have indicated."

She stood up in affright when he named her truly, and he, giving her no time to spring a surprise upon him, stood also and spoke with great rapidity — but still in French—

"Come," he said, "we know each other. I perceived that five minutes ago. You recognised me when I entered, madame. I named you when you put your hand to your throat. You are the Frenchwoman, Georgette de la Mousse, who left Vienna in some haste three — let me see — three years ago, under suspicion in the affair of the Chevalier Zizka. Twelve months later —but why should we call up the past? We must be friends, madame; it would be absurd if we were anything else."

He spoke like a man who stakes all upon a single throw, in quick, brief periods, each of which had its purpose. From the first it had been apparent that this woman penetrated his disguise. She must have seen him in London, perhaps in Charles Street. His French betrayed him, good as it was. She had come to Paris upon a twofold mission, he concluded—to sell the jewels if Molinard were what he pretended to be, or to identify him if he were a spy upon her. Foxall was convinced that she had men with her in the house. He understood that the situation was greatly dangerous. Her very ardour of contradiction betrayed her. She breathed heavily, turned upon him fiercely—

"What do you mean?" was her angry protest. "I have never been in Vienna—I don't know of the Chevalier Zizka!"

"And yet you have his name to perfection, madame. Oh! I compliment you. The Hungarian accent is charming. Don't imagine that you will frighten me! Your friends are outside?—yes, I have observed that. Has it occurred to you, madame, that I also have friends outside?"

He raised his voice with a deliberate purpose, for he quite understood that others were listening. The men upon the landing, hearing every word that was spoken, looked at one another for an instant, and then made some signal to the shop below. Upon this a man ran out into the street and began to draw down the iron shutter which closed the *garage* in. Madame Courvoisier's design was to discover if the police had come with the Irishman.

"Your friends need not suffer any anxieties," she said, with a hard laugh, while the hand at her throat closed about the stolen jewels. "You were very foolish to interfere, Mr. Foxall. What did you hope to gain? Did you think I should be so blind as not to recognise you? You can prove nothing against me—nothing, nothing!"

She turned upon him defiantly, like one who thought that the mere denial would settle it. Patrick was quite aware what her vehemence implied. This was not the first time that he had brought an angry woman to bay. He believed that it was a game in which he had few rivals.

"It will be necessary to speak of proof, madame, when you compel me. I trust it will not come to that. There are other ways. One of them is a safe way. I point that out first, madame. It would be a great misfortune if I were compelled to go to your husband and to say that Georgette de la Mousse——"

She stifled a cry and took one step towards the door. The threat frightened her as nothing else in their interview. It was plain to Foxall that Courvoisier knew nothing of his wife's story.

"Come," he said quickly, "be reasonable, madame. I say there is an alternative. Why should we not act together? You lose nothing and may gain much. I shall go to England and forget that we have met. Being wise, you will remain in Paris or any city which is not unhealthy. London is not safe, madame. There are inquisitive people there who will ask where you got those jewels. If I tell them that they were stolen by a certain valet to a friend of mine——"

She cut him short with an oath of defiance. Her natural prudence did not withstand his knowledge of her true name and history. At whatever cost, she argued, this man must not leave the Rue Marbeau alive. The hour for compromise was passed. She flung the door open and summoned her friends.

"You shall tell nothing, monsieur!"

Foxall stood quite still, believing that he had lost the throw. He was a man of courage, but the danger might have appalled the bravest. There, in that lonely house, whence no cry could go out, face to face with the thieves of the city, his life did not seem worth a moment's purchase. But he would sell it dearly none the less. His back was to the wall. The fighting instincts of ten generations of Irishmen fired his blood and nerved his hand.

"Indeed, madame, I shall tell much," he said, with ironical calmness. "Pray let

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these gentlemen come in. I am very glad to see them."

She cowered back, for he was at no pains to conceal the revolver in his hand. The door was now wide open, and a man sprang out of the darkness of the corridor, and lifting an iron bar, he aimed a terrible blow at the defiant figure. Patrick leaped aside lightly and hurled a chair at the man's legs. He would not shoot if he could help it, and the ruse served him more cleverly, for the man fell headlong and lay stunned and bruised by his own impetuosity.

"One of you!" roared Patrick, as he stepped over the prone figure and, pushing the woman aside, made boldly for the staircase. He had looked to find others at the door; and he found them, but not according to his guess. For a masked man lay huddled upon the floor, and above him stood Romer Hatton, no more concerned than a boxer at an academy.

"Are you safe, Pat—are you safe, old man? Then down you come! The whole place is full of them."

Patrick followed him blindly down the broken staircase. He saw that the iron shutters of the shop were lowered and that men guarded the outer door.

* * * * *

Romer had obeyed Patrick very faithfully in his injunction not to be seen loitering in the street. For some minutes he did not enter the Rue Marbeau at all, but strolled through neighbouring thoroughfares, here noting a busy *café*, there some odd scene typical of Parisian life. In the porch of the church of S. Vincent de Paul a flower-girl stopped him and offered her roses. The piquant foreign face appealed to an English sentiment; he bought a single white rose of her and gave her a couple of francs. It was amusing to talk bad French to such a pretty creature; and he had become quite eloquent, when he recollected old Pat and left her abruptly. Like some sentinel guilty of sleep, he remembered Pat's necessity and hurried to the rendezvous. When he regained the Rue Marbeau, he found that melancholy street at the nadir of its gloom. The shops were closed by this time; a drizzle of rain sent the workmen from the marble tables to the shelter of the *cafés*. No. 7, the house which old Pat had entered, did not show a single light at its windows; nor was there any tenant of its shabby *garage*. Romer passed it twice and fell to wondering what was happening to Patrick. He blamed himself a little that he had not insisted upon going up. An Englishman's goodly instinct for the pleasantries of a brawl caused him some self-reproach. If Patrick had made some excuse, they might have gone up together, and none of the fun would have been lost. He blamed the Irishman for his selfish instincts. In truth, he fretted at the *rôle*, an ignominious *rôle*, which his friend compelled him to play, and was almost tempted to return and buy another rose of the pretty flower-girl. The number of times he crossed the end of the Rue Marbeau, or measured its length, or looked up at the unlighted house, deducted from the sum of his general calculations, would have made a pretty series for an examination paper, he thought. There were intervals when he came to the conclusion that he had missed Patrick and had better go back to the Ritz Hotel; other resolutions which prompted him to enter the house and learn the truth. The difficulty was a nice one, and he was in all the throes of it when an incident occurred which changed the current of his thoughts instantly and brought his mind to its best activity. For what should happen but that, as he was standing in the shadows of a doorway, almost opposite the unlighted house, he beheld a man come out of No. 7 and begin to draw down the iron shutters of the shop. Not only this, but when the shutter had fallen with a loud clang, and only the wicket remained open, the man looked stealthily up and down the street, and as though to make more certain, crossed the road and opened the door of a neighbouring *brasserie*. It was a natural proceeding, to be passed by without remark at any other time; but Romer, slow to act upon his ideas in the common affairs of life, jumped instantly this night to a conclusion; and without a second thought, or any question of his own safety, he slipped across the road and entered the shop by the open wicket. Scarcely was he inside when the man returned and, again looking up and down the street, entered the shop at last and closed the aperture behind him. The two now stood so close together in the gloom of the half-lighted show-room that Romer could almost feel the man's breath upon his cheek; but he neither moved nor breathed, and the man passed on, and opening a wooden door upon his left hand, he disappeared from the place.

It was a fine moment, a moment when hesitation might have undone all; when one false step, one slip or stumble might have brought out that gang which plainly were

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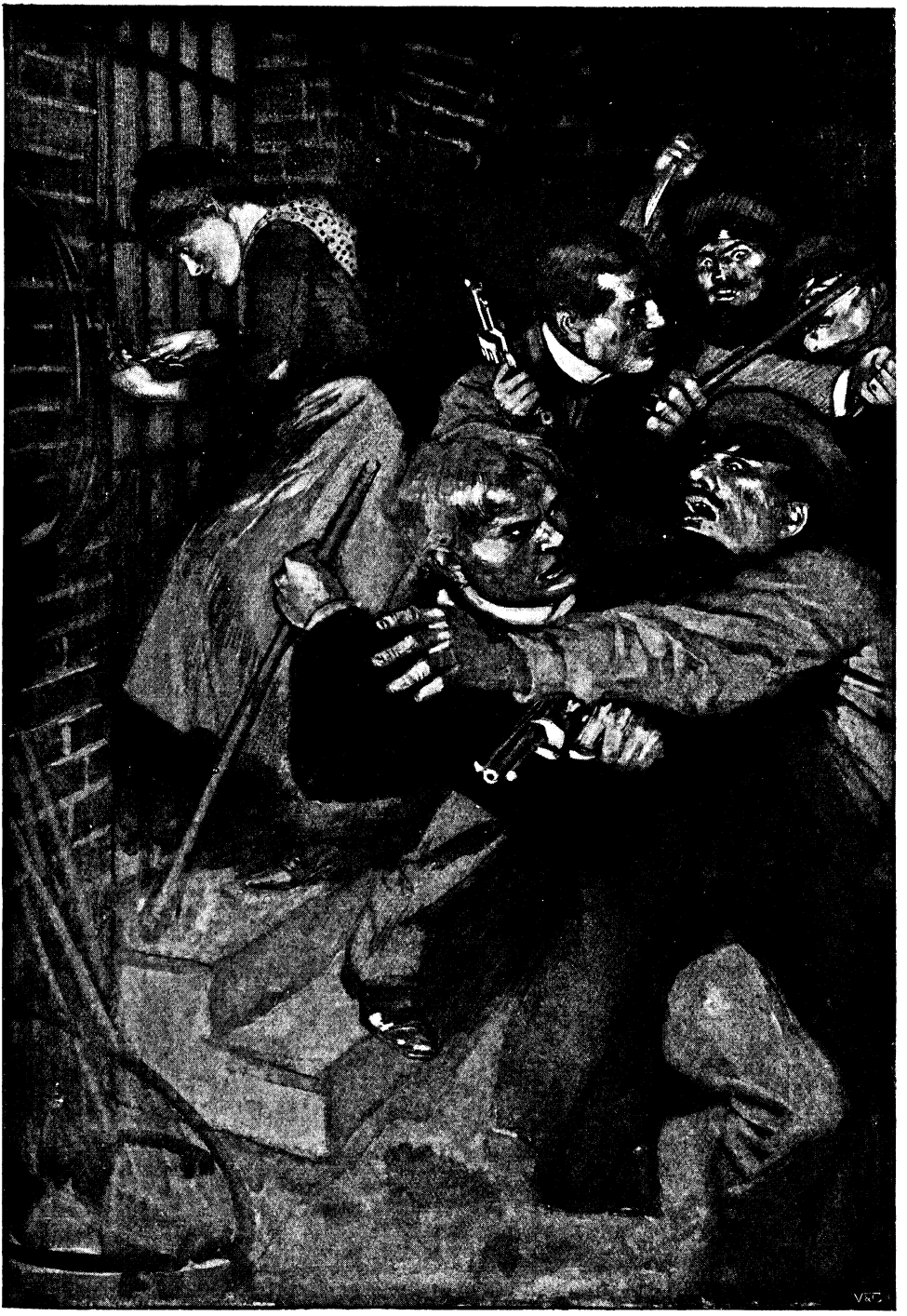

"He remembered rising twice and whirling his stick like the good shillelagh it was."

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harboured in the dismal house. Romer could hear the voices of men in some room below. The walls about him were but lath and plaster, which would betray the slightest sound. Never in his life had he been called upon so to exercise his judgment or to scheme for a friend's safety. How should he act, what course pursue? Should he rest there in the shadows of the shop, or, braving another step, seek the rooms above, where Patrick, it might be, was in danger of his life? Without a doubt upon it, he took the bolder course, and crossing the flags, he mounted the winding stair by the little office. It was almost dark here, for a poor lamp cast but feeble rays upwards; and when he gained the stairhead, he stood in black darkness. There were men in this place, too; Romer could hear their mutterings and whispers. If they were unconscious of his presence, he set it down to the occupation which engrossed them. For they were listening intently to the shrill voice of a woman who cried: "You shall tell nothing, monsieur!" And this was the oddest chance of the night, that at the very moment when Romer came out upon the landing, Courvoisier's wife cast down the glove and flung open the door that her friends might deal with Patrick Foxall. Standing one moment in utter darkness, Romer was in a blaze of light the next. He saw old Patrick defiant in the room; he saw the angry woman, her hands clasped nervously to her throat; he saw the masked men, one springing in upon old Pat, the other about to follow him. And then, without a question or a scruple, he struck at the face nearest to him. The blow which felled the Frenchman would have stunned an ox. The man went to the floor with a low groan; the friends were shoulder to shoulder at last.

"Are you safe, Pat—are you safe, old man?"

Pat answered in a voice of thunder—

"Faith, and I am! Where is it, lad—which way?"

"Downstairs and be hanged to them, Pat! We'll find a road!"

They half fell down the stairs and stood in the ill-lighted shop. The lamp still burned in the office and showed them the distant figures of three men who guarded the outer door. Blind flight might have carried them to this iron shutter and the impotent struggle against it. But there was another factor. While they stood for an instant, breathing quickly, searching hither and thither for another way, the wooden door through which the man had disappeared when Romer entered the shop opened suddenly, and a bright light shone out upon the faces of the men. Romer turned quickly and beheld the girl whom he had spoken to in the neighbouring street. She was white with terror; but he understood the signal that she made to him, and pulling old Pat by the arm, he dragged him through the door. The girl was waiting for him upon the other side.

"Lock the door, monsieur!" she cried wildly; "please be quick!"

Patrick shot the heavy bolt and cast one quick glance about him. They were in a wooden-walled room, with a great trap-door occupying half its floor. The men behind them already beat heavily upon the frail partition. It was life or death, the spin of a coin, a young girl's honesty or her lie.

"Follow me!" the child said; "I will show you!"

She disappeared down the narrow stairs of the trap and was lost in the darkness of some cellar below. Without a second thought Romer followed her to the depths. He had made up his mind already. She was to be trusted.

"Come on, Pat," he said; "the girl's a friend, I'll swear it!"

Pat lumbered down the stairs, for once trusting a young man's judgment. The scene below was in no way reassuring.

A great bare cellar, lighted in the distance by a single gas lamp, showed them a loom of walls and crates and iron rubble, but it did not show them any door. In cooler moments they would have drawn back from such a refuge, as from a trap which no child would enter; but it was all or nothing now, the fidelity of their guide or the desperate *lutte pour la vie* in the shop above. Neither spoke his thoughts, but each made his intention clear. They would chance it, pinning their faith to this little waif of the streets who had come upon their path so miraculously. It was just a case wherein a sober judgment might have undone all; but they clutched at that straw of trust, and it proved their salvation. The very familiarity which the girl showed with this cavern-like retreat in itself did not a little to inspire their confidence; for she passed through the cellar as upon the wings of the wind. The darkness could not mislead her. Every stone was familiar to her; she knew every turn of that horrid labyrinth. When she stopped at last, it was before an iron grating, barred and padlocked and forbidding passage. The

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men would have said then that it was a trap but for the keys which glittered in the dim light. She had the keys, this little miracle! She knew that they would doubt.

"There is a passage, messieurs — Café Marbeau—Ah! they are coming down, they are coming down!"

Romer stood to listen and heard a low crash—the bursting in of the frail partition in the rooms behind them. Beyond the grating he saw a bricked tunnel, low and dark and covered with fungus. The girl fumbled with the keys in the padlock, but could not lift the rusted tumblers. Steps were audible on the flags about them, the heavy breathing of silent men.

"Give me the keys," he said quietly; "I think I can do it."

Patrick Foxall said nothing. The girl pressed a hand to her heart and seemed to count the seconds. Romer had already one of the padlocks opened, when a hand thrust itself out of the shadows and dragged him backwards; but he turned with an athlete's quickness and closed with his unseen antagonist in a grip of iron. Others from the room above, coming headlong, flung themselves upon old Pat and went down with him to the floor. Patrick knew little of that which he did to them; but he remembered rising twice and whirling his stick like the good shillelagh it was; while at other moments he beheld men striking at him with their knives, or heard cries when his ebony fell like a bludgeon upon a human board. In the end, the horrible faces and the bleared eyes drew back from him—a pistol flashed; he knew that Romer was calling him.

"Up with you, Pat—up with you, my veteran! It's ninepins over here, man—are you hurt, old Pat?"

Patrick staggered to his feet—he had a burning wound in his shoulder, and his hands were cut and bleeding. But he cared nothing for that. The scene about him was worth a man's life to see. Aye, he could have cried aloud for joy of that splendid rout, that young lad's victory. For there were the swarming rogues, and there was Romer, and it was one against ten, and the ten reeled back as from some pit of hell. That clear young voice ringing out in the darkness had the music of a hunting morning. For Romer was crying "Gown, gown!" as in his Cambridge days. Like some new figure of a fighting age, he swung a pistol for battle-axe and drove the good blows home. "Gown, gown!"—they go down before him as the sheaves before the sickle. "Gown, gown!"—the left hand flashes and one more is silent. "Gown, gown!"—he is round upon his heel for the one that struck at him with an iron bar. He picks the man up; but a little and he would have dashed out his brains against the dripping wall. "Gown, gown!"—old Pat has the catch of it, too, and together, persistently, heroically, they make upward for the haven of the unknown. The gate forbids no longer—in the confusion of that *mêlée* the girl has snatched the keys and the door is open. Hers is the hand which helps Romer up—hers the cry that his friend will hasten. Old Patrick does not hear it. He is firing a volley point blank at the grinning faces before him.

"To the devil with you, blackguards!"

They reeled away from him, shielding their blinded eyes; and while they reeled, the girl turned the key in the lock and said they were saved.

* * * * *

The tunnel led them across the street to the cellars of the Café Marbeau. Ten years ago the proprietor of the *café* had linked his houses thus and stored his wine in the caves below the street. But the hotel upon this side had failed, and the *café* upon the other remained. If those within it were surprised to see Englishmen come suddenly from the kitchens of their house, they had no opportunity to gratify their curiosity and question them; for the three strode to the door without a word and were in the street before any man had recovered from his surprise.

Their first words were to the girl who had saved them.

"Who are you, child—what is your name?" Pat asked, with all the kindness he could command.

"I am Bibi Gardescu, monsieur."

"How did you get in that house?"

"My brother Georges works there—but he was not there to-night," she added quickly, with an obvious lie to shield him.

"We do not want to know anything about that. Who keeps the house, whose is it?"

"Please, it belongs to Maître Blaireau, the carriage-builder."

"Ho, ho! and a fine business he must do! You cannot go back there, Bibi. Where do you live?"

"Anywhere, monsieur. Oh! it doesn't matter; I am used to it. I shall sleep on the porch of the Trinity to-night."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, little girl. Do you know what these are, Bibi?"

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He pulled a handful of gold pieces from his pocket and showed them to the astonished child. Her eyes glittered with the covetousness of the born waif, who knew neither right nor wrong and got her bread wherever she could snatch it.

"Oh! if I know, monsieur! Those are twenty-franc pieces!"

"Exactly. You will come to-morrow to the Hôtel Ritz—you know that, little girl?"

Both her hands closed about the money; she did not take her eyes off it when she answered—

"Yes, yes; it is Place Vendôme, monsieur."

"You will come to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, and there will be more gold pieces, Bibi; you understand?"

She said "Yes, yes," and looking at Romer archly for a moment, she kissed his hand suddenly and then ran like a deer away into the darkness. She was frightened that they would ask for the money back again. They never saw Bibi again.

"It is just a little born thief that was taken by your handsome figure, Romer," said Pat, and added: "'Tis lucky enough that I brought you with me!"

He began to hurry on, pressing a hand to his shoulder and labouring in his walk. Romer had been too excited to speak a word until this time, but something in old Pat's manner startled him and he turned to look at his friend.

"You are hurt, Pat—there's blood on your coat!"

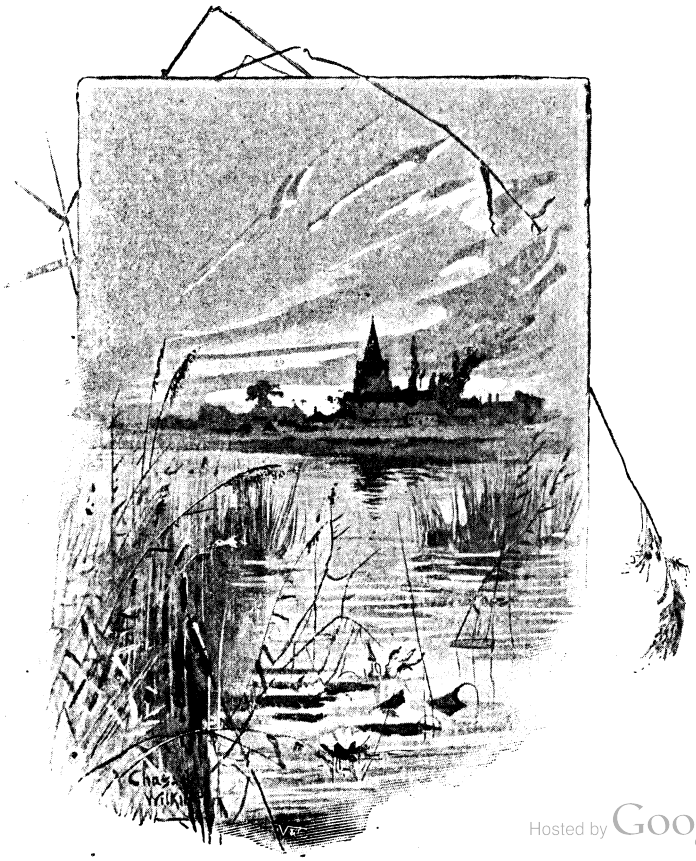
"A mere scatch, me bhoy, that five minutes with the wash-tub will be curing. Faith, we've no time to think of ourselves. We have work to do, Romer, lad!"

He beckoned to a passing cab and brought the man to the pavement. For once in his life Patrick Foxall consented to be helped in.

"I'll see a doctor to oblige you," he said, in a faint voice. "Hôtel Ritz, and ten francs if you hurry!" he cried up to the driver.

The cab went like a fire-engine.

(*To be concluded.*)



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THE BRILLIANT KINGFISHER—

MIMICRY

AND PROTECTIVE COLORATION

IN NATURE.

DESCRIBED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY
R. B. LODGE.

FROM the highest to the lowest forms of life, from man himself to the farthest extremity of the scale of animal creation, there is a keen and constant struggle for existence going on, and those individuals or species which are ill-equipped for the strife die out and become extinct.

Among the many ways of securing safety, the concealment furnished by protective coloration and by the mimicry of other species, or even of inanimate objects, plays most important parts.

Now, the more perfect the protection acquired by weaker forms, the more difficult it becomes for predatory species to obtain food, and they, too, are in consequence driven to acquire a scheme of colouring whereby they are not easily seen, in order that they may approach their prey unobserved.

The feral inhabitants of deserts are all sand-coloured, from the tawny lion, which crouches on the wind-swept plain, an almost indistinguishable object amid the sandy waste, to the smaller animals on which it feeds, and also the birds and reptiles.

We find exactly the same state of things in the regions of perpetual snow around the poles, where the Polar bear, the Arctic fox, and the snowy owl are types of the animal and bird life.

Nocturnal animals are often dark-coloured, or so marked as to be not easily seen by night.

Among birds, the females are much more in need of special protection while incubating their eggs and tending their young broods. Accordingly most female birds are far less brilliantly coloured and marked than the male birds, and in those cases where the two sexes are equally conspicuous, the difficulty is met by their nesting in holes in trees or underground, where their bright colours are concealed.

The comical little puffin, with its con-

FINDS IT NECESSARY TO HIDE IN A RAT-HOLE DURING INCUBATION.

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spicuous plumage and brilliantly bedizened beak, burrows a deep hole in the soft, peaty soil at the summit of an island rock stack in which to lay its single white egg. The kingfisher, which is such a well-known ornament of our brooks and streams, finds it necessary to hide its brilliant plumage in some rat-hole in an overhanging bank, and the bee-eater, which is even still more brightly coloured, lays its white eggs at the extremity of a deep burrow excavated by itself in the sandy soil; while the woodpeckers hew out for themselves deep holes in trees, and the tits make use of any existing hole or cranny they can find.

THE CONSPICUOUS PUFFIN BURROWS A DEEP HOLE.

There are at least two cases where the comparative beauty of the sexes is reversed, the female being the brightest. But these are only apparent exceptions, for in both cases it is the cock bird that incubates the eggs and looks after the young.

Some females of ground-building birds which are conspicuous in colouring, such as the lapwing, ringed plover, Kentish plover, oyster-catcher, etc., all leave their eggs at the slightest approach of danger, being warned by the male birds, which are ever on the watch. They know well, however, that the eggs are so protectively coloured as to

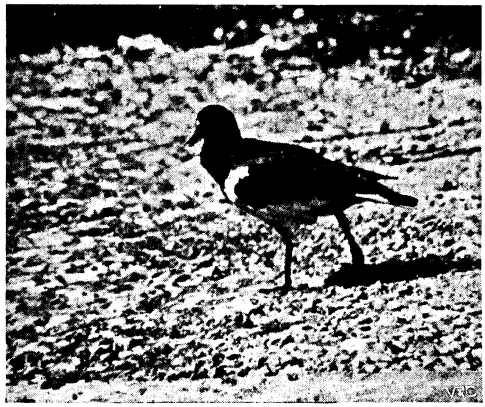
STUMP WITH A BLUE-TIT'S NEST IN THE HOLE.

THE TITS MAKE USE OF ANY HOLE THEY CAN FIND.

be almost invisible, and far safer without them. It takes a very experienced eye to find a nest of ringed plover on shingle, so exactly do colour and markings resemble the surrounding stones, and the eggs of the Kentish plover are, if anything, still more difficult to detect.

Birds which have protectively coloured plumage are all very close sitters. Hen pheasants and partridges will sit until they are trodden on, and are often cut to pieces in mowing machines, so reluctant are they to move.

The pheasant depicted on page 523, as she was sitting on twelve eggs, was only seen just in time to avoid treading on her, and I then photographed her four times from different positions. Eider ducks will allow themselves to be handled, and many other birds will sit equally closely. I have some photographs of a partridge on her nest, but so well was the bird concealed by the overarching tangle of grass and bracken, that she is practically invisible.



THE OYSTER-CATCHER LEAVES ITS PROTECTIVELY COLOURED EGGS AT THE APPROACH OF DANGER.

OYSTER-CATCHER'S NEST.

In the same field was a night-jar which, when sitting on her two eggs, presented an extraordinary resemblance to a piece of dead stick, several of which were lying on the ground near to the nest. In fact, this bird appears to be much addicted to laying her eggs near to pieces of similar dead stick.

Not only are sitting birds and their eggs protectively coloured, but the young birds of the ground-building species are admirably adapted for hiding, whether their habitat is grass or a shingle-covered shore; moreover, they are wonderfully clever when any danger threatens. Silent and motionless they squat, as their parents, losing all fear for themselves, wheel round with loud cries,

THE EIDER DUCK AND ALL BIRDS WHICH HAVE PROTECTIVELY COLOURED PLUMAGE ARE ALL VERY CLOSE SITTERS.

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NIGHT-JAR, CLOSELY RESEMBLING A PIECE OF DEAD STICK, SITTING ON TWO EGGS.

search for them unless you have already marked the place; but if you hide in a hedge at some distance, she will come over and call to them, and the little birds will pipe up and answer her and tell her where they are hiding. If, then, you mark the exact spot and run up quickly, they will crouch again, and a short search will discover them.

Young waterhens a day old are as clever at hiding as the

and even tumble to the ground as if wounded, in order to distract attention from their helpless young. When the lapwing has eggs, she leaves them long before you reach the field, running some distance before rising in the air, and soon flies off altogether. Her note is then the well-known "Pee-weet—weet-a-weet!" But after her young ones are hatched, she wheels round close to your head, crying, "Mā-ry, Mā-ry"—sometimes "Mă-rȳ"—tumbling to the ground and rising again. Sometimes she will settle and run in front of you. The young birds all the while are crouching amid the grass stalks, pressed close to earth and not uttering a sound. It is useless to

NIGHT-JAR'S NEST, SURROUNDED BY DEAD STICKS.

YOUNG PEEWIT, CROUCHING.

old ones, and that is saying a good deal. The other day I saw a brood of six or seven in a small pool in a nearly dried-up brook. Rushing forward, I was just in time to see one young one disappear under an overhanging bank, like a big water-beetle. Kneeling down and looking in, I could see nothing for a time in the gloom; then I presently noticed two little black legs at the end of the hole. The little bird was pressed tightly into the

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corner, his feet braced firmly against the floor, and his head almost invisible, perfectly rigid, silent, and motionless. Catching him, I put him in the water, to see what he would do, when he instantly dived, and remained under, hidden by some water crow-foot, so long that I fished him out and timed him with my watch. On being replaced he dived again, and remained under water exactly sixty seconds, and then came up gasping, but dived again and again, as if bent on committing suicide. All this time I saw no trace of the rest of his brothers and sisters, though the whole family must have been within a yard or two of me, the water being only a few inches deep.

HEN PARTRIDGE ON NEST.

HEN PHEASANT ON TWELVE EGGS.

found among the lower forms of life, some insects practising it most successfully and artistically. Some pass themselves off as dry sticks, as green or withered leaves, or ape the resemblance of other species. To transform themselves into imitations of other insects equally exposed to danger as themselves would

The whole existence of every member of the animal world is one long-continued struggle, with every sense on the alert. And it must be remembered that their powers of sight, smell, and hearing have been sharpened to an incredible degree by generations of absolute necessity. It is only by the exercise of every faculty strung to the highest pitch that they can exist at all.

We have seen how useful protective colouring may be, but the power of "mimicry" may be described as a higher form of protective coloration, in which a step further on has been made towards safety. It is mostly

PHEASANT'S NEST.

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LAPWING.

be decidedly useless, but in every case where one form of insect copies another, the one copied will be found to be either bitter and nauseous to the taste, or possessed of dangerous weapons of defence, such as stings.

LAPWING ON NEST.

Many caterpillars in our English hedges pass their whole lives pretending to be pieces of stick. During the day they stretch themselves out stiff and motionless, the whole form, both in shape, colour, and pose simulating most exactly a bit of the branch of their food-plant; it is only when night comes that they relax their efforts and feed in safety. The deception is so perfect that it is quite possible to imagine a bird perching on one; but if so, his sense of touch would instantly tell him that he was grasping a soft-bodied caterpillar instead of a dry stick.

Other caterpillars are of the brightest green, and it requires the sharpest of sharp eyes, aided by much experience in larvæ-hunting, to detect them.

Many caterpillars are showy enough, but very many of these are exceedingly nauseous to the taste, while some cause intense irritation from the long hairs with which they are clad.

In the next stage of a caterpillar's existence, when it turns into a chrysalis or pupa, it wants all the protection possible, since it is then perfectly helpless for weeks and sometimes months. The chrysalides of butterflies, which are generally slung by a fine silk cord to the stem of some plant, are generally green.

The chrysalis of the swallow-tail butterfly, only found in the fens of Norfolk and Cambridge, is slung to a reed stem throughout the winter, and is a pale yellow and green; and that many of them escape the sharp eyes of birds is evidenced by the numbers of the lovely butterflies, certainly one of the finest of our native species, to be seen in their own special haunts, flitting over the reed ronds, and settling on the ragged robins and other fen plants. Incidentally the foresight of this caterpillar may be noticed. Feeding on wild carrot, it appears to know that this plant dies down in winter and would not be at all a safe support in its unconscious and helpless state, and consequently wanders

LAPWING'S NEST.

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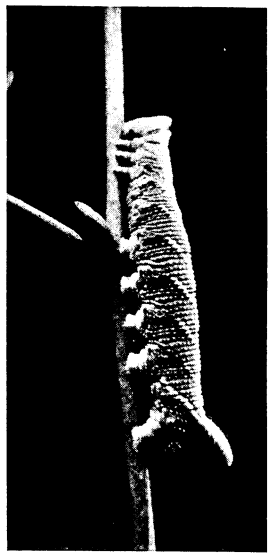
away when full grown and attaches itself to a reed stem, in full confidence that its support will last until the following summer.

Both caterpillar and chrysalis of the purple

CATERPILLAR OF EYED HAWK-MOTH.
Green, powdered with yellow; feeds on apple.

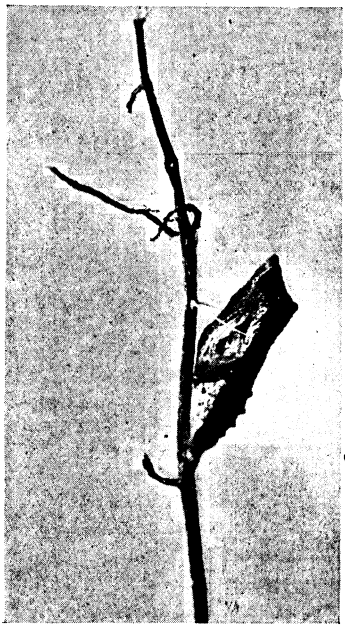


CATERPILLAR OF LIME HAWK-MOTH.
Light green; feeds on lime.

emperor butterfly are of the loveliest and brightest green imaginable, just the colour of a freshly opened leaf when first unfolded from the bud.

The caterpillars of moths, as a rule, perform their metamorphoses underground, and are accordingly, when in the pupal stage, of a uniform dull, earthy, brown colour. Some spin up on the bark of trees, after gnawing a suitable cavity; and in the covering of coarse silk hardened with a gummy secretion they work in particles of bark, and make their retreat practically invisible.

As perfect insects they are still exposed to danger from insectivorous birds, in spite of their newly acquired power of flight, and as they only fly for a few hours out of the twenty-four, it is when resting that they are mostly in need of protection. We find accordingly that the brightest colours of the



CHRYSALIS OF SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY.
Green and yellow; on reed stem all winter.

SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY ON FLOWER.

butterflies are on the upper surface of both wings, and that when at rest their wings are closed in an upright position, completely covering the whole of this upper surface.

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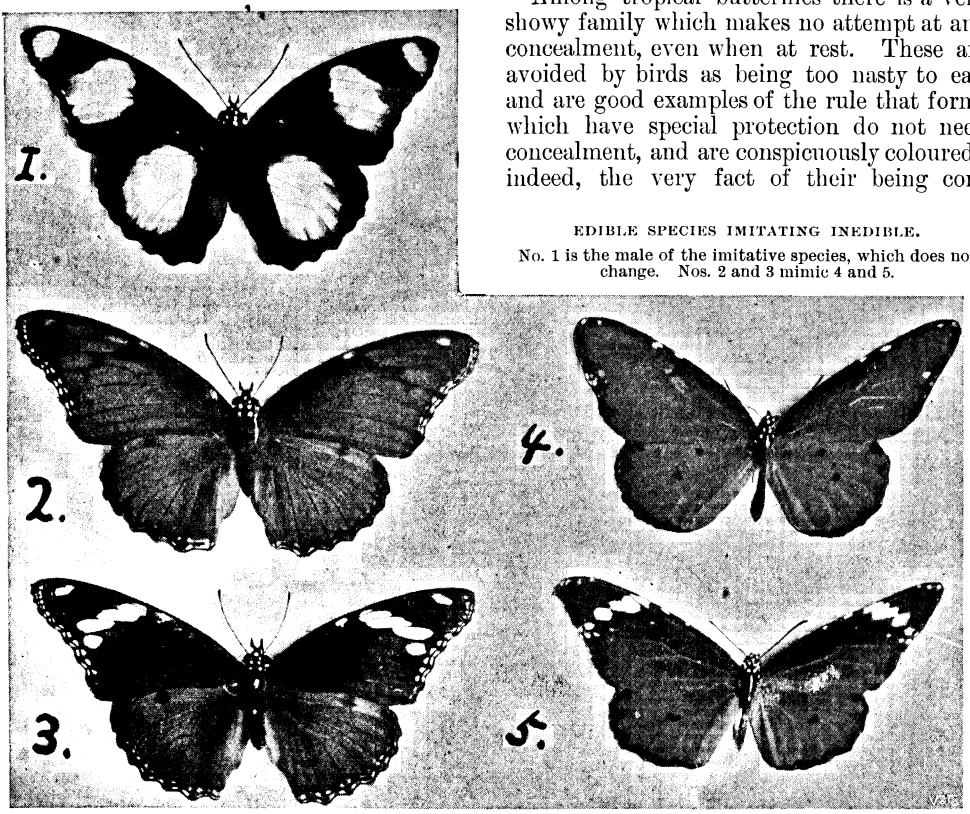
Their under-surface is generally mottled in subdued tints, and there seems to be some idea of choosing a resting-place where this is least conspicuous. The orange-tip butterfly shuts up his brilliant orange and white wings and rests during the middle of the day on the wild parsley, the blossom of which matches exactly the greenish white mottling of the under-surface of his wings.

Many butterflies pass the winter in a state of hibernation. Of these the peacock and tortoiseshell are partial to outhouses and other dark holes and corners; and as their under-surface is a dark mottled brown, almost black, they are perfectly safe in their chosen retreat until the warm days of early spring tempt them forth, to the joy of the newspaper reporter, who forthwith chronicles the fact of butterflies being out as a proof of the mildness of the season and the near approach of summer.

Moths at rest, on the contrary, fold up their hind-wings, which are then covered by the fore-wings in a horizontal position. Almost without exception it will be found that the bright colours and conspicuous markings of moths are on the hind-wings alone, which can thus be hidden. The yellow underwing and crimson underwing look very dull and uninteresting insects when at rest, and convey no idea of the brilliant colours underneath.

One family of day-flying English moths are good examples of perfect mimicry. These insects, in spite of their venomous appearance, which is much enhanced by their yellow-banded bodies, do not possess a sting among them, though their resemblance to hornets, wasps, and bees doubtless causes them to be left severely alone by the hungriest bird.

Among tropical butterflies there is a very showy family which makes no attempt at any concealment, even when at rest. These are avoided by birds as being too nasty to eat, and are good examples of the rule that forms which have special protection do not need concealment, and are conspicuously coloured; indeed, the very fact of their being conspicuous is a positive advantage, as birds can tell at once, and at a distance, that they are not worth pursuit. In the same localities frequented by them were noticed by Mr. Bates, and first described by him, other butterflies, of a different family altogether, but which resemble these protected species to such an extraordinary degree as at first sight to deceive even the most experienced entomologist. It must be noticed that the males of these imitating species do not depart from the ordinary form of their family; it is only the females, on whom depend the



EDIBLE SPECIES IMITATING INEDIBLE.

No. 1 is the male of the imitative species, which does not change. Nos. 2 and 3 mimic 4 and 5.

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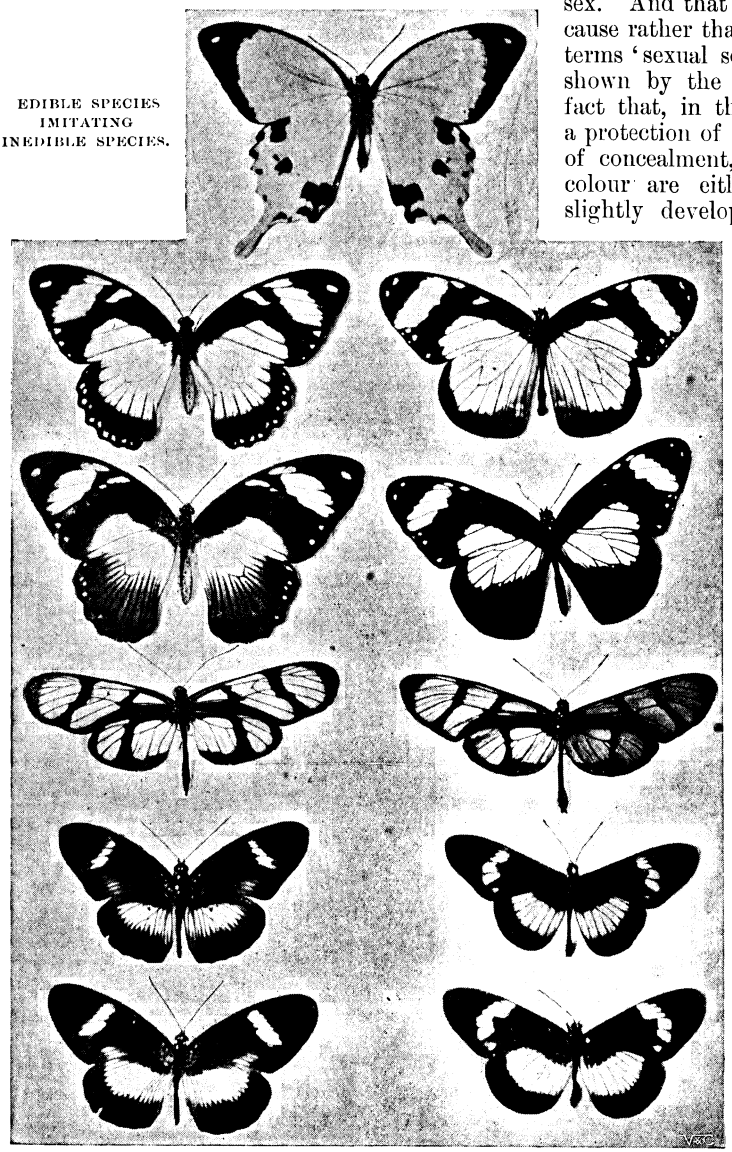
continuance of the species, which mimic the protected forms.

Wallace says that "the male *Diadema misippus* is a very handsome and conspicuous butterfly, without a sign of protection or imitative colouring, while the female is entirely unlike her partner, and is one of the most wonderful cases of mimicry on record, resembling most accurately the common *Danais chrysippus*, in whose company it is often found. We may impute to the same general cause (the greater need of protection for the female owing to her weaker flight, greater exposure to attack, and supreme importance) the fact of the colours of female insects being so very generally duller and less conspicuous than those of the other sex. And that it is chiefly due to this cause rather than to what Mr. Darwin terms 'sexual selection,' appears to be shown by the otherwise inexplicable fact that, in the groups which have a protection of any kind, independent of concealment, sexual differences of colour are either quite wanting or slightly developed. The *Heliconidæ* and *Danaidæ*, protected by a disagreeable flavour, have the females as bright and conspicuous as the males, and very rarely differing at all from them. The stinging *Hymenoptera* have the two sexes equally well coloured."

In treating of butterflies which imitate inanimate objects, I can quote a striking example, but for the description it will be advantageous again to quote the exact words of Wallace, who has had the advantage of seeing the insects alive in their native forests.

"But the most wonderful and undoubted case of protective resemblance in a butterfly which I have ever seen is that of the common Indian *Kallima inachis* and

EDIBLE SPECIES IMITATING INEDIBLE SPECIES.



No. 6 is the male of 7 and 8, which are female forms, 7 being found in East Africa and 8 in West Africa. These mimic protected species 7 A and 8 A found in their respective localities. In a closely allied species from Madagascar, where the protected species is very rare, the two sexes are alike. The two groups 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 7 A, 8 A, 9 A, 10 A, 11 A, though so much alike in external appearance, in reality belong to quite different families, and are structurally very dissimilar.

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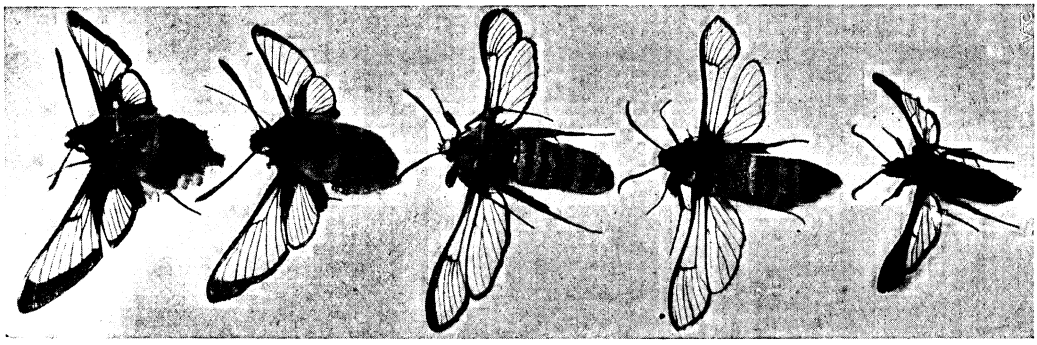
its Malayan ally *Kallima paralekta.* The upper surface of these insects is very striking and showy, as they are of large size and are adorned with a broad band of rich orange on a deep bluish ground. The under-side is very variable, so that out of fifty specimens no two will be found exactly alike, but every one of them will be of some shade of ash, or brown, or ochre, such as are found in dead, dry, and decaying leaves. The apex of the upper wing is produced into an acute point, and the lower wings are also produced into a short, narrow tail. Between these two points runs a dark, curved line, exactly representing the mid-rib of a leaf, and from this radiate on each side a few oblique lines which serve to indicate the lateral veins of a leaf. We now come to a still more extraordinary part of the imitation, for we find representations of leaves in every stage of decay, variously blotched and mildewed and pierced with holes, and in many cases irregularly covered with powdery black dots gathered into patches and spots so closely resembling the various kinds of minute fungi that grow on dead leaves, that it is impossible to avoid thinking at first sight that the butterflies themselves have been attacked by real fungi.

"But this resemblance, close as it is, would be of little use if the habits of the insect did not accord with it. . . . These butterflies frequent dry forests and fly very swiftly. They were never seen to settle on a flower or on a green leaf, but were many times lost sight of in a bush or tree of dead leaves. . . . On one or two occasions the insect was seen reposing, and it would then be seen how completely it assimilates itself to the surrounding leaves. It sits on a nearly upright twig, the wings fitting closely back to back, concealing the antennæ and head, which are drawn up between their bases. The little tails of the hind-wing touch the branch and form a perfect stalk to the leaf, which is supported in its place by the claws of the hinder pair of feet, which are slender and inconspicuous. The irregular outline of the wings gives exactly the perspective effect of a shrivelled leaf."

Mention cannot be made in the short limits of a magazine article of more than a few of the most striking examples of this most interesting subject, but space must be found for the almost proverbial power of the chameleon in changing its colour to suit its surroundings. This, though sometimes much exaggerated, undoubtedly does exist in this curious reptile. The one shown—which, by the by, was found at large in the South of England — was, when photographed on a branch of pear tree, of a green colour, with flesh-coloured spots. The perfectly motionless attitude of this uncanny beast means sudden death to any unwary fly or other insect which settles within a few inches, for with a sudden flick of its long tongue, shot out with such marvellous rapidity that the eye cannot follow it, the fly has disappeared, and the reptile, looking as if nothing had happened, awaits the next arrival.



MOTHS RESEMBLING BEES, WASPS, HORNETS, ETC., BUT WITHOUT A STING BETWEEN THEM.

Many other reptiles, especially those of sluggish habits, make up for their want of activity by taking advantage of their resemblance to their surroundings. In such cases we wonder which is cause and which effect—whether the inactivity was the original characteristic of the species, or the protective colouring and appearance. In all probability one has acted and reacted upon the other for countless generations. Some species would find they could obtain food by lurking and waiting for their prey easier than by a swift pursuit. By degrees, from disuse, what activity they originally possessed would

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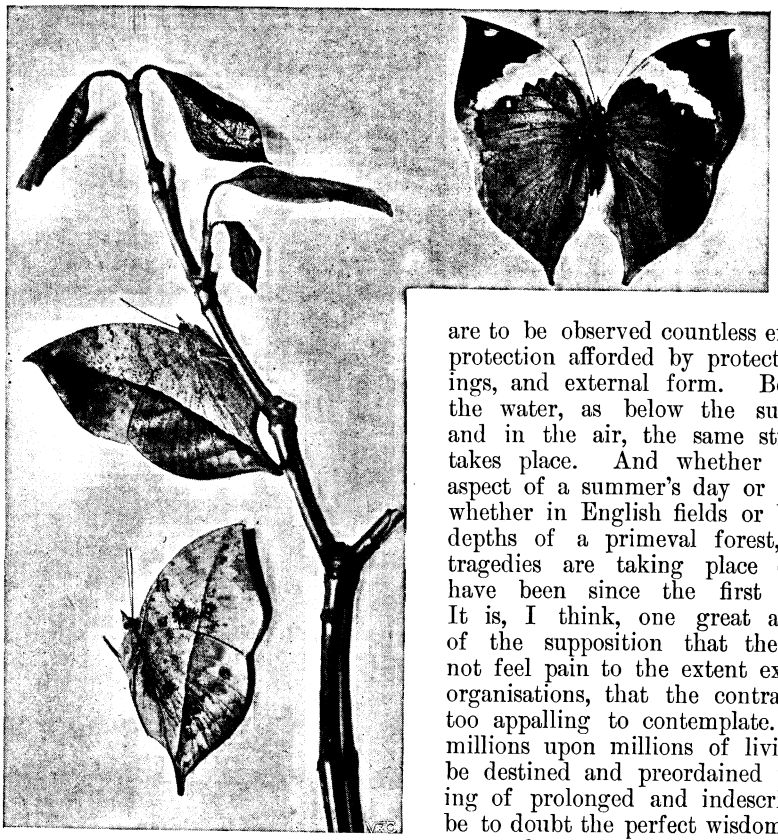

UPPER SIDE, KALLIMA ALBOFASCIATA.
Under side resembling dead leaf.

impelled by thirst ventures within reach of the terrible tail, only to be flung maimed and crippled into the still more terrible jaws and dragged below the surface, never to reappear.

Amid the myriad forms of fish there are to be observed countless examples of a similar protection afforded by protective colouring, markings, and external form. Below the surface of the water, as below the surface of the earth and in the air, the same struggle for existence takes place. And whether under the peaceful aspect of a summer's day or the gloom of night, whether in English fields or buried in the murky depths of a primeval forest, the most terrible tragedies are taking place every moment, and have been since the first beginning of life. It is, I think, one great argument in favour of the supposition that the lower animals do not feel pain to the extent experienced by higher organisations, that the contrary belief would be too appalling to contemplate. To suppose that millions upon millions of living creatures should be destined and preordained to inevitable suffering of prolonged and indescribable agony, would be to doubt the perfect wisdom and justice of the great scheme of Creation.

be lost, while their assimilation of colour would be increased by the survival of those best equipped in this respect.

The deadly puff adder, prone in the dust, is not observed until its fangs have struck with fatal effect.

The loathsome crocodile, half submerged and motionless on the steaming mud-flat of a great tropical river, exactly resembles some water-logged tree-trunk left by the sluggish current, until some animal

CHAMELEON.

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THE NAVAL BASES OF THE EMPIRE.

By C. de Thierry.

BOMBAY AND TRINCOMALEE.

BOMBAY, the Liverpool of the East, is the capital of Western India. It is the most southerly of a group of islands which engineering skill has transformed into a peninsula, and its area is about twenty-two square miles. Though the East India Company held trading ports at Madras and on the Hooghly, Bombay is interesting as England's first step towards dominion in the Orient, and is itself a monument to the Imperial and commercial spirit of the race. It is the only valuable possession which we owe to the Stuarts, having been ceded to this country in 1661 as part of the dowry of the Portuguese Infanta, Catherine, on her marriage with Charles II. The ecclesiastical authorities on the spot objected to this arrangement, and the British force, which had been sent out to take over the place, was landed on a neighbouring island. At the end of two years, when over two hundred British soldiers had fallen victims to the climate, a settlement was reached; but as the Viceroy was unable to secure England's rights on Salsette, the island between Bombay and the mainland, disputes with the Portuguese were constant until the rise of Clive, whose name is identified with the rise of the Western Presidency as it is with the rise of Madras and Bengal. So little was the new possession valued at the time that it was leased to the Honourable Company at an annual rent of £10! To-day it is the second port in the British Empire, with a population of 820,000, and the capital of an Indian province as large as France, consisting of British territory, feudatory States, and dependencies as distant as the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

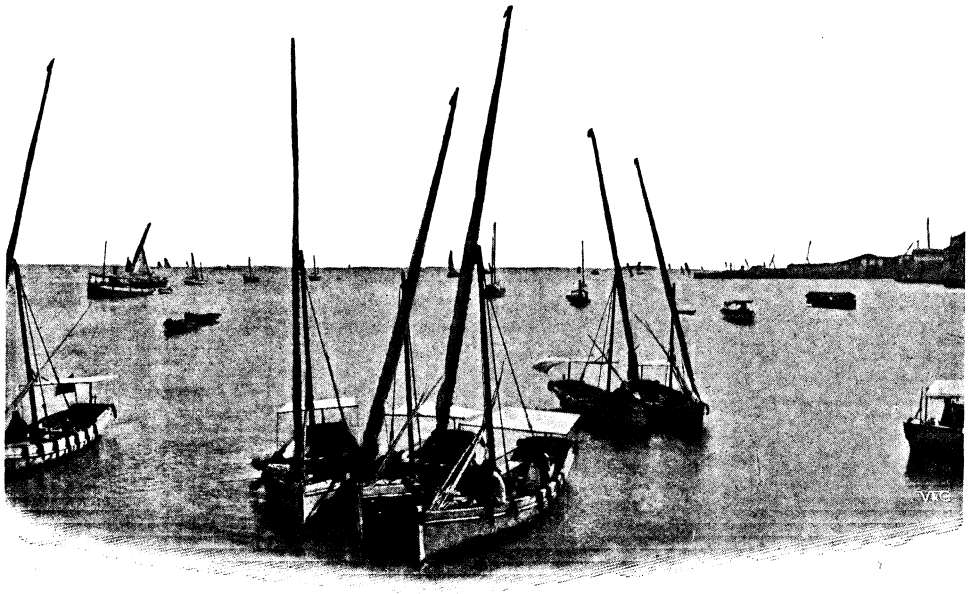

Photo supplied by] [*Neville Edwards, Littlehampton.*

NATIVE BOATS IN BOMBAY HARBOUR.

In the development of British influence in the East this little island has played no insignificant part. As early as 1686 it was recognised as "the seat of the power and trade of the English nation in the East Indies." Under the fostering rule of the Company its population had increased six-

Two preceding articles in this series dealt with Gibraltar and Malta respectively, and the series will be completed with Singapore, Hong-Kong, Sydney, Auckland, etc.

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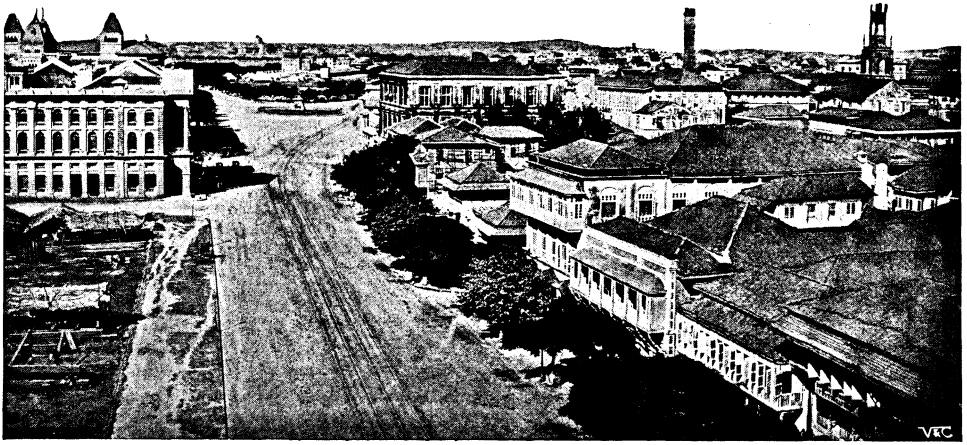

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

BOMBAY.

fold, though Fryer, a traveller of the period, described it as "a mixture of most of the neighbouring countries, most of them fugitives and vagabonds," a cosmopolitan feature it retains to this day. It was the base from which English interests were defended from the commercial aggressiveness of the Dutch, French, and Portuguese; it was the base from which England carried on the series of wars that broke the power of the Maráthás and Peshwás, and added to her dominions Mysore and Sind. Beyond the boundaries of the Presidency the military and political importance of Bombay has been not less marked. From Magdala to Rangoon its army has won distinction in nearly every war during the past sixty years. The Imperial work done by its marine has not yet received justice. It captured Aden and did good service in the first Chinese war, the second Burmese war, and the Persian war. Moreover, since 1807 it has policed the Indian seas and freed them from the nests of corsairs which sheltered in nearly all the seas, gulfs, and bays between Suez and Singapore. Ptolemy called the western coast of India "a pirate coast," and twelve centuries later Marco Polo described it in similar terms.

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

BOMBAY, OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR.

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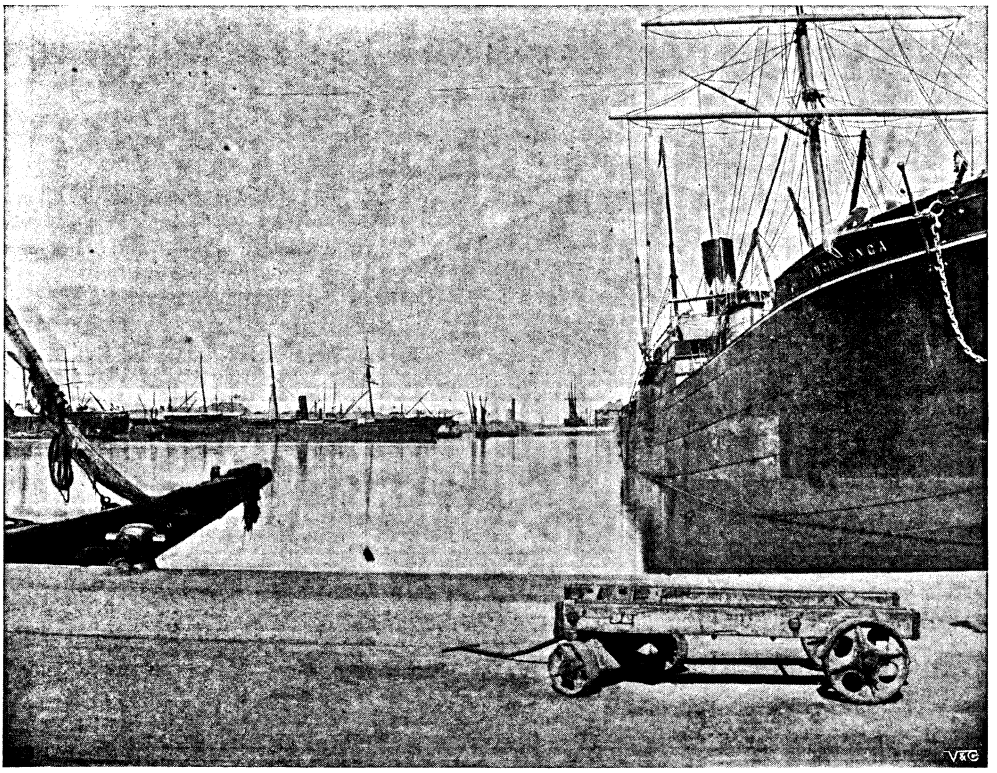
With the advent of European nations in the East its evil reputation lost nothing. To such an extent did piracy increase that it took the Bombay marine thirteen years to clear the coast of India from the Gulf of Cutch to Cape Comorin. To clear the Red Sea, Arabian Sea, and Persian Gulf took nearly half a century—that is to say, until quite recent times. Besides this invaluable service, commerce owes to the Bombay marine the maps and charts used by the Navy and Mercantile Marine in navigating Indian seas and the Indian Ocean. It has, therefore, policed and surveyed nearly half of the greatest trade route in the world.

During the eighteenth century the importance of Bombay declined in favour of Calcutta, but with the industrial development of the nineteenth century her geographical position once more gave her pre-eminence. The establishment of the overland monthly service to England in 1838 made her the Imperial port of India, though her claims were not officially recognised till 1868, since when Bombay has been the port of arrival and departure of all English mails and English troopships. With the opening of the Suez Canal she became the greatest shipping centre in the East; with the triumph of engineering skill over the precipitous wall of the Bhor Ghát she became the terminus of the Indian railway system. The Great Indian Peninsular Railway not only connects the island on which the city is built with Salsette and the mainland, but with the Deccan, Madras, and Bengal, from which it was previously cut off by the Western Ghats. Bombay is, moreover, one of the world's great cotton markets. Even in the eighteenth century the Company exported the raw material to England and China, but as the trade depended on the American output, it had many ups and downs. It was to Bombay, therefore, that the Lancashire manufacturers turned for supplies on the outbreak of the American Civil war, and her merchants reaped a harvest. Under the stimulus of high prices, her exports of cotton increased so enormously that at the conclusion of peace they reached a total value of £30,000,000. Unfortunately, the ease with which large fortunes were made by the few created a wild



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VICTORIA DOCK, BOMBAY.

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spirit of speculation in the many, and the South Sea Bubble madness of London took possession of Bombay. Then came the inevitable crash, and thousands were ruined. Honest trade, however, soon revived, seeing a silver lining even in the dark cloud of a commercial fever, for in the princely years 1861–5 many of the city's finest buildings and most enduring public works were conceived and begun. It is now a great manufacturing centre as well as the cotton market of Central and Western India.

With this enormous industrial development, the political importance of Bombay declined, owing to the centralising tendency of the Indian Government produced by the telegraph wire. She provided the garrisons of Aden and Perim, but the jurisdiction which she exercised over those coaling-stations, as well as the Arab States of the Persian Gulf and Zanzibar, was transferred to the Secretary of State for India in Council and to the Viceroy in India. Nearer home the control of the great Native State of Baróda was taken out of her hands and in 1875 entrusted to a Commissioner nominated by the Viceroy. During the past two decades, however, the centralisation policy has exposed its many weaknesses everywhere in India, particularly in the North-West. Kandahar is the key to dominion in Afghanistan, to support our army in defence of which it is necessary to maintain a close connection between Bombay and Sind. This was conclusively proved by Lord Roberts's campaign in 1882. Hence, so far as that Presidency is concerned, the tide has turned in favour of decentralisation.

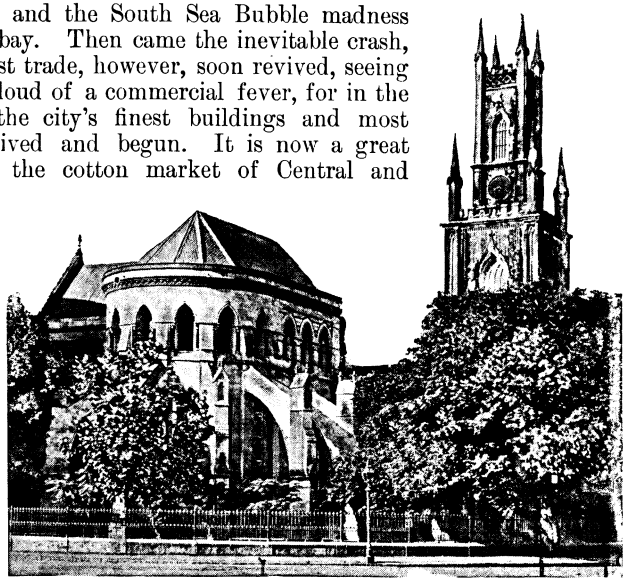

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

BOMBAY CATHEDRAL.

So unhealthy was the city at one time that it was commonly said the duration of a European's life was spanned by two monsoons. The air was poisoned by the flats of the northern and western shores of the island, which not only bred malaria, but developed other diseases with fatal rapidity. To reclaim this morass, Bombay, at various times, has spent millions sterling, with the result that it is now as healthy as it was once unhealthy. The whole of the water front for five miles is one vast embankment, a public work which, with the tall chimneys of her seventy mills, her progressive municipal

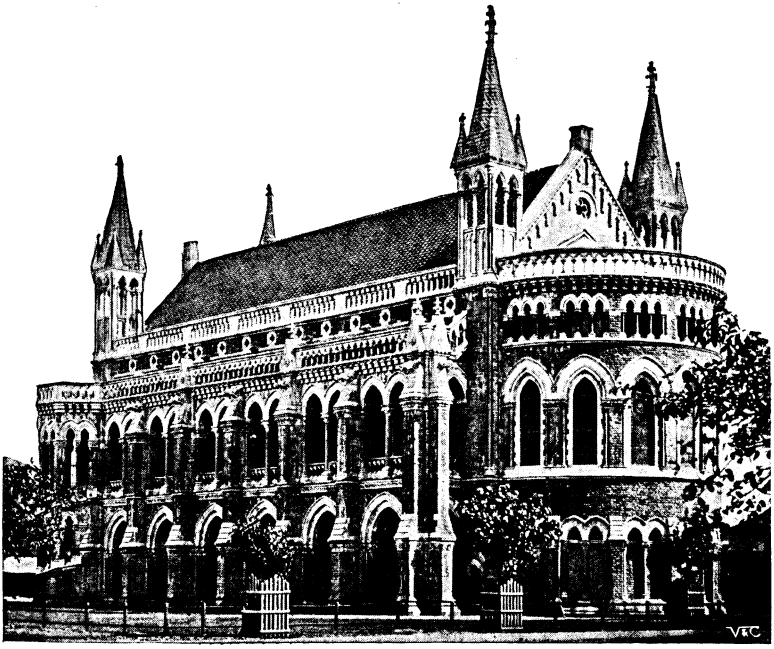

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

UNIVERSITY HALL, BOMBAY.

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arrangements, and magnificent public and commercial buildings, gives Bombay the most European air of any city in the East. She is, as Grant Duff once described her, the Alexandria of the modern world, that point on the margin of civilisation where East and West confront one another, and the latter seeks to engraft itself on the former. Unlike other Eastern cities, she has grown to maturity under English rule, and her people in dress, manners, commercial enterprise, and intellectual harmony with English modes of thought prove that they have been stamped with the vigorous vitality of the Anglo-Saxon. In the cosmopolitan character of her population Bombay is probably unique. Next in influence to the English are the Parsís, who settled on the island after the British occupation. To them the city owes much of its prosperity, and some of its most munificent charities. The Muhammadans include representatives of all the countries which have embraced Islám. The Hindoos are the most numerous, and the Jews, who know not the Talmud, are the most interesting from the ethnological point of view. There are Christians and Buddhists, Musulmáns and Bráhmans, Fire-worshippers, and Jainists. In the streets the characteristic dress of every Oriental people may be seen, from the green and gold turban of the Musulmán to the white flowing robes and the high brimless hat of black or brown worn by the Parsís. But among this motley throng the son of Han is conspicuous by his absence. Alone of the cities of Southern Asia, Bombay has no Chinese.

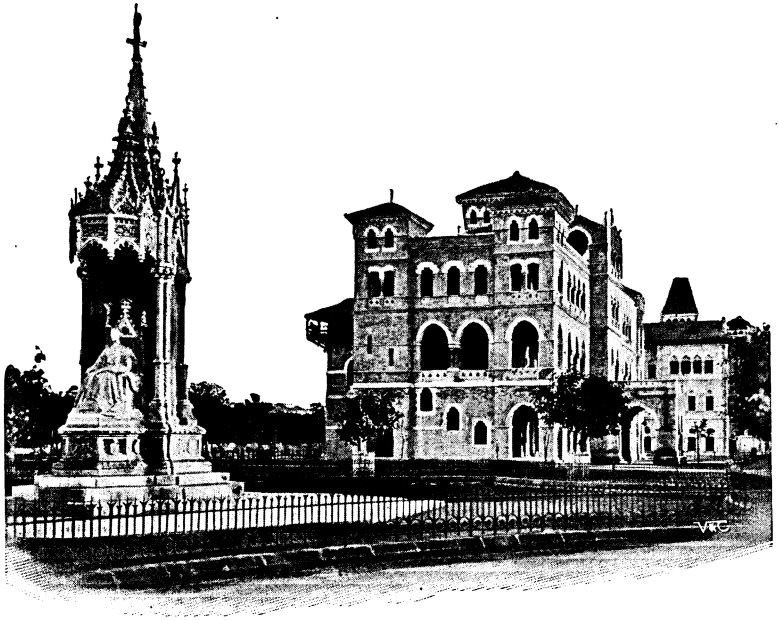

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, WITH THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Bombay Island has been likened to an outstretched hand laid palm upward, the thumb representing Malabár Hill and the forefinger Kolába Peninsula. Between these points is Back Bay, round which the city is built so as to face the Indian Ocean on one side and the arm of the sea which is Bombay Harbour on the other. In the beauty of its scenery and the healthiness of its situation, it ranks first among the cities of India. To the east its view is bounded by a chain of noble mountains in the Western Gháts. At their feet lies one of the finest havens in the world, studded with islands and rocky precipices, some of which rise to a great height, dotted with the white sails of native craft, and giving safe anchorage to fleets of steamers and tall-masted merchantmen. The sea front is formed by docks, wharves, and artificial embankments extending for miles. The city itself is at once picturesque and progressive, Oriental and Occidental. The Native town consists of well-built and unusually handsome houses three and four storeys in height, with elaborately carved front work and pillars; the European town was laid out by an English Baron Haussman. Its streets are spacious, its public and commercial buildings unrivalled by any other city in India, its municipal works and arrangements unsurpassed by the capitals of Europe. Rampart Row, the main thoroughfare of Bombay, is adorned at one end with a white marble statue of Queen Victoria, the gift of a Gaékwar of Baroda; at the other end, where it joins the Esplanade, one of the favourite resorts of Bombay society, is the

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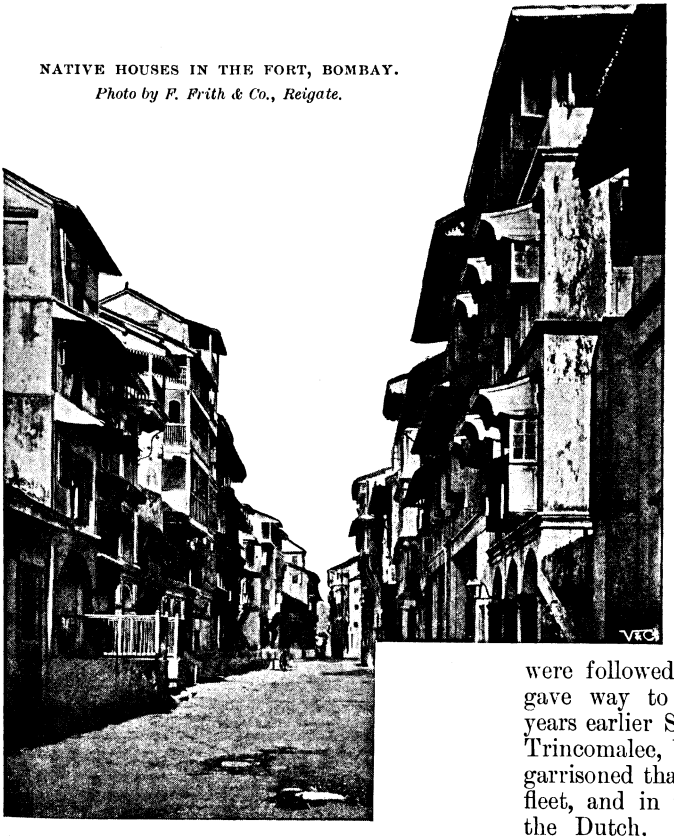
Sailors' Home, also erected at the expense of the Gaékwar. Facing the Apollo Bunder, or landing-place, in the same way are the Secretariat, an enormous pile in the Venetian-Gothic style of architecture, the University Senate Hall and Clock Tower, the Royal Yacht Club, and the Courts of Justice. The private houses of European residents lie apart alike from the Fort, which is the "City" of Bombay, and from the Native town. Each has a large garden, and though the style of architecture is not so imposing as it is in Calcutta, it has a distinction of its own and is well suited to the climate. The favourite suburb is Malabár Hill, which is terraced to the top, commanding one of the finest views in the world. Here, also, are the Towers of Silence, where the Parsís expose their dead to the elements and birds of prey. Kolába Point and Breach Candy, refreshed by breezes from the Indian Ocean, have been covered with handsome houses during the past twenty years.



NATIVE HOUSES IN THE FORT, BOMBAY.
Photo by F. Frith & Co., Reigate.

The centre of maritime activity is Mazagon Bay, from which extends to the main part of the city a system of quays, wharves, and docks, including Prince's Dock and Victoria Dock. What remains of Bombay's old fortifications are to be seen at the Castle and Fort St. George, the latter of which is now a mere garrison. The harbour is defended by batteries on island rocks lending themselves to the purpose, and two turret-ships. During the past decade Bombay, in common with other great cities of the Empire, has done much towards strengthening her fortifications and providing facilities for coaling and refitting warships.

Trincomalee is England's great Naval station in Indian seas and the headquarters of the fleet which guards British interests from Calcutta to Zanzibar, and from Singapore to Aden. It is situated on the north-eastern coast of Ceylon, where the contour of the island is bold, rocky, and fringed with forests. Unlike every other sentinel of our Imperial might, it stands out of the direct line of commerce, its place as a seaport having been taken by Colombo, which engineering skill has transformed into a fairly safe harbour. Unfortunately, it is small, so that as a Naval station it is never likely to take the palm from Trincomalee, whose size, safety, and natural advantages at one time make Ceylon the key of India. So clearly was this great fact realised by England, that in order to obtain it she gave up, by the Treaty of Amiens, the larger and richer island of Java. Trincomalee has been held by conquering races since the dawn of history—by white races only since the beginning of the seventeenth century. The first of these were the Portuguese. They were followed by the Dutch, who, in 1795, gave way to the British. Some thirteen years earlier Sir Hector Munro had captured Trincomalee, but it was afterwards so weakly garrisoned that it was surprised by a French fleet, and in the following year restored to the Dutch. It was finally taken after a three weeks' siege by General Stewart.

In approaching the bay from the sea, the traveller is as little impressed as he is outside Sydney Heads or the Golden Gate. Once within, a magnificent panorama, rivalled only

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by Port Jackson and Rio, unfolds before his view. On this placid sheet of water Nature has lavished all her charms. Grandly proportioned, its varied beauty is as marked as its security is complete. Rich tropical vegetation clothes its many points and islands to the shore-line, while noble forests crown its precipitous and rocky heights. Not only is it protected from the ocean swell by a reef which forms a natural breakwater, but so winding is the channel that from the ramparts of Fort Ostenburg the harbour has the appearance of a lake. It is not only landlocked, but doubly landlocked, and, like Port Jackson, allows the largest vessels afloat to moor by the wharves and jetties. So deep is it, indeed, that it is popularly believed to be the crater of an extinct volcano and unfathomable. It is the only haven in the East which can be entered by all kinds of craft in all kinds of weather.

The town of Trincomalee is built on the neck of a bold peninsula that divides the bay into harbours. The point guarding the entrance of the inner is strengthened by the batteries of Fort Ostenburg, below which lie the dockyard, the naval stores depôt, and the Admiralty. Trincomalee, unlike Sydney or Naples, owes nothing to its background, for the town, in spite of its wide streets and esplanades, is neither picturesque nor imposing. Since the reopening of the great irrigating tank at Kanthalay, however, a great impulse has been given to agriculture in the district, which has not been without a stimulating effect on the prosperity of Trincomalee. The fortifications of the harbour are being strengthened, and the arrangements for coaling, victualling, and repairing the ships of His Majesty's Navy better adapted to modern requirements. Up to recent times the associations of Trincomalee were religious rather than political; to-day they are strategical rather than commercial. Only one other of England's maritime sentinels is a Naval station and nothing else. Unlike Trincomalee, however, it lies on a direct route of commerce.

At the entrance of the outer harbour stands an irregular rock, rising from the ocean sheer four hundred feet, but sloping gently to the shore. It is defended by Fort Frederick, the military headquarters. By the natives it is called the Saami Rock, the sacred mountain of the Malabár rulers of Ceylon far back in the ages. On it was built the Temple of the Thousand Columns, ruthlessly destroyed by the Dutch, who out of its ruins built a fort, some of the sculptured columns of which may even now be seen in the walls of Fort Frederick. Shorn of its splendour, and its summit occupied by fortifications instead of a temple, it is still a shrine to which pilgrims flock once a year from all parts of India. At one time, too, the native inhabitants of the district sacrificed every evening at sunset on its highest points. They brought flowers and fruit, which they flung into the sea as an offering to the Creator. The priest lighted a fire and afterwards swung a censer until the whole air was filled with fragrance. The final rite of this simple service was a mark made with ashes on the forehead of each worshipper by the Bráhman. With the growing importance of Trincomalee as a Naval station an order has been issued which permits no one to enter Fort Frederick without a pass. Hence the evening sacrifice is now celebrated only on Mondays and Fridays. It is the most interesting and impressive sight the traveller can witness in Trincomalee, and not the less so when he remembers that it has been a daily custom for thousands of years, in which conquering Eastern races have come and gone, dynasties risen and declined, and Portugal and Holland held sway in the East. All things else have altered, but it has remained for ever the same.

The great disadvantage of Trincomalee is its remoteness from the trade route to the East and Australia. Colombo, directly in the track, is therefore coming more and more to the front as a coaling-station, not only for the Mercantile Marine, but also for the Navy. The harbour, left unfinished by Nature, has been finished by Science, so that M. de Lanessan, whose authority on Naval and Colonial affairs is European, reports that "the important works done at Colombo give England not only a port of call perfectly safe at all periods of the year, but also the command of the most central points of all the Indian Ocean." Moreover, hurricanes, cyclones, and volcanic disturbances, so common in the East Indies, are here unknown. In the days to come, when India is recognised as the Eastern centre of defence, and organised as such by the creation of an Eastern Woolwich and an Eastern Reserve, Colombo is likely to play a part in war no less important than it now plays in peace. To this end its harbour and fortifications must be finished, and Ceylon connected with India by means of a railway across Adam's Bridge. It is significant of much that the European Navies which went to China in 1900, dependent on the goodwill of England, called at Colombo.

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WHAT IS WOMAN MADE OF?

By JEROME K. JEROME.*

"MYSELF," said the Minor Poet, "I read the book with the most intense enjoyment. I found it inspiring—so inspiring, I fear I did not give it sufficient attention. I must read it again."

"I understand you," said the Philosopher. "A book that really interests us makes us forget that we are reading. Just as the most delightful conversation is when nobody in particular appears to be talking."

"Do you remember meeting that Russian man George brought down here about three months ago?" asked the Woman of the World, turning to the Minor Poet. "I forget his name. As a matter of fact, I never knew it. It was quite unpronounceable and, except that it ended, of course, with a double f, equally impossible to spell. I told him frankly at the beginning I should call him by his Christian name, which fortunately was Nicholas. He was very nice about it."

"I remember him distinctly," said the Minor Poet. "A charming man."

"He was equally charmed with you," replied the Woman of the World.

"I can credit it easily," murmured the Minor Poet. "One of the most intelligent men I ever met."

"You talked together for two hours in a corner," said the Woman of the World. "I asked him after you had gone what he thought of you. 'Ah! what a talker!' he exclaimed, making a gesture of admiration with his hands. 'I thought maybe you would notice it,' I answered him. 'Tell me, what did he talk about?' I was curious to know; you had been so absorbed in yourselves and so oblivious to the rest of us. 'Upon my word,' he replied, 'I really cannot tell you. Do you know, I am afraid, now I come to think of it, that I must have monopolised the conversation.' I was glad to be able to ease his mind on that point. 'I really don't think you did,' I assured him. I should have felt equally confident had I not been present."

"You were quite correct," returned the Minor Poet. "I have a distinct recollection of having made one or two observations myself. Indeed, if I may say so, I talked rather well."

"You may also recollect," continued the Woman of the World, "that the next time we met I asked you what he had said, and that your mind was equally a blank on the subject. You admitted you had found him interesting. I was puzzled at the time, but now I begin to understand. Both of you, no doubt, found the conversation so brilliant, each of you felt it must have been your own."

"A good book," I added—"a good talk is like a good dinner: one assimilates it. The best dinner is the dinner you do not know you have eaten."

"A thing will often suggest interesting thought," observed the Old Maid, "without being itself interesting. Often I find the tears coming into my eyes as I witness some stupid melodrama—something said, something hinted at, will stir a memory, start a train of thought."

"I once," I said, "sat next to a countryman in the pit of a music-hall some years ago. He enjoyed himself thoroughly up to half-past ten. Songs about mothers-in-law, drunken wives, and wooden legs he roared at heartily. At ten-thirty entered a well-known *artiste* who was then giving a series of what he called 'Condensed Tragedies in Verse.' At the first two my country friend chuckled hugely. The third ran: 'Little boy; pair of skates; broken ice; heaven's gates.' My friend turned white, rose hurriedly, and pushed his way impatiently out of the house. I left myself some ten minutes later, and by chance ran against him again in the bar of the 'Criterion,' where he was drinking whisky rather copiously. 'I couldn't stand that fool,' he explained to me in a husky voice. 'Truth is, my youngest kid got drowned last winter, skating. Don't see any sense making fun of real trouble.'"

"I can cap your story with another," said the Philosopher. "Jim sent me a couple of seats for one of his first nights a month or two ago. They did not reach me till four o'clock in the

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afternoon. I went down to the club to see if I could pick up anybody. The only man there I knew at all was a rather quiet young fellow, a new member. He had just taken Bates's chambers in Staple Inn—you have met him, I think. He didn't know many people then and was grateful for my invitation. The play was one of those Palais Royal farces—it cannot matter which, they are all exactly alike. The fun consists of somebody's trying to sin without being found out. It always goes well. The British public invariably welcomes the theme, provided it be dealt with in a merry fashion. It is only the serious discussion of evil that shocks us. There was the usual banging of doors and the usual screaming. Everybody was laughing around us. My young friend sat with rather a curious fixed smile upon his face. 'Fairly well constructed,' I said to him, as the second curtain fell amid yells of delight. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I suppose it's very funny.' I looked at him; he was little more than a boy. 'You are rather young,' I said, 'to be a moralist.' He gave a short laugh. 'Oh! I shall grow out of it in time,' he said. He told me his story later, when I came to know him better. He had played the farce himself over in Melbourne—he was an Australian. Only the third act had ended differently. His girl wife, of whom he was passionately fond, had taken it quite seriously and had committed suicide. A foolish thing to do."

"'It is the fool who imagines her unhuman.'"

"Man is a beast!" said the Girton Girl, who was prone to strong expression.

"I thought so myself, when I was younger," said the Woman of the World.

"And don't you now, when you hear a thing like that?" suggested the Girton Girl.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the Woman of the World; "there is a deal of the animal in man; but—well, I was myself expressing that same particular view of him, the brute, to a very old lady with whom I was spending a winter in Brussels, many years ago now, when I was quite a girl. She had been a friend of my father's, and was one of the sweetest and kindest—I was almost going to say the most perfect woman I have ever met; though as a celebrated beauty, stories, dated from the early Victorian era, were told about her—but myself, I never believed them. Her calm, gentle, passionless face, crowned with its soft, silver hair—I remember my first sight of the Matterhorn on a summer's evening; somehow it at once reminded me of her."

"My dear," laughed the Old Maid, "your anecdotal method is becoming as jerky as a cinematograph."

"I have noticed it myself," replied the the Woman of the World; "I try to get in too much."

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"The art of the *raconteur*," observed the Philosopher, "consists in avoiding the unessential. I have a friend who never yet to my knowledge reached the end of a story. It is intensely unimportant whether the name of the man who said the thing or did the deed be Brown or Jones or Robinson. But she will worry herself into a fever trying to recollect. 'Dear, dear me!' she will leave off to exclaim; 'I know his name so well. How stupid of me!' She will tell you why she ought to recollect his name, how she always has recollected his name till this precise moment. She will appeal to half the people in the room to help her. It is hopeless to try and induce her to proceed, the idea has taken possession of her mind. After a world of unnecessary trouble she recollects that it was Tomkins, and is delighted; only to be plunged again in despair on discovery that she has forgotten his address. This makes her so ashamed of herself she declines to continue, and full of self-reproach she retires to her own room. Later she re-enters, beaming, with the street and number pat. But by that time she has forgotten the anecdote."

"Well, tell us about your old lady, and what it was you said to her," spoke impatiently the Girton Girl, who is always eager when the subject under discussion happens to be the imbecility or criminal tendency of the opposite sex.

"I was at the age," continued the Woman of the World, "when a young girl tiring of fairy stories puts down the book and looks round her at the world, and naturally feels indignant at what she notices. I was very severe upon both the shortcomings and the overgoings of man—our natural enemy. My old friend used to laugh, and that made me think her callous and foolish. One day our *bonne*—like all servants, a lover of gossip—came to us delighted with a story which proved to me how just had been my estimate of the male animal. The grocer at the corner of our *rue*, married only four years to a charming and devoted little wife, had run away and left her.

"'It seized a natural human passion and turned it to good uses.'"

"'He never gave her even a hint, the pretty angel!' so Jeanne informed us. 'Had had his box containing his clothes and everything he wanted ready packed for a week, waiting for him at the railway station—just told her he was going to play a game of dominoes, and that she was not to sit up for him; kissed her

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and the child good-night, and—well, that was the last she ever saw of him. Did Madame ever hear the like of it?' concluded Jeanne, throwing up her hands to heaven. 'I am sorry to say, Jeanne, that I have,' replied my sweet Madame with a sigh, and led the conversation by slow degrees back to the subject of dinner. I turned to her when Jeanne had left the room. I can remember still the burning indignation of my face. I had often spoken to the man myself, and had thought what a delightful husband he was—so kind, so attentive, so proud, seemingly, of his dainty *femme*. 'Doesn't that prove what I say,' I cried, 'that men are beasts?' 'I am afraid it helps in that direction,' replied my old friend. 'And yet you defend them,' I answered. 'At my age, my dear,' she replied, 'one neither defends nor blames; one tries to understand.' She put her thin white hand upon my head. 'Shall we hear a little more of the story?' she said. 'It is not a pleasant one, but it may be useful to us.' 'I don't want to hear any more of it,' I answered; 'I have heard enough.' 'It is sometimes well,' she persisted, 'to hear the whole of a case before forming our judgment.' And she rang the bell for Jeanne. 'That story about our little grocer friend,' she said—'it is rather interesting to me. Why did he leave her and run away—do you know?' Jeanne shrugged her ample shoulders. 'Oh! the old story, Madame,' she answered, with a short laugh. 'Who was she?' asked my friend. 'The wife of Monsieur Savary, the wheelwright, as good a husband as ever a woman had. It's been going on for months, the hussy!' 'Thank you, that will do, Jeanne.' She turned again to me so soon as Jeanne had left the room. 'My dear,' she said, 'whenever I see a bad man, I peep round the corner for the woman. Whenever I see a bad woman, I follow her eyes; I know she is looking for her mate. Nature never makes odd samples.'"

"I cannot help thinking," said the Philosopher, "that a good deal of harm is being done to the race as a whole by the overpraise of women."

"Who overpraises them?" demanded the Girton Girl. "Men may talk nonsense to us—I don't know whether any of us are foolish enough to believe it—but I feel perfectly sure that when they are alone most of their time is occupied in abusing us."

"That is hardly fair," interrupted the Old Maid. "I doubt if they do talk about us among themselves as much as we think. Besides, it is always unwise to go behind the verdict. Some very beautiful things have been said about women by men."

"Well, ask them," said the Girton Girl. "Here are three of them present. Now, honestly, when you talk about us among yourselves, do you gush about our virtue, our goodness, our wisdom?"

"'Gush,'" said the Philosopher, reflecting, "'gush' would hardly be the correct word."

"In justice to the truth," I said, "I must admit our Girton friend is to a certain extent correct. Every man at some time of his life esteems to excess some one particular woman. Very young men, lacking in experience, admire perhaps indiscriminately. To them, anything in a petticoat is adorable: the milliner makes the angel. And very old men, so I am told, return to the delusions of their youth; but as to this I cannot as yet speak positively. The rest of us—well, when we are alone, it must be confessed, as our Philosopher says, that 'gush' is not the correct word."

"I told you so," chortled the Girton Girl.

"Maybe," I added, "it is merely the result of reaction. Convention insists that to her face we show her a somewhat exaggerated deference. Her very follies we have to regard as added charms—the poets have decreed it. Maybe it comes as a relief to let the pendulum swing back."

"But is it not a fact," asked the Old Maid, "that the best men and even the wisest are those who have held women in most esteem? Do we not gauge civilisation by the position a nation accords to its women?"

"In the same way as we judge them by the mildness of their laws, their tenderness for the weak. Uncivilised man killed off the useless members of the tribe; we provide for them hospitals, almshouses. Man's attitude towards woman proves the extent to which he has conquered his own selfishness, the distance he has travelled from the law of the ape: might is right.

"Please don't misunderstand me," pleaded the Philosopher, with a nervous glance towards the lowering eyebrows of the Girton Girl. "I am not saying for a moment woman is not the equal of man; indeed, it is my belief that she is. I am merely maintaining she is not his superior. The wise man honours woman as his friend, his fellow-labourer, his complement. It is the fool who imagines her unhuman."

"But are we not better," persisted the Old Maid, "for our ideals? I don't say we

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"'She suggested that poets and novelists should take service for a year in any large drapery or millinery establishment.'"

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women are perfect—please don't think that. You are not more alive to our faults than we are. Read the women novelists from George Eliot downwards. But for your own sake—is it not well man should have something to look up to, and failing anything better——?"

"I draw a very wide line," answered the Philosopher, "betwen ideals and delusions. The ideal has always helped man; but that belongs to the land of his dreams, his most important kingdom, the kingdom of his future. Delusions are earthly structures, that sooner or later fall about his ears, blinding him with dust and dirt. The petticoat-governed country has always paid dearly for its folly."

"Elizabeth!" cried the Girton Girl. "Queen Victoria!"

"Were ideal sovereigns," returned the Philosopher, "leaving the government of the country to its ablest men. France under its Pompadours, the Byzantine Empire under its Theodoras, are truer examples of my argument. I am speaking of the unwisdom of assuming all women to be perfect. Belisarius ruined himself and his people by believing his own wife to be an honest woman."

"But chivalry," I argued, "has surely been of service to mankind?"

"To an immense extent," agreed the Philosopher. "It seized a natural human passion and turned it to good uses. Then it was a reality. So once was the divine right of kings, the infallibility of the Church, for cumbering the ground with the lifeless bodies of which mankind has paid somewhat dearly. Not its upstanding lies—they can be faced and defeated—but its dead truths are the world's stumbling-blocks. To the man of war and rapine, trained in cruelty and injustice, the woman was the one thing that spoke of the joy of yielding. Woman, as compared with man, was then an angel: it was no mere form of words. All the tender offices of life were in her hands. To the warrior, his life divided between fighting and debauchery, his womenfolk tending the sick, helping the weak, comforting the sorrowing, must have moved with white feet across a world his vices had made dark. Her mere subjection to the priesthood, her inborn feminine delight in form and ceremony—now an influence narrowing her charity—must then, to his dim eyes, trained to look upon dogma as the living soul of his religion, have seemed a halo, deifying her. Woman was then the servant. It was naturally to her advantage to excite tenderness and mercy in man. Since she has become the mistress of the world. It is no longer her interested mission to soften his savage instincts. Nowadays, it is the women who make war, the women who exalt brute force. To-day, it is the woman who, happy herself, turns a deaf ear to the world's low cry of pain; holding that man honoured who would ignore the good of the species to augment the comforts of his own particular family; holding in despite as a bad husband and father the man whose sense of duty extends beyond the circle of the home. One recalls Lady Nelson's reproach to her lord after the battle of the Nile. 'I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come,' is the answer to his God that many a woman has prompted to her lover's tongue. I was speaking to a woman only the other day about the cruelty of skinning seals alive. 'I feel so sorry for the poor creatures,' she murmured; 'but they say it gives so much more depth of colour to the fur.' Her own jacket was certainly a very beautiful specimen."

"When I was editing a paper," I said, "I opened my columns to a correspondence on this very subject. Many letters were sent to me—most of them trite, many of them foolish. One, a genuine document, I remember. It came from a girl who for six years had been assistant to a fashionable dressmaker. She was rather tired of the axiom that all women, at all times, are perfection. She suggested that poets and novelists should take service for a year in any large drapery or millinery establishment where they would have an opportunity of studying woman in her natural state, so to speak."

"It is unfair to judge us by what, I confess, is our chief weakness," argued the Woman of the World. "Woman in pursuit of clothes ceases to be human—she reverts to the original brute. Besides, dressmakers can be very trying. The fault is not entirely on one side."

"I still fail to be convinced," remarked the Girton Girl, "that woman is overpraised. Not even the present conversation, so far as it has gone, altogether proves your point."

"I am not saying it is the case among intelligent thinkers," explained the Philosopher, "but in popular literature the convention still lingers. To woman's face no man cares to protest against it; and woman, to her harm, has come to accept it as a truism. 'What are little girls made

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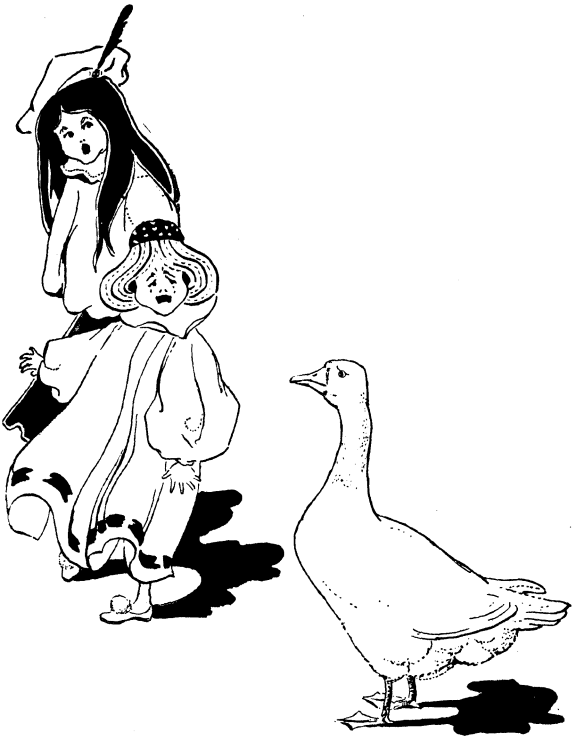
of? Sugar and spice and all that's nice.' In more or less varied form the idea has entered into her blood, shutting out from her hope of improvement. The girl is discouraged from asking herself the occasionally needful question: Am I on the way to become a sound, useful member of society? Or am I in danger of degenerating into a vain, selfish, lazy piece of good-for-nothing rubbish? She is quite content so long as she can detect in herself no tendency to male vices, forgetful that there are also feminine vices. Woman is the spoilt child of the age. No one tells her of her faults. The World with its thousand voices flatters her. Sulks, bad temper, and pig-headed obstinacy are translated as 'pretty Fanny's wilful ways.' Cowardice, contemptible in man or woman, she is encouraged to cultivate as a charm. Incompetence to pack her own bag or find her own way across a square and round a corner is deemed an attraction. Abnormal ignorance and dense stupidity entitle her to pose as the poetical ideal. If she give a penny to a street beggar, selecting generally the fraud, or kiss a puppy's nose, we exhaust the language of eulogy, proclaiming her a saint. The marvel to me is that, in spite of the folly upon which they are fed, so many of them grow into sensible women."

"Myself," remarked the Minor Poet, "I find much comfort in the conviction that talk, as talk, is responsible for much less good and much less harm in the world than we who talk are apt to imagine. Words to grow and bear fruit must fall upon the earth of fact."

"But you hold it right to fight against folly?" demanded the Philosopher.

"Heavens, yes!" cried the Minor Poet. "That is how one knows it is Folly—if we can kill it. Against the Truth our arrows rattle harmlessly."



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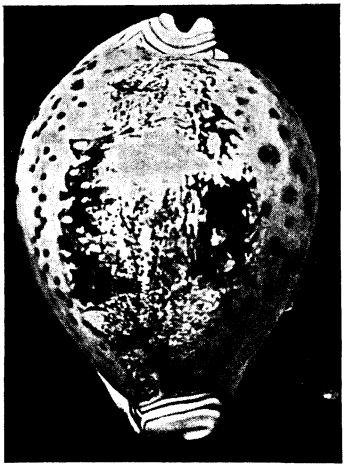
MONEY IN SHELLS.

By Wilfred Mark Webb, F.L.S.

It would be a hard task to find anyone without some interest in shells or their inhabitants. Few natural objects can, in fact, be looked upon from so many or such varied points of view. To them it must be remembered we owe the pearl, standing alone among precious jewels, for no art of man can add to its lustre. As it lies upon the neck of some fair damsel or dame, so it reposed between the valves of the "oyster." We will, however, neglect for the present the purely æsthetic, epicurean, scientific, and commercial aspects of the subject. Instead, we may consider a few of the financial questions arising out of them.

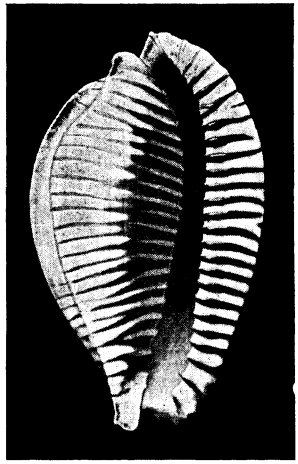
Neither love for their beauty nor zoological fervour, one would say, led to the fashion of buying rare shells which made itself felt in the middle of the nineteenth century. The craze, by no means extinct, for possessing something that others have not, was doubtless responsible for many of the fancy prices given for shells which were one of the fads of the time.

The sale of the Dennison collection of shells, in 1865, lasted for six days, and the proceeds amounted to upwards of two thousand pounds. Among our illustrations will be found representations of two cowries which sold for forty and forty-two pounds respectively. The latter price was also paid for the beautiful cone, well-named "Glory of the Sea," while several allied specimens brought in from ten to twenty-two pounds apiece. The largest sum given for a volute was sixteen pounds, but others fetched prices correspondingly high according to their rarity.



A valuable cowry (*Cypræa princeps*).
Dennison's specimen sold for £40.

Bivalves have never been quite so much sought after; nevertheless a rare white species changed hands for thirteen pounds, and a handsome escallop for seven pounds.



Another rare cowry, underside (*Cypræa guttata*).
£42 has been given for a specimen of this shell.

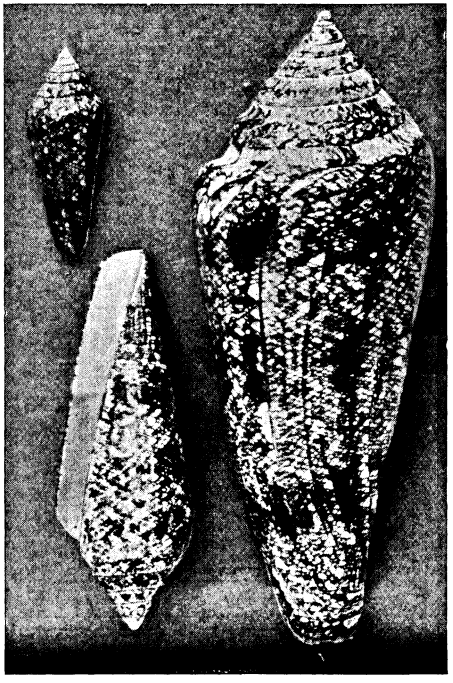
Such prices are not, however, the rule at the present day. Although there are crowds of shell collectors, they are mostly students of natural history; and as rarities are not always the most useful or typical forms, there is not so much temptation for the richer ones to throw their money away. What is more, many shells once scarce have become common, as might have been expected. Nevertheless, fresh rarities have been discovered and some of the old ones are still very valuable.

The "Glory of the Sea" cone already alluded to is a case in point, any perfect specimen coming into the market being almost certain to realise thirty pounds, at least. A record even has been established during the last few years, when a really famous specimen was sold privately on the Continent by Mr. G. B. Sowerby, the well-known dealer, for no less than seventy pounds. Wishing to keep it for an English customer, Mr. Sowerby put a prohibitive price upon the shell, but obtained the money notwithstanding.

Far back in geological times there were a thousand and more species of a kind of shell known as *Pleurotomaria*, characterised

by a peculiar slit running from the edge into its last coil. For many years such shells were thought to be extinct, but five recent species, all of large size, have been discovered. Only a few specimens of each are, however, known, and for these ten, twenty, fifty guineas and more have been paid. Some of their happy possessors have refused to part with them for even larger sums of money.

In the shell gallery at the British Natural History Museum, in Cromwell Road, are three specimens of *Pleurotomaria* belonging to two



THREE EXAMPLES OF THE "GLORY OF THE SEA" CONE (*Conus gloria-maris*).

Within the last few years a specimen was sold by Mr. Sowerby for £70. The Dennison example fetched £42 in 1865.

species, both of which we are able to illustrate here.

Unique specimens, which from time to time come into the dealers' hands, will usually fetch a good price. The national collection recently had a cowry, of which no other example is known, added to it at a cost of ten guineas, and a handsome volute ran away also with several pounds. This shell has unfortunately lost its apex; it is, however, the largest of its kind, and its colouring is restricted in a strikingly definite manner to the lower parts of the spiral, as may be seen from the illustration. There is always, of course, a possibility of further examples turning up, but the chances of dredging a shell from the depths of the ocean are much less than of finding one on land. Hence the highly priced shells, with few exceptions, are all marine. Plenty of snails fetch from half-a-guinea to a pound, and some have realised four guineas. No single specimen of a land shell from the Dennison collection seems, however, to have realised this latter price.

A CONE FORMERLY MUCH SOUGHT AFTER (*Conus cedo-nulli*).

At the Dennison sale £22 and £18 respectively was given for two of these shells.

The cowry seen on page 547 has been in the British Museum for many years, and yet no fellow has been found; it would be difficult to estimate the exact value of the shell.

There is no need, however, to multiply cases, and we may go on to consider some shells which themselves are used as coins. The word cowry means "money," and strictly applies to the form we are familiar with as counters in this country. In India four thousand shells of *Cypræa moneta* go to the shilling, and as many as fifty thousand hundredweights have been received at a single port in West Africa during one year. As the local dealers pay for the cowries by weight, and exchange them by number, it follows that the smaller the shells that they can safely put into circulation, the greater their profit.

A HIGH-PRICED VOLUTE (*Voluta festiva*).

This has changed hands for £16.

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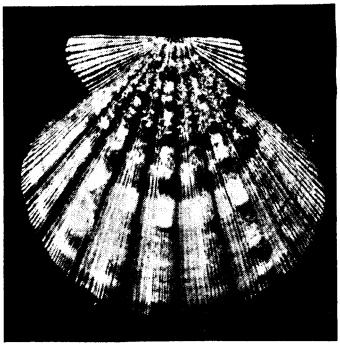
The ring-cowry characterised by a yellow band on the upper side is also accepted. An allied form, sometimes called the egg-cowry, finds favour in the New Hebrides; it may, like other primitive currencies, be restricted in its use, as in the Duke of York Islands, where it is only available for buying swine.

The tusk-shell of the west coast of America is another and very interesting case of shell-money. It shows that although an object may be abundant, it may have considerable value owing to the trouble that must be expended in obtaining it.



AN ESCALLOP OF VALUE (*Pecten subnodosus*).

As much as £7 has been given for this pretty shell.

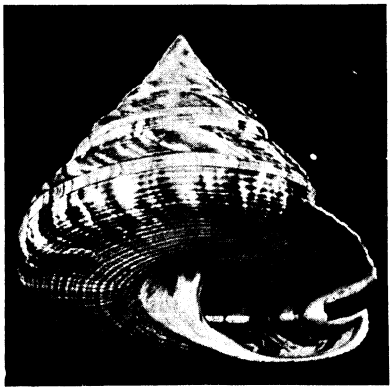
ONE OF THE THREE PLEUROTOMARIAS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM (*Pleurotomaria quoyana*).

In this species, which is of large size, the "slit" is well seen. The specimen shown cost the nation £54.

The molluscs live in the sand beyond low water mark and cannot be dredged up. The natives arm themselves with a kind of comb fixed upon a long handle. This is plunged through the water into the sand from a boat, and tusk-shells are from time to time brought up wedged between the teeth of the instrument. Four of the shells are shown on page 548. They came from Vancouver's Land.

A variety of the nerite has been adopted in the South Pacific Islands, while some small olives, after their tips have been knocked off, can be strung together and pass current in certain districts of California.

In a somewhat similar way, by removing a portion of the shell of a small dog-whelk, the dewarra or tambu of New Britain is manufactured. The prepared shells are threaded upon leaf ribs and hoarded up in the form of coils, a man's wealth being estimated by the number of fathoms he possesses. The natives will not part with dewarra for gold, and refuse to sell valuable commodities such as canoes except for shell money. White men can only get the latter by buying it from traders at three shillings a fathom, though at the funeral of a rich man the whole of his savings are distributed among the men present, after having been exhibited in the customary coils during the ceremony.



ANOTHER OF THE FIVE KNOWN KINDS OF PLEUROTOMARIA (*Pleurotomaria beyrichii*).

The second, smaller specimen exhibited at the British Natural History Museum contained the "animal"—the first pleurotomaria ever seen in the flesh.

A UNIQUE VOLUTE (*Voluta uniplicata*).

This was recently purchased for the British Museum.

Dr. Arthur Willey, to whom the writer is indebted for the specimen represented here,

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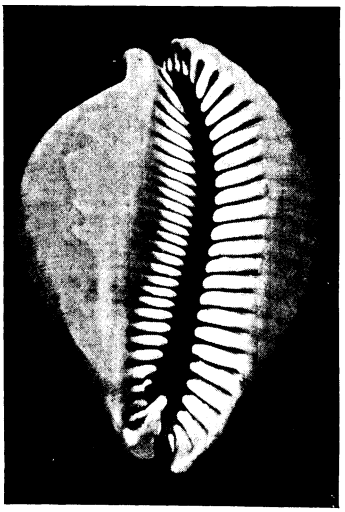
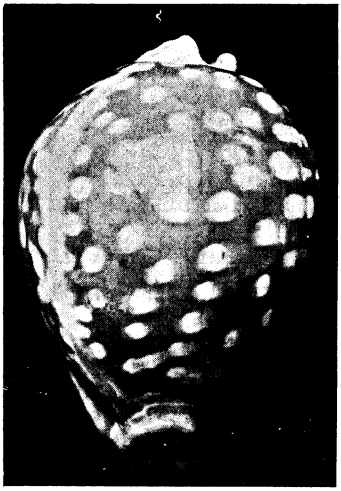
attended the funeral of an individual whose fortune was roughly one hundred and fifty pounds. Dr. Willey had to wait patiently for seven consecutive hours, and received about a fathom and a half of dewarra as his share.

The sixteen shells seen in our illustration threaded on a stick are the exact price of half-a-dozen eggs. Sometimes a necklace is made of many rows of the shell money and worn as depicted in our portrait of a New Britain native. This is reproduced from one of the fine plates published by Mr. Richard Parkinson, of Ralum, and Dr. A. B. Meyer, of Dresden, by kind permission of the latter.



THE UNDERSIDE OF THE SHELL SEEN IN THE PRECEDING ILLUSTRATION.

The next stage in the evolution of shell money is the cutting up of specimens into convenient bead-like pieces. The early settlers in Massachusetts found that strings of "wampum," as it is called, were in use among the Indians, and made sections current among themselves by law in 1643. The bivalves chosen are white with a purple border, and from the latter a special wampum of double the ordinary value is made. Larger beads are also manufactured from coloured parts of univalves in other places, and somewhat similar discs also take the place of coinage in some South Pacific Islands.



A COWRY WHICH FOR A LONG TIME HAS BEEN THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND KNOWN TO SCIENCE (*Cypræa leucodon*).

It is to be seen at the Shell Gallery in the Natural History Museum.

Among civilised nations several shells are still prized for the purposes of personal adornment, such as the lustrous valves of *Trigonia*, and the iridescent coils of *Elenchus*. Primitive peoples have always appreciated highly polished or brightly coloured shells, and naturally make more use of them, valuing some of them very highly, not only as mere ornaments, but as badges of rank.

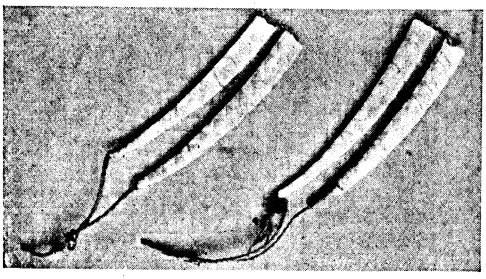
THE "MONEY" COWRY (*Cypræa moneta*).

Large shells are current in India, medium sized ones in West Africa, and small ones in the Pacific Islands. About 4,000 go to the shilling.

Sections cut from large shells often make very good circlets for arms or ankles. The chank, which is sacred among the Hindus, is often put to this purpose; but many examples are fastened in their entirety to the heads and necks of bullocks. In every temple, too, the shell is converted into a musical instrument with pleasing mellow tones. The shell is depicted on old money once in use in Southern India, and at the present day on the coins and stamps of Travancore. The trade in chanks is still very great, though the number of shells obtained annually from the Gulf of Manaar fishery no longer runs into millions. Even now, however, from ten to fifteen thousand pounds' worth may be imported into Madras and Calcutta during the year.

A specimen which is coiled in the reverse way occasionally occurs, just as men are known whose hearts beat towards the right side. Such shells are special objects of veneration and literally worth their weight in gold. Some have been sold in the old days for a lakh of rupees, which means a hundred thousand, but the one found in 1887 only brought in seven hundred.

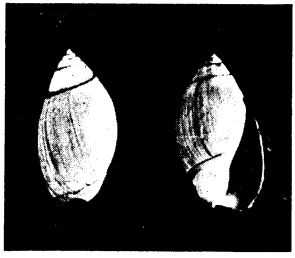
It is, of course, the labour involved and the artistic merit which form the chief value of cameos, but the shells from which they are cut must in the aggregate be worth a



TUSK SHELL MONEY (*Dentalium pretiosum*).
This comes from the west coast of North America.

good round sum. The suitability of the shell for the purpose depends primarily upon its possessing layers of different colours. In the substance of one of these the cameo is carved in bas-relief, while the other remains as a natural background to throw it up.

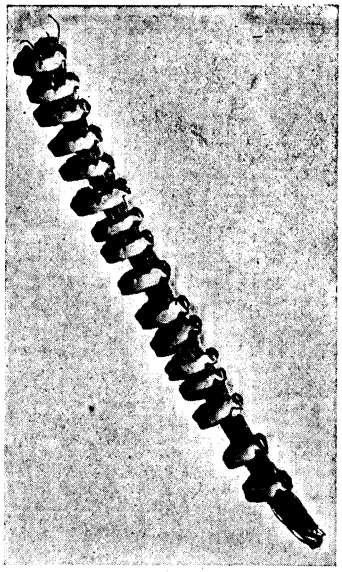
Notwithstanding the fact that a single pearl may be worth anything up to a hundred thousand pounds, it is true that the more solid kinds of mother-of-pearl "oysters" are the more profitable product of the fisheries where they occur. Two hundred pounds per ton is by no means an out-of-the-way price for the rough pearl shells, and fifty pounds more has been given for the finest examples. When one remembers the special character of mother-of-pearl and the increasing number of buttons—to mention nothing else—which are made from it, as well as the time taken by the molluscs to come to maturity, the value of their shells will not appear to be so surprising.



A LITTLE OLIVE (*Olivella biplicata*).
To form the currency the tips are broken off and the shells are then strung together.

A glance at a trade list will reveal quite a number of other shells whose pearly layers are made use of. Huge quantities of the commonest cameo shell are ground up to make porcelain, while even the humble cockle-shell is in request to vary the monotony of our black asphalt pavements.

In conclusion, the writer must acknowledge the kind permission given to him to take photographs of the rare shells in the British Natural History Museum, by Professor Ray Lankester, F.R.S., the Director. Thanks must also be offered to Mr. Edgar Smith, F.Z.S., Assistant Keeper of Zoology in the same institution, in whose care the specimens are, for much courteous assistance.



DEWARRA, THE SHELL MONEY OF NEW BRITAIN (*Nassa callosa*).
This piece represents the price of six eggs.

A NATIVE OF NEW BRITAIN, NAMED TURADAWAI, WEARING HIS MONEY IN THE FORM OF A NECKLACE.

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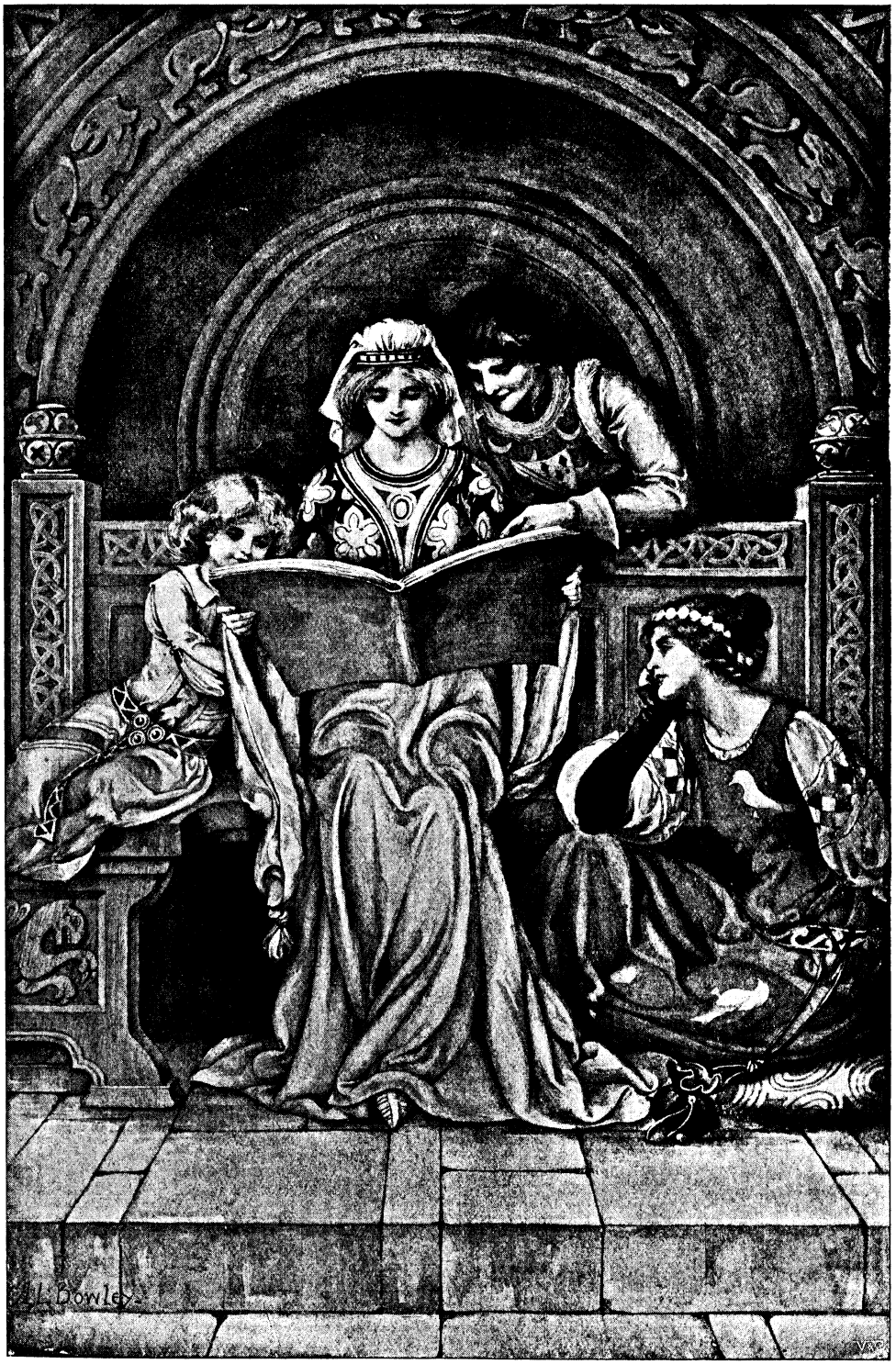

AN OLD-WORLD STORY.

By A. L. Bowley.

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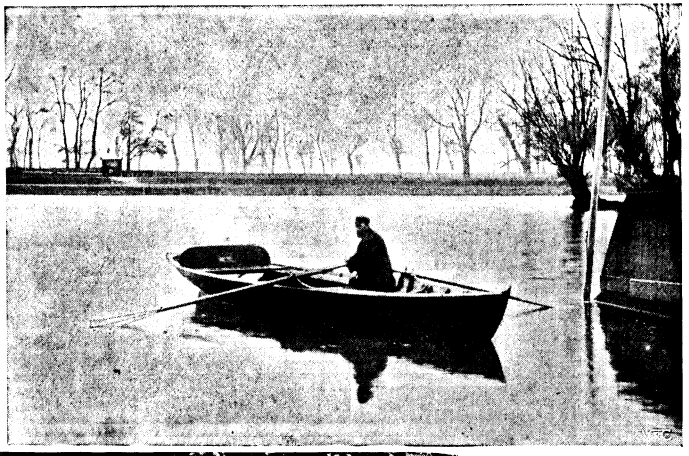
FAMOUS FERRIES.

By George A. Wade.

THE ferry-boat and the ferryman have played an important part in both practical and ideal life ever since the classical times of Charon and his celebrated ferry which conveyed passengers across the river Styx into the shadowy regions beyond. The striking picture of the grim old ferryman in Virgil's immortal work is familiar to us all, and Charon has always been the patron saint, so to speak, of all ferrymen.

It is not easy to say offhand which is the most celebrated ferry in the world. Nor is it even easy to say which is the most famous of those best known in England. Probably the honour would have to be divided between four ferries—those of Twickenham, Liverpool, Cowes, and Portsmouth. Yet there are others which must run these very close.

Everybody knows Twickenham Ferry—by name, at any rate; it has figured so often in modern song and in stories and descriptions of the greatest river in England. And the ferryman himself is certainly one of the best known and most celebrated of his fellows in the British Islands. He is the friend of everyone who loves the river, this bronzed man who has seen so many years' service on sea and shore, and who for the past dozen or fifteen years has rowed hundreds of people of every nationality day after day across the famous ferry from Twickenham to Ham. From early morning till late at night there is one continual "Ho-hoi-ye, ho-hoi-ye, ho-hoi-ye, oh, oh!" echoing over the river from passengers who have spent the summer day, or are intending to spend it, on the lovely banks of the Thames. On busy Bank Holidays it has been no unusual thing for over two thousand persons to cross Twickenham



TWICKENHAM FERRY.

THE SIGNBOARD AT TWICKENHAM FERRY, WITH PART OF THE SONG ON IT.

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Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

FERRY-BRIDGE, TOR POINT, DEVONPORT.

Ferry during the day; and each and all, from the little Twickenham child to the old American traveller, have a nod and a cheery word for the kind-hearted ferryman. Indeed, his temper and experience stand him in wonderful stead at holiday times, when the river is simply crowded with craft of all descriptions, and an accident seems absolutely certain about once a minute throughout the day.

The celebrated ferry between Liverpool and Birkenhead is not a small rowing-boat as at Twickenham. This would never do for a place where hundreds are waiting to be taken across the Mersey on every passage the boat makes. The steamer *Primrose* is known to all dwellers upon the banks of the Mersey. Morning by morning she carries across that busy river her load of business men and workers in "the world's shipping centre"; every night she returns with these same workers on their way back to their homes.

As the vessel sets off with one load of people, there is, perhaps, another large crowd waiting for the next steamer, which will soon follow with them on board across the wide Mersey. Liverpool never does things by halves. Its ferries are, like all its works and undertakings, upon a big scale. Twickenham Ferry may be illustrious in song and story; that of Liverpool is meant for more prosaic uses, and stands premier amongst the "commercial" ferries.

The annual visitors to the Isle of Wight must amount to hundreds of thousands, and the majority of these will be well acquainted with that noted steam ferry from East Cowes to West Cowes. It is a fine sight on the warm summer days to stand and watch the procession of stage-coaches with their loads of gay, happy pleasure-seekers, carried bodily in turns over this big ferry.

Here come the coaches from Ryde, with loud

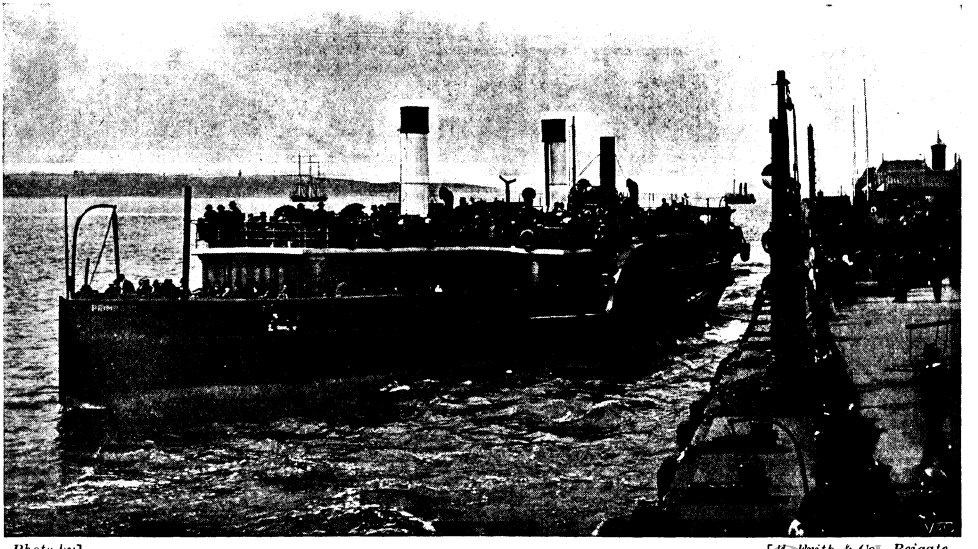

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

"PRIMROSE" FERRY-BOAT, LIVERPOOL.

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blowing of horns, and dash with fine *éclat* along the road from Whippingham to the crossing that leads to the ferry. The gates of the ferry-bridge open, and, to the immense astonishment of passengers who have never seen anything like it before, the horses of the coach trot forward with as much *sang-froid* as if they were strolling upon Ryde Parade, and take their place upon the floating bridge. They know to a nicety how far they have to go to permit of the gates behind them being closed, and they take their exact places almost to a hair's-breadth. There is a grinding noise, and the whole array is presently ferried bodily across to West Cowes.

In the lifetime of our late Queen it was no uncommon sight to see waiting a carriage with scarlet favours and outriders. One glance at this carriage, and off would go all hats in deep obeisance. For in the landau would be sitting Her Majesty, waiting to pass over the ferry in order to resume that daily drive which she so seldom missed when at Osborne. The sweet smile and the low bow that the much-loved Sovereign always accorded her subjects on such occasions has caused many to look back upon the ferry at Cowes with a sense of genuine affection.

When you have come over the Spithead from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth, you see another of the famous ferries of the world. All "Jack Tars" in the British Navy know it as well as they know their ship. The Gosport ferry-boat is a regular nautical institution, if one may say so; it is Jack's ferry, *par excellence*. He goes over it to the towns lying on each side of the celebrated harbour often two or three times a day when in port.

There is probably more shouting and noise made in connection with this ferry than with all other ferries put together. For the "Handy Man" is not by any means a quiet subject when his leave on shore begins, any more than he is when he sees any brothers of the Navy, or cousins of the Army, leaving Southampton to serve the King. The sailor never conceals his loyalty, whatever anyone else may do, either in war or peace; and he never talks in whispers unless it is an absolute necessity. Then, as a rule, his whisper is as loud as an ordinary stage "aside." He is used to shouting out in heavy gales and over long stretches of water, and on this ferry at Gosport he lets himself go oft and again in no half-measure.

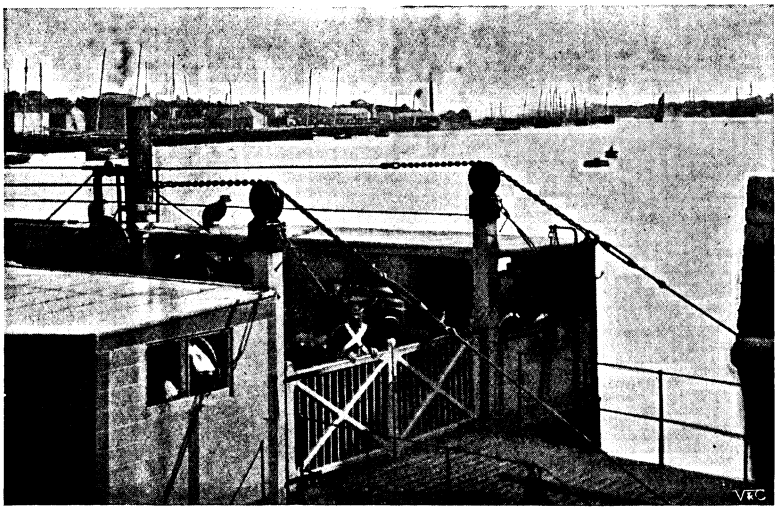

Photo by] [*Broderick, Ryde*.

"THE QUEEN'S FERRY," WEST COWES.

The Floating Bridge, as this ferry is called, runs to Gosport from the spot known as Point, and is probably the biggest ferry in the world. It will carry forty carriages and five hundred passengers without any crowding at one time. It keeps a true course by being secured to chains that stretch across the harbour, and makes the journey one way or the other each quarter of an hour.

Whatever reason several places in our kingdom may have to be boastful of their steam ferries, there is little doubt that they must yield the palm to Devonport in one or two respects, at all events. For the structures at Tor Point, Devonport, known as the "Ferry Bridge," have many characteristics. They are steam ferries of a similar class to those in use at Cowes and other towns, but here they carry passengers on both sides of the boiler-house, and so may be styled "double" ferries. Our photograph shows the people just descending from the ferry, and also gives a good view of the way

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in which the chains to which the moving bridge is attached are fastened to the shore.

This Devonport ferry, too, has another unique characteristic—it is duplicated, as seen in the picture. There are, in reality, two separate "ferry-boats" which can be used for transferring intending passengers from Devonport across the Sound to Plymouth, and there are few places in the world that can boast of a similar double service of ferries. There are, at each end of the roadway, inclined planes which can be raised or lowered at will, so as to make the descent for vehicles as easy and gradual as possible. And it is very noticeable how the horses in carriages or carts using them soon learn all the details necessary to be understood about their working ere the way is plain and open for them to continue their journey. These horses become as expert in knowing just when to go on and when to stop as does a London 'bus-horse in connection with the police at important crossings.

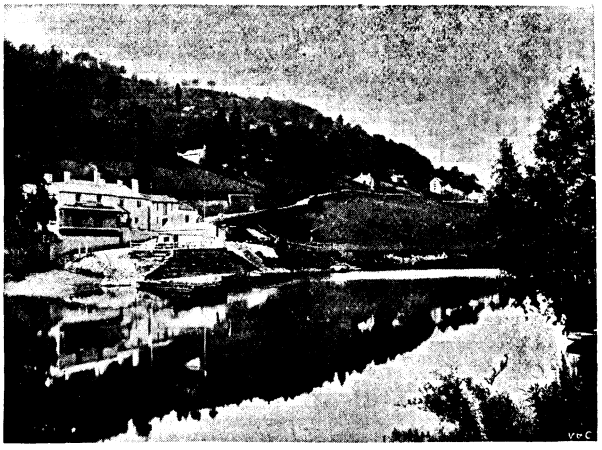

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE FERRY, SYMOND'S YAT, ON THE WYE.

What visitor to Warwick Castle ever forgets the old ferry across the river at the foot of that stately home of England? Its extremely quaint and rustic air is most charming, and, after the machine-like ferries so common to-day in many places throughout the land, this ancient device of crossing the Avon appeals to every tourist as being truly in keeping with all its lovely surroundings and old-world suggestions.

There is the old punt-like boat, resting against the reedy side of the stream, whose banks are golden with buttercups or white with daisies. There is the rope dangling from one side of the water to the other and passing over the pulley-wheel on the bank. There are the wooden steps leading down to the boat, made not for the scores of visitors that one expects to see at some of our famous ferries, but for the occasional use of the Castle inmates, servants, or a chance visitor. Here there is no professional ferryman, as at Twickenham; here there are no steam works aboard the ferry, as at Cowes. The tourist

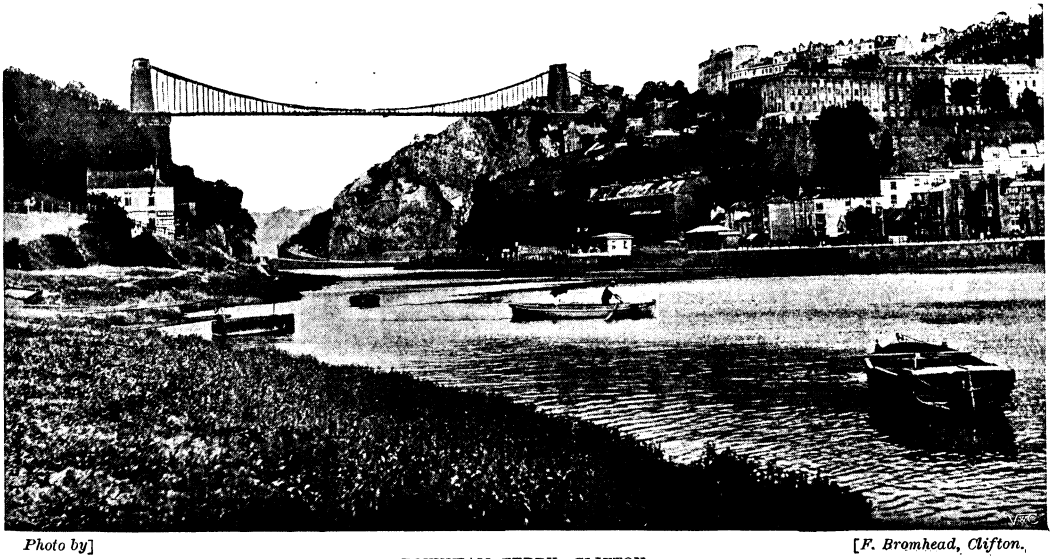

Photo by] [*F. Bromhead, Clifton.*

ROWNHAM FERRY, CLIFTON.

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becomes his own ferryman for the nonce, and the experience does not lessen his feeling of pleasure with his summer outing. And behind him, all the time, rises the beautiful Castle, strong in the part it has played in English history, proud of its ancient lineage and its celebrated occupants.

What Twickenham Ferry is to Londoners it may be said that Eccleston Ferry is, on a smaller scale, to the inhabitants of Chester and the district. The most pleasant way of reaching Eaton Hall, the seat of the Dukes of Westminster, is by steamer up the Dee from Chester, and the favourite landing-place for walking on to the Hall is Eccleston Ferry. This is about a mile above Heron Bridge, on the Dee, and it is a ferry whose boat is of the more improved modern type which we have seen at several places, large and commodious for carrying many people or vehicles at once across the river. This type of ferry-boat has become a necessity now on all much-frequented rivers, as traffic has grown by leaps and bounds. The Eccleston boat, however, does not work by steam, as so many similar ones do, and the sides of it are fitted up with seats, as seen in the picture, which is another improvement upon many such boats.

In that picturesque corner of our country known as the Lake District, there is a celebrated ferry at Windermere, which much resembles in its general features the Cowes ferry. But this one at Windermere has scarcely as much steam-power to work it. It will, however, carry two coaches at once across with it, provided they are not harnessed with more than a couple of horses each, whereas the Cowes ferry-boat seldom carries more than one coach at a time, though that may have four horses to it.

This crossing of Windermere is one of the many beautiful touring trips in the Lake District, and is greatly enjoyed by passengers, to whom it is often a unique experience. There is the splendid view of the highest mountains in England stretching onward and upward for a great distance. There are the hillsides covered with firs and mountain-ash trees; there are the banks of Windermere thick with ferns and rare flowers of all kinds. All combine to make a scene of enchantment that lingers in the mind long after the tourist has returned to prosaic everyday life, and holidays are things of the past.

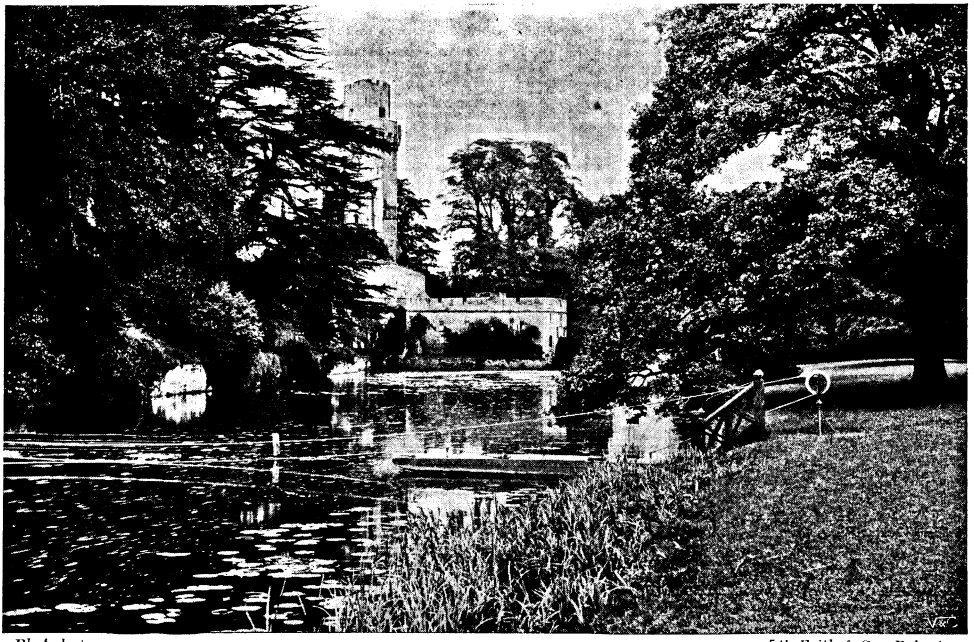

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

WARWICK CASTLE FERRY.

A most interesting ferry, well known to the denizens of Norwich, is that commonly called "Pull's," which is extremely picturesque in its situation and relationship to the oldest city in the Eastern counties. The ferry has no great distinction in song or

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Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

PULL'S FERRY, NORWICH.

literature; nothing of the renown of Royalty attaching to it; nothing of celebrity from the immense crowds of people who use it each day; nothing notable from its size or importance. Its ferry-boat is only the usual small boat worked by a cheery ferryman from the steps that are right in front of his house. Yet there is something very attractive in Pull's Ferry as one comes down the road leading to it and sees the old gate in the city wall staring him in the face, with its memories of centuries ago; as one sees the pointed spire of the famous cathedral towering to the sky and standing out prominently above the gate like a sentinel.

The ferry across the Ure, in Yorkshire, at Newby, holds a pathetic interest amongst the ferries of Great Britain, from the remarkable and terrible accident which happened there on the 4th of February, 1869. There is no known record of an accident on any English ferry being attended by such

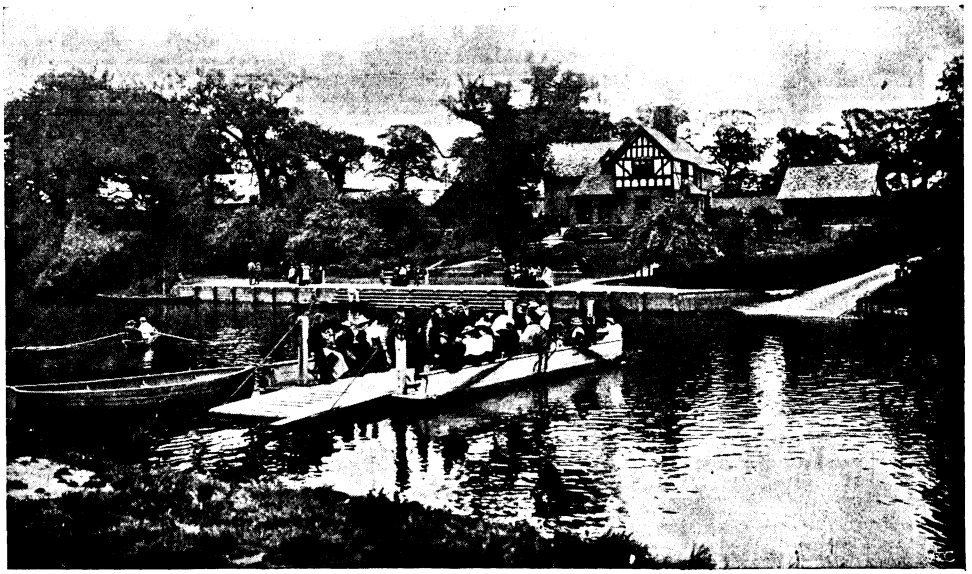

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

ECCLESTON FERRY, CHESTER.

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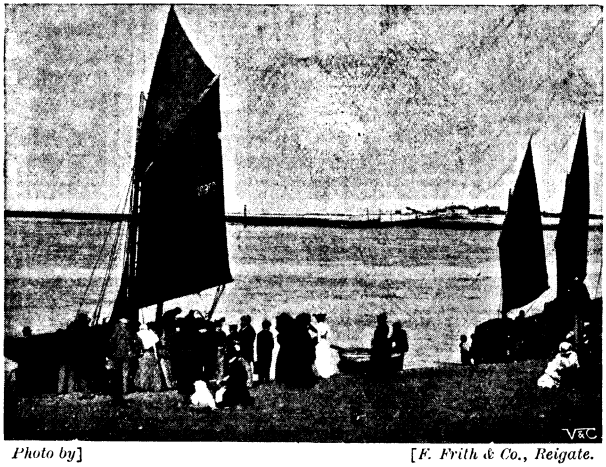

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE FERRY, FLEETWOOD.

a loss of life. Sir Charles Slingsby, a member of one of the best known families of Yorkshire, was hunting with a large field, when, the fox having crossed the river Ure, the huntsmen came up to this ferry to be taken over. All went well until the middle of the river was reached, when, owing to some unexplained cause, the horses of the party began to be restive, and it is supposed that one of them must have kicked one of its fellows. In any case, almost before the huntsmen knew what had happened, the whole of the animals were plunging recklessly about and the ferry-boat was upset. Even then no great harm might have been done to the party had they been able to extricate themselves from their frightened steeds, whose splashing and plunging in the swollen stream made attempts to rescue their unfortunate riders almost utterly futile. It is said that Sir Charles Slingsby had nearly gained the opposite bank when he was dragged under the water by his horse, and, before his companions who had arrived there could aid either him or the other unfortunate horsemen near him, the poor fellows were drowned in full sight of the rest of their party. On this lamentable occasion no less than six lives were lost, and this is by far the most serious accident of the kind that has happened during this last half-century on any English ferry-boat.

The name of the merely picturesque ferry in England is, of course, legion. From the ferry-boat that plies between Windsor and Clewer, or the hand-rail ferry over the Cherwell, near the famous Parsons' Pleasure bathing-place at Oxford, to the small steamer that journeys between Penzance and St. Michael's Mount when high-tide covers the stone causeway, is a far cry in importance and elaboration; yet these widely different means of transit all fall roughly under the term of "ferry." And it is interesting to recall the number of villages or hamlets which have absolutely taken their names from their proximity to some ferry in days gone by, before some much-needed bridge was built or stretch of marshland drained, or still owe their title to the same circumstance to-day, in cases where no great traffic is required. "Ferry Marston," "Ferry Hincksey," and many another old-world hamlet rise at once to the mind's eye. Ferries abandoned or replaced by business-like bridges are also many in number, though in many such cases the name or the tradition of an old custom still survives. Dibdin's "Jolly Young Waterman," who

> . . . feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity,
> Winning each heart and delighting each eye,

used to ply at Blackfriars, and it was from Chelsea Ferry that the same author's "Thomas" took his fond farewell when he left for foreign climes. The muse of Dibdin

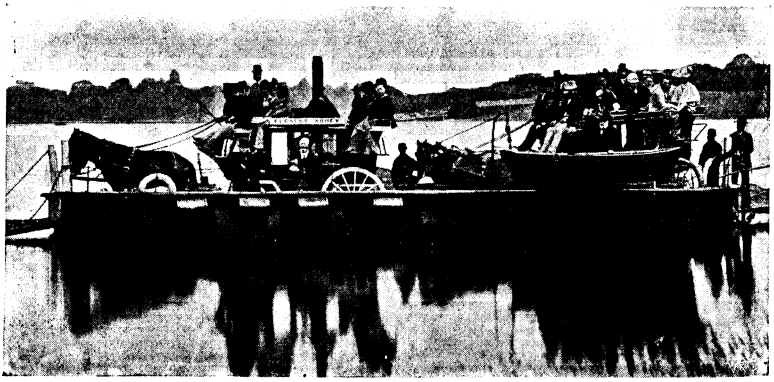

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE FERRY-BOAT ON WINDERMERE.

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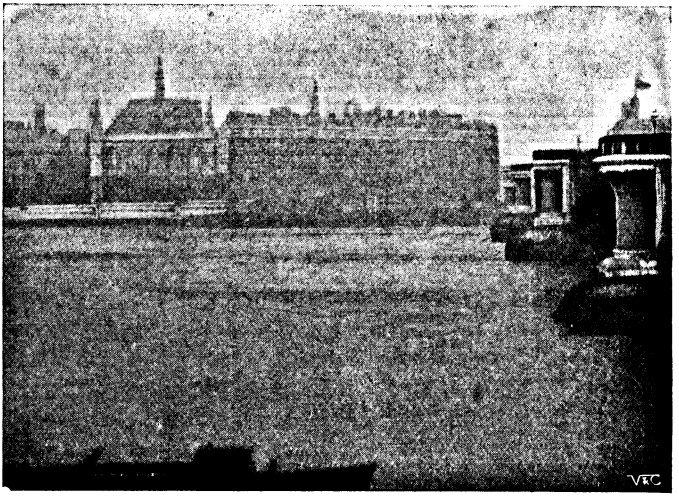
recalls, in this connection, the more modern verse of that laureate of the Thames, Mr. Ashby-Sterry, who has celebrated "The Lass of Bolney Ferry" in one of his daintiest summer lyrics.



BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE AND OLD FERRY.

Many holiday-makers who frequent Blackpool are well acquainted with the ferry across the mouth of the Wyre, by which one passes from Fleetwood to the spacious sands of that pleasant little seaside village known as Knott End, and among other sea-board ferries already specified or too numerous for individual mention are the several ferries of Plymouth, notably that which plies between the town and Mount Edgcumbe. The Douglas Head Ferry, too, plays an important part in the tour of visitors to the Isle of Man.

The most elaborate and up-to-date of modern ferry-boats is probably to be found in the Furness Railway's new steam ferry plying between Barrow-in-Furness and Walney Island. This vessel, with its deck-houses, promenade deck, four cabins, and other spacious accommodation, will carry about twelve hundred passengers at a time. The term "ferry" certainly covers a strange diversity of vessels!

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

CHELSEA SUSPENSION BRIDGE OF TO-DAY, WHERE THE OLD FERRY USED TO BE.

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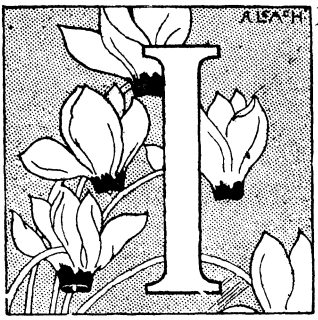
THE FIRST PIANO IN CAMP.

By SAM DAVIS.*



IN 1861 there was a little camp about ten miles from Pioche occupied by upwards of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset. When the day was over, these men did not rest from their labours, like the honest New England agriculturist, but sang, danced, gambled, and shot each other, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along Main Street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef and that the bodies were coming in. Presently a lumbering old conveyance laboured up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses, well worn out with their toil. The cart contained a good-sized box, and no sooner had its outlines become visible through the glimmer of a stray light here and there than it began to affect the idlers. Death always enforces respect, and, even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd gradually became subdued, and when the horses came to a standstill, the cart was immediately surrounded. The driver, however, was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so."

The driver filled his pipe and lit it as he continued—

"Wish the bones and load had gone over the grade."

A man who had been looking on stepped up to him at once.

"I don't know who you have in that box, but if they are friends of mine, I'll lay you alongside."

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster coolly. "Just burst the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other for a moment, and the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment; and when you talk about hoping to see corpses go over a bank, all I have to say is that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't friends of mine."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I've said; and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking, I guess I can't change it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got a board off and then pulled out some old rags. A strip of something dark, like rosewood, presented itself.

"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite astonished.

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the teamster had so irritated him that he had made up his mind to pull his gun at the first sight of the dead, even if the deceased were his worst and oldest enemy. Presently the whole of the box cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," said he, "this is a pianner!"

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for.

Had a dozen dead men been in the box, their presence in camp could not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of that lovely piano caused. By the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace a hurdy-gurdy saloon owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to put this

* Copyright, 1902, by Sam Davis, in the United States of America.

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"He often hung about the instrument."

wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest individual in the State. It rose gradually from a recumbent to an upright position, amid a confusion of tongues, after the manner of the Tower of Babel.

Of course, everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece." Scores of men came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the bones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned up, I'm the boy."

"I've got music to feed it for a month."

Another brought a blanket for a cover, and all took the liveliest interest in it. It was at last in a condition for business.

"It's been showing its teeth all week. We'd like to have it spit out something."

Alas! there wasn't a man to be found that could play upon the instrument.

Goskin began to realise that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler, and a Mexican who thrummed the guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete.

One day a three-card Monte player told a friend confidentially that he could knock any amount of music out of the piano if he only had it alone a few hours to get his hand in. This report spread about the camp, but on being questioned he vowed that he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a suspicious circumstance, that he often hung about the instrument and

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looked upon it longingly, like a hungry man gloating over a beefsteak in a restaurant window. There was no doubt but that this man had music in his soul, perhaps in his fingers' ends, but did not dare to make trial of his strength after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect. So the fiddler kept on with his jigs, and the greasy Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch that piano. There were, doubtless, scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold dust to have been half an hour alone with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be generally understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch at its work.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling hell with sprays of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano-pounder," he said. "This is a nice place for a Christian to live in!"

Getting a piece of paper, he scrawled the words—

$40 *REWARD*

TO A COMPITANT PIANER PLAYER.

This he stuck up on the music-rack, and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merry-making went on, the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the squeaky fiddle and the worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouching near the fireplace. His garments—such as were left—were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands towards the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent. He looked about him once in a while, as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all of the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nogg, advanced and remarked cheerily—

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips, and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this!"

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his steaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark were a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose and, walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon some roast beef, devouring it as any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and lighten up. His features lost their pallor and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes, the people about him got merrier and happier and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

"Do you always have your place decorated like this?" he finally asked of Goskin.

"This is Christmas Eve," was the reply.

The stranger was startled.

"December twenty-fourth, sure enough."

"That's the way I put it up, pard."

"When I was in England, I always kept Christmas. But I had forgotten that this was the night. I've been wandering about in the mountains until I have lost all track of the feasts of the Church."

Presently his eye fell on the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the confession.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it and give us a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box."

His pulse beat faster, for he feared the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle-box, he drew it up and seated himself at the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was some-

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"The music laid its spell upon every ear and heart."

thing so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take in a fifty-dollar bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long, white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and as he wove the chords together the music laid its spell upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys, like a man treading uncertain paths; but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently

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he bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads they had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs that came up like dreams of childhood this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon another, they saw their homes of long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple-blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the old New England States; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together: they recalled the heather of Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea, as it beat upon their memories, vaguely. Then came the old Christmas carols, such as they had heard sung in church thirty years ago; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased, the crowd slunk away from him; there was no more revelry and devilment left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying his head down on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar where some old blankets were lying and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him by morning? I'd like to see his face once before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As he dashed into the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin. It was quite light when the two men returned and entered the room. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My stars! I hope he is alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there!

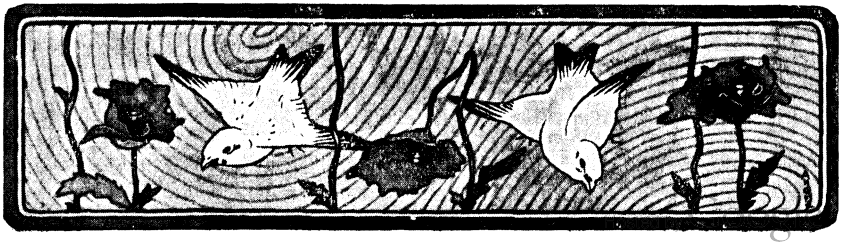
"Gone!" cried Driscoll wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash-drawer.

"Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and no one knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's tracks through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading towards Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card Monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back, when he looked towards the ceiling for inspiration, on the night of December 24, 1861.



THE LOVERS' TIFF.

By H. J. Walker.

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THE PASSING OF PHARAOH.

By B. A. CLARKE.

THE three boys were down in the breakfast-room when the single knock came at the front door.

"I fancy it is a man from Rogers," said Max casually. "Walter, you might run up and see."

(Rogers was a veterinary surgeon of some repute. The Tyrells' four-year-old pedigree St. Bernard, registered at the Kennel Club under the name of Pharaoh 2073, had been sent to him to be operated upon for a cancerous growth upon the elbow.)

"In a second," said Walter, making a display of putting up his paints. "It won't hurt the man to wait a second."

Once outside the breakfast-room, however, he began to run, and he charged the basement stairs like a squadron of horse.

Max resumed his reading.

"Do you think Pharaoh can be worse?" whispered the nine-year-old Claude, when Walter did not return.

"I should say that the dog was dead and that the end of the world was coming," said the big boy, with an obvious reference to the youngster's scared face.

"I would give a pound to hear that old Pharaoh was better," Claude said defiantly.

Max made a gesture of impatience.

"How on earth do you think I can read with you talking?"

At last the front door slammed (what a deal the man had had to say!) and then Walter could be heard going upstairs. Apparently it occurred to him that his brothers might be interested in the bulletin, for he came downstairs again as far as the upper passage.

"Max," he shouted, "Pharaoh is dead!" and went away to look for a lost fretwork pattern.

"A pity," said Max, and became absorbed in his book.

Tertius sat straight up in the middle of his chair and watched Primus as if fascinated.

"There is no book like 'Pickwick,'" said Max. "I could read it for ever."

Nevertheless a few minutes later he yawned violently and threw the volume down upon the table.

"I will go upstairs and clear up my room," he said, addressing no one in particular. "Goodness knows it needs clearing!"

Left to himself, Claude sat on, staring straight ahead of him and gripping the back of his chair with both hands. His brow knitted, but he was thinking about nothing—or, at least, that was his aim. Thoughts would come, thoughts radiating from the word "never," but he cast them out time and again. After a while he became aware that his efforts were being frustrated by a sound of sniffing from the kitchen. He ran out and found the stout cook, a good-natured soul, but soft as putty, drying her eyes.

The child stammered out something about Pharaoh, but the woman turned upon him quite fiercely.

"You boys fancy that no one in the house has anything to think about but your precious dog—bah!"

Then she blew her nose violently and went on with her task, making away with the utensils that had been devoted to the St. Bernard—his saucepan, the stockpot in which fragments had been collected for him, and the plate from which he had fed. These she threw into the dustbin, making a separate journey with each article.

"Look at these bones. I collected them thinking that Pharaoh would need something to pull him round when he returned; now they will just be thrown away."

She sat down upon a Windsor chair and cried quietly.

"Don't you think I am crying about your dog. I would not so demean myself. I am crying for an aunt I lost; an aunt—but there, she was more like a mother to me than an aunt."

"When did she die?" asked Claude in an awed whisper.

"You want to know too much!" snapped the woman, not being able at the moment to think of a better answer.

"Do you remember how Pharaoh used to bark at your new bonnet?" said Claude, to divert her thoughts from her bereavement, but the remark brought on a paroxysm.

"She was a dear, good lady," said the cook, when she had become a little calmer. "We buried her in Brompton Cemetery—

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"'I should say that the dog was dead and that the end of the world was coming,' said the big boy."

the wreaths would not have gone under that table. It was this very day twelvemonth. And then I am to be told that I am crying about a brown-and-white dog that was more trouble than enough! Taking into account what I did for him as a puppy, a child would not have given the trouble."

"He was very grateful," said Claude. "No one ever did anything for that dog but he remembered it, and sooner or later paid for it with a great lick. I would give anything for another lick from him now, and so would you, Cook. So would anyone in the world."

Claude's voice shook, but he was not very angry. Cook spoke roughly, but she had been very good always with the bones. She must have liked the dog a little. If she had forgotten sometimes what was due to Pharaoh's ancestry (one should not speak to a grandson of Pilgrim as to a dog from the streets), in the matter of his wants her memory had never once been at fault. In his own regal way Pharaoh had always recognised her as a friend. When the burst of grief for her aunt had passed, Cook would be sorry that the huge, gentle beast was dead.

"The day he was took away," said the woman, "I was ill in bed with one of my bad heads. I heard the stairs creak, and there was Pharaoh outside scratching to be let in. 'It's all right, Pharaoh,' I said; 'Cook will be well soon.' He went downstairs, but came back again and sat whimpering like a human."

"He was very bad himself," said Claude,

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meaning that on the occasion in question the poor animal had been seeking sympathy rather than bestowing it.

"I know he was bad, and that's what makes it so good of him coming up all those stairs to inquire after me. 'All right, Pharaoh,' I called through the door; 'don't cry for me. You will see Cook down to-morrow.' And that very night he was packed off to one of those slashers and carvers. There's a deal to be answered for if the truth be known."

And the cook threw an apron over her head and rocked to and fro.

"Is it for Pharaoh you are crying now?" the child whispered. "For your aunt and for Pharaoh just a little?"

"Ah! Master Claude, may you never know what sorrow is! To think of that good woman lying out there in Brompton Cemetery. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Claude went back into the breakfast-room visibly affected. He was not ashamed of his emotion (the death of a human being is a subject for tears), but considerably embarrassed that there had been a call for emotion on this particular night. Anyone ignorant of the cook's bereavement seeing him now would certainly misjudge him. No one ever had properly understood him but Pharaoh. Poor old pup! How it would have troubled him to see his favourite ("I know he liked me best," sobbed the child) with face buried thus in his hands! He would have forced his blunt nose between the hands and removed the tear-stains with one vast consolatory lick. You could not keep in the blues long with the St. Bernard beside you. There was something so brave and wise about his outlook. He understood things (who could doubt it?) and saw no reason for despair. Even this trouble about the cook's aunt would be bearable if it were possible to take counsel with that sagacious old face. But it never would be possible. Pharaoh would not come again. His blunt nose would be pushed no more into the boy's affairs. No more troubles would be smoothed by that rough tongue. Others would try to console and would start by misjudging. Better, far better, to shut oneself in one's bedroom than be wronged by such pity. So Claude made a dash for his room, to collide upon the stairs with his mother. She held out her arms, but he ducked under them and escaped. No blame attached to him, but the knowledge that it had been her intention to lift him from the ground turned him hot with shame.

One of the most painful things about mothers is that they lack the sense of years. They may hide the defect, but a crisis will always reveal it. A nine-year-old son is in trouble, and it is seen that in his mother's thought he has been all along as a babe. Fourteen years even is no certain protection—aye, nor forty years, either.

Claude found Walter in possession of their joint bedroom, and his toe was under the door. And while he stood upon the landing the bolt in Max's room was shot home. Coming downstairs again, Claude wandered into the drawing-room and found his father staring out at the garden.

"Wonderful how the days are lengthening," Mr. Tyrell said briskly, without turning round.

Claude closed the door and returned to the breakfast-room. No one disturbed him, indeed, for the next hour it was as though the house were empty. At supper, however, the full company was present, and the meal was wildly hilarious. Max made jokes, and the younger boys shrieked with laughter at them.

"My dear Claude," said Mrs. Tyrell anxiously, "I am afraid you will be ill."

Then, in the highest of spirits, the boys trooped up to their sister's bedroom.

"I have been crying my eyes out about Pharaoh," said the little invalid. "I thought you would have, too."

The boys looked at one another with eyebrows slightly raised. It was uneradicable, then, this feminine trick of judging the superior sex by the lower.

"To think," said the little girl, "that I shall never awake and see old Pharaoh sitting up by my bed. He put his tongue out when I opened my eyes, and I always used to think he was laughing."

"There, there," said Max hurriedly, "what is the good of distressing yourself?"

"Poor Claudie!" said the girl. "You never could get Pharaoh to treat you as a grown-up. Do you remember when he was a puppy how he used to push you into corners and lick your bare legs?"

"You will be making yourself cry again," said Claude gruffly.

"I believe Pa wanted to cry taking Pharaoh back."

This taking the dog back had been the worst pull of all. Even his death had been less poignant. The necessity had arisen thus. The first day the sick dog was at the vet.'s, and before the operation had been performed, he made a wonderful escape, ill

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"'She was a dear, good lady,' said the cook. 'We buried her in Brompton Cemetery—the wreaths would not have gone under that table.'"

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as he was, to turn up twenty hours later, a most pitiable object, at the Tyrells' front door. His coat and shirt-front—that glorious white shirt-front, the joy of those who brushed him—were matted with mud and clay, he was dead with fatigue, and bleeding from bramble scratches on the nose. Further evidence of his cross-country roamings were the bits of hedgerow in his tail. But the unbearable thing was the poor beast's conviction that he had deserved well of the family. There was not a doubt in his mind that they would all be as pleased at the reunion as he was. He was lying before the kitchen fire when the boys came down to breakfast; there was a noble self-applause in the faint tapping of his tail. They patted him and said: "Good old Pharaoh!" knowing very well that it was their clear duty to say "Bad dog!" to discourage him from escaping another time.

"He must go back," said Max.

"Bags I don't take him," said Walter.

Max said: "I will take him, he is my dog"; but when Mr. Tyrell volunteered, Max was glad enough to escape the task.

All the day the boys hung about the sick St. Bernard, bathing his face and brushing his coat until Pilgrim himself would have been proud of such a grandson; but when the hour of departure approached, one by one they slipped out of the house. There is a blind turning that cuts the road to the station at right angles, and here, to their mutual discomfiture, the boys met. They had not very long to wait. Mr. Tyrell and the St. Bernard passed very slowly across the top of the road. The dog's huge head was down. It did not do to wonder what was in his heart.

"When he left the house that last time," said Margaret, "he gave one bark, a good-bye he was calling up to me. I would have given anything to let him know that we were not tired of him. He was so fond of us, and I'm sure we were as fond of him—we were, oh, we were!"

"There, there," said Max not unkindly, for he remembered that she was an invalid and a girl, "you will be upsetting us next. Fancy Walter and Claude and me in a row, crying like three babies."

It was a humorous picture, and the boys laughed boisterously.

"It isn't as if Pharaoh was a human being," said Claude; "there would be some sense in crying then."

"Don't boys ever cry?" said Margaret. "I should think it must be dreadful feeling ever so and keeping it in."

"What's the good of bothering about what can't be altered?" said Max.

"Silly things, girls," said Walter, when they were outside.

"I don't know," said Claude. "You see, Margaret spends all her time on her back, and when we were away, Pharaoh used to sit with her for hours. He was like a nurse to her."

"I don't want to listen to that rot," said Walter roughly. "You are almost as bad as a girl yourself."

Claude crept up to bed and, having undressed, deliberately turned out the gas, a thing that Walter had forbidden under penalties. However, the elder boy when he came up did not seem to notice that anything was wrong. He undressed in the dark, and then (such was his absence of mind) climbed into Claude's bed.

"Claudie, old man, what is the matter? I ought not to have said you were like a girl."

"It wasn't that," gulped the youngster; "you can call me what you like."

"I know. It is about old Pharaoh."

"Likely I would cry about a dog! I wouldn't demean myself to cry about a dog."

"What is it, then, Claudie? You might tell a fellow."

The child required some pressing, but at last his story came with a rush—the cook's aunt, her virtues and untimely end.

"Cook was throwing away Pharaoh's bones and things when she told me."

"It must be dreadful," said Walter, with his lip trembling, "to lose a relation like that."

"She was more like a mother to Cook than an aunt," Claude sobbed. "They buried her in Brompton Cemetery, and the wreaths wouldn't have gone under the kitchen table."

"When did it happen?" said Walter, his voice faltering.

"The funeral was a year ago this very day. Such a funeral, Cook says, as you never saw."

"Tell me more," whispered Walter, wanting fuller justification for the emotion that was mastering him.

Claude retailed all of the cook's conversation that he could call to mind, adding details and pathetic touches where the narrative seemed to demand them, heightening the aunt's virtues and lengthening her funeral *cortège*, until Walter broke down utterly, and the two brothers, for all their joint twenty years, wept in each others' arms. Never was a woman more truly mourned.

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THE MARCH PAST BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE REVIEW OF THE BOYS' BRIGADES BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, AT THE HORSE GUARDS, JUNE 14, 1902.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE

By A. Edmund Spender.

SIR WALTER BESANT the year before his death remarked that the spirit of the age was a growing sympathy between the cultured and the uncultured classes. There have been periods of conquest, legislation, and religion in the history of England; but the last phase, which is now upon us, is only in its initial stage. It is marked by no one movement, but many, and the best chance of success lies in those organisations which devote their chief attention to the young, whose characters are not yet formed for good or evil. *Maxima debetur puero reverentia.* Not the least important of these is the movement of the Boys' Brigade. It moulds, through the instrument of drill, the rowdy young roysterer into shape; it gives the lad at Church or Board school an early idea of the importance of law and order, and it brings to the errand boy, who has trudged his round all day with milk or liquorice powder, a sparkle of enthusiasm.

Nineteen years ago this foster-parent of all similar movements found its cradle in Glasgow, where boys are as plentiful as rats. One company was started—thirty boys were inquisitive enough to find out what madness had seized the three officers. To-day Major W. A. Smith, the founder, lives to realise that close on 100,000 boys now wear the cap and belt which are the badge of the B. B. The movement is not parochial, but national, and its establishment in Canada, the States, Africa, and India, bids fair to make it universal. Johannesburg had its company almost before it was a town. Colombo owns its battalion of Cinghalese lads, and Canada has companies flourishing even as far west as Victoria, B.C.

Indeed, it may be said to have attained exceptional popularity in the Dominion, a fact which is more than probably due to the preponderance in the Far West of shrewd-headed Scotsmen, who can see what will be the future benefits of the organisation. But the movement has been further assisted through the active interest of the late Governor-General, who showed such enthusiasm that on one occasion he engaged a company of boys to drill in his own drawing-room, so as to give his party of invited

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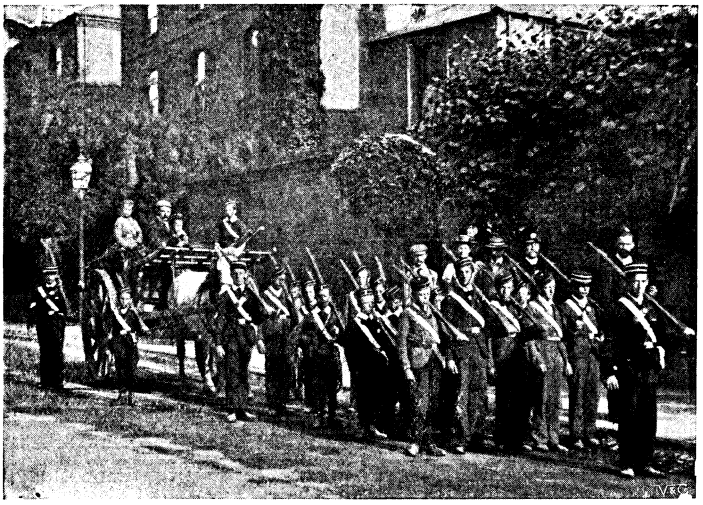
friends an insight into the reality and the vigour of the work.

The Boys' Brigade has gained such a firm footing in the Dominion that it cannot but increase in strength, and this though Lord Aberdeen has had to retire. Canada's loss was Great Britain's gain, for our honorary president, as one of his first public acts on his return from Ottawa, presided over the annual meeting of this Brigade, at Queen's Hall.

"REVEILLE," 5.30 A.M.: CAMP AT GRANTCHESTER.

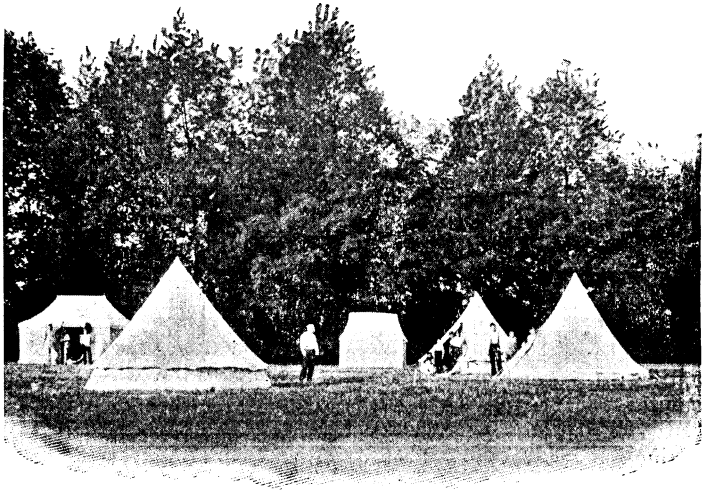


1ST WOODFORD COMPANY, MARCHING COLUMN, BAGGAGE GUARD.

Since that date this meeting has assumed such importance that the Albert Hall has to be engaged, in the arena of which follow in quick succession a display of drill, gymnastics, and ambulance, which excites the admiration of the audience.

As a rule, the uniform consists only of a round cap with white stripes and the numbers in front, a haversack, and a brown belt with an anchor, the mark of the Brigade, on the crest.

The one aim of the founders was to institute a distinctive mark that would be simple, effective, without being costly, so that all companies, no matter in how poor a district they were started, might wear the same distinction. In this they have succeeded well, and every member is proud of his uniform. In India and other parts of the tropics the pith helmet is the more common headgear, since prudence recommends such an item. But



CAMP OF THE 1ST WOODFORD COMPANY AT GRANTCHESTER.

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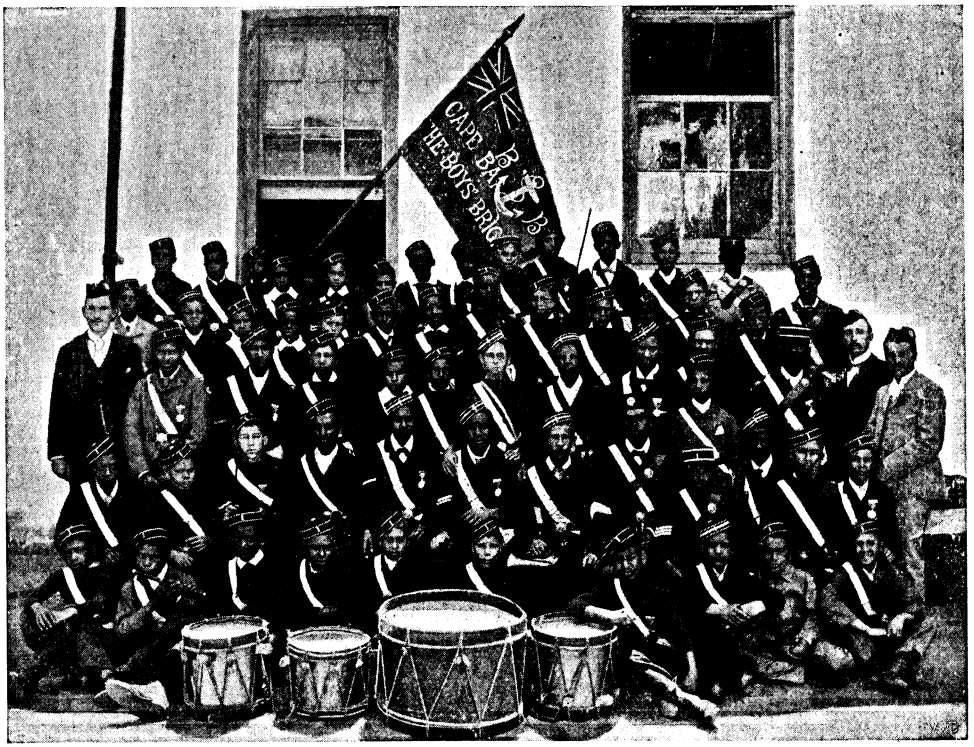
in South Africa the Cape-Boys' wideawake is the more popular, although those who are native-born adhere to the distinctive round cap, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph. In the United States, where the Brigade is a separate organisation, the uniform is more elaborate, and the lines on which the work is run differ somewhat. Nevertheless, there is no *esprit de corps* lacking between the two organisations, and we venture to think that the two executives have in their hands a powerful instrument for promoting in the lads, whose minds, like wax, are receptive for any impression, a strong bond of good fellowship. This cult, as the races grow older, may restrain that uppish tendency which is not absent from either nation. The unconscious influence of the officers over the boys has stood the test of years, and stood it well. Many a time lads who would have "gone to the dogs" have dropped their loafing habits and found a comfortable berth solely through the Brigade training. It is not a question of uniform, for the accoutrement of the officer is simplicity itself—nothing more than a glengarry

UNLOADING BAGGAGE AT CAMBRIDGE STATION.



1ST CAPE TOWN COMPANY, SOUTH AFRICA, WINNERS OF THE CHALLENGE COLOUR OF THE CAPE BATTALION.

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with a silver crest. Within the last two years, however, a field-service cap has been introduced for the benefit of the English officers, who have not been accustomed, like their Scotch comrades, to the kissing of the glengarry strings on their cheeks on a wet and squally day!

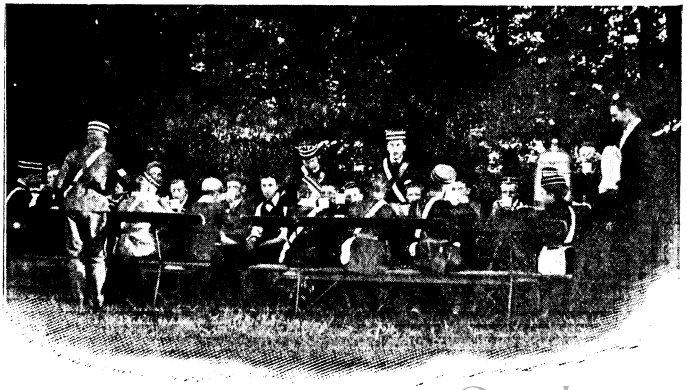
Discipline and personal influence are the two "brigadiers," if one may be allowed to use a military term, in this successful organisation. But the drill, which seems to the visitor so paramount a feature, is merely a means to an end. The stranger openly complains that the movement is a mouse-trap to catch boys for the Army. Never was he more mistaken. The War Office does not know the Boys' Brigade officially, though several of its members, as individuals, have shown a hearty sympathy with the movement.

It is a curious coincidence that the late Mr. Chalmers, when a missionary in Raratonga, adopted the same means with the islanders. In his biography it is said he found these naked savages keen to join in drill. He made friends with these volunteers, who quickly became some of the stoutest members of his church. His methods were sharply criticised, but the success which he attained silenced all opposition.

BAYONET EXERCISE.

FIRST AID FOR THE INJURED: AMBULANCE SQUAD OF THE 2ND CAPE TOWN COMPANY.

Every lad who becomes a recruit in the Boys' Brigade knows that, besides the wheeling in fours, there is the clubroom where books can be read, draughts competitions take place, as well as single-stick, boxing, and swimming displays. A year ahead matches are arranged for football or cricket, squads are formed for ambulance or signalling instruction, whilst some boys are ready to sacrifice an extra night a week to join the band, which may be brass,



"MESS."

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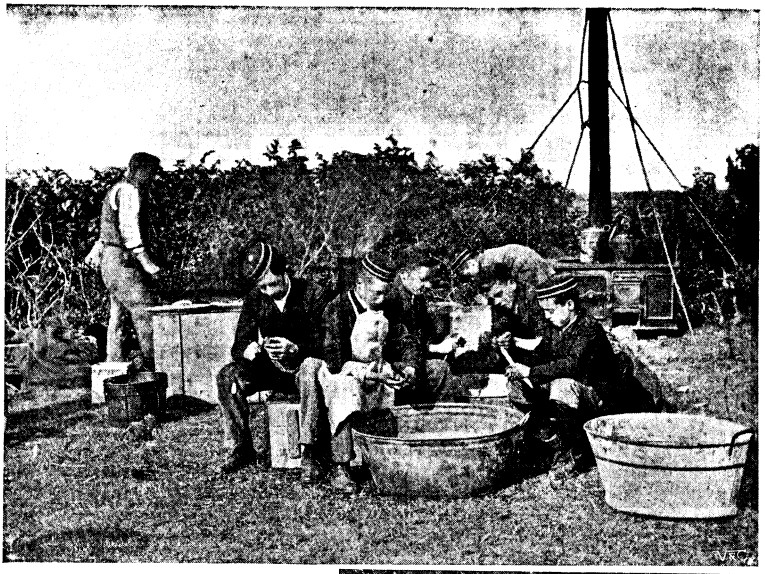
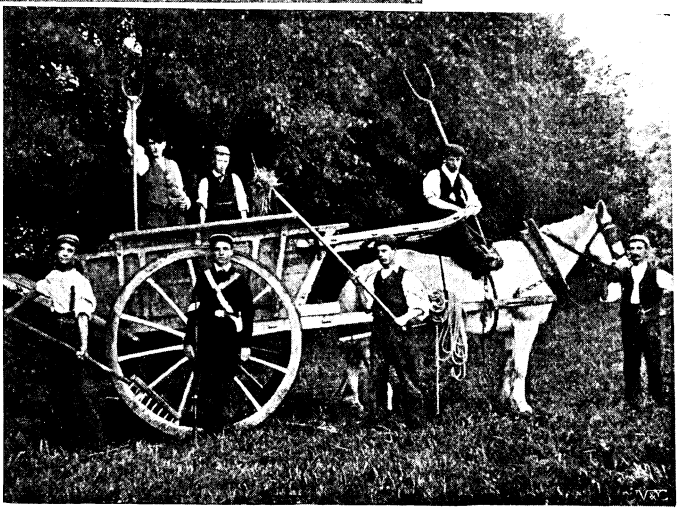


"FATIGUE DUTY."

bugle, drum and fife, or bagpipe.

But the climax is reached when the session is closed with camp. Camp is the goal of all. To equip themselves for this the boys will keep themselves under restraint for eight months, for none with bad-conduct marks can hope to go. Parties of lads, entirely under the supervision of officers, dot the seacoast of Great Britain in July, and the camp may consist of any number between fifty and five hundred. There is a great exodus for a week from the towns and their slums for a spell of unbroken enjoyment. All have to work, but what of that? It is worth while to clean the officers' boots, to peel potatoes, to go on fatigue, and even to be put on extra picket as a defaulter, for the "grub," for the bathing, boating, sport, fireworks, and the novelty of sleeping under canvas. Camps vary according to the whims of the commandant; but, as a rule, officers sleep near their boys. A non-commissioned officer is in any case always responsible for the order of the tent. Reveille will sound at six, and the "Fall in!" at six-thirty will see each



FORAGING FOR HAY.

PREPARING FOR A DIP.

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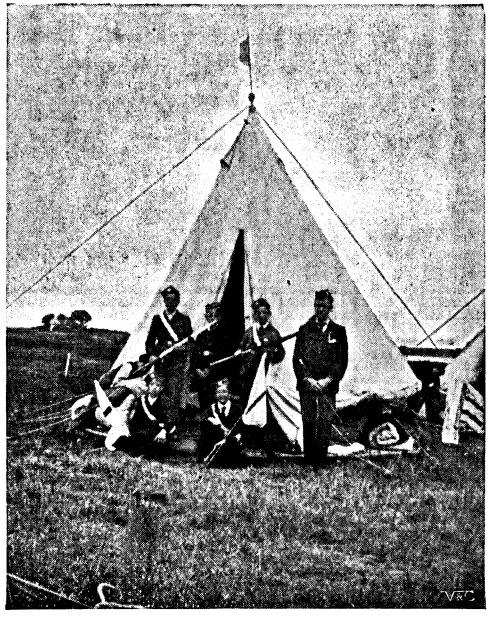
company formed up on parade for a march to the bathing-place or for a short drill. Sometimes, for the sake of economy, a barn is lent by some friendly disposed farmer.

Sometimes, at the last moment, a few extra boys have been able to secure leave from their employers. The face of the quartermaster falls, for every bunk is to be occupied. However, the boys come, even if they have to shift for it.

Never before this year has the Boys' Brigade received such public recognition, but it was singularly fitting that its patron, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, should have commenced the Coronation proceedings by inspecting Young England on the 14th of June. What a splendid array of 12,000 boys sent as delegates from all parts of the country, and including members of the Church Lads' Brigade, the London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade, and the Roman Catholic Brigade, all of which have emanated from the parent organisation! No better point of vantage could have been found than the Horse Guards' Parade in St. James's Park for this review, in which each battalion marched past in turn, headed by their own massed bands. In front was found little Prince Edward mounted on his pony, whilst over all, directing in his quiet, authoritative manner, was to be seen General Trotter. The Archbishop of Canterbury kindly allowed the boys from the provinces to camp for the Sunday in the grounds of Lambeth Palace, so that they might worship at St. Paul's Cathedral and ramble round the grim Tower before they returned with their imaginations fed. The Jewish Lads' Brigade, another successful offshoot, was unable to parade owing to the review being held on a Saturday.



A 92ND LONDON SQUAD AT HAYLING ISLAND CAMP.

A PLYMOUTH COMPANY AT MESS.

But this is not the whole work of the Boys' Brigade. Beneath all that is seen there is the quiet, silent motive of Christianity. Yet the Boys' Brigade is quite unsectarian. It is under the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and among its Honorary Vice-Presidents are to be found side by side prominent members of the Church of England and leaders of the Nonconformist churches.

"The Advancement of Christ's Kingdom among Boys" is the ultimate purpose which every officer has in view, yet he does not thrust religion down the throats of the lads, like the bone which the fox in the fable could not swallow; but by interesting himself in the whole life of the boy—in his evening recreations and his holiday sports as well as in the Sunday Bible-class—by an ever-instant example he aims at instilling a spirit of true Christian manliness into the boys of his company.

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A BACKWARD PUPIL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY BAYERLEIN.

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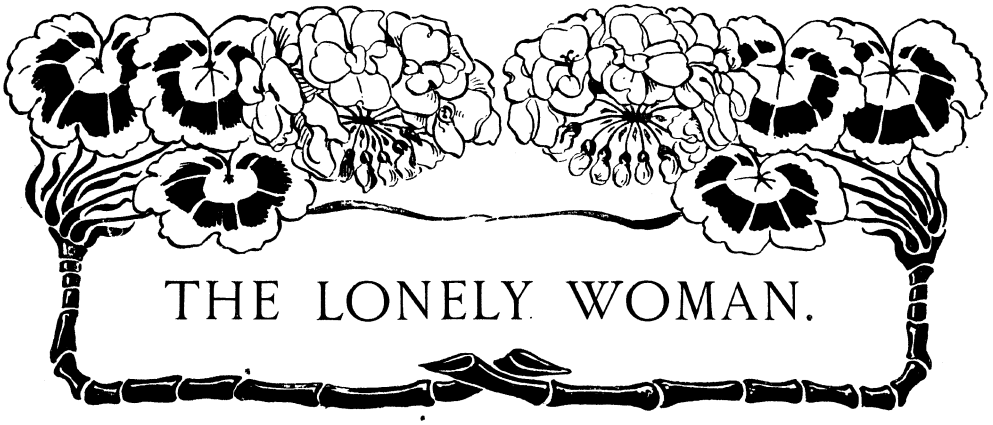

THE LONELY WOMAN.

By Laura M. Archer.

SHE was twenty-seven, slight, brown-haired, and only pleasant looking, till she smiled, when her face became beatified.

She was timorous and had not an alluring personality, except with children (which, to be sure, was her business, for she belonged to the pampered order of nursery governesses).

Sometimes she received thirty pounds a year, but in her last situation she had drawn twenty-six pounds and a sharp attack of pneumonia (that was not in the contract) from a pair of damp sheets put upon her bed by a careless housemaid.

The little nursery governess acquired a hacking cough that seemed to go through her thin body—she became ill and could no longer teach.

One night the family were startled by hearing a loud voice in the bedroom occupied by the governess—they listened—the nursery governess was teaching the towel horse French verbs.

It then dawned upon them that the governess was delirious, a doctor was sent for, and Death and the governess fought hand to hand in the stuffy bedroom that the servants would have disdained.

Now, the little governess's lungs were not made of leather, they were in a very delicate condition. The doctor told her that an operation on the left lung would be necessary, and asked her if she had any friends who would pay her expenses at a private hospital?

She said she had not, but her employer guaranteed all the requisite money, since the case was serious. The carriage was brought to the door, and the little governess, with her meagre trunks, was packed off. The children of the house cried after her, for she always had time to make dolls' clothes for them, and to play gay music whilst they danced at dusk in the old schoolroom. The housemaid who had done the mischief gave her a flaring magenta bed-jacket and a packet of conversation lollies for her cough.

* * * * *

In the hospital, amongst the other patients, a woman lay ill—a young, pretty woman in the twenties. She was awaiting an operation, one for which they were starving her, whilst they plied the Lonely Woman (for that was what they called the little governess) with dainty food and wines.

The rooms of these two patients were opposite. The Lonely Woman could hear her neighbour joking and laughing gaily with the troops of friends that came to see her. Her room was always decked with flowers and baskets of fruit. The Lonely Woman glanced in at the opposite door as she came to and fro, and the Pretty Woman was curious to see the governess, for she had coaxed the nurses to tilt her table-mirror, and the eyes of the two women met and smiled at each other in the glass—one so pretty as she lay upon her frilled pillows, the thick masses of satiny, golden brown hair framing a merry, girlish face; the other only pretty when she smiled.

Now, the Pretty Woman was the *vainest* little being—every night she coaxed Nurse Charlotte to curl and crimp her hair. One night the Lonely Woman heard her say laughingly: "Now, Nurse Charlotte, if I die, you know, don't you go putting a dowdy old shroud upon me; you bury me in my pretty white silk wrapper." Nurse Charlotte, who was fat and comfortable, laughed and told her "not to talk nonsense."

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"They danced at dusk in the old schoolroom."

The visits of the Pretty Woman's friends became more frequent, and her husband and little child scarcely left her bedside, for the time of the operation was at hand. Then one day the Pretty Woman was carried out of her room, and the Lonely Woman heard the sound of water running down the walls.

She was curious and asked the reason of it.

The nurses told her preparations were being made for the operation. The heart of the Lonely Woman felt as if it were being squeezed. "My turn is coming," she whispered to herself. She asked to be allowed to enter the now bare room, she saw all the ghastly preparations, and she felt round the edges of the operating-table, whilst the nurses looked pityingly at her.

"When my turn comes, don't tell me till the last moment," she asked of them.

The Lonely Woman was busy writing next day, arranging her small affairs, for she thought it likely she would not recover. She did not much care — loneliness and poverty seemed her portion in life.

She was bending over the table. Suddenly she noticed a sweet, insidious odour and heard a gurgling laugh—then a dull moan as of an animal in pain. She laid down her pen, held her breath, and the moaning began again; then it broke off into a weak cry.

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She ran to the door and listened; she heard a man's voice giving directions in a low, authoritative tone, then a clink of fine steel being laid carefully on china. She ran to the window—three doctors' buggies stood at a little distance. The Lonely Woman clenched her hands and buried her head under the sofa pillows to shut out the fearful sounds. The doctors were at their ghastly duties in the opposite room.

"Ah, God! let her live; life is so sweet to her," whispered the Lonely Woman.

* * * * *

Some time afterwards Nurse Charlotte entered the room—her eyes were red.

"How is she?" said the Lonely Woman.

"Dead!" said the nurse, wiping her eyes, "and—and I've put her in her white wrapper she used to joke about."

That day the house was filled with the scent of flowers. Night came on and the dead woman lay peacefully in the room opposite.

The Lonely Woman sat in her room—she felt nervous.

"The quiet dead," she said, "the quiet dead."

Oh! how distinct every noise was! her own breath, how horribly loud! A hairpin fell from her hair to the floor with a ringing sound; she gave a quick start, every nerve in her body was ticking like a clock; suddenly she started from her seat, rushed headlong through the dim passages and beat frantically for admittance upon the door of the nurses' sitting-room. They soothed her and comforted her, for they knew that next morning the turn of the Lonely Woman was to come.

* * * * *

"Is—it—to-day, Nurse Charlotte?" said the Lonely Woman next morning.

"Yes, at ten o'clock."

"Will you give me my Prayer-book, and my—my Shakespeare, if you please?" said the Lonely Woman gently.

It was then eight o'clock. How madly the hands of the clock raced round! Twenty minutes left now, ten minutes, five minutes, a sound of wheels stopping at the door, men's footsteps on the verandah, men's suave voices in the hall. The Lonely Woman's breath was coming in pants; she covered her face with her shaking hands—the handle of her door turned noiselessly, the doctors and nurses were in the room.

"Good morning," said a cheery voice. "Now, you mustn't be frightened."

"Don't touch me till I am unconscious," she begged.

"Now take a long breath and begin to count slowly"—a man's firm hand took her right hand in his, supporting her fingers gently—a felt mask was laid over her face.

"One, two, three," she began; "I am sensible yet, sensible yet, sens——"

* * * * *

Every bell in the world was ringing in her ears; now up, up, up, she was floating in a delicious languor, leaving the world behind her. Past a shining star she floated whereon spun an ugly, little, grinning, black devil with a pitchfork in his hand. Whizz, whizz, round he spun on his star towards the Lonely Woman, pointing his pitchfork at her breast—then she felt as if she were hurled like a feather into oblivion . . . she lay supine, smiling.

* * * * *

When all was over, and the Lonely Woman became conscious, she murmured to herself sadly—

"I should have died—Fate does not know her business." Only the doctor who had held her hand heard her, and he looked at the Lonely Woman with a puzzled, tender look.

* * * * *

For weeks the Lonely Woman lay upon her bed of sickness. She got to know every street sound, the bark of every dog, the rumble of the tradesmen's carts in the early morning, even the different footsteps in the street she could distinguish. But there was one street sound that attracted her strangely. It came in the first faint grey of the winter daylight, and just at dark, for a few seconds only—it was a voice that whistled faintly a few bars of an old-fashioned tune she used to play for the children before she was ill—just a bar or two, no sound of footsteps, then silence—the whistle seemed to vanish round the corner.

The Lonely Woman grew to love the shrill whistle, to be grateful for the company it was, to listen for it, and fancy all sorts of sick fancies about it.

One morning she heard the whistle approaching; she dragged herself to the window and waited. A ragged, barefooted lad about ten—his thin coat buttoned tightly across his chest, a cap put on backwards, his feet and legs blue with cold, and with a bundle of newspapers strapped round him—darted whistling past the window.

The Lonely Woman smiled to herself—she felt happier for knowing. One evening, when she became convalescent, she put on warm clothing and a respirator, then stole

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out on the verandah when she heard the boy coming. Then she beckoned him to her.

He came wonderingly to the gate and stood there looking narrowly at her, whilst he warmed the sole of his right foot upon his left leg. She beckoned to him to come upon the verandah.

"Want a paper, lidy? 'Ere y're, latesdishun, news of th——"

"No, thank you, my boy."

"What's up, then? Oh, cri! yer do look white about th' gills, blyme if yer don't—sick, ain't yer, lidy? Been 'ere long? This 'ere's an 'orsepital, ain't it? My word, ain't it a rippin' pitch fer fun'rals—four in a week, I seen once, comin' out o' here—with toffy plumes on the kerridges an' silver on the corfins!"

"Don't!" said the Lonely Woman, shuddering. "I called you to give you this," and she put half a sovereign in his hand. The lad's eyes grew big with wonder, he turned the coin over and over, looked at her thoughtfully, suspiciously even.

"It ain't cronk, lidy?"

The Lonely Woman shook her head.

The child put the coin in his mouth, bit it, tasted it. "Cripes! this is a chuck-in, lidy. What's it fer? I ain't done nothin' fer it, y'know."

"You whistled as you passed to and fro, and I was very lonely and it cheered me up."

"Yer a rum 'un; 'ere, take it back," said the child, buttoning his ragged jacket.

"Keep it," she urged, "and tell me what you will do with it."

The lad considered deeply.

"I'll go to the theayter, an' take my donah, an' I'll shout fer a cove I know an' 'is donah. Look 'ere, lidy, I'll come an' tell

"Nurse Charlotte laughed and told her 'not to talk nonsense.'"

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yer all about it, eh?—termorrer night on my way 'ome—an' what's lef' over I'll give ter my old woman. I say, what's yer name, lidy?"

"They call me the Lonely Woman," said she, smiling; "what is your name?"

"They call me the Little Bloke. Well, s'long," and he ran swiftly away.

* * * * *

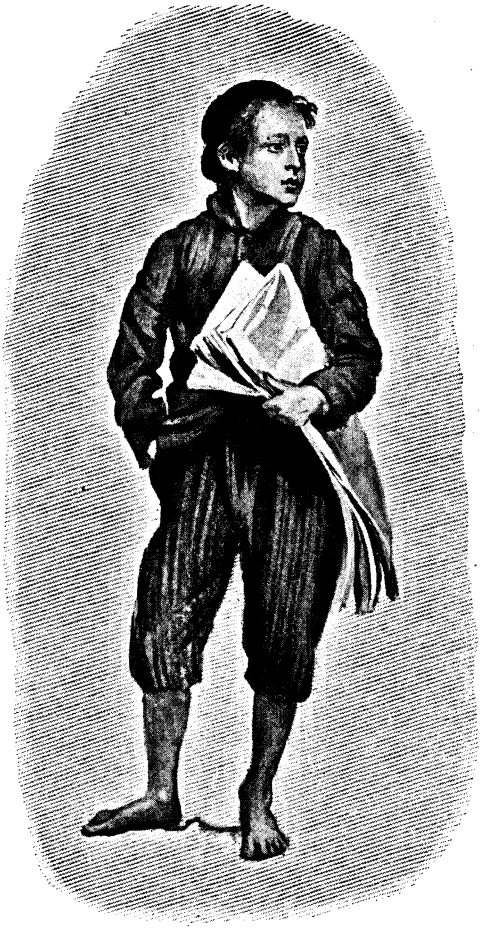
Next evening he arrived almost breathless on the verandah.

"I went ter see the 'Th' Crime o' th' Countess Ireen,'" said the Little Bloke." It was *grand*. Ireen was awful nice lookin', but she wasn't up ter much—she was a reel snorter. She was dead nuts on mashin' another lidy's 'usband, so she was awful cute, an' she lays another josser on ter coax this 'ere lidy away from 'er 'ome—see 'er drift? 'Fly with me, Iserbelle,' 'e sez; 'leave th' tyrant yer calls 'usband; 'e don't love yer, not fer sour apples, 'e's dead shook on another donah; 'sides, 'e ain't much chop—come ter Parrus,' sez he. 'Wot?' she sez, 'leave me home an' jools, an' me husband an' child? Never, viper!' she sez, an' she lets a yell out of her. In comes th' husband, cops the toff mashin' 'is missus, and lays 'im out a treat. I'll have ter slope, Lonely Woman, or the boss'll be gettin' on ter me," said the Little Bloke. "S'long; see yer termorrer," and he was off.

* * * * *

The Lonely Woman had a relapse, and again grim Death hovered close to her. Again the cheery whistle sounded in the street; it was louder, clearer, and had a petulant, inquiring tone in it. Sometimes a little flap came against the window, and then the sound of a soft fall on the verandah. One morning the French window had blown ajar, a soft something whizzed through the door and fell upon the outstretched palm of the Lonely Woman. . . . Her hand closed upon it. . . . It was a bunch of purple violets, nestling in a border of rough green leaves and wet with the morning dew. The Lonely Woman held the flowers to her face and drank in the rich perfume. . . . "My Little Bloke has sent them to me," said she, and a bright drop fell upon the violets and mingled with the dew.

"Violets in the room, I am sure," said Nurse Charlotte, bustling in a few hours later. "I forgot to tell you we have had a great joke since you have been ill. Nearly every morning we have found a great bunch of violets on the verandah. Such a race we used to have to see who would get them first. Some of Nurse Alice's *beaux*, I think," added



"'They call me the Little Bloke.'"

Nurse Charlotte. "She always blushes when we tease her about it." The Lonely Woman fondled the flowers beneath the quilt and smiled a little. No more whistling in the street, no more hasty footsteps, no more violets on the verandah. The Lonely Woman was a little sadder because of it.

One Sunday she raised herself on her elbow; the grape vines were uncurling their pale green leaves, and a crimson rosebush was flowering in the garden. "Spring is coming!" said the Lonely Woman. "Spring is coming!" cheeped the dusty little town birds, making believe they were in the country.

The church bells began ringing joyously, the sound of girls' voices came to the ears of the invalid—in a moment they would pass the window—she sat up again. Two sisters, in dainty dresses and new Spring hats decked with saucy nodding bunches of field-flowers, poppies, buttercups and cornflowers, passed,

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The heart of the Lonely Woman leaped within her—life was still worth living—there were still Spring hats!!

The Lonely Woman was nearly well now. It might have been the Spring hats, or the careful nursing, or the rich food—whatever it was, she was improving in appearance. She was quite pretty now; her face was plump, her eyes were bright, she had a delicate colour—the Lonely Woman had never looked better in her life.

"I shall be losing you as a patient soon," said the doctor—it was he who had held her hand. "Three more visits only; you are quite convalescent now—no pain? Appetite still good? H'm," said the doctor reflectively, and a line came in his forehead. "Good morning," and he strode from the room. "Never saw such eyes and eyebrows in the whole course of my life," said he; "and what a lovely, soft arm she has—just fancy that round a fellow's neck!" added the doctor. He thought deeply all the way home. That night, in slippers and blazer, he smoked more cigars and stayed up later than was compatible with the wisdom of a medical man.

"Poor little woman!" he soliloquised. "Wonder if she's got any money? Wonder if she's got any friends? Doesn't seem like it. Wish I could help her. How's a chap to do it, though? Confoundedly ticklish job!" said the doctor, beginning to pace up and down.

"The prettiest eyebrows *and* eyes I ever saw in my life," he said solemnly. "Oh, yes!" he sneered; "I like your charity, my boy! I like your philanthropy! Why, you confounded ass, you are in love with the girl!"

* * * * *

The doctor had come to pay his last visit. He leaped from his buggy. "Say, boss," said a breathless voice at the doctor's elbow, "'ow's the lidy in there gettin' on?"

"What lady, my boy?" said the doctor, smiling.

"The one with th' brown 'air, I mean. That's 'er room, there, in th' front."

"Friend of yours, eh?" said the doctor, laughing.

"Yus, she is, Smarty," said the boy defiantly, poking out his chin. "I want ter know 'ow she is; yer might tell a cove. Look here, she give me 'arf a quid because she was that lonely and she 'eard me whistling goin' past one day. I was havin' a pitch to 'er, but she never come out on the verandah no more, and I was put on another paper round, so I had ter chuck comin' this way. Look here, doc., will yer give her this dawg?—he took a tiny fox-terrier from his pocket—"an' tell 'er ter let it lay quiet fer a bit. I only bit its tail off ter-day. Tell the lidy it'll keep her from feelin' lonely; an' tell 'er, she'll know 'oo yer mean, it's from 'er Little Bloke, with his best respects."

"I'm a lonely beggar myself," said the doctor. "Here, my lad," and a bright sovereign lay in the hand of the Little Bloke.

"Yer a reel bloomin' toff, an' that's strite," said the boy slowly. "Blowed if yer ain't. Thanks, governor."

The doctor smiled as the boy ran rapidly away. He carried the dog and went thoughtfully up the verandah steps.

"Good morning. I have brought you a present," said the doctor.

"Yes?" said the Lonely Woman, smiling.

"From your Little Bloke," said the doctor, and he laid the sprawling puppy upon her knee. "He says it is to keep you from feeling lonely."

Now one little sparkling tear came into the eye of the Lonely Woman, and another, and another, till they rolled down her face. For veriest shame she laid her hand over her eyes.

"Crying? Oh! I say, don't cry," said the doctor, forgetting his professional manners woefully. "You must not cry. Now, promise me you won't."

"It was f-foolish of me." She smiled through her tears. "He c-c-called himself my Little Bloke. I was so lonely and he comforted me so."

"I am so sorry for you," said the doctor.

"I s-s-shan't be pitied, so there," sobbed the Lonely Woman, breaking down hopelessly.

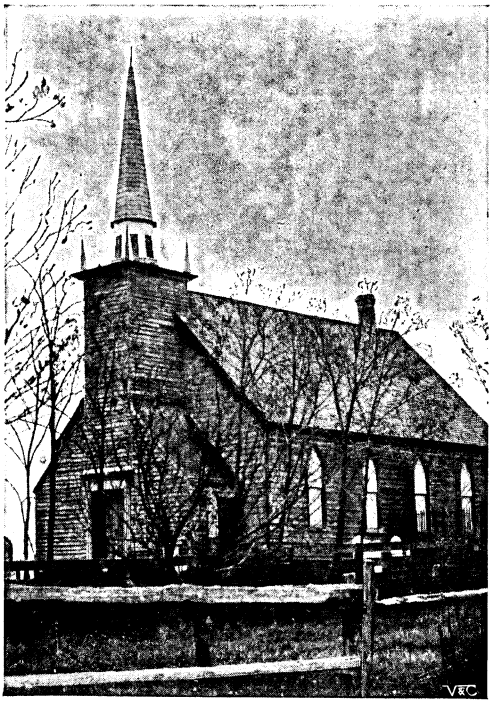
But, strange to relate, her little brown head was now in the loveliest place in the world to her—the doctor's shoulder—for that to which pity is akin had come to her and no longer was she lonely.

"Ah!" she said, with a happy little sigh, "Fate sometimes knows her business."

THE HOME OF THE SIX NATIONS.

By Judge Ermatinger.

In recent reports of the Department of Indian Affairs of Canada, presented to the Dominion Parliament, it is interesting to note that the Indian population of Canada is increasing. Though the increase for the last reported year (ending June 30, 1901) was comparatively small—in round numbers about 500 in a total population of about 100,000 proportionately distributed throughout the Dominion—it is sufficient to indicate that, unlike the aborigines of Australia and the islands of the Pacific, the North American Indians are capable of civilisation without the danger of extermination following in its wake, if only the conditions be rendered reasonably favourable to their well-being. It is true that a certain proportion of the tribes still live a nomadic life; yet by far the greater number—more than 80,000—remain within the boundaries of the seven provinces and the organised territories, where they live quietly upon their Reserves or are at all events subject to the restraints of civilised government and in more or less constant contact with the white man. Some, indeed, own farms and are fully enfranchised citizens. Whether the beneficent policy of the Canadian Government might be applied elsewhere for the well-being and advancement of aboriginal peoples is a question worthy the attention of ethnologists and humanitarians the world over. In fact, a similar turning-point in the history of that fine race, the Maoris of New Zealand—who resemble in many respects the North American aborigines—is reported, and their hitherto threatened extinction seems now to be happily averted.



THE OLD MOHAWK CHURCH NEAR BRANTFORD, ONTARIO.

Photo by Park & Co., Brantford, Ontario.

There are some 500 or more Indian reserves in the Dominion, upon many of which the red man is being trained to pursue the peaceful and profitable avocation of the farmer, rather than to rely for subsistence entirely upon the more or less irregular products of his skill as a hunter and fisherman. Two hundred and ninety Indian schools have close upon 10,000 students enrolled, with an average attendance of some 6,000, pretty evenly divided between boys and girls. Of these schools, 226 are day schools, 42 boarding schools, and 22 industrial schools. In the last named all boys are taught farming, in addition to their ordinary school studies, and girls useful pursuits and habits suitable to their future position as wives and mothers of their own people. For it is to be remembered that miscegenation is, as a general rule, discouraged not only by Government but by the Indians themselves; though, of course, the admixture of white with native blood has, during the centuries since the advent of Europeans, been so considerable that the *métis* of Canada, if collected together, would, in numbers, form the nucleus of a fresh nation. In process of time, when the civilisation of the red man shall have become general and his enfranchisement completed—if his race continues to increase in numbers—his gradual absorption into the general population of the country may, perhaps, be looked for; though at present no such idea is prevalent among either the whites or their darker brethren. Joseph Brant, the former great head chief of the Six Nations, is said to have expressed

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a belief that the civilisation of the Indians could only be completely accomplished through intermarriage with the white population.

Of the Indian Reserves of Canada, one of the most beautiful, most advanced in civilisation, most populous and most historically interesting, is that of the Six Nations—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Tuscaroras, Cayugas, and Senecas, and their brothers by adoption, the Delawares. A tract six miles wide, containing nearly 700,000 acres on either side of the Grand River, in what is now the province of Ontario, was granted to the Six Nations in 1784 by Sir F. Haldimand. This grant was confirmed to them by letters patent in 1793 by Governor Simcoe. All of the tract, except the present Reserve of 49,696 acres, has been surrendered in portions, from time to time, and sold for the benefit of the Indians. In 1847 the Six Nations invited the Mississaguas (Ojibways or Chippewas) of the Credit to settle on their Reserve, and offered them a free grant of 6,000 acres for the purpose. A number accepted, who now reside in the south-west corner of the Reserve.

CHAIN FERRY, ONONDAGA.
Photo by John H. Thompson, Thorold, Ontario.

Photo by] [*Park & Co., Brantford, Ontario.*
THE MOHAWK INSTITUTE, NEAR BRANTFORD, ONTARIO.

To readers of American history of the Revolutionary period, the names of the Six Nations, as well as that of their great head chief, Joseph Brant, or Thayendanegea, are familiar. They were the allies of the English in the previous war with the French, by whom they were known as the Iroquois, the dreaded foes and the resistless exterminators of the nations allied with France, the Hurons in particular. In the American Revolution the larger portion of the Confederacy, under Captain Brant, took the side of the King, though some, principally Oneidas, remained neutral for a time, but afterwards assisted the Americans. The home of these people was then chiefly within what is now the State of New York—the Mohawk Valley and other adjacent regions. The number of tribes composing the Confederation was not always the same, at different times five, six and seven nations or tribes forming the Confederacy. At the close of the Revolutionary war, finding themselves driven from their former beautiful home, which they had brought to an advanced state of cultivation and comfort, they were assigned first a Reserve on the Bay of Quinte, on the north of Lake Ontario, where above 1,200 Mohawks (nearly all belonging to the Church of England) still reside; subsequently they obtained the greater

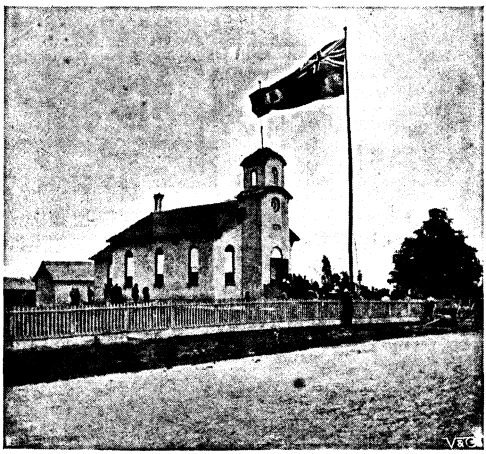

Photo by] [*J. H. Thompson, Ontario.*
SIX NATIONS' COUNCIL HOUSE, OSWEKEN.

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Reserve on the Grand River, designed to afford a home for the entire Confederacy.

Joseph Brant, whose Indian name has been already mentioned, was of the Mohawk tribe. He became head chief of the Confederacy at the time of the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself, as well for his humanity as for his bravery and sagacity, during that protracted struggle; though the Americans at the time charged him with atrocities for which he was in no wise responsible, and the poet Campbell termed him the "monster Brant," a poetic licence for which he subsequently expressed regret, on its being proved to him by Brant's son and successor that the opprobrious epithet was wholly undeserved. Though his name carried terror into the American border settlements, no instance of cruelty to the enemy or their families has been successfully fastened upon Brant, while many instances of his humane and noble acts of intervention for the protection of captive foes, and especially of women and children, have been recorded by American historians. This is especially true of his chief biographer, William L. Stone, who, though a defender of the American cause, has nevertheless, throughout his voluminous and carefully written work ("Life of Joseph Brant—Thayendanegea, including the Indian Wars of the American Revolution." New York: Geo. Dearborn and Co., 1838), borne ample testimony to the nobility of character and humanity, as well as the courage and intellectual ability, of the greatest chieftain and warrior of his race. After the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, Brant's good offices were solicited by both the Americans and the British, to bring about a settlement of the Indian troubles in the West—cogent evidence in itself of the esteem and confidence reposed in him by the people of both nations. Loyal to the Crown and person of the King, by whom he was received during his visits to England, and well disposed as he was to the enemy once the hatchet was buried, and to his old friends among them individually at all times, still his great and chief concern was the welfare of his own race and people. This is evident, whether we regard his earlier career as a lad at school—for he had some schooling—or as the secretary of Sir William Johnson, the chief superintendent of Indian affairs, whether we read of his prowess in the field or of his sagacity in council. Even when hobnobbing with the luxurious Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and made much of by the foremost men and women of England during his two sojourns in London, he managed to promote the interest of his people with such good effect that they are to this day reaping the benefits of his forethought. Above all, as a Christian gentleman, the translator of St. Mark's Gospel into his mother tongue, and the promoter of his people's religious and moral welfare, will his name be reverenced. The very handsome and artistic monument to Thayendanegea, by Percy Wood, erected in the thriving city of Brantford, a short distance from the Six Nations Reserve, the name of that city and of the county of Brant, of which it is the county town, and the townships of Brant and Tyendinaga in other parts of the Province, will perpetuate the name and memory of the Mohawk chief. His tomb is beside the little old Mohawk church (the oldest church in Ontario), erected through his instrumentality, the work being entirely done by the Indians themselves, about a mile and a half from Brantford. This church possesses a Bible and silver communion service, presented by Queen Anne to the Iroquois in earlier days. Its bell—now cracked—was the first church bell used in Upper Canada. The tomb bears the following inscription:—

"This tomb is erected to the memory of Thayendanegea, or Captain Joseph Brant, principal chief and warrior of the Six Nation Indians, by his fellow subjects, admirers of his fidelity and attachment to the British Crown. Born on the banks of the Ohio River, 1742. Died at Wellington Square, U.C., 1807. It also contains the remains of his son Ahyonwaighs, or Captain John Brant, who succeeded his father as Tekarihogea, and distinguished himself in the War of 1812 and 1815. Born at Mohawk Village, U.C., 1794. Died at the same place, 1832. Erected 1850."

The present population of the Grand River Reserve is above four thousand. Strange to say, there was on this Reserve a decrease of two in the Mississagua population of 246 last year, while the Six Nations increased by 22, their total being 4,010, more than three-fourths of whom are Christians, while more than nine hundred still adhere to their ancient Pagan superstitions and rites. One of these, the burning of the white dog, was recently performed in the presence of a representative archæologist of the Province, whose report to the Legislature of Ontario contains a minute description thereof ("Archæological Report," Ontario, 1898, p. 91). It is said

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that the Pagan Indians of not only this, but other Reserves throughout the Dominion, are among the most law-abiding and honest of their race. When a Pagan family temporarily leave their house, a broom or stick placed against the door effectually guards the entrance from intrusion of any of their fellow Pagans; while the absence of a lock in the Christian communities is attended by the risk of depredations from dishonest neighbours. The Christianised Indian is sometimes but too prone to acquire the vices rather than the virtues of the whites. The Pagan Indians, surrounded by professing Christians, on the other hand, probably feel themselves put to the test of vindicating their ancient beliefs or traditions by a better moral example. Be that as it may, nothing is further from the writer's thoughts than the disparagement of Christian missions among the Indians of Canada, whose happiness has, without doubt, been immensely promoted by the noble efforts of the missionaries, whose knowledge of such discouraging signs may, it is hoped, but nerve them, as loyal soldiers, to increased effort.

REV. W. WHITE, MRS. BRANT SERO, AND SILAS HILL, WARRIOR AND MEDICINE MAN.

The rear of Six Nations' Council House.

Services are regularly held on the Six Nations Reserve by the Church of England in seven localities, by the Baptists in three, by the Methodists in four, by the Plymouth Brethren in one, and by the Seventh Day Adventists in two. On the Mississagua portion of the Reserve there are two Methodist places of worship. In all, Christian services in nineteen places on the Reserve are regularly held—all reported to be well attended, the Indians manifesting great interest in church and Sunday-school work.

THE BRANT MEMORIAL, BRANTFORD.

From a photo by the author.

Of day schools

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GEORGE S. JOHNSON AND WILLIAM BILL.

there are ten under a school board, for the children of the Six Nations, with five white and five Indian teachers, and one on the Mississagua Reserve, all fairly well attended, with satisfactory results. Teachers are specially trained at the Mohawk Institution. This Institution was established by the "New England Company" in 1831. It is one of the five Indian industrial schools in the Province of Ontario. It is situated a mile and a quarter from the centre of the city of Brantford, and its farm, comprising 410 acres, lies mostly within the city boundary. The buildings are of white brick, with accommodation for one hundred and twenty-five pupils (fifty-five boys and seventy girls); it is heated by coal furnaces and lighted by electricity. There are separate buildings for recreation and other purposes, including two greenhouses, and farm buildings with accommodation for sixty cattle and twenty horses. Pupils receive the same education as in the provincial public schools, including a commercial course and preparation for entrance to the high schools and collegiate institutes. Besides this, the education in farming and kindred pursuits is of the most practical and modern kind, while religious instruction is also imparted daily. Cricket, baseball, and football, with other athletic exercises, afford recreation for the boys, and there are lighter exercises for the girls, while books and magazines are furnished to such as prefer to spend their leisure time in reading.

Indians are very fond of music and of military display; it is, therefore, not surprising to find the boys of the Mohawk Institute organised as a company of cadets, with a brass band of fifteen members, while the Reserve supplies three companies to the Haldimand battalion of rifles. They are well drilled, with splendid physique, and evidently take great pride in their military standing. They were specially recognised in the review last year before the present Prince of Wales at Toronto. Like the New Zealand Maoris, they volunteered for service in South Africa, and experienced the same bitter disappointment when their offer was declined.

The Ontario Provincial Historical Society held its annual meeting on 1st June, 1898, at the Council House of the Six Nations, at the village of Osweken, on the Reserve. The place of meeting was an appropriate one, for the history of the Six Nations involves a large part of the past history of Canada, as well as of the United States, and the people of the Iroquois Confederacy have been ever the foremost of the aboriginal races of North America, whether in council or in war. Indeed, their council in the olden times, before they had become wards of the white man's government, has been compared to the Amphictyonic councils of ancient Greece,

MISS LIZZIE DAVIS, DAUGHTER OF CHIEF SHORENHOWANE—ISAAC DAVIS—A MOHAWK, IN NORTH-WEST INDIAN COSTUME.

From the "Archæological Report," Ontario, 1898.

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so grave and formal in demeanour, eloquent of speech and skilled in debate were they; while in war they were ever regarded as the most formidable of all the native warriors of America.

In their council meetings, one of the chiefs of the Onondagas—termed the Firekeepers, from the duty of keeping the council fire alive, which was theirs from time immemorial—opens the council, all matters being first submitted to the Mohawks and Senecas, who sit on the left of the Government agent. After they have arrived at a decision, it is announced to the Oneidas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras, and Delawares, who sit on the right—the decision, in case of a difference of opinion, being left to the Firekeepers, who occupy seats in the centre, facing the Government agent, whose functions in council resemble somewhat those of the Speaker in a parliament of whites. Some seventy-one chiefs compose this council, of whom fifty are termed head chiefs, and the balance minor chiefs.

INDIAN MILITIA.

Photo by J. H. Thompson, Ontario.

UNINVITED DELEGATES AT THE ONTARIO HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S MEETING, OSWEKEN.

On the occasion of the historical meeting referred to, the order of proceedings was made to suit the necessities of an occasion without precedent, and an assemblage mixed as to race and sex. The Government agent, Captain Cameron, and the interpreter, a Mohawk chief, each delivered addresses of welcome to the white delegates. That of the native orator was replete with metaphor characteristic of Indian oratory, and proved that eloquence, for which the Indian of North America has always been justly celebrated, has by no means died out, even when confined to the less musical forms of the English language. The president of the Ontario Historical Society, Mr. J. H. Coyne, read an interesting address, exhibiting much research and acquaintance with the past history and traditions of the Six Nations, after which the meeting partook more or less of a business character, the election of officers of the Society, the reading of papers, speeches from delegates, both white and red—including a number of lady visitors—filling up the allotted time. The British flag floated bravely over all; and without the council-house the two native companies of rifles exhibited their proficiency in drill, the words of command occasionally floating in through the open windows to remind the grave assemblage of the past military history of these old allies of Great Britain, whose shrill calls and terrifying war-whoop have now given

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place to more orderly methods of command and encouragement.

In a room at the rear of the council-room, a large collection of Indian arms, accoutrements, dresses, furs, and relics of various kinds was exhibited, carefully guarded by two or three warriors in full Indian dress. That these latter have imbibed some of the thrift of the whites was made manifest when one of the amateur photographers of the party requested one of them to step outside and be "shot" at through a small camera. "Five dollar!" was the response of the imperturbable warrior, whose knowledge of English appeared to be confined to these two words. A consultation of the kodak men of the Society, of whom there were a number, led to a small sum being raised and tendered to both warriors present, who promptly accepted, stepped out into the sunlight, and were "fired at" simultaneously by the whole force. The result of one shot is here given to the reader. Photographers' troubles were not, however, confined to the amateurs, for when the entire assemblage was marshalled on the green, that a large picture might be taken by a couple of professional photographers—a number of pigs, apparently mistaking the occasion for one of the excellent agricultural exhibitions periodically held upon the same grounds by the Indians, strayed in and took up a position in the foreground, whence the artists, waving their black cloths, shouting, gesticulating, and finally giving chase to the intruders, with difficulty dislodged them.

Ample evidence of the intellectual capabilities of the natives of North America has been afforded in the past. This is especially true of the Mohawks as well as the other nations of the Confederacy. Enough has been said of Joseph Brant to show that, in spite of every early disadvantage, he became, as well as a great warrior, a most astute counsellor, a most capable administrator and diplomatist. His speeches and correspondence exhibit a continued advancement in expression and style throughout his life—the result of persevering study added to native ability. His manner is said to have been that of a cultured gentleman, easy and dignified, even in the highest and best society, and the same has been said of his son and successor in the office of head chief, John Brant (Ahyonwaighs), and other members of the great chief's family, especially his daughters. Indeed, dignity of manner and speech is characteristic of the North American Indians. John Brant was elected a member of the provincial parliament, for which he possessed the necessary intellectual ability, though otherwise held to be disqualified in the eyes of the law. At the present day may be mentioned the names of Dr. Oronyetekha, who, educated partly at Oxford, on the nomination of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.), has become not only a capable medical practitioner, but the chief administrator of a large insurance society doing business in Canada, the United States, England, and Australasia. He is a Mohawk and connected with the Brant family. Miss Pauline Johnson—the Indian poetess, as she is sometimes termed—grew to womanhood upon the Six Nations Reserve, where her father was a chief. Her verses breathe the atmosphere of the Indian people, and reflect their modes of thought and expression with a charm and fidelity to Nature at once graceful and true. Mr. J. Ojijatekha Brant Sero (Mohawk), who was elected a vice-president of the Ontario Historical Society at the meeting already referred to, is descended on his mother's side from Thayendanegea (Joseph Brant). Examples might be given of many who, though they have achieved no wide fame, have, nevertheless, proved themselves and their race capable of the highest forms of culture.

A word or two as to the character of the Reserve itself must bring this article to a close. Situated in one of the most fertile portions of the great Province of Ontario, it is a tract both fertile in soil and of great natural beauty. A drive along the banks of the Grand River, or over any of the roads which traverse it, on a fine day in spring, summer, or autumn, brings to view a charming succession of rural landscapes and fine farms. The fields, the cattle, and in many cases the houses, present the same appearance of comfort and thrift which characterises the other parts of Western Ontario. The sheep being washed for the shears, the pigs at the trough, the horses drawing farm-laden wagons or light family "democrats"—are all evidences both of the Indian's advancement in agriculture and his love of animals. Rich fields and pastures green, churches, school-houses, a cross-roads village here, a picturesque ferry there, all make up a picture of the home of the Six Nations at once attractive and full of encouragement to the friends of the red man's race.

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RANSON'S FOLLY.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.*

PART II.

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—At Fort Crockett, Cahill is the post trader. Sergeant Clancey discovers that he has been associated with New York's slums. Cahill's daughter, Mary, is ignorant of her father's past. She loves Lieutenant Ranson, an adventurous young officer, and the son of a millionaire. Tiring of the dull routine of the army post, Ranson concocts an escapade to hold up the stage armed only with a pair of shears and wearing a red handkerchief over his face, in imitation of a famous highwayman, "Red Rider." The same night Mary is called to tend a sick Indian squaw. Her father, overhearing a conversation among the soldiers of the coming of the paymaster on the stage, disguises himself and leaves the post on horseback. Part II. opens with new characters.

THAT winter Miss Post had been going out a great deal more than was good for her, and when the spring came she broke down. The family doctor recommended Aiken, but an aunt of Miss Post's, Mrs. Truesdall, had been at Farmington with Mrs. "Colonel" Bolland, and urged visiting her instead. The doctor agreed that the climatic conditions existing at Fort Crockett were quite as health-giving as those at Aiken, and of the two the invalid decided that the regimental post would be more of a novelty.

So she and her aunt and the maid changed cars twice after leaving St. Louis, and then staged it to Kiowa City, where, while waiting for "Pop" Henderson's coach to Fort Crockett, they dined with him on bacon, fried bread, and alkali water tinged with coffee.

It was at Kiowa City, a city of four hundred houses on blue-print paper and six on earth, that Miss Post first felt certain that she was going to enjoy her visit. It was there she first saw, at large and on his native heath, a blanket Indian. He was a tall, beautiful youth, with yellow ochre on his thin brown arms and blue ochre on his cheekbones, who sat on Pop's steps, gazing impassively at the stars. Miss Post came out with her maid and fell over him. The maid screamed. Miss Post said: "I beg your pardon"; and the brave expressed his contempt by guttural mutterings and by moving haughtily away. Miss Post was then glad that she had not gone to Aiken. For the twelve-mile drive through the moonlit buttes to Fort Crockett there was, besides the women, one other passenger. He was a travelling salesman of the Hancock Uniform Company, and was visiting Fort Crockett to measure the officers for their summer tunics. At dinner he passed Miss Post the condensed-milk can and in other ways made himself agreeable. He informed her aunt that he was in the Military Equipment Department of the Army, but, much to that young woman's distress, addressed most of his remarks to the maid, who, to his taste, was the most attractive of the three.

"I take it," he said genially to Miss Post, "that you and the young lady are sisters."

"No," said Miss Post, "we are not related."

It was eight o'clock, and the moon was full in the heavens when Pop Henderson hoisted them into the stage and burdened his driver, Hunk Smith, with words of advice which were intended solely for the ears of the passengers.

"You want to be careful of that near wheeler, Hunk," he said, "or he'll upset you into a gully. An' in crossing the second ford, bear to the right; the water's running high, an' it may carry youse all down stream. I don't want that these ladies should be drowned in any stage of mine. An' if the Red Rider jumps, you don't put up no bluff, but sit still. The paymaster's due in a night or two, an' I've no doubt at all but that the Rider's laying for him. But if you tell him that there's no one inside but womenfolk an' a tailor, mebbe he won't hurt youse. Now, ladies," he added, putting his head under the leather flap, as though unconscious that all he had said had already reached them, "without wishing to make you uneasy, I would advise your having your cash an' jewellery ready in your hands. With road agents it's mostly wisest to do what they say, an' to do it quick. Ef you give 'em all you've got, they sometimes go away without spilling blood, though, such being their habits, naturally disappointed." He turned his face toward the shrinking

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figure of the military tailor. "You, being an Army man," he said, "will, of course, want to protect the ladies; but you mustn't do it. You must keep cool. Ef you pull your gun, like as not you'll all get killed. But I'm hoping for the best. Good-night, all, an' a pleasant journey."

The stage moved off with many creaks and many cracks of the whip, which in part smothered Hunk Smith's laughter. But after the first mile, he, being a man with feelings and a family, pulled the mules to a halt.

The voice of the drummer could instantly be heard calling loudly from the darkness of the stage: "Don't open those flaps. If they see us, they'll fire!"

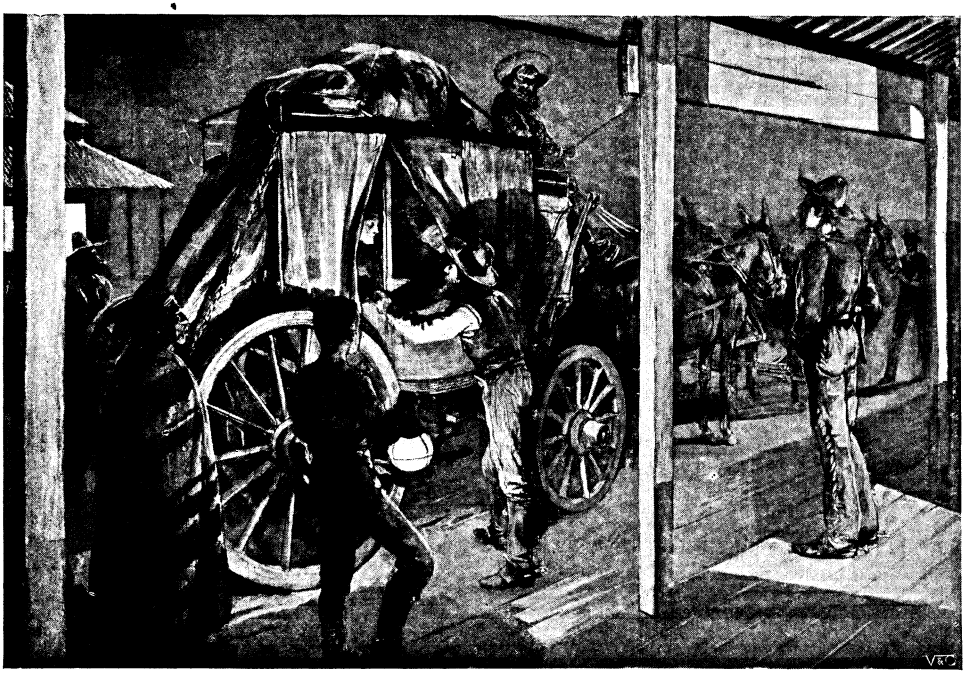
"I wanted you folks to know," said Hunk Smith, leaning from the box seat, "that that talk of Pop's was all foolishness. You're as safe on this trail as in a Pullman palace car. That was just his way. Pop will have his joke. You just go to sleep now, if you can, and trust to me. I'll get you there by eleven o'clock, or break a trace. Breakin' a trace is all the danger there is, anyway," he added cheerfully, "so don't fret."

Miss Post could not resist saying to Mrs. Truesdall: "I told you he was joking."

The stage had proceeded for two hours. Sometimes it dropped with locked wheels down sheer walls of clay, again it was dragged, careening drunkenly, out of fathomless pits. It pitched and tossed, slid and galloped, danced grotesquely from one wheel to another, from one stone to another, recoiled out of ruts, butted against rocks, and swept down and out of swollen streams that gurgled between the spokes.

"If ever I leave Fort Crockett," gasped Mrs. Truesdall between jolts, "I shall either wait until they build a railroad, or walk."

They had all but left the hills and were approaching the level prairie. That they might see the better, the flaps had been rolled up, and the soft, dry air came freely through the open sides. The mules were straining over the last hill. On either side only a few of the buttes were still visible. They stood out in the moonlight as cleanly cut as the bows of great battleships. The trail at last was level. Mrs. Truesdall's eyes closed. Her head fell forward. But Miss Post, weary as she was in body, could not sleep. To her the night ride was full of strange and wonderful mysteries. Gratefully she drank in the dry scent of the prairie grass, and, holding by the frame of the window, leaned



"'Now, ladies, without wishing to make you uneasy, I would advise your having your cash and jewellery ready in your hands.'"

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far out over the wheel. As she did so, a man sprang into the trail from behind a wall of rock and shouted hoarsely. He was covered to his knees with a black mantle. His face was hidden by a blood-red mask.

"Throw up your hands!" he commanded. There was a sharp creaking as the brakes locked, and from the driver's seat an amazed oath. The stage stopped with a violent jerk, and Mrs. Truesdall pitched gently forward towards her niece.

"I really believe I was asleep, Helen," she murmured. "What are we waiting for?"

"I think we are held up," said Miss Post.

The stage had halted beyond the wall of rock, and Miss Post looked behind it, but no other men were visible, only a horse with his bridle drawn around a stone. The man in the mask advanced upon the stage, holding a weapon at arm's length. In the moonlight it flashed and glittered evilly. The man was but a few feet from Miss Post, and the light fell full upon her. Of him she could see only two black eyes that flashed as evilly as his weapon. For a period of suspense, which seemed cruelly prolonged, the man stood motionless, then he lowered his weapon. When he opened his lips the mask stuck to them, and his words came from behind it, broken and smothered. "Sorry to trouble you, miss," the mask said, "but I want that man beside you to get out."

Miss Post turned to the travelling salesman. "He wants you to get out," she said.

"Wants me?" exclaimed the drummer. "I'm not armed, you know." In a louder voice he protested faintly: "I say, I'm not armed."

"Come out!" demanded the mask.

The drummer precipitated himself violently over the knees of the ladies into the road below and held his hands high above him. "I'm not armed," he said; "indeed I'm not."

"Stand over there, with your back to that rock," the mask ordered. For a moment the road agent regarded him darkly, pointing his weapon meditatively at different parts of the salesman's person. He suggested a butcher designating certain choice cuts. The drummer's muscles jerked under the torture as though his anatomy were being prodded with an awl.

"I want your watch," said the mask.

The drummer reached eagerly for his waistcoat.

"Hold up your hands!" roared the road agent. "By the eternal! if you play any rough-house tricks on me, I'll——" He flourished his weapon until it flashed luminously.

An exclamation from Hunk Smith, opportunely uttered, saved the drummer from what was apparently instant annihilation. "Say, Rider," cried the driver, "I can't hold my arms up no longer. I'm going to put 'em down. But you leave me alone, an' I'll leave you alone. Is that a bargain?"

The shrouded figure whirled his weapon upon the speaker.

"Have I ever stopped you before, Hunk?" he demanded.

Hunk, at this recognition of himself as a public character, softened instantly. "I dunno whether 'twas you or one of your gang, but——"

"Well, you've still got your health, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Then keep quiet," snarled the mask.

In retort Hunk Smith muttered audible threatenings, but sank obediently into an inert heap. Only his eyes, under cover of his sombrero, roamed restlessly. They noted the McClellan saddle on the Red Rider's horse, the white patch on its near forefoot, the empty stirrup-straps, and at a great distance, so great that the eyes only of a plainsman could have detected it, a cloud of dust, or smoke, or mist, that rode above the trail and seemed to be moving swiftly down upon them.

At the sight Hunk shifted the tobacco in his cheek and nervously crossed his knees, while a grin of ineffable cunning passed across his face.

With his sombrero in his hand, the Red Rider stepped to the wheel of the stage. As he did so, Miss Post observed that above the line of his kerchief his hair was evenly and carefully parted in the middle.

"I'm afraid, ladies," said the road agent, "that I have delayed you unnecessarily. It seems that I have called up the wrong number." He emitted a reassuring chuckle, and, fanning himself with his sombrero, continued speaking in a tone of polite irony: "The Wells, Fargo messenger is the party I am laying for. He's coming over this trail with a package of diamonds. That's what I'm after. At first I thought 'Fighting Bob' over there by the rock might have it on him; but he doesn't act like any Wells, Fargo Express agent I have ever tackled before, and I guess the laugh's on me. I seem to have been weeping over the wrong grave." He replaced his sombrero on his

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head at a rakish angle and waved his hand. "Ladies, you are at liberty to proceed."

But instantly he stepped forward again and brought his face so close to the window that they could see the whites of his eyes. "Before we part," he murmured persuasively, "you wouldn't mind leaving me something as a souvenir, would you?" He turned the skull-like openings of the mask full upon Miss Post.

Mrs. Truesdall exclaimed hysterically: "Why, certainly not!" she cried. "Here's everything I have, except what's sewn inside my waist, where I can't possibly get at it. I assure you I cannot. The proprietor of that hotel told us we'd probably—meet you, and so I have everything ready." She thrust her two hands through the window. They held a roll of bills, a watch, and her rings.

Miss Post laughed in an ecstasy of merriment. "Oh, no, aunt!" she protested, "don't. No, not at all. The gentleman only wants a keepsake. Something to remember us by. Isn't that it?" she asked. She regarded the blood-red mask steadily with a brilliant smile.

The road agent did not at once answer At her words he had started back with such sharp suspicion that one might have thought he meditated instant flight. Through the holes in his mask he now glared searchingly at Miss Post, but still in silence.

"I think this will satisfy him," said Miss Post.

Out of the collection in her aunt's hands she picked a silver coin and held it forward. "Something to keep as a pocket-piece," she said mockingly, "to remind you of your kindness to three lone females in distress."

Still silent, the road agent reached for the money, and then growled at her in a tone which had suddenly become gruff and overbearing. It suggested to Miss Post the voice of the head of the family playing Santa Claus for the children. "And now you, miss?" he demanded.

Miss Post took another coin from the heap, studied its inscription, and passed it through the window. "This one is from me," she said. "Mine is dated 1901. The moonlight," she added, leaning far forward and smiling out at him, "makes it quite easy to see the date—as easy," she went on, picking her words, "as it is to see your peculiar revolver and the coat-of-arms on your ring." She drew her head back. "Good-night," she cooed sweetly.

The Red Rider jumped from the door. An exclamation which might have been a laugh or an oath was smothered by his mask. He turned swiftly upon the salesman. "Get back into the coach," he commanded. "And you, Hunk," he called, "if you send a posse after me, next night I ketch you out here alone you'll lose the top of your head."

The salesman scrambled into the stage through the door opposite to the one at which the Red Rider was standing, and the road agent again raised his sombrero with a sweeping gesture worthy of D'Artagnan. "Good-night, ladies," he said.

"Good-night, sir," Mrs. Truesdall answered grimly, but exuding a relieved sigh. Then, her indignation giving her courage, she leaned from the window and hurled a Parthian arrow. "I must say," she protested, "I think you might be in a better business."

The road agent waved his hand to the young lady. "Good-bye," he said.

"*Au revoir*," said Miss Post pleasantly.

"Good-bye, miss," stammered the road agent.

"I said '*Au revoir*,'" repeated Miss Post.

The road agent, apparently routed by these simple words, fled muttering towards his horse.

Hunk Smith was having trouble with his brake. He kicked at it and, stooping, pulled at it, but the wheels did not move.

Mrs. Truesdall fell into a fresh panic. "What is it now?" she called miserably.

Before he answered, Hunk Smith threw a quick glance towards the column of moving dust. He was apparently reassured.

"The brake," he grunted. "The darned thing's stuck!"

The road agent was tugging at the stone beneath which he had slipped his bridle. "Can't I help?" he asked politely. But before he reached the stage he suddenly stopped with an imperative sweep of his arm for silence. He stood motionless, his body bent to the ground, leaning forward and staring down the trail. Then he sprang upright. "You old fox!" he roared, "you're gaining time, are you?"

With a laugh he tore free his bridle and threw himself across his horse. His legs locked under it, his hands clasped its mane, and with a cowboy yell he dashed past the stage in the direction of Kiowa City, his voice floating back in shouts of jeering laughter. From behind him he heard Hunk Smith's voice answering his own in a cry for

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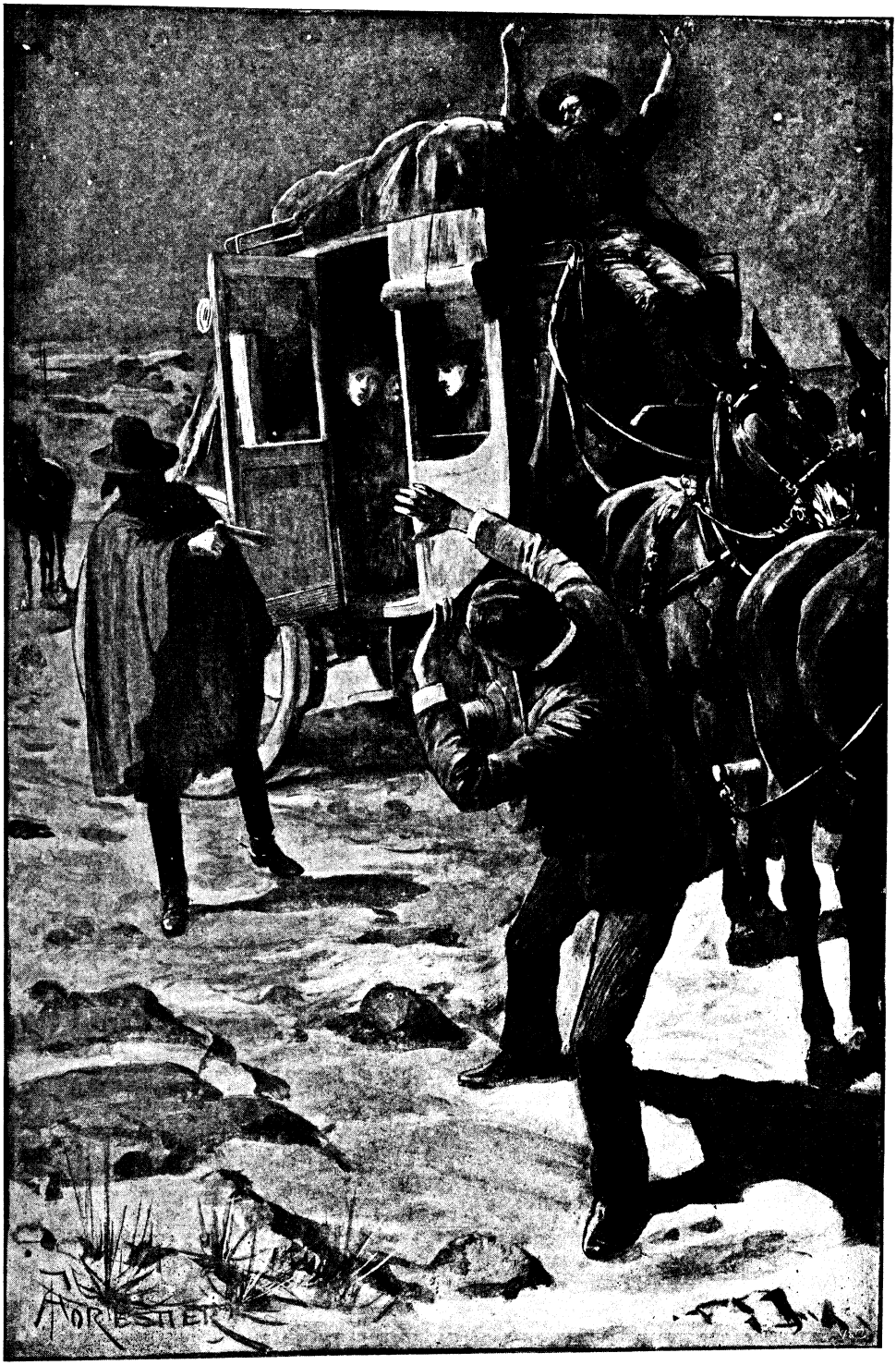

"Pointing his weapon meditatively at different parts of the salesman's person."

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"Help!" and from a rapidly decreasing distance the throb of many hoofs. For an instant he drew upon his rein, and then, with a defiant chuckle, drove his spurs deep into his horse's side.

Mrs. Truesdall also heard the pounding of many hoofs, as well as Hunk Smith's howls for help, and feared a fresh attack. "Oh! what is it?" she begged.

"Soldiers from the Fort!" Hunk called excitedly, and again raised his voice in a long, dismal howl.

"Sounds cheery, doesn't it?" said the salesman; "referring to the soldiers," he explained. It was his first coherent remark since the Red Rider had appeared and disappeared.

"Oh! I hope they won't——" began Miss Post anxiously.

The hoof beats changed to thunder, and with the pounding on the dry trail came the jangle of stirrups and sling belts. Then a voice, and the coach was surrounded by dust-covered troopers and horses breathing heavily. Lieutenant Crosby pulled up beside the window of the stage. "Are you there, Colonel Patten?" he panted. He peered forward into the stage, but no one answered him. "Is the paymaster in here?" he demanded.

The voice of Lieutenant Curtis shouted in chorus at Hunk Smith. "Is the paymaster in there, driver?"

"Paymaster? No!" Hunk roared. "A drummer and three ladies. We've been held up. The Red Rider——" He rose and waved his whip over the top of the coach. "He went that way. You can ketch him easy."

Sergeant Clancey and half a dozen troopers jerked at their bridles. But Crosby, at the window, shouted "Halt!"

"What's your name?" he demanded of the salesman.

"Myers," stammered the drummer. "I'm from the Hancock Uniform——"

Curtis had spurred his horse beside that of his brother officer. "Is Colonel Patten at Kiowa?" he interrupted.

"I can't give you any information as to that," replied Mr. Myers importantly; "but these ladies and I have just been held up by the Red Rider. If you'll hurry, you'll——"

The two officers pulled back their horses from the stage and, leaning from their saddles, consulted in eager whispers. Their men fidgeted with their reins and stared with amazed eyes at their officers. Lieutenant Crosby was openly smiling. "He's got away with it," he whispered. "Patten missed the stage, thank God! and he's met nothing worse than these women."

"We *must* make a bluff at following him," whispered Curtis.

"Certainly not! Our orders are to report to Colonel Patten, and act as his escort."

"But he's not at Kiowa; that fellow says so."

"He telegraphed the colonel from Kiowa," returned Crosby. "How could he do that if he wasn't there?" He turned upon Hunk Smith. "When did you leave Henderson's?" he demanded.

"Seven o'clock," answered Hunk Smith sulkily. "Say, if you young fellows want to ketch——'

"And Patten telegraphed at eight!" cried Crosby. "That's it. He reached Kiowa after the stage had gone. Sergeant Clancey!" he called.

The sergeant pushed out from the mass of wondering troopers.

"When did the paymaster say he was leaving Kiowa?"

"'Leaving at once,' the telegram said," answered Clancey. "'Meet me with escort before I reach the buttes.' That's the message I was told to give the lieutenant."

Hunk Smith leaned from the box seat. "Mebbe Pop's driving him over himself in the buckboard," he volunteered. "Pop often takes 'em over that way if they miss the stage."

"That's how it is, of course," cried Crosby. "He's on his way now in the buckboard."

Hunk Smith surveyed the troopers dismally and shook his head. "If he runs up against the Red Rider, it's 'good-bye' your pay, boys," he cried.

"Fall in, there!" shouted Crosby. "Corporal Tynan, fall out with two men and escort these ladies to the Fort." He touched his hat to Miss Post and, with Curtis at his side, sprang into the trail. "Gallop! March!" he commanded.

"Do you think he'll tackle the buckboard, too?" whispered Curtis.

Crosby laughed joyously and drew a long breath of relief. "No, he's all right now," he answered. "Don't you see, he doesn't know about Patten or the buckboard. He's probably well on his way to the post now. I delayed the game at the stage there on purpose to give him a good start. He's safe by now."

"It was a close call," laughed the other. "He's got to give us a dinner for helping him out of this."

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"We'd have caught him red-handed," said Crosby, "if we'd been five minutes sooner. Jove!" he gasped. "It makes me cold to think of it. The men would have shot him off his horse. But what a story for those women! I hope I'll be there when they tell it. If Ranson can keep his face straight, he's a wonder." For some moments they raced silently neck by neck, and then Curtis again leaned from his saddle. "I hope he HAS turned back to the post," he said. "Look at the men, how they're keeping watch for him. They're scouts, all of them."

"The rigid figure of a man lay flat upon his back staring at the moon."

"What if they are?" returned Crosby easily. "Ranson's in uniform—out for a moonlight canter. You can bet a million dollars he didn't wear his red mask long after he heard us coming."

"I suppose he'll think we've followed to spoil his fun. You know you said we would."

"Yes, he was going to shoot us," laughed Crosby. "I wonder why he packs a gun. It's a silly thing to do."

The officers fell apart again, and there was silence over the prairie save for the creaking of leather and the beat of the hoofs. And then, faint and far away, there came the quick crack of a revolver, another, and then a fusillade.

"Good Heavens!" gasped Crosby. He threw himself forward, digging his spurs into his horse, and rode as though he were trying to escape from his own men.

No one issued an order, no one looked a question; each, officer and enlisted man, bowed his head and raced to be the first.

The trail was barricaded by two struggling horses and an overturned buckboard. The rigid figure of a man lay flat upon his back staring at the moon, another white-haired figure staggered forward from a rock. "Who goes there?" it demanded.

"United States troops. Is that you, Colonel Patten?"

"Yes."

Colonel Patten's right arm was swinging limply at his side. With his left hand he clasped his right shoulder. The blood, black in the moonlight, was oozing between his fingers.

"We were held up," he said. "He shot the driver and the horses. I fired at him, but he broke my arm. He shot the gun out of my hand. When he reached for the satchel, I tried to beat him off with my left

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arm, but he threw me into the road. He went that way—toward Kiowa."

Sergeant Clancey, who was kneeling by the figure in the trail, raised his hand in salute. "Pop Henderson, lieutenant," he said. "He's shot through the heart. He's dead."

"He took the money, ten thousand dollars!" cried Colonel Patten. "He wore a red mask and a rubber poncho. And I saw that he had no stirrups in his stirrup-straps."

Crosby dodged, as though someone had thrown a knife, and then raised his hand stiffly and heavily.

"Lieutenant Curtis, you will remain here with Colonel Patten," he ordered. His voice was without emotion. It fell flat and dead. "Deploy as skirmishers," he commanded. "G Troop to the right of the trail, H Troop to the left. Stop anyone you see—anyone. If he tries to escape, cry 'Halt!' twice and then fire—to kill. Forward! Gallop! March! Towards the post.'

"No!" shouted Colonel Patten. "He went toward Kiowa."

Crosby replied in the same dead voice: "He doubled after he left you, Colonel. He has gone to the post."

Colonel Patten struggled from the supporting arms that held him and leaned eagerly forward. "You know him, then?" he demanded.

"Yes," cried Crosby; "God help him! Spread out there, you, in open order—and ride like hell!"

* * * * *

Just before the officers' club closed for the night, Lieutenant Ranson came in and, seating himself at the piano, picked out "The Queen of the Philippine Islands" with one finger. Major Stickney and others, who were playing bridge, were considerably annoyed. Ranson then demanded that everyone present should drink his health in champagne, for the reason that it was his birthday and that he was glad he was alive, and wished everyone else to feel the same way about it. "Or, for any other reason why," he added generously. This frontal attack upon the whist players upset the game entirely, and Ranson, enthroned upon the piano stool, addressed the room. He held up a buckskin tobacco bag decorated with beads.

"I got this down at the Indian village to-night," he said. "That old squaw, Red Wing, makes 'em for two dollars. Crosby paid five dollars for his in New Mexico, and it isn't half as good. What do you think? I got lost coming back, and went all the way round by the buttes before I found the trail, and I've only been here six months. They certainly ought to make me chief of scouts."

"Oh! that's where you were, was it?" said the post adjutant genially. "The colonel sent Clancey after you, and Crosby. Clancey reported that he couldn't find you. So we sent Curtis. They went to act as escort for Colonel Patten and the pay. He's coming up to-night in the stage." Ranson was gazing down into his glass.

"The paymaster, eh?" he said. "He's in the stage to-night, is he?"

"Yes," said the adjutant; and then, as the bugle and stamp of hoofs sounded from the parade outside, "and that's him now, I guess," he added.

There was the jingle of spurs and a measured tramp on the verandah of the club-house, and for the first time in its history four enlisted men, carrying their Krags, invaded its portals. They were led by Lieutenant Crosby; his face was white under the tan and full of suffering. The officers in the room received the intrusion in amazed silence. Crosby strode among them, looking neither to the left nor right, and touched Lieutenant Ranson upon the shoulder.

"The colonel's orders, Lieutenant Ranson," he said. "You are under arrest."

Ranson leaned back against the music-rack and placed his glass upon the keyboard.

"Then you can't take a joke," he said in a low tone. "You had to run and tell." He laughed and raised his voice so that all in the club might hear. "What am I arrested for, Crosby?" he asked.

The lines in Crosby's face deepened, and only those who sat near could hear him. "You are under arrest for attempt to kill a superior officer, for the robbery of the Government pay train—and for murder."

Ranson jumped to his feet. "Great Heavens, Crosby!" he cried.

"Silence! Don't talk!" ordered Crosby. "Fall in!"

The four troopers closed upon Lieutenant Crosby from either side. He drew a quick, frightened breath, and then, throwing back his shoulders, fell into step, and the six men tramped out into the night.

(*To be concluded.*)

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THE DRAWBACK OF OMITTING ALL "STOPS."

CHAIRMAN (at our parish concert): I have much pleasure in announcing that Miss De Vere will now sing "Let Me Linger in the Lane accompanied by the Curate."

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

MUTUAL REFERENCES.

"YES, I think you will suit us very well, though the salary you ask is rather more than we have been accustomed to give. Still, I sha'n't let that stand in the way. Monday morning next, at 9.30 sharp." The young man looked somewhat surprised.

"Well, have you anything to say?"

"Oh! yes, sir, the most important thing of all. I must have a satisfactory character from your last ledger clerk before I can close with your offer."

The senior partner's face became suffused with a dull red, and he tried to frown, but was secretly ill at ease.

"You must be aware, sir," went on the youthful applicant, "that it is the custom for all members of the United Society of London Clerks to demand from an intended employer a character of himself recently written by a former *employé*, and any unwillingness to accede to this very reasonable request must be taken as an indication of a character that will not bear the light of day."

The other drew himself up stiffly. "Oh! yes, I am perfectly aware of the new and pernicious ideas and customs that have been spreading over the country of late years; but I am a man of the old school, and in my time a young fellow thought himself lucky to get taken on by a responsible firm under almost any conditions, and was quite willing to order himself respectfully to the man whose bread he was eating. Such a request as yours would have been deemed the height of impertinence—the height of impertinence!" (very impressively). "I had hoped from your manner and experience that you had been brought up in the good old-fashioned way."

"Oh! not at all. The old custom was tyrannical, one-sided, and dangerous—in fact, not to be tolerated by a free-born Briton. You want to know if I am respectable and capable before you engage me, and why should I not be satisfied that you are the same? Why, sir, you might be carrying on your business by dishonest methods which would sooner or later bring your career to an abrupt close and leave me stranded; or you might be inviting bankruptcy by erroneous business methods; or you might be a man of violent temper or superlative fussiness, which would be very unpleasant for me."

A pause and the young man resumed. "Now, my late beloved father worked under the old system, and had most unhappy experiences, which it is my endeavour to avoid. His first employer

THE PRAISE THAT COULD NO FURTHER GO.

"WELL, Miss De Gaze, what do you think of Venice?"
"Oh! I think it's just lovely—and *quite* as nice as it was at Earl's Court."

failed in less than six months, his next turned out to be a dishonest trustee, while the third had such an outrageous temper that it was a misery to work under him. My father said——"

"That will do, sir. My time is precious. I see you are corrupted by the spirit of the age; but we must have someone, and I suppose you are all alike. I will communicate with our last clerk, and he will be only too glad to give me any assistance he can. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir. I shall be here on Monday, and if your character is satisfactory, I will commence work immediately."

Saturday morning brought a letter marked "Private," and addressed to the senior partner, in the handwriting of the late clerk. The principal left it unopened till he was alone. He was, of course, somewhat curious, but not apprehensive, for he had always got on well with his underlings, and considered himself an easy, good-tempered man. This is what met his eye:—

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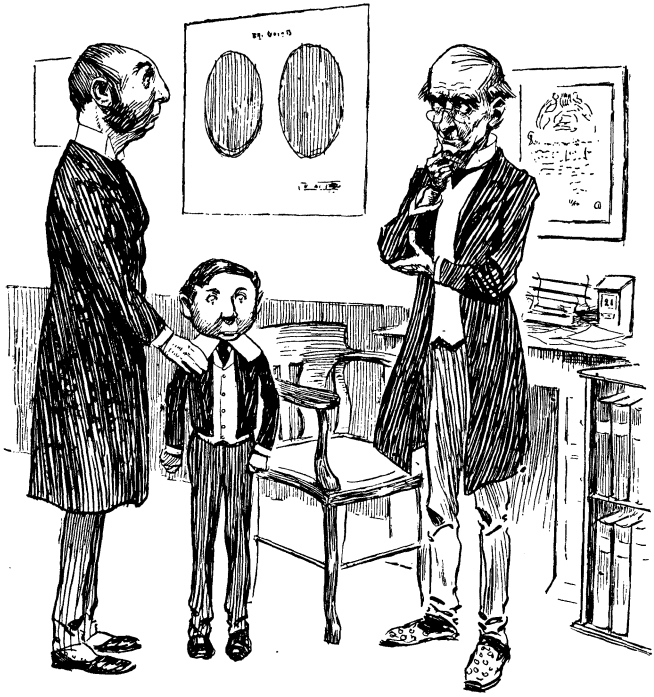

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

PROUD PARENT: I want to know why my boy is always at the bottom of his class?

PATIENT PRECEPTOR: My dear sir, I should say consult a specialist in heredity.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"I have much pleasure in stating that for conscientiousness, strict attention to business, and sobriety, Mr. Gerald Clifford, of the firm of Clifford and Marks, is far above the average. His mental abilities are, however, by no means brilliant, and he is somewhat careless. He expects a very high standard of work from others, but is not abusive if unsatisfied. He has the annoying knack of making one feel exceedingly incapable when one fails to reach an impossible perfection, and is occasionally very unreasonable, the chief failing of his class. He is extremely careful with money—not to say mean, and likes to defer payment of bills as long as possible. When browbeaten, shows a good deal of meekness, whether from timidity or principle is not clear. Considered generally, he is harmless, and I can recommend him for the position of employer for the unambitious, or as a makeshift.

"AUGUSTUS SHARP."

For the next few minutes fury reigned supreme in that meek old gentleman's breast. He stamped, he kicked his innocent waste-paper basket; he alluded to Mr. Sharp in most uncomplimentary terms, and finally tore the "character" that that gentleman had taken the trouble to write for him into tiny pieces. In the course of the morning he wrote to his son at boarding-school, with the information that he must leave at the end of the term and commence work in the office.

PROOF POSITIVE.

'LIZA: S'y, Bill, w'y don'tcher 'ave a free wheel?

BILL: Well, ain't this a bloomin' free wheel?

'LIZA: Nah, it ain't.

BILL: Yus it is. I pinched it!

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THE PRECISE MAN.

At once I knew him for the Precise Man directly he entered the compartment; saw him for what he was by the trim whiskers and neat gaiters, the eye alert to light upon the casual stranger, the deprecating cough that ushers conversation. It was in my mind to escape, for had I not seen him before—in the train as now, at the club, the sea-side hotel, any place to which his family can banish him? But it was too late—we were on the move.

I looked out at the disappearing station, avoiding his eye, but I knew that it was upon me.

"I see that your attention has been attracted to the same object as my own," he said genially.

"What?" I answered feebly.

"The notice, 'Stop here for Silas Beck's!' Now, can you tell what it means?"

"I suppose it means that if you want to go to Silas Beck's, this is the right station to get out at."

"Quite, quite so," he said, delighted. "But to whom is the advertisement addressed? Are we to suppose that there are persons vaguely travelling round the Inner Circle, not knowing where they want to get out?"

"No, I don't suppose there are," I said.

"Let us take the case of a lady desirous of shopping at Silas Beck's," he went on. "Suppose that she does not know that Silas Beck's is near the Underground, would she take an Underground train on the chance that it might be, and that if it were, there would be a notice up to that effect at some station and that she would see it?"

"No, I don't suppose she would," I said.

"Suppose, on the other hand," he continued cheerily, "that she does know that Silas Beck's is near the Underground, would not she find out the nearest station? If she did not, where would she take a ticket to? Would she take one to the furthest possible station and then get out when she came on the advertisement? She might go round the Circle three or four times before she ever saw it at all. She might get in here at Sloane Street and go on to Victoria and St. James's Park, and not find out till she got to Sloane Street again that that was her proper station."

"Do you suppose," I said, "that anyone is idiot enough to travel on the line without knowing what station he means to get out at?"

"Certainly not, certainly not," he agreed with me. "I see you take my point. I apprehend that all who use the line have some destination in view, and take a ticket for it. Even those who are skilful enough to travel without a ticket do it because they have some place or other to which they wish to go. They don't do it for amusement or health."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well. What is the use of the advertisement?" he triumphantly replied.

During the silence that followed I sought refuge in my paper, but he had only paused for breath

"I have noticed," he said, "that a similar want of the logical faculty exists among other branches of the advertising community. There is, for instance, a certain bootshop I am in the habit of passing which advertises its wares as 'perfect fitting.' Now, it is perfectly obvious that if your foot is broad and flat, with possibly a bunion, the boot displayed before you, being slender and pointed, would——"

But the train pulled up at Victoria and I fled.

H. W.

A TABLE-TENNIS TRAGEDY.

Ring a lover's knell;
Sound a drear ding-dong!
Toll a muffled bell;
Ring a lover's knell!
Love has licked love well—
Licked her at ping-pong.
Ring a lover's knell;
Sound a drear ding-dong!

They have said "Farewell"—
Parted through ping-pong.
Clang no marriage bell—
They have said "Farewell."
Toll a mournful knell;
Mind you don't ring wrong.
They have said "Farewell"—
Parted through ping-pong.

Swains 'neath Cupid's spell,
Muse on this sing-song:
Women, sad to tell,
Swains 'neath Cupid's spell,
Can't take lickings well—
Even at ping-pong!
Swains 'neath Cupid's spell,
Muse on this sing-song.

Douglas Walshe.

Photo by] [*J. Watchorn.*

READY FOR THE ROW.

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"BLACKBERRIES."

From a Painting by Beatrice Offor.

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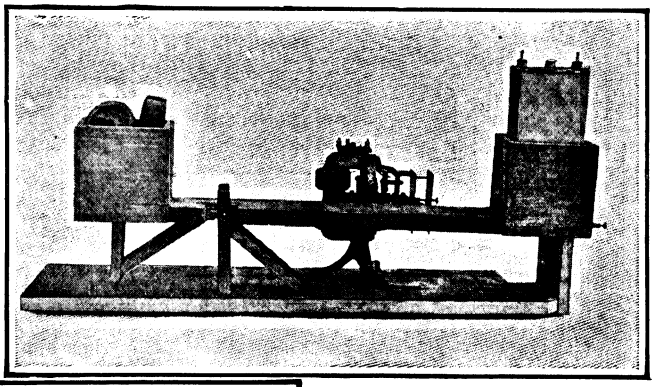
EDISON'S LATEST MARVEL:

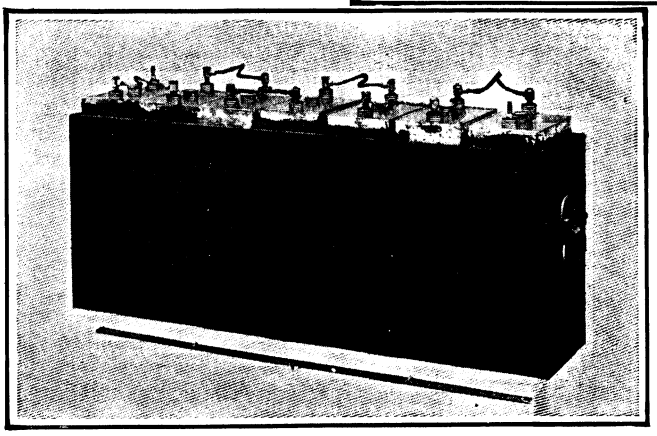
THE NEW STORAGE BATTERY.

By RAY STANNARD BAKER.*

IT is one of Edison's cardinal principles, born of the failure of his first invention, a voting machine which nobody wanted, to employ his energies in supplying actual needs. Something over three years ago the industrial and electrical world turned its attention seriously to the production of automobiles. It was generally admitted by experts that the ideal vehicle of the future would be propelled by electricity, provided —and it was a most important proviso—a light, cheap, and durable storage battery could be had. Ever since Plante put forth the lead storage battery in 1859, inventors had been hard at work trying to improve upon it. Hundreds of devices have been patented, all, or nearly all, being variations of the familiar lead battery with sulphuric acid as the electrolytic agent. The best product of these researches was cumbersome enough, heavy, foul with acid fumes, deteriorating rapidly, requiring the most delicate handling in the matter of charging and exhausting, and, above all, very costly. In spite of these objections, however, the need was so great that storage batteries of this character were and are extensively used. Ask almost any expert what in his opinion is the greatest practical need in the electrical industries of to-day, and he will answer promptly — a light, cheap, durable storage battery. Mr. Edison, having completed his experiments in the magnetic separation of iron from its ores, perceived this growing need, and, as I shall point out later, saw the possibilities of the storage battery, stretching beyond the motor-vehicle to important uses at present only dimly conceived. He began his work in his characteristic way, saying one day to his assistants, as if it had just occurred to him : "I guess I'll have to make a storage battery." For months following he worked with characteristic indefatigability, long hours every day, usually having his meals sent in to him, and sometimes forgetting to eat them after they were set before



JOLTING AN EXPERIMENTAL BATTERY TO SIMULATE A MOTOR-CAR'S PROGRESS OVER A ROUGH ROAD.



"BOTTLED-UP" POWER, READY TO DRIVE A MOTOR-CAR A HUNDRED MILES.

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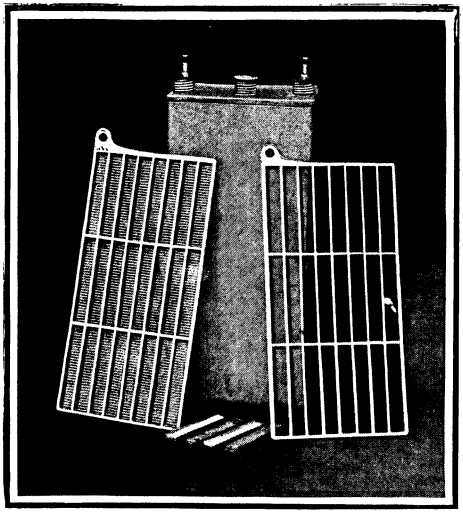
him. It is customary with the inventor to begin his work with a clear statement of conditions. In this case he had a bare, unfruitful negation : "The lead battery" (that is, the one now in use) "will not do." He felt that experimentation with the lead cell had been pushed to the very limit—he must try something else. So he set himself the task, which had already baulked so many inventors, of constructing a battery which should be at once light, cheap, undeteriorating, capable of being quickly charged and discharged, and so simple and durable that it would withstand the careless handling of the unskilled. These were the qualities which the old style battery lacked.

The peculiarities of the inventor's system of work are pretty well known. He has



THE NEW BATTERY CELL IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

surrounded himself, regardless of cost, with every possible physical aid to experimentation. The shelves of his laboratory are said to contain samples of every known substance, and seeing the labels of the bottles, boxes, and cans—everything from Irish moss and cat fur to the latest product of German chemistry—one easily credits the truth of the report. His equipment in tools, machinery, and electrical devices is as nearly complete as can be, and he has no fewer than ninety assistants, including draughtsmen, chemists, electricians, engineers, and machinists, whose sole duty it is to carry out the details of his experiments. He himself rarely touches a tool, though he works constantly with his chemicals, "mucking about" in his laboratory, as he calls it. If you are fortunate enough to reach the particular shop or laboratory where he is at work, you will probably find him sitting in a large wooden armchair ; and when he looks up at you, his eyes seem to come back from some great distance, and directly he has a humorous remark to give you. For, though he possesses an extraordinary power of mental concentration, his mind rises easily and therefore restfully to the humorous. He thinks his inventions and uses the hands of other men to work them out, so that not infrequently scores of experiments leading along the same line may be going on at the same time. Does he wish a bit of special machinery ? Before him lies a pad of yellow paper. Upon it he rapidly draws, in perspective, a picture of the device he requires, writes briefly in a clear, round hand a few directions, and sends it to John Ott, his chief draughtsman, who has been with him for thirty years. I saw a number of these drawings, each one clear and concise, so that even a novice might understand their purport. Ott reduces the drawing to scale for the expert machine-makers, and in due time Edison has before him the device he needs. Some of these bits of machinery, perhaps made for a few minutes' use, represent the work of many men for hours or days, but the inventor is careless of cost when he needs tools for the working out of his conceptions. It was one of these yellow sheets upon which the first picture of the phonograph was drawn, and it was John Ott who made the specifications of the machine, which was later built by another assistant. In another department apparatus in glass is fabricated by expert blowers, a third is devoted to wooden models, for it is Edison's invariable rule to have each invention, before it is put forth, constructed in wood, so that he may look at it, think about it, and find fault with it. And sometimes he even invites the men in his laboratory to come and study it, offering a prize for every well-taken criticism. While he is thus at work on an invention, Edison is for ever turning to his books, reading on every subject related in any way to the problem of his present line of work. This vast paraphernalia of invention and experimentation—men, machinery, books—is directed quietly in a perfectly orderly fashion to the accomplishment of the single purpose Edison has in view—a purpose which is usually unknown to any one of his busy assistants.

But to come to the storage battery. Mr. Mallory, who is Mr. Edison's chief business

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associate, told me that in the months of work which followed the inventor's decision to make a new storage battery over ten thousand experiments were tried without a glimmer of success. Week after week Mr. Mallory asked—

"Any success?" and Mr. Edison shook his head.

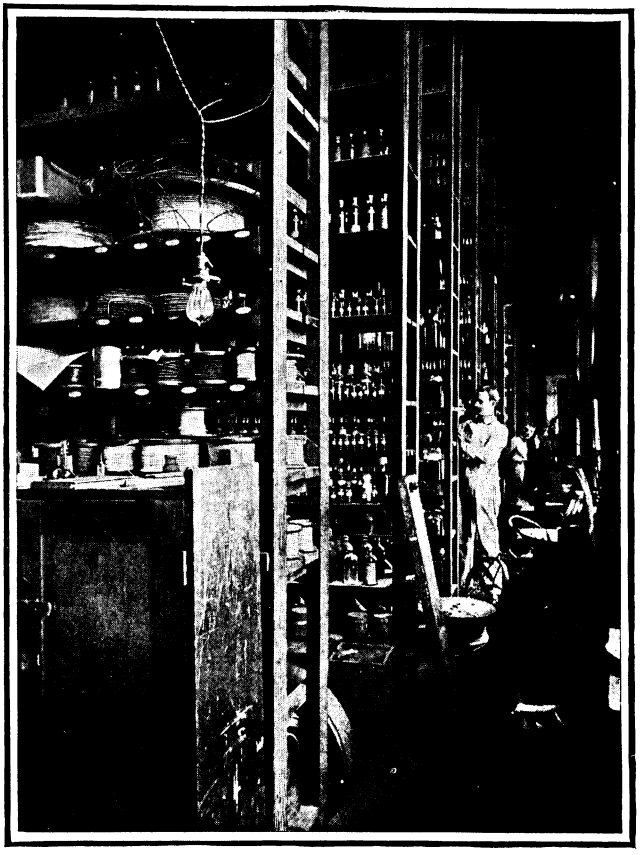
And finally, having the heart to inquire no longer, Mr. Mallory said nothing further for a month or more. Then one day, the subject having arisen, the old question was asked. The inventor's face lighted up suddenly and he said—

"I've found a lot of things that won't work," as if that were a great discovery.

And so he pushed onward, trying every possible combination of metals, excepting only the use of lead, with faith that somewhere in Nature there existed a certain harmony of natural laws—that harmony which he says it has been his chief purpose in life to seek—which would make possible the use of materials hitherto unused in this connection. He tried the rare metal cadmium, and seeing a glimmer of success he despatched a man to the West to find out where, how, and in what quantities cadmium was mined—just as he sent men scouring the world from the Amazon River to China for the special bamboo which he used when he invented the incandescent lamp. And, finally, one day he began to get results with a certain combination with iron and nickel, results before hidden from experimenters owing to a peculiar chemical condition known as passivity. From this point his progress was rapid; once having the key of the problem, the details of construction and manufacture formulated themselves with great rapidity. Having created the body, it seemed comparatively easy to clothe it.

Significant as an evidence of the originality of Edison's new idea was the comment on the first application for a patent returned to the inventor by the Government experts: "Improbable, if not impossible." The fact was that Mr. Edison had dealt with a chemical, a certain oxide of nickel, apparently new to science, and there were other features of the battery which puzzled the examiners. As a result Edison invited the experts to come on from Washington, and placing his laboratory at their disposal, he showed them that, whatever might be the chemistry of the battery, it worked, it really worked. And the patents were granted.

In brief, the fundamental principle of a storage battery is this: Two metal plates are suspended in a jar or cell containing a certain liquid—in what is known as the "lead battery," sulphuric acid. When the electric current is turned on, a certain chemical action takes place between the two plates through the liquid. This is called charging the battery. Afterwards, when it is desired to draw off and use the stored current, a certain connection of wires reverses the former chemical action, thus



"THE SHELVES OF EDISON'S LABORATORY ARE SAID TO CONTAIN SAMPLES OF EVERY KNOWN SUBSTANCE."

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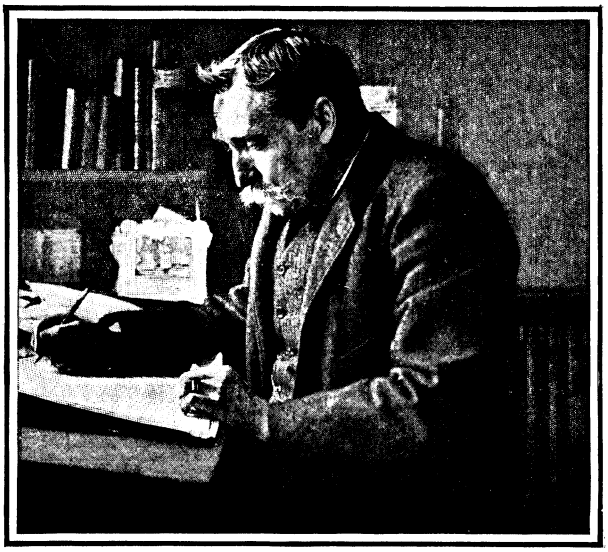
giving back the stored current with only a slight loss. And when empty the battery may be charged again, and so on. Now, with the lead cell it is found that the sulphuric acid tears down the lead very rapidly, so that the battery is soon worn out. It is also injured by overcharging, or by over-exhausting after charging, and damage frequently results in the case of automobiles from the spilling of the acid by jolting on rough roads. Moreover, the lead battery for an ordinary electric cab in New York City weighs from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, and it will not carry the vehicle with certainty more than thirty miles.

The general principle of Edison's battery is the same as the lead battery. It has the two metal plates, the cell, and the electrolytic liquid, but the materials used are wholly new. The metals are oxides of iron and nickel, and the fluid is a solution of potash. The chemical process involved in charging is one of the little understood marvels of science. As the electric current flows into the battery, little atoms of oxygen, called, with fine imagery, *ions* (wanderers), detach themselves from the iron oxide and go through the potash solution and attach themselves in some strange way to the nickel, producing the high oxide of nickel which so puzzled the Patent Office examiners. The nickel half of the cell swells slightly and the iron side shrinks a little. The battery having been charged, it may be taken anywhere, and upon connecting up the wires, the indefatigable *ions* of oxygen travel back from the nickel, through the potash solution, to their former place with the iron, and thus until the current is all given off; then they are ready for another expedition.



EDISON'S CHIEF DRAUGHTSMAN, WHO HAS MADE THE FIRST WORKING DRAWINGS OF ALL HIS GREAT INVENTIONS.

Now, Mr. Edison found that this new cell possessed a number of important advantages over the old type. In the first place, the potash solution, unlike the sulphuric acid, besides being as harmless as water, possessed no disagreeable odour, and it did not eat away or damage either of the metal plates. The battery weighed, per horse power, about one-third as much as the old lead battery; in other words, where a lead battery weighing one thousand pounds drove an automobile thirty miles, Edison's battery of the same weight could drive it ninety miles. But, more surprising than anything else, it was found that no amount of overcharging or over-exhausting seemed to have the least effect on the cells. Indeed, the battery suffered so little damage from ill-treatment that the inventor found himself a little alarmed lest something be wrong. It has always been Mr. Edison's custom, after completing an invention, to test it with every form of usage and ill-usage that his ingenuity can suggest, so that when he finally puts it forth, he is certain that it cannot fail from any ordinary cause. When the first phonographic cylinder was completed, he said to one of his assistants: "Run it until it wears out," and thus he discovered its durability and was able to remedy certain defects. I saw a device in his laboratory the other day, a unique invention in itself, which Edison had constructed for the purpose of testing the new battery under the conditions which it would have to meet in an ordinary motor vehicle. It was a long wooden rod, with a weight at one end and a complete battery cell at the other. An electric motor was so arranged that it lifted the rod at regular intervals and let the battery come down with a solid jolt, just as it would if an automobile, of which it might form a part, slipped into a rut. Thus hour after hour the battery was jolted, experiments being made as to the best materials for separating the grids or separate plates within the cell, as to the spilling of the

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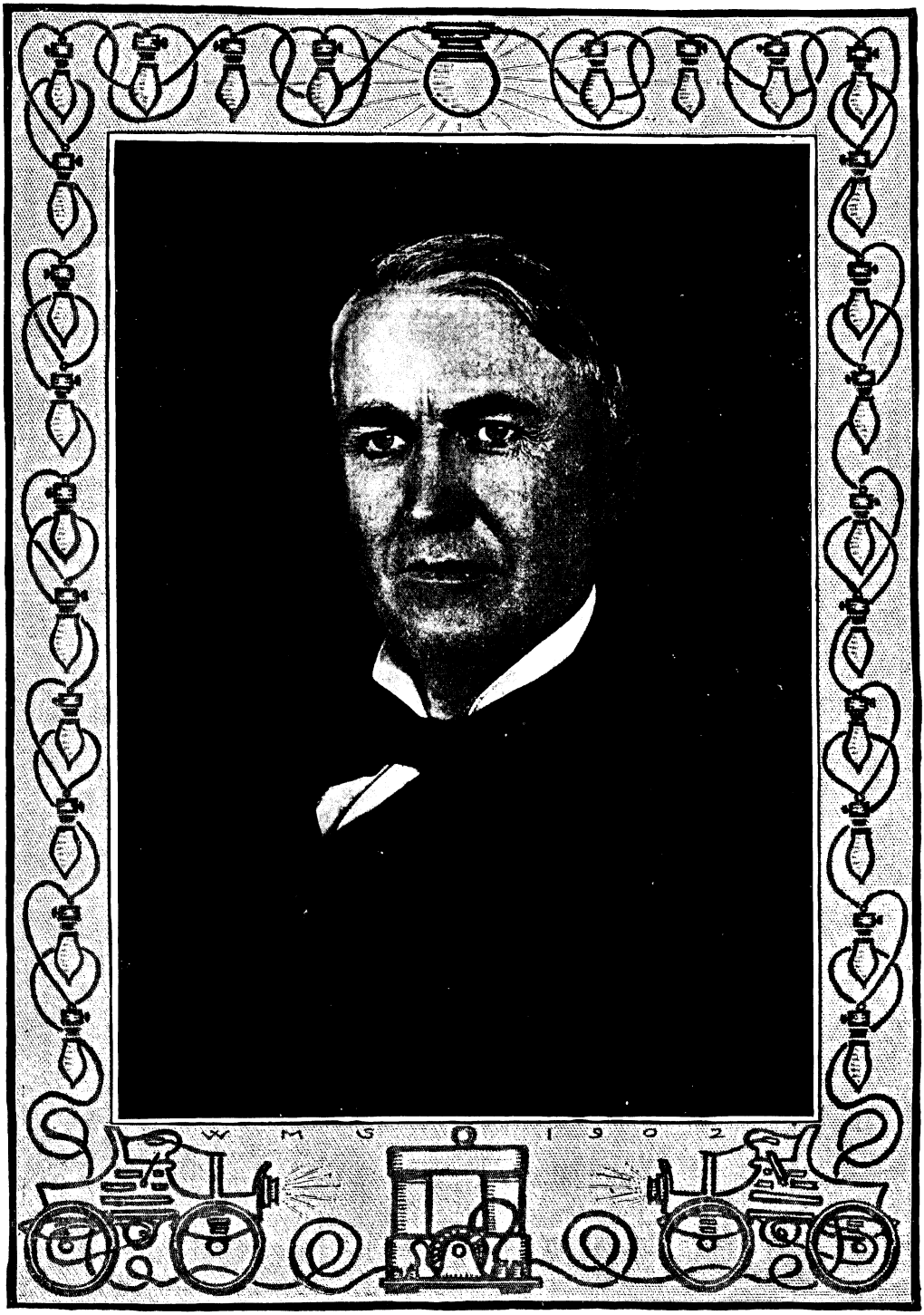

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

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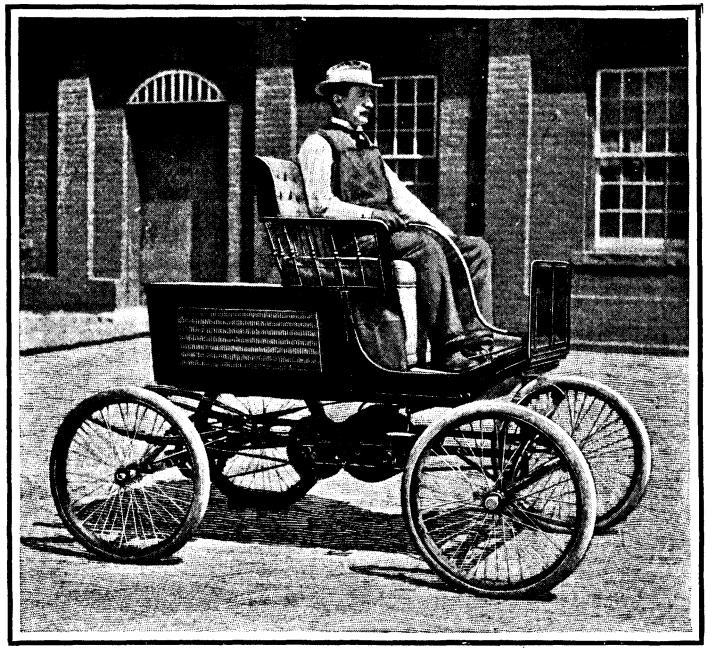
liquid, and so on. In fact, the battery has been submitted to all manner of tests, even to the removal of the charged grids, allowing them to lie outside in the sunshine for hours, and nothing has seemed to injure its stability and usefulness. So far as experimentation has now shown, the battery does not deteriorate, a condition that seems to be too good to be true. Thus, in durability and lightness, two of the great requisites, the new battery is far superior to the old. It is also more easily charged, and it may be more completely exhausted. In cost, the experience of the inventor shows that it will probably be much less expensive to manufacture than the old style battery. Its durability and lightness, in any event, would make it cheap at almost any price.

In outward appearance the new battery is not so very different from certain forms of the old. Without entering into technical details, a single cell is a nickel steel box some eleven and a half inches long, by five broad, and two deep, open at the top. Inside of this are arranged the thin grids or frames of steel, looking not unlike miniature window frames, half of them containing, like so many glass panes, the little packets of iron oxide and half the nickel oxide, all immersed in the solution of potash. A number of these cells, joined together, forms a battery of such power as may be desired. All that is necessary for charging is to connect the battery with an electric motor, or anywhere with an electric lighting wire, and it is soon filled. After charging it may be carried anywhere and the current used at will. If the potash solution dries up or spills, a little water poured in will put the cell in good working order again; there is no troublesome acid to bother with.

I visited the factories in which the storage battery is made—the first for the manufacture of the chemicals used, the oxides of iron and nickel and the fine graphite with which they are mixed; the second an extensive machine-shop where the grids and the steel cells are made. And here, too, Mr. Edison has given his genius full play. Most inventors stop when their conception has found a form in a working model; but with Edison this is only a fraction, though a vital fraction, of the task. He is never satisfied until he has created not merely a new inventive wonder, but new machinery and new methods throughout for making it—in short, until it has been placed upon a commercial basis. Of all this great work the world never hears. He has devised curious apparatus—vats, mixers, furnaces, and dryers for making his chemicals, and special machinery for manufacturing the various metal work of the battery. The first thing he installed was a large machine-shop, where I saw perhaps fifty experts at work making the machines he was to use, literally creating a new industry. In Germany I once visited an institution where scientists, working through years, had founded the highly lucrative new industry of lens-making. But they had been supported during the time of struggle by a kindly, paternal Government. Here in New Jersey this American inventor has, single-handed, laid the foundation for half-a-dozen vast industries, one of them, electric lighting, occupying the first rank in industrial importance, and all of them employing thousands of men and earning great



MOTOR-CAR EQUIPPED WITH THE NEW STORAGE BATTERY.

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sums of money for their promoters. And in Europe, where such work is better appreciated than with us, Edison is more highly honoured to-day than in his own country.

It needs no stretching of the imagination to project the future of the new battery if it fulfils the inventor's expectations. The automobile at present has hardly passed the experimental stage. A good racing machine has been built, a fairly good wealthy man's toy is on the market; but the practical, every-day, hard-working, low-priced vehicle for the use of truckmen, expressmen, small householders, and so on—the vehicle which is to drive the labouring horse from the cities, has not yet appeared. This vehicle the new storage battery may bring into existence. Standard trucks, with a load capacity of three tons, are even now in process of construction, and Mr. Edison calculates that they can be made to work continually all day. There being nothing about the battery to explode or likely to get out of order, the new truck may be handled by the ordinary unskilled driver. In New York City alone there are sixteen thousand licensed trucks having a yearly business exceeding that of the New York Central Railroad. Think what a cheap and successful new method of truckage will mean! Streets and pavements can be maintained and cleaned much more cheaply than ever before, for the hoofs of horses and iron tyres soon ruin the best streets. There will be less crowding, more rapidity of conducting business, less chance of disease from filth, and many other advantages — all making for the comfort of men.

But the automobile furnishes only one of many important uses for the storage battery. It will also be used for propelling all manner of the smaller water craft—and, perhaps, but that is in the future, the larger vessels also. A few fancy yachts are now operated by storage batteries; the new type, it is hoped, will place this system within reach of everyone. It is also conceivable that the time may come when charged storage batteries will be delivered at your back door like ice or coal, and used for light and heat, for running the sewing machine and playing the phonograph. But the greatest field of its usefulness is in the wider and less popularly known fields of industry, where it may be the means of working noteworthy economies. For instance, by our present methods of electric lighting, lights are used only three or four hours in the day, from dark at evening until ten or twelve o'clock at night. Enormous engines must be provided for supplying this electrical power, engines which lie practically idle perhaps five-sixths of the time. Gas manufacturers had the same problem to meet until the gas-holder, that huge, ugly iron tank so familiar to every gas-lighted city, was invented. Now the gas generating machinery is kept in operation continuously and economically all day long, the surplus production of the hours of sunlight going into the storage holder to be used in the hours of darkness. It is expected that the storage battery will play the part for electric lighting that the iron tank holder does for gas. Buildings will be packed full from cellar to garret with batteries, and in the daytime the electricity will there be stored against the needs of the night. In this manner great economies are assured, and the electric light will necessarily become cheaper, perhaps within reach of even the poorest householders. Thus will Edison's newest invention come to work more extended use of his older invention, the incandescent light.

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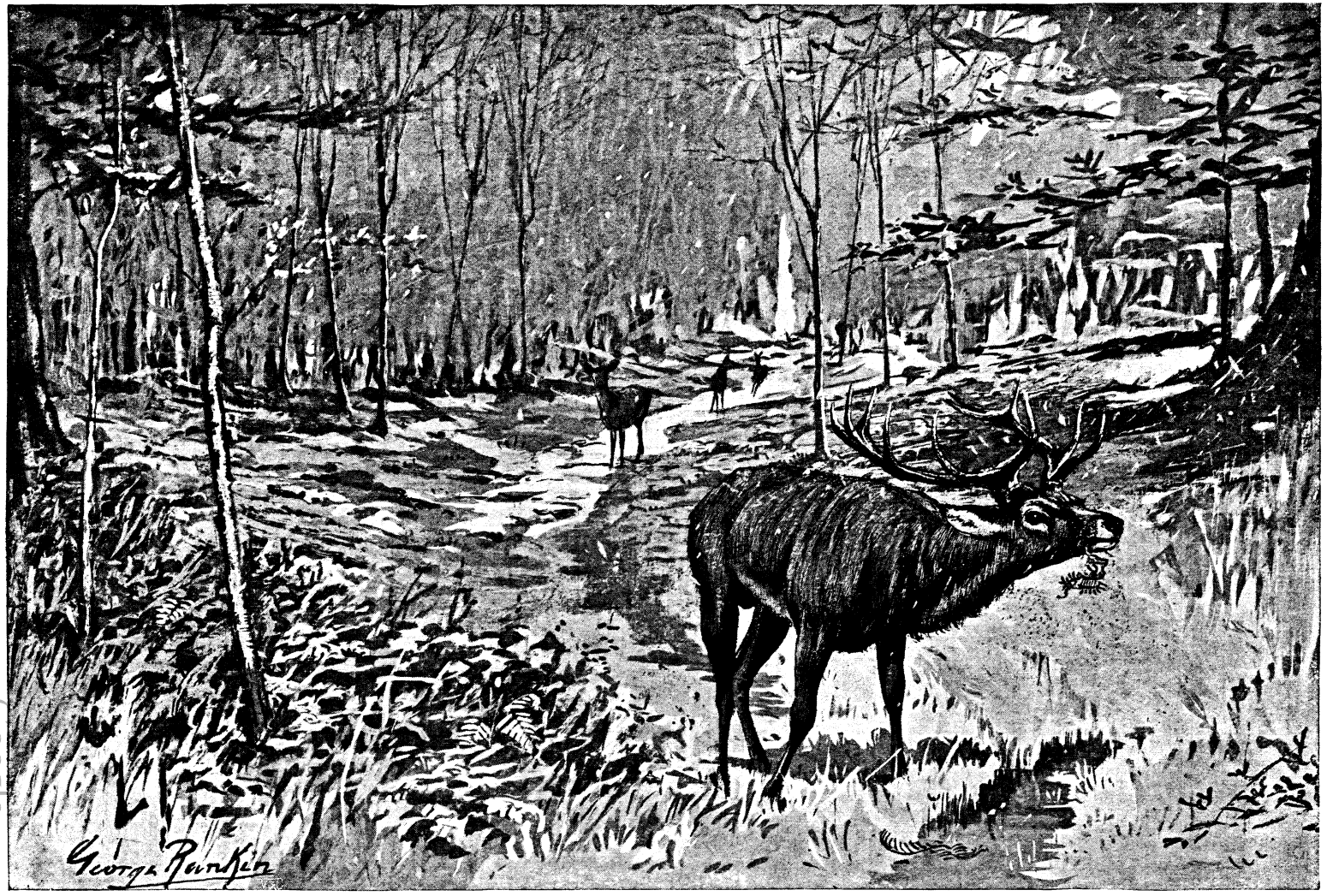

"WINTRY WEATHER." By GEORGE RANKIN.

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A TURNING MOVEMENT.

By B. A. CLARKE.

MISS MARTIN slammed-to the safe door and looked round. There was no cause for alarm. Even the poor light her solitary candle shed showed her that. The precautionary chair, back-tilted against the office door, had not been moved. There were no windows overlooking her, and from the street all that was visible of the second floor front was a strip of ceiling. Even if the spy had suspected, there was no coign from which he could have watched her. Nevertheless, the thought of him, standing in the dark doorway opposite, hour after hour, unwearied and implacable, was terrifying. The charwoman looked down into the alley. The enemy (in the last few minutes she had come to regard the watcher as her enemy also) had thrown off concealment and was standing in the middle of the pavement staring straight up at her. There was no reason why this should have upset her; but it did. She hurried back to the safe to lock it, trembling so that she could scarcely fit the key.

There was a history attached to that key. It had been lost in the time of a previous tenant. Of course, there had been a great to do. The clerk responsible for locking up had, he said, left the key of the safe lying upon the desk. This, for the moment, threw some of the responsibility upon the charwoman; but she was able to clear herself. If the key was upon the desk when the clerk went home, she argued, it is upon the desk now. The key was not there — what further proof could anyone want? Fortunately the principal had a spare key, and with this the firm had been content, until they retired — about twelve months afterwards. The safe, for which they had now no use, had been left behind. The incoming tenant paid a small rent for its use.

On the night of our story the lost key had come to light, the charwoman finding it in the lining of her dress. There was a special timeliness about the discovery. A man was watching the house — had been watching it all day. It was the second floor tenant he wanted. So thought the charwoman, and Mr. Vicray Sellars seemed of the same opinion. Catching sight of the watcher, he had doubled back into Bishopsgate Street and fairly taken to his heels. That had happened at midday, and so far he had not returned. Miss Martin, the charwoman, had witnessed his discomfiture. She had never liked him. The other tenants, who had been in the building a generation—they had grown old together, these City men and their caretaker—treated her with the respect due to an institution. Sellars, an upstart from no one knew where, without a clerk to his desks, and with no more behind him than a three weeks' occupancy, treated her as an inferior, and not as a gentleman treats an inferior at that. Nevertheless, if only for the credit of the house, she hoped that he would escape, and, as the hours went by and he did not return, began to think that his foe's protracted vigil was in vain. There was only one thing that would bring him back, she thought—the presence of valuables in his safe. How she longed to throw back the iron door! It was in these circumstances that she found the missing key (the clerk who had said that she must have picked it up had been right, after all) in the lining of her dress. When she opened the safe to ascertain if Mr. Sellars would return, it was to find herself confronted by an Eldorado. There were hundreds of golden sovereigns, in equal piles, standing upon banknotes worth—who shall say how much more? Between herself and a fortune there stood only her sense of honesty; but this was protection enough. There could be no sin, however, in rifling the safe *imaginatively*; indeed, it was desirable that she should do so. The kingdoms of this world, with the power and the riches of them, had been offered her. If her renunciation of these was to have its right value, she must make an effort to realise what they were. When she left the office, therefore, she was the richer by some hundreds of aerial sovereigns, which she had determined to invest to the very best advantage. She would buy dream dresses, dream furniture, all of the first quality. Who knows that it might not even run to a visionary carriage and pair? It was not all net gain, however.

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Anxiety seems incidental to great possessions. Until she had passed the spy, and had ascertained that she was not being followed, her wealth was a source of the most acute misery. When she had watched his squat figure lessening towards Aldgate she drew a long sigh of relief. There was nothing to prevent her going straight down to the West End and spending her brain-coinage.

During the 'bus ride thither it occurred to Miss Martin that she had not decided upon the personality to be adorned. Although not cynical or particularly observant, she had lived long enough to know that well-to-do old ladies are not quite in appearance as their poorer sisters. For all that anyone could say, she herself, as a woman of wealth, might be almost beautiful. Vanity had long been dead in her; but there had been a time—say, thirty years ago—when the youth of Mile End had been wont to call after her in the street. Miss Martin tried to recall how she had looked at that fascinating period. Her cheeks had been round, for one thing; part, at least, of Time's victories upon them was due to the loss of teeth. That could be rectified. As for artificial teeth, London was one grin with them. There was no difficulty here, nor, it must be admitted, any great fascination. She turned her thoughts to hair. False hair—supplemented hair—well treated hair—in which direction did true wisdom lie? She dismounted at the very next good hairdresser's, and devoted herself to coiffures, enduring the superciliousness of the waxen heads with a calm born of the consciousness that it lay within her power to become no less vernal. Afterwards she perambulated Oxford Street, strolling down avenues of expensive toilets, the very best of which, she told herself, should be hers on the morrow. The hours passed, but still she walked up and down. She bumped into people occasionally, but did not notice it. Really she was in a state of somnambulism. The exact counterpart of her condition was that of a sleeper just conscious that he is dreaming and refusing to awake. About half past eleven she was in theatre-land, where wonderful purchases were to be made—chariots and horses to whirl her to tea meetings and to places of worldly pleasure, with monstrous footmen to hand her in and out. This additional storey to her air-castle threatened to bring down the whole structure about her ears. Had the foundations been less solid

"Bearing a purposeless fish-basket, bound for the achievement of nothing."

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than piles of tangible gold, the poor old soul would have found herself without any imaginative shelter from the cold truth. It was on the side of personal appearance (the walls had always been thin here) that the edifice gave way.

It was then past midnight. Miss Martin had reached the shabby room she called home and had caught sight of herself in the looking-glass. It was gone in an instant, that dream personality that had won her heart. She was a common old woman—nothing but just that—plain and poor—oh, so miserably poor! She fell forward on to the table as if shot—as, indeed, she had been, and through the heart. "I wish I were dead. Oh, I do, I do!"

The storm passed. Her thoughts changed. The outlook became at once blacker and more interesting. She cried still, but they were fresh-water tears now, leaving no smart upon the cheek. She saw herself embracing poverty at the bidding of a moral idea. She collected her wealth—the gross total, her net estate being nothing—and smiled at the contrast between these pitiful shillings and coppers, and the fortune that might have been hers. The difference, she argued, must be something under the exchange value of her conscience. Previously she had taken her weekly wage as a not unfair criterion of her worth. Capitalise twelve shillings a week, and there you had her. Now it seemed that her total value must be quite incalculable, when hundreds of pounds formed no fair exchange for a single moral quality.

Then came a doubt. Fairly regarded, was her abstention, after all, anything more than an act of ordinary prudence? With the detective threatening the only line of retreat, even a dishonest woman might have hesitated about committing herself. In her favour it could be urged that her integrity had never wavered. On the other hand, there was no denying that the spy had made the way of evil-doing uncommonly dangerous. Where was the credit in keeping to the narrow path if spiked railings shut one off from the green meadows on either side? Who could say whether it was virtue or discretion, honesty or mere cowardice, that had triumphed? And it was so important that there should be no uncertainty here. Stretching in front of her she saw years of privation. Was she to regard these as a martyrdom voluntarily embraced, or as unavoidable misfortunes? There was only one way of settling the question—by experiment. She might repeat her experience, eliminating the detective. If she went up to the offices hours before her ordinary time—say, at six o'clock—she would have the place to herself. The safe should be opened again, and if her honesty prevailed, as it would, the credit would not have to be shared with allies. On the contrary, the other side should be given every advantage. The thief in her, if such a person existed, should find everything to hand—a plan of flight cut and dried, and a receptacle for the spoil. This, the charwoman decided, should be the fish-basket in which she sometimes carried her blacklead brushes to and fro. She arose and looked it up. It was now half past two. Afraid of oversleeping if she went to bed properly, she threw herself down fully dressed upon the outside of the bed, drew a quilt over herself, and slept the sleep of the somnolent just.

There was no trace of her overnight enthusiasm in the morning. The recollection of it, however, kept her to her programme. She left home at half-past five, bearing a purposeless fish-basket, bound for the achievement of nothing. What was it that had made this course seem so admirable?

In the presence of the Eldorado the old mood returned. It *was* glorious to have proved that her honesty was impregnable. Where was the spy now? She opened the window and looked out. Apart from her high-mindedness, what was to prevent her filling the basket and walking away? She tried to picture herself doing it, but by a nightmare trick of the imagination she could not complete the task. The thing itself would be simple—so absurdly simple so far as the first stages went—why should it not be done? The money was in equal piles and could be replaced. Besides, if Mr. Sellars found his safe locked, and the money still there, how could he possibly suspect anyone? So Miss Martin put all the gold and notes into her basket, locked the safe, and walked towards the door. Reaching it, she meant to stop, make the great renunciation, and then put everything back. If this story has been told aright, the reader will be quite sure that, left to herself, Miss Martin would have done this. Unfortunately, before she had reached the door, it was thrown open, and a freckled, unwholesome young man rushed in. With his hat on, he looked little more than a youth. This was Mr. Sellars. Caught in this horrible position, the charwoman could only cling on to her basket and stare at him hopelessly, her lips in vain trying to form a reply to his greeting. Even while she stared he became as herself. The

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street door below swung open and heavy steps ascended the stairs.

"The safe! For God's sake take the things out of the safe!" he stammered.

"I have no key," she whispered. It was too late. By the time Mr. Sellars had found his key the spy and a policeman were in the room. Their business was soon explained. By means of advertisement, they said, Mr. Sellars had got a number of weak creatures into his power, and had blackmailed them without mercy. A few were wealthy. All the remittances and letters had been sent to an address in the Borough. This turned out to be a small barber's shop, where strangers' letters were received at a penny fee.

"I was never there in my life."

"No, but one of your accomplices was, and yesterday he took away the letters and was traced here."

"To this room?"

"To this house."

Mr. Sellars made a gesture of defiance.

"We know all about the other tenants, and have found out all about you," said the detective. "You would have been arrested yesterday if you had not been so jolly nippy."

"I thought you had lost him," said the policeman. "Your only chance was that he might have to come back for his money."

"You have not a grain of proof against me," spluttered the little man. "It is perfectly monstrous that I should be insulted so!"

His show of virtuous anger was not well done.

The detective thought that there was evidence, and that what was lacking would be found in Mr. Sellars' safe. He had himself personated a victim, and in that character sent, only the morning before, banknotes addressed to "X. Y. Z." These he hoped to find in the accused's possession.

On hearing this, Mr. Sellars seemed to give up all hope. Almost crying, he allowed himself to be coerced into opening his safe.

"Why the dickens did you make so much fuss about it," said the detective, "when you knew there was nothing there?"

"If you ask me," said the constable, "I don't think he is all there."

Mr. Sellars' behaviour gave colour to the suggestion. He had hold, with both hands, of the lid of a desk, and was gaping at the safe.

"He must come with us now, anyhow," said the detective, who seemed disappointed.

Then the charwoman found herself alone. Her reflections, as may be imagined, were none of the most pleasant. In an ebullition of honesty she had broken into a safe and appropriated a fortune. Morally, she was innocent, but how make it appear so? Above all, how keep herself so? An outside power seemed pushing her into crime. The ordinary buttresses of virtue seemed to have become battering-rams, knocking hers down. Far from her having injured the man she had robbed, she had done him a benefit. She tried to think it out as she went about her work. The moment of supreme temptation came when she was blackleading the stove in the first floor front. Wealth and safety, and no one wronged. What a combination? Her brushwork faltered and became irregular. Then she closed her lips and blackleaded more vigorously than ever. She had won her victory. Perhaps she had a right to be proud of such virtue. It was one thing, however, to resolve to part with the money, and another and much more difficult thing to see how to do it. A public restitution would land Mr. Sellars in prison, while a secret one would make her his accomplice. Apart from her action, the money would have been seized by the police, who would have obtained at the same time the evidence they wanted. But anything rather than have a hand in the success of Mr. Sellars' detestable blackguardism! It seemed almost as if she must choose between the *rôles* of blackmailer and informer. Of course, if she shirked it and did nothing, she was a thief. At last she hit upon a plan that seemed at once merciful and just. She would take charge of the money until she had seen Mr. Sellars again and given him warning. After that a few hours should elapse, so that he might make good his escape, and then everything should be handed over to the police.

Three nights later Mr. Sellars, who had followed the charwoman home, stopped her outside her gate and tried to find out what she knew about his loss. He had been released by the police, who, in their hunt for the incriminating notes, had not thought of looking under Miss Martin's bed. He gained little by the interview. The charwoman acknowledged her deed and defied him to stir a finger in the matter. In the morning she would hand the police everything. Mr. Sellars raved and gesticulated, but did not frighten her. He passed from threats to entreaties, offered her a quarter, a half of the spoil, and finally begged for a mere extension of his start. The charwoman at last slammed the street door in his face.

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"'You have not a grain of proof against me,' spluttered the little man."

The poor little cad rushed away to his lodgings, flung into a bag some of the gorgeous raiment into which, during his brief summer, he had blossomed, and left London by the last train. Neither the police nor our readers will be troubled with him again.

While our villain, blubbering like a pluckless schoolboy, is making his exit, we may picture the heroine emptying the fish-basket upon the counterpane of her bed. Her position as an honest woman was threatened by no less than six hundred golden sovereigns. Yet so sure was she of victory that she could afford to make improvements in the disposition of the attack, arranging them before her in lines and columns. They could never carry her by assault, or effect a lodg-

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ment in her heart. Nevertheless, there was a film over her eyes when she scooped the gold up in her hands and replaced it in the basket. The destination was so very uninteresting. It must go to Scotland Yard. There was not a line to show from whom the money had come, and the circumstances of the case made it unlikely that any of Mr. Sellars' victims would come forward. Ultimately, if the police were honest, the money might have an imperceptible effect upon taxation, or might bring about a microscopical reduction of the National Debt. There was not a human soul who would be appreciably better for her self-sacrifice. This, of course, did not affect the rights of the case, but it certainly removed the element of *hurry*. Where would be the harm if she gave Mr. Sellars a few days' grace? It might mean to him just the difference between escape and capture. There was a more personal reason for holding the money. The next few weeks would be a period of special hardship. Miss Martin had been ill in the autumn, and had got behind with the rent. In addition she had been forced to borrow small sums from a neighbour who the last day or two had become unexpectedly pressing. It was but Wednesday, and already of last Saturday's money there remained but a few pence. The next week would be as bad. For some time life would be cut down to the very bone. Hunger would walk beside her, and perhaps cold. It would be a glorious thing, thought the charwoman, if she could accept every pang as a separate martyrdom. If she sent the money back now, it would be a fine act, but only one. By the following day it would have become a memory—perhaps less. When the chance of testing herself was gone, she might even fancy that she regretted it. If she retained the money, however, every hour would be a battlefield—every day a victorious campaign. She would not spend or borrow a penny of it—not a penny, if she died of want.

"A wicker fish-basket lay in her arms."

A fortnight passed, and Miss Martin voted herself an extension of time. The fighting instinct had gained strength. Besides, circumstances had worsened (winter had come in at a bound), and it seemed weak to retire when the stress of the fight was increasing. Although Miss Martin did not suspect it, there was an element of fear in her unwillingness to end the episode. Her future was so desolate that she dreaded to encounter it in a grey light. Life would not be supportable without the moral glow. What a struggle it was the weeks that followed! Boots wore out and had to be replaced. The family that had helped her in her illness were in straits themselves and clamorous for their money. They grudged every penny that the charwoman spent upon herself, and so did she. And the cold! Did anyone remember anything like it—such frost and such bitter winds? Her militant fancy became to the charwoman a reality. She was enduring a siege. The Prince of Darkness was bringing up external forces against her. The east

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wind was sweeping round her defences, trying to blow them down. There was an attempt to starve her into surrender. She believed, actually, that she was surrounded by personal devils, who were expecting every day that she would haul down her flag. Was it wonderful that she found life interesting?

The great test came later: Miss Martin fell ill again and had to lay up. The point was reached when she had to decide between borrowing from the fish-basket and appealing to the Mission folk. She had never yet taken alms. It had formed her one boast. Honour won, but it was a terrible victory—mourned almost as a defeat. The Mission folk helped her, as did the people of the house—the latter at first enthusiastically—sitting up of nights, and constantly making her all sorts of deleterious compounds. Then something she said in delirium created a suspicion that she had savings and would not draw upon them. Less was done for her now, and that little visibly grudged. Miss Martin noticed the change and felt that she was meant to notice it. The night it was most marked she was feeling worse, and a little frightened at her symptoms. She had meant to ask someone to sit up with her. She would not do that now; nor would they have consented if she had. Then her fire went out. She lay by herself in the cold, wondering what further force could be brought against her citadel. Surely she had endured everything! By a great effort she managed to possess herself of the fish-basket and returned with it into bed.

When the neighbours visited her in the morning she was quite cold. A wicker fish-basket lay in her arms. With six hundred sovereigns in her possession she had died of want. They said she had been a miser—the people of the district; but the police, on the strength of the incriminating notes, found another name. And the historian, who knows everything, hesitates to contradict them. The money would never have been spent, certainly, but neither would it have been given up. Miss Martin had in truth lost her campaign. She had not been out-fought, but out-generalled. Having repulsed the direct assault of temptation, she had pursued the foe and engaged it again and again, unconscious that there was a movement upon her flank. She had, I say, lost the campaign; but considering the forces against her, she must surely have been strongly entrenched in her honesty for a turning movement to have been thought necessary.

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THE END OF IT ALL.

By JEROME K. JEROME.*

"BUT what is her reason?" demanded the Old Maid.

"Reason! I don't believe any of them have any reason." The Woman of the World showed sign of being short of temper, a condition of affairs startlingly unusual to her. "Says she hasn't enough work to do."

"She must be an extraordinary woman," commented the Old Maid.

"The trouble I have put myself to in order to keep that woman, just because George likes her savouries, no one would believe," continued indignantly the Woman of the World. "We have had a dinner party regularly once a week for the last six months, entirely for her benefit. Now she wants me to give two. I won't do it!"

"If I could be of any service?" offered the Minor Poet. "My digestion is not what it once was, but I could make up in quality—a *recherché* little banquet twice a week, say on Wednesdays and Saturdays. I would make a point of eating with you. If you think that would content her!"

"It is really thoughtful of you," replied the Woman of the World, "but I cannot permit it. Why should you be dragged from the simple repast suitable to a poet merely to oblige my cook? It is not reason."

"I was thinking rather of you," continued the Minor Poet.

"I've half a mind," said the Woman of the World, "to give up housekeeping altogether and go into an hotel. I don't like the idea, but really servants are becoming impossible."

"It is very interesting," said the Minor Poet.

"I am glad you find it so!" snapped the Woman of the World.

"What is interesting?" I asked the Minor Poet.

"That the tendency of the age," he replied, "should be slowly but surely driving us into the practical adoption of a social state that for years we have been denouncing the Socialists for merely suggesting. Everywhere the public houses are multiplying, the private dwellings diminishing."

"Can you wonder at it?" commented the Woman of the World. "You men talk about 'the joys of home.' Some of you write poetry—generally speaking, one of you who lives in chambers, and spends two-thirds of his day at a club." We were sitting in the garden. The attention of the Minor Poet became riveted upon the sunset. "'Ethel and I by the fire.' Ethel never gets a chance of sitting by the fire. So long as you are there, comfortable, you do not notice that she has left the room to demand explanation why the drawing-room scuttle is always filled with slack, and the best coal burnt in the kitchen range. Home to us women is our place of business that we never get away from."

"I suppose," said the Girton Girl—to my surprise she spoke with entire absence of indignation. As a rule, the Girton Girl stands for what has been termed "divine discontent" with things in general. In the course of time she will outlive her surprise at finding the world so much less satisfactory an abode than she had been led to suppose—also her present firm conviction that, given a free hand, she could put the whole thing right in a quarter of an hour. There are times even now when her tone suggests less certainty of her being the first person who has ever thought seriously about the matter. "I suppose," said the Girton Girl, "it comes of education. Our grandmothers were content to fill their lives with these small household duties. They rose early, worked with their servants, saw to everything with their own eyes. Nowadays we demand time for self-development, for reading, for thinking, for pleasure. Household drudgery, instead of being the object of our life, has become an interference to it. We resent it."

"The present revolt of woman," continued the Minor Poet, "will be looked back upon by the historian of the future as one of the chief factors in our social evolution. The 'home'—the praises of which we still sing, but with gathering misgiving—depended on her willingness to live a life of practical slavery. When Adam delved and Eve span

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"'Who would be a chaperon?'"

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—Adam confining his delving to the space within his own fence, Eve staying her spinning-wheel the instant the family hosiery was complete—then the home rested upon the solid basis of an actual fact. Its foundations were shaken when the man became a citizen and his interests expanded beyond the domestic circle. Since that moment woman alone has supported the institution. Now she, in her turn, is claiming the right to enter the community, to escape from the solitary confinement of the lover's castle. The 'mansions,' with their common dining-rooms, reading-rooms, their system of common service, are springing up in every quarter; the house, the villa, is disappearing. The story is the same in every country. The separate dwelling, where it remains, is being absorbed into a system. In America, the experimental laboratory of the future, the houses are warmed from a common furnace. You do not light the fire, you turn on the hot air. Your dinner is brought round to you in a travelling oven. You subscribe for your valet or your lady's maid. Very soon the private establishment, with its staff of unorganised, quarrelling servants, of necessity either over or underworked, will be as extinct as the lake dwelling in the sandstone cave."

"I hope," said the Woman of the World, "that I may live to see it."

"In all probability," replied the Minor Poet, "you will. I would I could feel as hopeful for myself."

"If your prophecy be likely of fulfilment," remarked the Philosopher, "I console myself with the reflection that I am the oldest of the party. Myself, I never read these full and exhaustive reports of the next century without revelling in the reflection that before they can be achieved I shall be dead and buried. It may be a selfish attitude, but I should be quite unable to face any of the machine-made futures our growing guild of seers prognosticate. You appear to me, most of you, to ignore a somewhat important consideration—namely, that mankind is alive. You work out your answers as if he were a sum in rule-of-three: 'If man in so many thousands of years has done so much in such a direction at this or that rate of speed, what will he be doing——?' and so on. You forget he is swayed by impulses that can enter into no calculation—drawn hither and thither by powers that can never be represented in your algebra. In one generation Christianity reduced Plato's republic to an absurdity. The printing-press has upset the unanswerable conclusions of Machiavelli."

"I disagree with you," said the Minor Poet.

"Your statement does not convince me of my error," retorted the Philosopher.

"Christianity," continued the Minor Poet, "gave merely an added force to impulses the germs of which were present in the infant race. The printing-press, teaching us to think in communities, has nonplussed to a certain extent the aims of the individual as opposed to those of humanity. Without prejudice, without sentiment, cast your eye back over the panorama of the human race. What is the picture that presents itself? Scattered here and there over the wild, voiceless desert, first the holes and caves, next the rude-built huts, the wigwams, the lake dwellings of primitive man. Lonely, solitary, followed by his dam and brood, he creeps through the tall grass, ever with watchful, terror-haunted eyes; satisfies his few desires; communicates, by means of a few grunts and signs, his tiny store of knowledge to his offspring; then, crawling beneath a stone, or into some tangled corner of the jungle, dies and disappears. We look again. A thousand centuries have flashed and faded. The surface of the earth is flecked with strange quivering patches: here, where the sun shines on the wood and sea, close together, almost touching one another; there, among the shadows, far apart. The Tribe has formed itself. The whole tiny mass moves forward, halts, runs backward, stirred always by one common impulse. Man has learnt the secret of combination, of mutual help. The City rises. From its stone centre spreads its power; the Nation leaps to life; civilisation springs from leisure; no longer is each man's life devoted to his mere animal necessities. The artificer, the thinker—his fellows shall protect him. Socrates dreams, Phidias carves the marble, while Pericles maintains the law and Leonidas holds the Barbarian at bay. Europe annexes piece by piece the dark places of the earth, gives to them her laws. The Empire swallows the small State; Russia stretches her arm round Asia. In London we toast the union of the English-speaking peoples; in Berlin and Vienna we rub a salamander to the *deutscher Bund;* in Paris we whisper of a communion of the Latin races. In great things so in small. The stores, the huge Emporium displaces the small shopkeeper; the Trust amalgamates a hundred firms; the Union speaks for the worker. The limits of country, of language, are found too narrow for the new ideas. German, American, or

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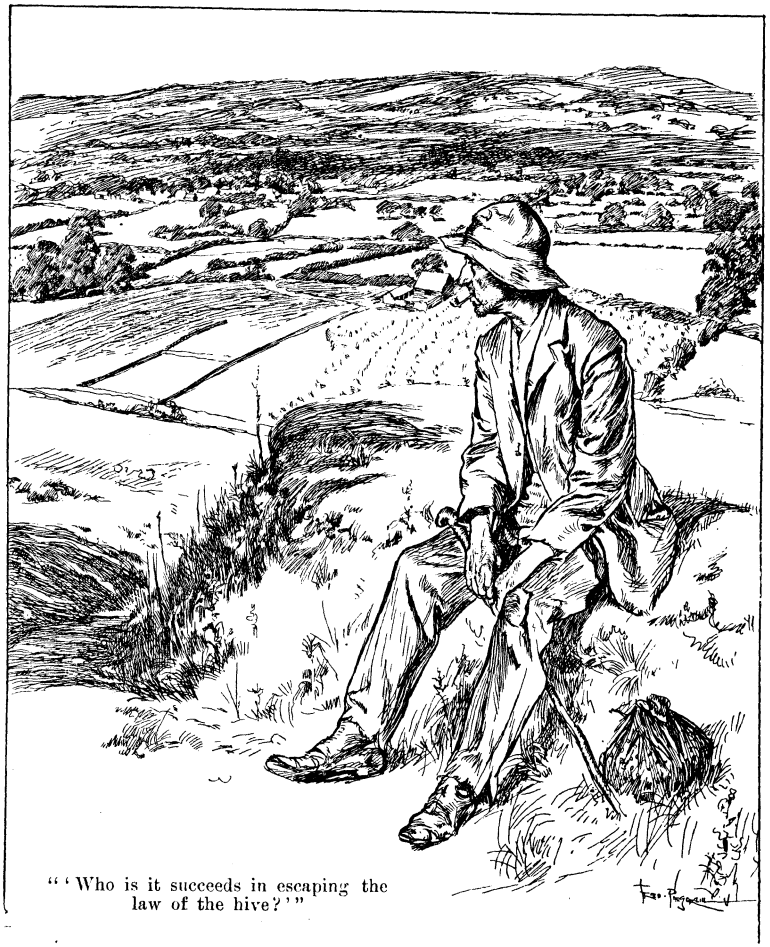

"'Who is it succeeds in escaping the law of the hive?'"

English—let what yard of coloured cotton you choose float from the mizzenmast, the business of the human race is their captain. One hundred and fifty years ago old Sam Johnson waited in a patron's anteroom; to-day the entire world invites him to growl his table talk the while it takes its dish of tea. The poet, the novelist, speak in twenty languages. Nationality—it is the County Council of the future. The world's high roads run turnpike-free from pole to pole. One would be blind not to see the goal towards which we are rushing. At the outside it is but a generation or two off. It is one huge murmuring Hive—one universal Hive just the size of the round earth. The bees have been before us; they have solved the riddle towards which we in darkness have been groping."

The Old Maid shuddered visibly. "What a terrible idea!" she said.

"To us," replied the Minor Poet; "not to those who will come after us. The child dreads manhood. To Abraham, roaming the world with his flocks, the life of your modern City man, chained to his office from ten to four, would have seemed little better than penal servitude."

"My sympathies are with the Abrahamitical ideal," observed the Philosopher.

"Mine also," agreed the Minor Poet. "But neither you nor I represent the tendency of the age. We are its curiosities. We, and such as we, serve as the brake regulating the rate of progress. The genius of the species shows itself moving in the direction of the organised community—all life welded together, controlled by one central idea. The individual worker is drawn into the factory. Chippendale to-day would have been employed sketching designs; the chair would have been put together by fifty workers, each one trained to perfection in his own particular department. Why does the hotel, with its five hundred servants, its catering for three thousand mouths, work smoothly, while the desirable family residence, with its two or three domestics, remains the scene of waste, confusion, and dispute? We are losing the talent of living alone; the instinct of living in communities is driving it out."

"So much the worse for the community," was the comment of the Philosopher. "Man, as Ibsen has said, will always be at his greatest when he stands alone. To return to our friend Abraham, surely he, wandering in the wilderness, talking with his God, was nearer the ideal than the modern citizen, thinking with his morning paper, applauding

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silly shibboleths from a theatre pit, guffawing at coarse jests, one of a music-hall crowd? In the community it is the lowest always leads. You spoke just now of all the world inviting Samuel Johnson to its dish of tea. How many read him as compared to the number of subscribers to the *Ha'penny Joker?* This 'thinking in communities,' as it is termed, to what does it lead? To mafficking and Dreyfus scandals. What crowd ever evolved a noble idea? If Socrates and Galileo, Confucius and Christ had 'thought in communities,' the world would indeed be the ant-hill you appear to regard as its destiny."

"In balancing the books of life one must have regard to both sides of the ledger," responded the Minor Poet. "A crowd, I admit, of itself creates nothing; on the other hand, it receives ideals into its bosom and gives them needful shelter. It responds more readily to good than to evil. What greater stronghold of virtue than your sixpenny gallery? Your burglar, arrived fresh from jumping on his mother, finds himself applauding with the rest stirring appeals to the inborn chivalry of man. Suggestion that it was right or proper under any circumstances to jump upon one's mother he would at such moment reject with horror. 'Thinking in communities' is good for him. The hooligan, whose patriotism finds expression in squirting dirty water into the face of his coster sweetheart; the *boulevardière*, primed with absinth, shouts '*Conspuez les Juifs!*'—the motive force stirring them in its origin was an ideal. Even into making a fool of itself, a crowd can be moved only by incitement of its finer instincts. The service of Prometheus to mankind must not be judged by the statistics of the insurance office. The world as a whole has gained by community, will attain its goal only through community. From the nomadic savage by the winding road of citizenship we have advanced far. The way winds upward still, hidden from us by the mists, but along its tortuous course lies our track into the Promised Land. Not the development of the individual—that is his own concern—but the uplifting of the race would appear to be the law. The lonely great ones, they are the shepherds of the flock—the servants, not the masters of the world. Moses shall die and be buried in the wilderness, seeing only from afar the resting-place of man's tired feet. It is unfortunate that the *Ha'penny Joker* and its kind should have so many readers. Maybe it teaches those to read who otherwise would never read at all. We are impatient, forgetting that the coming and going of our generations are but as the swinging of the pendulum of Nature's clock. Yesterday we booked our seats for gladiatorial shows, for the burning of Christians, our windows for Newgate hangings. Even the musical farce is an improvement upon that—at least, from the humanitarian point of view."

"In the Southern States of America," observed the Philosopher, sticking to his guns, "they run excursion trains to lynching exhibitions. The bull-fight is spreading to France, and English newspapers are advocating the reintroduction of bear-baiting and cock-fighting. Are we not moving in a circle?"

"The road winds, as I have allowed," returned the Minor Poet; "the gradient is somewhat steep. Just now, maybe, we are traversing a backward curve. I gain my faith by pausing now and then to look behind. I see the weary way with many a downward sweep. But we are climbing, my friend, we are climbing."

"But to such a very dismal goal, according to your theory," grumbled the Old Maid. "I should hate to feel myself an insect in a hive, my little round of duties apportioned to me, my every action regulated by a fixed law, my place assigned to me, my very food and drink, I suppose, apportioned to me. Do think of something more cheerful."

The Minor Poet laughed. "My dear lady," he replied, "it is too late. The thing is already done. The hive already covers us, the cells are in building. Who leads his own life? Who is master of himself? What can you do but live according to your income in, I am sure, a very charming little cell; buzz about your little world with your cheerful, kindly song, helping these your fellow insects here, doing day by day the useful offices apportioned to you by your temperament and means, seeing the same faces, treading ever the same narrow circle? Why do I write poetry? I am not to blame. I must live. It is the only thing I can do. Why does one man live and die upon the treeless rocks of Iceland, another labour in the vineyards of the Apennines? Why does one woman make matches, ride in a van to Epping Forest, drink gin, and change hats with her lover on the homeward journey; another pant through a dinner-party and half-a-dozen receptions every night from March to June, rush from country house to fashionable Continental resort from July to

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February, dress as she is instructed by her milliner, say the smart things that are expected of her? Who would be a sweep or a chaperon, were all roads free? Who is it succeeds in escaping the law of the hive? The loafer, the tramp. On the other hand, who is the man we respect and envy? The man who works for the community, the public-spirited man, as we call him; the unselfish man, the man who labours for the labour's sake and not for the profit, devoting his days and nights to learning Nature's secrets, to acquiring knowledge useful to the race. Is he not the happiest, the man who has conquered his own sordid desires, who gives himself to the public good? The hive was founded in dark days, before man knew; it has been built according to false laws. This man will have a cell bigger than any other cell; all the other little men shall envy him; a thousand fellow-crawling mites shall slave for him, wear out their lives in wretchedness for him and him alone; all their honey they shall bring to him; he shall gorge while they shall starve. Of what use? He has slept no sounder in his foolishly fanciful cell. Sleep is to tired eyes, not to silken coverlets. We dream in Seven Dials as in Park Lane. His stomach, distend it as he will—it is very small—resents being extended. The store of honey rots. The hive was conceived in the dark days of ignorance, stupidity, brutality. A new hive shall arise."

"I had no idea," said the Woman of the World, "you were a Socialist."

"Nor had I," agreed the Minor Poet, "before I began talking."

"IN ARCADIE." BY R. ANNING BELL.

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THE NAVAL BASES OF THE EMPIRE.

By C. de Thierry.

SINGAPORE AND HONG KONG.

THE southernmost part of Asia is the Malay Peninsula, a giant finger which points towards the heart of the greatest archipelago in the world. At the end of it, as if the tip were cut off, is a small island. In the twelfth century it was settled by Malay converts to Hinduism, who built a town which they call Sinhapura—that is, Lion City. By the time Europeans appeared in the East, however, nothing was left of it but a few rocks inscribed with ancient characters. The origin of Singapore, as it is now, is one of the romances of British expansion. Fearing that the annexation of Holland by Napoleon would lead to the establishment of the French in the Dutch East Indies, the Indian Government resolved to take possession of these in the name of England. The leading spirit of the expedition, organised by Lord Minto for the purpose, was Stamford Raffles. As Secretary to the Government of Penang, he studied the south-eastern corner of Asia with a thoroughness unequalled by a European up to that time. The result was an easy conquest of Java, and five years' administration which gave the island greater prosperity than it has since known, and a tradition of the beneficence of British rule that is current even unto this day. Curiously enough, it is this period of his career which he had to defend against the bitter invective of his countrymen. Like Clive, Warren Hastings, and Rajah Brooke, he was the mark of envy and misguided ignorance.

With Napoleon at Elba, England and Holland came to an agreement. They divided the East by drawing a line through the Straits of Malacca—north of it was to be British, south of it Dutch. As usual in a diplomatic deal, this country was the loser, for she gained nothing that was not already hers, and she gave up the rich and fertile island of Java. But her astute rivals reckoned without Stamford Raffles. Foiled in securing one of the two gateways of the archipelago, he set himself the task of securing the other. The difficulties in his way would have daunted a lesser man. He was merely the Resident of Bencoolen, a settlement on the western coast of Sumatra, with a vague commission from the Home Government to watch British interests in the further East. The authorities at Penang opposed him as bitterly as the Dutch. In the first place, they saw in a new station to the east a possible rival to their own settlement; in the second, they had done their utmost to acquire just such a station, and failed. With all his experience and knowledge he found it hard to convince the Indian Government and the merchants of Calcutta that only prompt action on their part could save the East Indies from being closed to British trade. They saw the danger clearly enough, but were unwilling to take measures to avert it unless Raffles undertook that they should be cheap. "All I want," he said, "is permission to anchor a line of battleships and hoist the British flag."

In India it was believed that the command of the Straits of Malacca might be secured to England by the establishment of a station at Acheen, on the northern point of Sumatra, or at Rhio, an island south of Singapore. The former proved unsuitable for the purpose, and, as Raffles had foreseen, he was anticipated at the latter by the Dutch. He had, however, another plan in view. The only spot left for an English settlement in the Straits was Singapore, which his knowledge of the Malay States enabled him to negotiate from the Sultan of Johore, part of whose dominions it was. With a small British force from Bencoolen, under Colonel Farquhar, he took possession of the island, and on the 29th of February, 1819, planted the Union Jack within the circuit of the fortifications raised by the Malay founders of the ancient city

The preceding articles in this series dealt with Gibraltar, Malta, Bombay and Trincomalee respectively. The series will be completed with Sydney, Auckland, Halifax, Esquimalt, and Simonstown.

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of Sinhapura. So rapidly did the settlement progress that in eighteen months it developed from a fishing village into a port with ten thousand inhabitants.

But the British Government was not impressed. It rarely is with the fruits of independent British effort. Hence for some years it was doubtful whether or not the new station would be maintained. The Dutch, intriguing for the recall of a man in whom they saw the embodiment of English expansion, claimed that the Sultan of Lingen was the rightful sovereign of Johore, and that, therefore, the cession of Singapore was worthless. As he happened to be a younger brother of the reigning Sultan, and was not recognised by the people of Johore, this move of the Dutch naturally failed of its purpose. Never, perhaps, was a British administrator placed in a more extraordinary position. Though a servant of the East India Company, he was held personally responsible for Singapore, which the Home Government was willing to sacrifice any moment in a European deal. The Bengal Government regarded "everything connected with it as petty except its annual surplus cost," and the Dutch were moving heaven and earth to gain possession of it. Fortunately he had powerful friends in England, so that he was not recalled until his foresight was justified by events. Two years before his premature death the island was formally ceded to this country by the Sultan of Johore in agreement with the Anglo-Dutch Convention of 1824. He had, therefore, the supreme joy of attaining the object of his ambition—the foundations of British influence in Malay and the Eastern Archipelago were laid.

In one of his letters this great Imperial Englishman hopes that Singapore, though "the first capital to be established in the nineteenth century, will not disgrace the brightest period of it." His dream has been more than realised. Within the lifetime of a man the city he founded became one of the few great seaports of the world. Its Dutch rival, Batavia, which had the start of it by two hundred years, has steadily fallen behind in the commercial race. Owing to the silting up of the river on which it stands, it is now some miles from the sea, and every year the harbour grows shallower. Moreover, its climate is unhealthy to Europeans. But these alone would not account for its decline in favour of Singapore. The real cause is to be found in the colonial system of the Dutch, which rests on monopoly. Sir Stamford Raffles, with the instinct of a statesman, made the Lion City a free port. And so trade, harassed by vexatious restrictions at one end of the Straits of Malacca, naturally found its way to the other end where there was none. In this way Singapore has become the centre of East Indian commerce, with a greater volume of trade

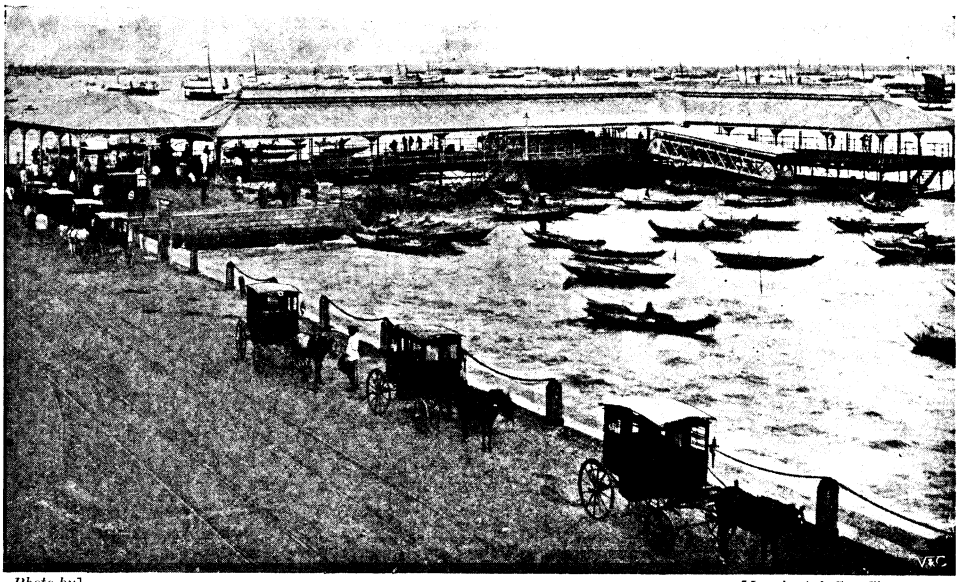

Photo by] [*Lambert & Co., Singapore.*

JOHNSTON PIER, SINGAPORE.

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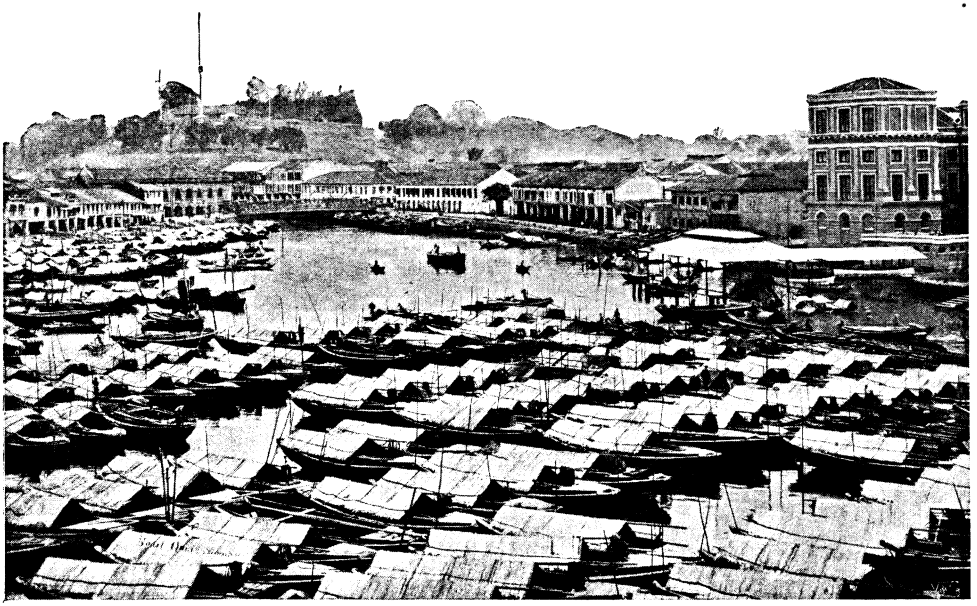
than that of the Dutch Colonies of the Archipelago combined, the Chinese Empire, or Japan. In 1900 the value of its exports and imports was £60,000,000. In 1823 it was £2,000,000.

But Singapore is more than a vast commercial *entrepôt*. It is the key of Southern Asia, and as such one of the massive links in the chain with which England has encircled the globe. Not only does it command the Straits of Malacca, the gate of the ocean highway to China, but it stands midway between India and the Far East, as well as on the direct route to Northern Australia. As such, and in view of the rise of the Pacific as the theatre of the world's rivalries, it is a position of the first strategical importance. Batteries have been erected by the Colony at a cost of £100,000, and furnished with guns by the Home Government. The harbour is further defended by an elaborate system of submarine mines. The garrison consists of one battalion of infantry, besides artillery and engineer corps. A police force of nearly a thousand men and a battery of volunteer artillery are also maintained. There are several fine docks, including one for the use of the Royal Navy, and a new harbour has extended the water front by more than three miles.

In connection with the defence question there is an old-standing quarrel between the Straits Settlements and the Home Government. In 1866 they were transferred to the Colonial Office, on the condition that they were to be self-supporting. This was understood to mean that they provided for local defence, a duty they have always faithfully performed. With the opening of the Suez Canal the conditions of sea power changed, and the Treasury insisted that the agreement with the Straits Settlements gave it the right to thrust on them Imperial responsibilities. This they strenuously denied, and though the dispute is now over twenty years old, it is still unsettled. Justice is on the side of the Colonies, which, against their will, are forced to pay a subsidy to the Home Government amounting to more than twenty-five per cent. of their revenue. So unconstitutional are the methods by which it is obtained, that victory is bound in the long run to rest with the Straits Settlements. In the meantime, out of £143,750 contributed towards military expenditure by the Colonies, Canada and Australia excepted, they pay £100,000. They are willing to undertake the cost of local defence, but they naturally object to bear responsibilities which are purely Imperial.

The island of which Singapore is the capital is called by the same name. It has an area of 206 square miles, and is separated from the mainland by a strait only half a mile wide at its narrowest. The shipping, that once worked its way through this channel in dread of the fierce Malay pirates who haunted its mangrove-bound shores,



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BOAT QUAY, SINGAPORE.

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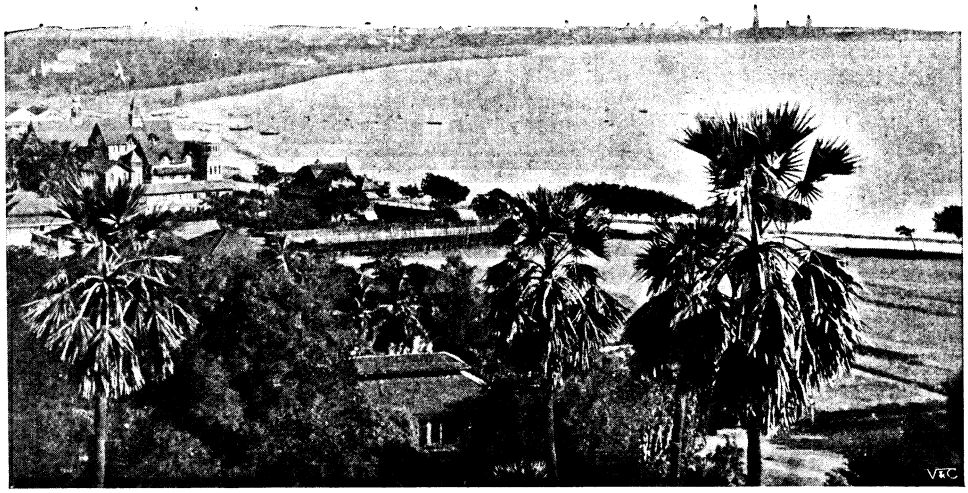

Photo by] [*Lambert & Co., Singapore.*

THE BACK BAY, SINGAPORE.

now crowds the broad Strait of Singapore further south, and into the spacious haven before the Lion City. So safe is it that it can be approached by three different channels without the aid of a pilot. The narrow entrance is guarded by small islands, burdened with riotous vegetation of the most vivid green. One, perhaps, is the home of chattering monkeys; another shelters a Malay village, with its umbrella-shaped huts built on platforms above the water; yet another reveals the grim outlines of a great gun and breastworks. Within, the harbour presents a most picturesque sight. On its deep blue waters floats a maze of shipping, whose strangeness is only equalled by its variety. Here are English and Dutch men-of-war, built on the latest scientific lines, huge ships of the mercantile marine, sailing vessels, with their white sails and tall masts, high-heeled, shoe-like Chinese junks, great unwieldy Borneo tongkangs, and innumerable Malay and Kling sampans, as swift and graceful as the Venetian gondola. The wharves and shipping extend for six miles along the shore, and for the same distance inland extends the city, which is all that a European dreams of the East.

Nor is this all. The streets are a moving panorama of the East, which is most impressive in Raffles Square, the business centre of the city. The background is formed of the massive warehouses of English, German, and Chinese merchants; the foreground is a strange, moving, bustling, and picturesque throng, all intent on gain; Europeans, who number only 3,000 out of a population of nearly 200,000, are lost in it. The predominating element is the Chinese. All classes are represented—from the half-naked coolie to the rich merchant dressed in silk or brocade. Then there are Malays in red sarongs, Parsees in pure white, Jews and Arabs in purple and crimson robes, Sikhs in Madras muslin, draped in classical severity about their tall figures, and Klings in Turkey-red and white. But there are other races which lend variety to the streets of Singapore—little Dyaks from Borneo, Tamil road-menders, Negro firemen, Lascar sailors, Hindus, Siamese, Achinese, Javanese, and Japanese. The shops are equally cosmopolitan. Madras tailors display their goods side by side with a Malay smithy, while Indian wash-houses join a Manila cigar manufactory. Even more bizarre are the native streets, with their bazaars shaded from the sun by hanging tatties, which form long, shady alleys, crowded with buyers and sellers, dressed in every variety of costume, from the Levant eastwards, and speaking in as many different languages. To add to the din, itinerant venders of seaweed-jelly, water, vegetables, fruits, and cooked fish raise their voices in unintelligible street cries; crowds of 'ricksha coolies, boatmen, and gharriemen chatter vociferously as they wait for hire; Hindu bullock-drivers, urging their sleek and sleepy charges in their musical tongue, and sometimes ending in a scream of denunciation; and mingling with it all is the indescribable clamour of the temples—the rapid beating of tom-toms and drums, the ringing of bells, and the shrill cry from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer; for in Singapore, Chinese joss-houses,

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Mohammedan mosques, and Hindu temples almost jostle one another, thereby lending added picturesqueness to the scene. The finest church in the city is St. Andrew's Cathedral. The municipal buildings are massive and imposing, as they are elsewhere in the British Empire. Government House is elegant in design and palatial in size. The pride of the people of Singapore is, however, the Ocean Esplanade, including a public playground of fifteen acres, reclaimed from the sea at a cost of £40,000.

Singapore is the western gate of the Mongolian world. The average European laughs at the Yellow Peril, and believes that China is synonymous with decay; but then he has never seen a Colonial or an American China-town, or travelled over south-eastern Asia and the Archipelago, where the almond-eyed is everywhere the strength of the population. In Singapore he outnumbers the other inhabitants three to one. A British Colony of Malay origin, it is practically an outpost of the Chinese Empire. Its spirit is English, it is moulded on British lines, it is stamped with the English mark, but its material strength is Chinese. As a merchant and financier the Celestial has no superior, not even in the Jew, with whom he has much in common, except when he is a coolie. Nearly all the retail trade is in his hands, much of the local shipping, and some of the great business concerns. He is the best of house servants, a street vender, a boatman, and a labourer on the sugar, coffee, and spice plantations on the island. He is anything and everything that will enable him to live and save. So strong is his position, indeed, that he has a department of Government all to himself, called the Chinese Protectorate. One of the most enlightened of the community, the late Mr. Whampoa, was a C.M.G., an honour he earned by his beneficence and public services. Curiously enough, Singapore is the only city beyond the limits of the Flowery Kingdom itself where the Chinese display their wealth and mix as equals with Europeans. They not only live in fine houses, and entertain on a lavish scale, but their carriages and horses and liveried servants are the envy of their English fellow-citizens. But in heart and mind they always remain Chinese, the symbols of which are the queue and the flowing robes of their race.

Though the Colony is situated one degree from the Equator, its climate is by no means unhealthy, in which respect it is more fortunate than Batavia. The nights are cool enough to sleep without difficulty on Malay mats, the days are monotonously serene. There are no seasons, the extreme range of temperature being from seventy degrees to ninety-two degrees. According to official statistics, rain falls on two hundred days of the year; popularly, for an hour every night. The heat is so great, however, that the place of windows in Singapore is taken by wooden shutters, which not only keep out the fierce Malay sun, but secure a free current of air. To the dampness and heat of the climate is due the exuberance of vegetation on an island whose soil is not particularly fertile. The struggle between man and the jungle ends only where the municipal limits of the city begin, and an army of coolies is required to keep the splendid roads with which the Colony is intersected from being overrun. Not even in Brazil is the growth so rapid, so smothering, and so endless in its variety. There are plantations of gambier, pepper, and coffee; sugar, tapioca, and indigo; cocoa, date, sago, and travellers' palms; banana, custard apple, mangosteen, and pomegranate.

The city, besides being the capital of the island, is the capital of the Straits Settlements. These include Penang, Malacca, and the Dindings, together with several smaller islands. Though their combined area does not exceed the area of Kent, they had grown so populous and so commercially important that, in 1853, Lord Dalhousie converted them into a Presidency of the Indian Empire. Six years later they began to agitate for separate existence as a Crown Colony, and, in 1866, their connection with India was finally broken. Singapore has been the capital of the Straits Settlements since 1832, when it took the place formerly held by Prince of Wales Island. The government is in the hands of a Governor, an Executive Council of eight members, and a Legislative Council of nine official and six non-official members, one of whom is always a Chinese. That a Resident, a Chief Justice, and policemen have been able to keep in order the cosmopolitan population of Singapore for eighty-one years is one of the triumphs of English expansion. The island has been maintained as it was occupied without a shot being fired or a single life lost. During the same period other East Indian islands have been the scene of never-ending war, which has drenched their soil with human blood and made the civilisation of the West synonymous in the native mind with cruelty and oppression.

Singapore is the only city in the world where tropical life in its sensuous form is found side by side with commercial pre-eminence.

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HONG KONG.

Until England leased Wei-hai-Wei from the Chinese Government, Hong Kong was her remotest possession in the Old World. It is the last link in her chain of fortresses on the world's greatest trade route, and, like Malta, Bombay, and Singapore, is an island. It stands at the mouth of the West River, about ninety miles from Canton, the capital of Southern China. Though it has been well called the Gibraltar and Malta of the East, it has no traditions; so far as we are aware, it is a great Imperial outpost for the first time in its history. Before the outbreak of the Opium war it supported a population of less than four thousand souls, mostly fishermen and small agriculturists, and was known to the East India Company and the Chinese authorities as a favourite haunt of pirates. When the British Government broke through the wall of Celestial exclusiveness, and trouble ensued, it was to Hong Kong, owing to its position, safe anchorage, and plentiful water supply, that the season's shipping retired. After the capture of Canton by the British in 1841, the island was ceded to England by the unfortunate Viceroy Keshen. In the following year the cession was confirmed by the Peking Government in the Treaty of Nanking.

So unpromising was the future of the Crown's new possession that Mr. Matheson, one of its founders, told the House of Commons in 1847 "that all the British merchants would abandon Hong Kong were it not for the heavy sums they had sunk in buildings." This despondency was short-lived. No other Colony of the Empire bears more eloquent witness to the faith of the men who built it up, and none is a finer monument to the enterprise and indomitable spirit of the race. In neither the Old nor the New World have two cities advanced to the front rank in such a short time from such small beginnings as Hong Kong and Singapore. If they were foreign, we should marvel at them; as they are British, we know little more about them than their names. The one is the gate of the Far East; the other is, as it were, the porter's lodge. This difference is marked in the character of the Chinese, which form the strength of the population in the two Colonies. Distant Singapore attracts only working emigrants; Hong Kong, an island

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STREET SCENE, SINGAPORE.

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under foreign rule close to the mainland, attracts also political offenders and criminals. For this reason administration is as simple in the city as it is difficult in the other. Hence the line of demarcation between the two races, which is less marked in Singapore than anywhere else, is sharply defined in Hong Kong.

For more than a generation after its cession to the British the surrounding waters swarmed with pirates, who found safe hiding places in its many bays. In truth, the island, whose physical structure lent itself to the purpose, was the centre of their operations. Here they secured accurate information of the movements of the men-of-war and of the police, disposed of their plunder, and refitted. Not that the Naval force in the China Sea was idle. It waged constant war on these enemies to trade, from Formosa in the north to Anam in the south. In August of 1835, the *Bittern*, in an encounter with pirates at Shei-pu, destroyed twenty-three junks and killed twelve hundred of their crews. Nevertheless, between November of the following year and October of 1857, sixty-one piracies were recorded in Hong Kong waters. Such a state of things, besides hampering trade, was responsible for heavy losses in life and treasure. Even the river boats running between the island and coast forts were forced to arm to the teeth, and a European employed native craft in the harbour at the risk of his life. So intolerable was the strain, indeed, that private expeditions were fitted out to search for pirate fleets. The vigorous administration of Sir Richard MacDonnell did much to drive the Black Flag from the seas, and with the opening up of the Far East to the trade of the world by the construction of the Suez Canal, it gradually disappeared. As late as 1891, however, a coast steamer was boarded and looted by pirates about fifty miles from Hong Kong.

If Chinese pirates infested the water, Chinese thieves infested the city. So common were robberies at night that, in 1843, an ordinance was passed forbidding natives to be out of doors after dark without a lantern and a pass, the effect of which was to make the day as dangerous as the night. As late as 1857 a well-known naturalist was robbed with violence at noon in the main street of Hong Kong. In those days it was neither safe to walk alone in the suburbs or to go anywhere after dark without protection. The Taiping rebellion, which began in 1851 and ended in 1865, greatly swelled the Chinese population of the island, with results that were not altogether happy. The number of piracies, burglaries, wholesale poisonings, and robberies from the person during this period was extraordinary. Some idea of the state of the Colony may be formed from an official notification issued in April of 1861: "Every Chinese going out after dark," it ran, "must carry a light. From 8 p.m. till morning gunfire any Chinese found without a light and a pass will be taken into custody." It will thus be seen that Hong Kong for the better part of its existence has had to fight strenuously against adverse conditions almost unknown at Singapore. In putting down piracy in Far Eastern waters, it conferred a benefit not only on the British Empire, but on the world; in bringing home to the turbulent Chinese the majesty of the law, it has won a triumph for British justice.

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STREET SCENE, SINGAPORE.

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A CHINESE PROCESSION, SINGAPORE.

"Europe in Asia" is a picturesque setting of a truth. Hong Kong, the creation of progressive western civilisation, stands out in striking contrast to the mainland, whose teeming millions live under the dead weight of a remote past. The close connection of the two for over half a century is one of which the Empire may be proud. In three hundred years of commercial and territorial expansion England has done less to widen the gulf between the East and the West than Europe during the past three years. The relations between Hong Kong and the Chinese Empire have always been friendly. Unlike Macao, it early withdrew from the coolie trade with Cuba and Peru, which eclipsed in horror the slave trade with America, and devoted its energies to the development of Chinese emigration to Australia and California. Up to 1870 the volume was enormous, but after restrictive legislation was adopted by both countries it declined. Hong Kong is, however, still a centre of the folk movement in south-eastern Asia. The number of emigrants which left it in 1900 was 83,643, the number of immigrants which arrived 121,322. It is to the Chinese invasion of the Pacific Islands and States after the discovery of gold that Hong Kong owes its rise as a commercial port. Another matter which might have disturbed its good relations with the Chinese Empire was the smuggling of opium. The whole island was surrounded by Imperial Customs stations, which still exist, and for years the question was a burning one. It was settled in 1886 by an ordinance providing for the registration of the movement of opium to and from Hong Kong.

The area of the island is only thirty square miles. It is separated from the Province of Kwantung by the Lymoon Pass, at its widest only half a mile, and by the harbour, which is formed by part of the north shore and the Kowloon Peninsula. The enclosed lake-like body of water is ten square miles in extent, with safe anchorage for all the ships of His Majesty's Navy. Against the rocky background on either side its clear beauty stands out with fine effect. It may not rival Singapore in variety and brilliance, but it is unique as the resort of warships of all nations. The Far Eastern fleets of France, Germany, Russia, China, and Japan not only coal here regularly, but occupy part of the man-of-war anchorage during the spring and winter months, and the cruisers of the lesser Powers are frequent visitors. England is, of course, well represented by the vessels of the China Squadron. To Hong Kong, too, come the floating palaces of some of the longest steamship lines in the world, such as the Peninsular and Oriental, Canadian Pacific, Pacific Mail, Messageries Maritimes, Indo-China, and the North German Lloyd. In

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strong contrast to the long and graceful ship as it is built in the West is the homely junk with its huge mat sails. In never-ending procession move the craft engaged in the coasting trade, and between Hong Kong and Kowloon ply steam-launches of all descriptions. As for the Chinese sampan, it is everywhere, no fewer than 33,000 natives living in boats. In these circumstances it can readily be imagined that Hong Kong harbour presents a scene of shipping activity as vivid as it is cosmopolitan.

The island itself is of volcanic origin. It consists mainly of a chain of hills, rising here and there to precipitous peaks, the loftiest of which is Victoria, nineteen hundred feet high. There is little level ground anywhere, and, the surface soil being disintegrated rock, the area under cultivation is very small. Nothing would be more desolate than the sides of the hills, strewn with granite boulders, black with age, and worn into gullies which in the winter season are nearly all dry. In summer they are crystalline streams, which somewhat soften the sterility of the aspect, though at times they are raging torrents, threatening destruction to the city below. The openings between the higher hills are called "gaps," from which run deep and picturesque ravines of great fertility. One of these ends at the suburb of Pokfulam, which is best known as one of the sources of Victoria's water supply; another ends at Taitam Bay, where, at great cost, another reservoir was constructed in 1888; yet another is the Happy Valley, round which is the racecourse. In the more distant parts of the island, sheltered inlets, running streams, and shady native villages are many and beautiful. They are the favourite picnic resorts of the people of Victoria.

This city is the most picturesque in Asia. It covers the lower slopes of the Peak, rising from the water's edge in a series of terraces. Before the advent of the British the site was a rugged expanse of rock shelving in most places precipitously to the sea. The narrow path which wound along it the natives called "Petticoat-string Path," a fanciful name given to Victoria by the Chinese even to this day. Singapore's rich colouring and tropical luxuriance of vegetation are not here. The hills are Scottish, the sun is Italian, and the city itself like an overgrown Gibraltar. In dazzling contrast to the sombre shadow of the towering Peak and to the wealth of trees which public and private enterprise have planted to soften the glare from the rock, the white houses stand out in never-ending tiers. Higher and yet higher they climb, for the sake of making life endurable in summer to the Europeans who direct the commercial and administrative affairs of the greatest port in the Far East. At one time men went out to Hong Kong, sweltered for a few years, and returned home with a fortune. These were the palmy days of British trade. With competition the number of Englishmen content to make a living has steadily increased, and so exile that was once temporary is now permanent. This change has brought about a great change in the conditions of life in Victoria. Reckless expenditure is a thing of the past, and private houses grow more and more numerous on the Peak and at Kowloon, where the breezes are fresh both by day and by night.

Singapore excepted, no other city in Asia is so deeply marked with the features of the Mother Country. The granite quays which extend for four miles, the stately warehouses beyond; the solid shops, and houses, and offices, designed more for comfort, usefulness, and posterity than for beauty, that have transformed the steep hillside into a great city; the roads, which triumphantly defy floods and courageously wind in security amid precipices; the massive public buildings, and the vast and varied expression of enterprise, from the wharves and docks below to the white signal-station and flagstaff that crown the Peak nearly two thousand feet above, are the marks of England, the lines which she alone of the nations stamps on the face of the earth. Not a single feature is absent. Who but she could call together Chinese, Portuguese, Parsee, Hindu, Japanese, Briton, German, and American, and enable them, by just and liberal administration, to dwell side by side in the same street and on the same terms? Who but she is seen in the ships of every size and shape from every part of the world that cover the sparkling waters of the harbour? Who but she, when every inch of ground is valuable, would secure to the city broad highways and tree-planted walks, large open spaces and beautifully laid-out public gardens filled with exotics from every clime? Who but she shows religious toleration so wide that a Mohammedan mosque, a Tower of Silence, a joss-house, and Christian fanes rise up with equal freedom? Hong Kong is therefore not only an expression of the English character, but an epitome of the British Empire, as that is of the world.

On approaching the city from the west through the Lymoon Pass, or from the

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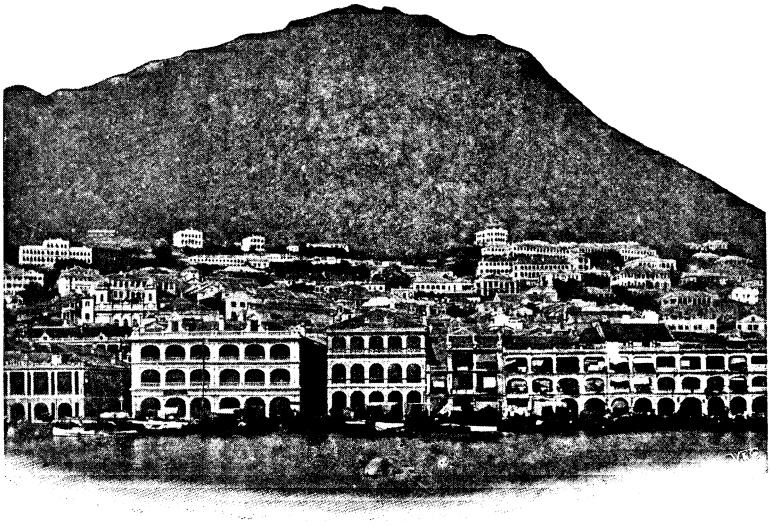
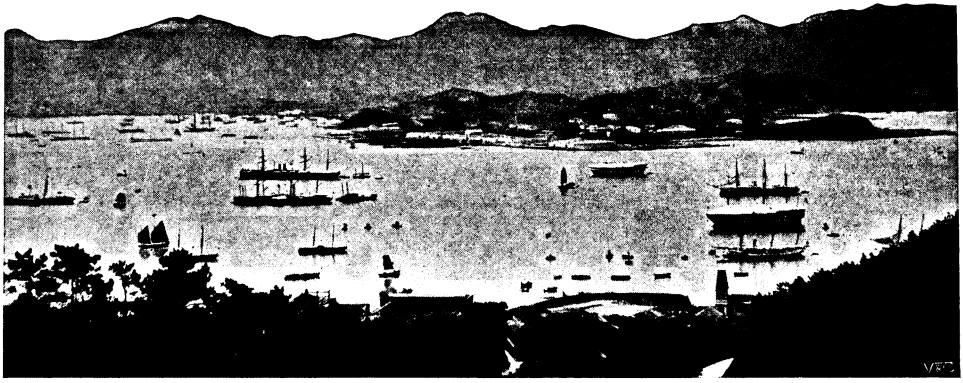


Photo by] [London Stereoscopic Co.

VIEW OF HONG KONG FROM THE HARBOUR.

east through Sulphur Channel, the natural majesty of the situation, the noble beauty of the harbour, the striking contrasts of the scene, the enormous commercial and maritime activity of the wharves and docks, are not more impressive than the art, science, and engineering skill which in seventy years have made a barren rock one of the great ports of the world. It would, however, be unfair to leave out the Chinese in this connection. If Englishmen have provided energy, initiative, regard for property, equality of civil rights, and even-handed justice, the Chinese have provided the cheap labour, industry, respect for law, and commercial instinct. They cut and quarry granite, which is one of Hong Kong's sources of wealth; they load and unload ships by means of the inevitable bamboo—every house on the Peak has been carried up, bit by bit, in the same way. When it is remembered that for this blood-sweating labour they are paid high wages compared to those they get at home, one begins to understand the origin of Chinese patience. The Celestial does not enjoy life, he endures it, for to him suffering is the only familiar condition of his existence. Not that there are not wealthy Chinese in Hong Kong. Whole rows of splendid shops in Queen's Road belong to them, and many of the cavernous godowns or warehouses on the water front. Indeed, the Son of Han is steadily driving the European merchant to the wall. But of the 221,000 Chinese inhabitants of the island the great majority are poor with a poverty of which the West has no conception.

As the headquarters of European finance is South-Eastern Asia, Victoria occupies a very significant position. It is, moreover, the great *entrepôt* for opium, silk, and the foodstuffs which the Chinese Empire is unable to grow for itself. Some idea of Hong Kong's trade may be formed from the fact that in 1898 no less than 17,265,780 tons of shipping entered and cleared the harbour, and the estimated value of the exports and imports is forty-five millions



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HONG KONG: VIEW OF THE HARBOUR FROM THE BACK OF THE TOWN.

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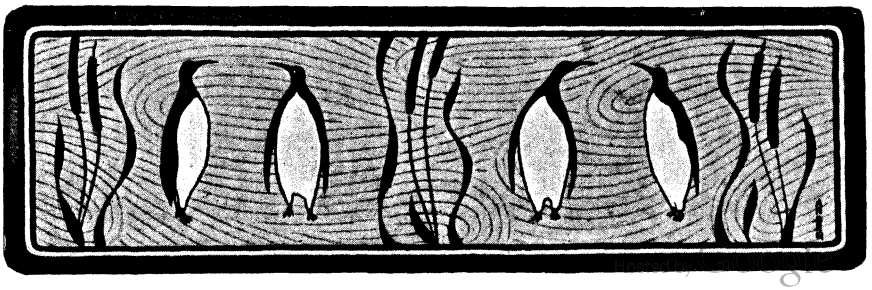
sterling. Unfortunately the opening up of South China, the richest part of the Empire, is not benefiting British commerce as it might. Germany and France heavily subsidise lines of coast and ocean steamers, which therefore compete with English vessels unfairly. British enterprise is now, as in the past, more than able to hold its own against all-comers, but it cannot fight against individuals behind whom are the resources of a State.

Hong Kong, like Singapore, is under Crown Colony government, and admits two Chinese members to the Legislative Council. It pays £40,000 a year towards Imperial defence, maintains a Volunteer Corps, and provides every facility for overhauling, repairing, and coaling of warships and merchant vessels. In all there are five docks and three slips, and accommodation is being further extended to admit the newest leviathans of His Majesty's Navy. At present Japan possesses the only dock in the Far East which can take them. The naval and military barracks divide the city into two parts—one occupied by the Chinese, the other by Europeans—who number about 15,000 out of a population of 254,000.

The climate of Hong Kong is delightful in the winter months. In the summer heavy rains fall, and to Englishmen the heat is trying. At one time Victoria was considered unhealthy, but since the construction of the Taitam Reservoir and the adoption of vigorous sanitary measures in the city itself, this reproach has been taken from Hong Kong. But against the typhoons, which are prevalent in China seas at certain seasons of the year, Science is powerless. They are always dangerous, and at times they move with devastating effect. In 1848, and again in 1874, they did enormous damage to the shipping in the harbour, as well as to Victoria and Kowloon.

As the heart of our Far Eastern trade, and our only naval base in Chinese waters, Hong Kong is none too well defended. The garrison numbers only 3,000 men. In the event of war these would be none too many to hold the island itself. How, then, are the outlying parts of the mainland to be protected? As a matter of fact, the defences of the Colony are defective in every particular. When we had no rivals, lack of foresight on the part of the Home Government was pardonable; now that we are menaced with fierce competition on every side, it is suicidal. France is at Saigon, Germany at Kiao Chau, and Russia at Port Arthur, and all working aggressively to enlarge their spheres of influence. Hong Kong should, therefore, be made as relatively strong in China waters as Malta in the Mediterranean. The food question, too, should be put on a sound basis, for already in its history Victoria has been cut off from its sources of supply on the mainland. Chinese should be permitted to live in the city on the distinct understanding that, in the event of war, they must either join the Militia or be temporarily expelled. To feed a population of a quarter of a million on a barren rock, for any length of time, would be an impossibility.

Kowloon Peninsula, on the north side of the harbour, was ceded to England after the second Chinese war. At first it was regarded mainly from the strategical standpoint, but of late years it has come rapidly to the front in every way. Not only is it a suburb of Victoria, but it is the headquarters of a large wharf and godown company. Many European steamers land their passengers here; it is the home of the Hong Kong Regiment, "Our Very Own," and the scene of the activities of the Hong Kong and Whampoa Docks Company, whose workshops are equal to the best in England. In 1878 the British Government gained a further accession of territory in the Peninsula, having leased two hundred and eighty-six square miles in the rear of the cession of 1860. It includes the high hills from which it would have been easy for an enemy to command Victoria, Kowloon City, Kowloon Bay, and Mirs Bay. But much has yet to be done before Hong Kong is impregnable.



THE GOLD WOLF:

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

By MAX PEMBERTON.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

PATRICK IS A PROPHET.

IT was late upon the following morning when Romer, dreaming of a 'Varsity course, in which No. 4 hit him persistently on the back with his oar, woke up at last to realise that someone was knocking upon his bedroom door. He did not know what time it was, nor could he remember precisely what he had been doing last night, but the robust voice of old Pat, clamouring for admittance, recalled the scene in its bald outline and sent him from his bed with eager steps. When he opened the door, he discovered old Pat already dressed and not less ready for self-approving confidences than he was himself.

"The top of the morning, me bhoy! 'Tis the next train to London we are to catch—if there is one. Faith! the Seven Sleepers ye are, and all rolled into one! How goes it, young gentleman—how's the temperature this day?"

Romer sat down in a big arm-chair and rubbed his back ruefully.

"I'm as stiff as a plaster figure, Pat. I believe someone's been opening my back to see what it's made of. One of those chaps must have got a swinger! I did not feel it at the time."

"The dirty dogs! 'Tis me likewise that they've been performing operations upon! I've two inches of knife in the shoulder—and not so sure that it's Sheffield, either! I don't hear ye asking after my health, Romer, young sir."

Romer was contrite. Pat looked so absurdly healthy.

"Ah! I'd forgotten your shoulder, Pat. Observe the primitive beast. It was a nasty cut, old chap! Are you going to see the sawbones this morning?"

"He'll do himself the honour to take twenty francs off me at eleven o'clock precisely. To the divil with the lot of them, say I! A bit of good lint and a cooling lotion is worth the whole pack! Will you be coming down, Romer? There's a bite and sup I've ordered, and a bottle of the ould vinegar to wash it down. Can you dress yourself, lad?"

Romer said that he could. His back was black and blue, and those, he remembered, were the colours of Caius, and exceedingly effective in feminine toilets.

"It will do for a blazer, Patrick," he suggested. "I'm obliged for the tattooing; but it's on the wrong side to be effective. I suppose your next train means the night mail to town?"

"Indeed and it does, and no time to be lost, either! Here's yesterday's papers from London, and a pretty story they tell. If I did not know him, I'd say your uncle had lost his wits. Read that, my lad, and ask yourself what's coming to Dudley."

He conjured up a copy of a London daily paper from his capacious pocket and tossed it into the chair in which the younger man sat. Romer saw at once that the third column on the front page was entirely devoted to a graphic account of the strike on the Great Southern Railway. One of its headlines was ominous—it spoke of a conspiracy against the life of Dudley Hatton. In the text itself there was a fuller explanation. Affairs, it said, had come to a crisis on this once prosperous railway. The men had been very patient; but all their demands, many of them admittedly just, were not even debated by a stubborn Board; and of this Board, Dudley Hatton, the creator of that magnificent enterprise, was indisputably master. The guinea-pigs, the titled drones, had neither capacity nor authority. The beaten, angry men knew that their fortunes were in one man's hand, and that by one man must their salvation come. Six months ago they believed him to be a just leader, a generous chief, the welcome arbiter of dispute; but that day was forgotten, and he who had been their friend they reckoned now supreme amongst the enemies of their honest demands. The fanatical denounced him in no measured terms; the sober railway

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world made nothing of his point of view; the women, the mothers of the children, cursed the very name which once they had applauded. Driven to the last point as the engineers were, starving, beaten, it was no surprise that outrage followed the pitiable deadlock. The goods-yard in Lower Kennington Lane — built at a cost of many thousands not a year ago—had been burnt to the ground by hot-headed rioters. There had been stormy meetings of the railway's *employés* in Lambeth and Vauxhall. The local traffic was almost entirely suspended; the expresses ran with difficulty. And crowning all was the attempt upon Dudley's life to which the headlines referred so ominously. He had been shot at on the platform at Kennington Station three days ago, the report said, but happily had come to no harm, while the would-be assassin escaped in the press of men. The police feared that this was but an omen of grave days to come. They held to the theory that certain unknown agents were deliberately inciting the men to violence.

Romer read this alarming report and then laid the paper down as one who had not the will to hear more.

"What, in Heaven's name, does it all mean, Pat?" he asked bewilderedly. He could make nothing of it—he refused stoutly to believe that Dudley could act in a way unworthy of his generous nature and noble intellect.

Old Patrick was scarcely wiser. He lighted a cigarette, and sitting upon the edge of the bed, he admitted that he could only guess the meaning.

"Faith! 'tis a case to puzzle the ould divil himself! Either this paper lies, or Dudley's gone stark staring mad! I'm off to England this day to find out which. 'Tis not the man he is—ye know it yourself—to be denying honest folk their rights, or treating with railway servants like a woman at an argle-bargle. There's mischief brewing; and I've a shrewd notion who stirs the pot! Woman's the root of all evil, as our godfathers and godmothers taught us in our baptism, Romer, young sir. I haven't the shadow of a doubt that your little Cambridge lady could tell us more about this than any man alive! She didn't trust one of the best fellows that ever drew breath, and here's the consequence: he's running amuck like a bull in a china-shop; and who knows where 'twill end, Romer—who knows, me lad?"

It was foreign to Patrick Foxall to entertain the gravities of life; but this morning found him amazingly serious and thoughtful. His shrewd brain had wrestled with the problem of Dudley's embarrassments until it was weary and perplexed. He could see no light, scarce dared to hope for any betterment. The lad with him was like a child before such deep problems; he could but observe the most elementary facts.

"They had a quarrel, Pat, the very night after they were engaged; I know that much. If she'd make it up with him, he'd be a changed man; I'm sure of it. The question is, Will she make it up? Little Beryl said that she left a letter for Dudley at Sonning. Whether he got it or not, I don't know. I think it was sent on to London."

Patrick stared at him as though he spoke of wonders.

"A letter—from the girl! and you didn't forward it?"

"I didn't think about it, Pat!"

"A plague on your woolly head, then! Man, didn't you see the importance of it?"

"Well, I thought——"

"To blazes with your thoughts! Don't you see that if she offered to come back to him, it would have saved him from this? Man, are ye a block—are ye a baby?"

He sprang up from his seat and began to stride up and down the room like one who wrestles with his own anger. Romer did not dare to contradict him in face of his passion. After all, he imagined that he had had some responsibility in the matter of the letter. He remembered speaking to Spiler, the butler, about it, and asking why it had not been posted. Spiler said that his master was expected to return every day; and Romer confessed that, henceforth, he forgot all about the matter. Pat was very right to reproach him; he had been a fool.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap!" he stammered; "of course it was idiotic! If it's at Park Lane, I'll see that Dudley gets it next post."

"Ye'll see — ye'll see! 'Tis as easy as shelling peas, then! Ye'll post the letter——!"

He stopped dramatically and pointed his finger.

"Aye, what address will ye write, then? Where's Dudley this minute? Who knows? Who's seen him this fortnight past? Does it dawn upon you that he's hiding from his friends, maybe? Ye'll post it—bow-wow!"

Romer did not say a single word. It was news to him that his uncle had quitted Park Lane. True, he remembered how casual had been the news of him they had received

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at Sonning; but this new evidence of complete isolation almost terrified him. He would have delayed an hour to return to London had there been a train. The night mail suggested the next century.

"What are we to do, Pat?" he cried fretfully. "We can't stop here; we don't know when he is in London. Is it all to be given up, then, without a try or a word?"

"I'll say no such thing. He's on the railway; the paper writes it. He's to and fro like a will-o'-the-wisp! If ye walk from London to Chichester, ye'll find him, I don't doubt! Put on your hat and be off with you. Tell him that Pat Foxall is in Paris buying the jewels which were stolen from his dead wife's neck. Tell him that those who are seeking to stir up his men against him are the servants of Beckstein and the Dutch gang that works with him. Say that in three days I'll arrest Courvoisier and bring the man to justice. Tell him that the woman he'd marry is waiting for him at Cambridge. Nothing else than that will save him this day. Go to London and make it light for him. Ye'll find him somewhere between London and Chichester, bedad!"

He fell to pacing the room once more, and for a little while his own thoughts were not to be spoken. When he turned to Romer again, it was to lay a kindly hand upon his arm and to reassure him.

"Forgive a wild man that is at his wits' end," was his apology. "Don't you see, Romer, what I suffer for him? Don't you see that it's a race between rogues and me for me friend's life? 'Tis just that! Let me go to him and say: ''Tis Courvoisier that's the rascal,' and the work's half done; but I must carry the proofs in me hands. I am waiting for them—waiting, while I count the minutes, me lad!"

"Then you think that you can still get something in Paris, Pat?"

"Think! If I've an ounce of gumption in my skull, *I'm sure!* This very day I'll buy the rubies. If I don't, book me a stall at Hanwell and see that I fill it!"

"You'll buy the rubies, Pat?"

"Faith, I will—from the woman herself."

"In the Rue Marbeau?"

"No, in the Ritz Hotel."

He had scarcely spoken the words when a valet knocked upon the door of the bedroom. Patrick turned quickly on his heel, as though he had been waiting some signal which could not fail him. When the servant entered, he took a card from the tray and handed it to Romer with a triumphant look.

It was the card of Madame Dufayel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LITTLE BERYL GOES UPON A JOURNEY.

PATRICK FOXALL had pledged his reputation that he would buy the rubies which Madame Dufayel had refused to sell him in the Rue Marbeau, and this boast he redeemed. The jewels were in his bag when he quitted Paris by the night mail. He had bought them at a great price; but he knew that he would have given twice the sum without regret.

"She sold them—faith! she was wise to do it," he said, when they were away at last, upon the last stage of that journey which meant so much to their friend. "'Tis a less clever woman than Georgette de la Mousse would have seen the game was up. Faith! I know her story like a book! She's been everything under God's sun—singer, dancer, acrobat, thief! There's not a country in Europe that would not be glad to have her under lock and key! It was in Vienna where they charged her with the murder of the Chevalier Zizka. 'Twas at Madrid I saw her arrested at the door of the National Theatre. Did I need wits to say what this woman would do when she found that London was unhealthy? Let Courvoisier buy a hatband—bedad! he'll need it, for he'll never see his dear wife again! And I've bought more than jewels, let me tell you! I've bought that which I would not sell for five thousand pounds, Romer!"

He went on to speak of that plan they must follow in London, and of the grave issues which to-morrow would decide. Patrick was no pessimist; but he knew that if the tidings of these things did not reach Dudley Hatton before many hours had passed, they might never reach him at all. That splendid intellect had failed his friend at last. The net of Destiny had closed about him, and he struggled impotently in its meshes. But a word might bring him back to reason, might cut the bonds from his aching limbs. Patrick divined truly the fount of all that mischief. He said that Dudley Hatton believed that he was in some measure responsible for his wife's death. He would know to-morrow that he was not.

"Yes, I have the key," he persisted, in a vague strain foreign to him. "I'm on the tracks of them now, Romer; and, please God, 'tis a view halloa before many hours. We'll be in London at seven o'clock, and then the hunt begins. Do you go to Park Lane and see if you can bring me any news of Dudley this day. I am away to the police; and a pretty story for them, too! Let it be six

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o'clock of the evening that we find each other again. You shall be in at the death, me lad; 'twould be unkind to deny you. I'll look for you at six o'clock, at me club, in Piccadilly, and what news of Dudley you can pick up, bring to me there. Not that I expect any, faith! 'tis no such good fortune a man may take into his account. If this mischief the newspapers speak of is true, 'twill be a miracle of a man that finds Dudley Hatton where he should look for him. But I'm hoping 'tis a writer's picture, and not more truth in it than you can expect from such a fellow!"

"I'm sure of it," said Romer with conviction. He had listened to every word, as to some oracle of salvation. This splendid friend, he was convinced, would save his uncle Dudley. He wondered that he had not discovered Pat's sterling worth years ago.

"My uncle is not the man to be playing a silly game of hide-and-seek," he added reflectively. "If he isn't in Park Lane, the probabilities are that he's living in the Great Southern Hotel. We ought to call there first, Pat; it's ten to one we find him in the place."

"Aye, together with the stones that the gentlemen of the railway are throwing at the windows! Ye've missed the particular pleasantries, young sir. The mob is throwing stones at this same commodious fireproof hotel, just because it believes that Dudley's inside of it. Is he the one to be where the bricks are flying? Not if I know him, truly! He'll be looking on in the first place you should go to, and the last you'll think of. We must name that place before sundown to-morrow. If the picture's true, we're racing against the hours, me son, racing against the hours—and there are precious few to lose."

The confession declared an idea which had become almost a conviction. Pat did not believe that there would be any real difficulty in finding Dudley once they were in London; but it was plain to him that if the newspapers were to be believed, even a trifling delay might be fatal. His friend's desperate and illogical stand against those forces of justice and fair-dealing, to which hitherto he had submitted willingly and with generosity, might lead him also to any extremity of folly the mind could imagine. The spectacle was that of one man against five thousand. Pat knew Dudley's courage, his indomitable will, his stubborn pursuit alike of the false and the true, when the mind was set upon a purpose. He would face these men, Pat said, and tell them to do their worst. They had already attempted his life; any hour might bring the news that another attempt had succeeded. Even Romer understood the necessity of haste.

"I'll take a cab straight to Park Lane," he said, "and after that, wire to Sonning. If they've no news of him at either house, I shall go down to Sonning in the morning and see what's to be learned. If I could take a message from Daphne, Pat, I shouldn't go in vain. It's just that or nothing, believe me. Of course, he'll be very grateful for what you've done in Paris, but even if Courvoisier is arrested, I don't see how it's to help us! You can only prove that he's a thief—I don't suppose Dudley cares greatly about that."

Pat smiled like one who sympathises with a childish intelligence.

"'Tis a nice young green blade of grass ye are, and beautiful in the springtime, Romer," he bantered pleasantly. "What I can prove against this same Courvoisier ye shall know in good time—perhaps at Charles Street this very night. Keep your soul in patience and be aftther finding Dudley. Yonder's the steamer, me bhoy; we'll see the white cliffs of the Sassenach's country in half an hour by the clock."

He rose abruptly and began to gather his traps together. The cold grey light of a chilling dawn, breaking across the sea, showed old Pat's face, white and cadaverous, in its feeble rays. A sleepless night had not impaired his vigour. The quest of danger stimulated every faculty, braced an intellect long dormant. He strode down the platform with a young man's step; he sniffed the sea air exultingly. His last words on the shores of France were the defiance of a man who has played a great game and is upon the threshold of his victory.

"In three hours, the best or the worst, me lad—the best or the worst! Yonder's old England—God be thanked!"

* * * * *

Romer had not expected to find, at his uncle's house in Park Lane, a person of greater importance than the old housekeeper who had permanent charge of it; but greatly to his astonishment, Spiler, the butler, answered his knock upon that memorable day, and he was scarcely in the hall before he heard the plaintive voice of Aunt Mary. His surprise was even greater when he learned why the household had come so abruptly to London.

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"'It's my letter—mine, Beryl!' she cried."

"What's up, Spiler—what the deuce brings you here?"

Spiler answered with something less than his usual gravity. He had not the nerve for domestic tragedies.

"There's been dreadful goings on, sir.

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Mr. Hatton's nowhere to be heard of, and the young lady, Miss Beryl, she's hooked it without as much as a 'By your leave!'"

It was astonishing news, indeed, and Romer could make nothing of it.

"Miss Beryl gone off? No!" he exclaimed. "You are walking in your sleep, Spiler! Where the deuce should she go to?"

"That's just what I said to Robert this very morning, sir! It never does no good in this world to take brass for eighteen carat! The bringing up of young females, sir——"

"Be hanged to that, Spiler! Where's she gone to, I ask you?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, I mean to say that Miss Beryl borrowed a sovereign of me at nine o'clock yesterday morning and has not since been heard of—leastways, except for the telegram which Miss Mary received last night."

"Oh! there was a telegram, then?"

"Yes, sir; from Cambridge."

Romer roared with laughter.

"Why, you blockhead!" said he, "she's gone to stay with old Norton Bell, of course. The telegram says so if it's from Cambridge. Don't let that sovereign worry you, Spiler; I'll give you nineteen and elevenpence for it!"

He went upstairs with giant strides, and found his Aunt Mary weeping and wailing in the pleasant morning-room which looks upon Hyde Park. The old lady had many new grievances since we saw her last, not the least of them being that the moth had eaten the chair-covers in the back drawing-room. She received Romer on this occasion with a very rhapsody of complaint.

"Not a line for ten days, as I'm a living woman! And this child, who hasn't a bit of linen on her that I haven't marked with my own hand, gone away, Romer! What do you think of that, my dear? I tell you she went off like a thief in the night, at nine o'clock yesterday morning! That's what comes of bringing no children into the world! I said she would pay him out finely—and she's done it! If her clothes were worth a penny, they're worth five pounds; and she's the watch and chain he gave her! He'd better have listened to an old woman; he'd better have listened to me. But I don't count, my child; I'm only a poor old thing whom nobody minds. If I worked the flesh off my bones in this house, they wouldn't thank me. Let him come and look at those chair-covers and then see what his precious housekeeper is worth! He'll die in a garret, I tell you; but I sha'n't be there to see it—no, I shall be dead and gone!"

Romer consoled her with what assurance he could. He thought that the covers in the back drawing-room were, possibly, not quite such a tragedy as she imagined. As for Beryl, he read her telegram with infinite amusement. Beryl knew nothing about telegrams; she had thought it a fine thing to imitate Dudley and to wire as he had wired so often when he delayed to come to Park Lane.

"*Don't expect me home to-night, and don't worrit.—Beryl.*"

The last words were her own. Romer read them with a pleasure he could not quite define. Was it possible that this child would do what they had failed to do—that she would untie that master knot, bring with her the one living being who could save Dudley? His hope rose with the thought. For Daphne could save Dudley Hatton; he was sure of it, she could save him if she came in time.

* * * * *

Little Beryl's journey to Cambridge had been a great event in a life which threatened to become eventless. The outcome of splendid ignorance, it bore witness, none the less, to a shrewd instinct for essentials which even an older mind might have lacked in these fateful days. For Beryl had discovered, upon her aunt's hurried return to Park Lane (a flight which attended the grave news of Dudley's peril), the very letter which Daphne had written to her lover many weeks ago and salaried carelessness had neglected to post. Beryl knew Daphne's handwriting well. She was such a poor mistress of the pen herself that the neat characters and attractive caligraphy of clever Daphne always won upon her unstinted admiration. And here, on Dudley's study table in Park Lane (a room which Beryl considered herself privileged to rummage, as she rummaged every room in that house of forgotten splendours), lay the accusing envelope. Beryl espied it at once and fell to wondering why it lay there. Discreet inquiries of her confidantes among the servants brought to light something of the story. Nobody knew, they said, where Mr. Hatton's letters should be sent; he had given instructions that they were to wait for him in his own library. Beryl did not understand why Daphne's letter should wait upon any table; and she said as much. She thought that if she could see Daphne, this great cloud of trouble,

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which loomed upon their lives so heavily, might be lifted. It was but a childish idea; she had no sure conclusions; the desire to see Daphne was as vague as it was irresistible. Cambridge, she remembered, from her narrow study of geography, lay somewhere in the middle of the "red piece." Old maps on Dudley's shelves showed you how near London it was—no more than an inch, and no black scratches for mountains. Beryl was not quite convinced that she could not walk there; but anon, having traditions of Spiler's wealth in her head, she conceived a great idea. Mrs. Wiggins, the housekeeper, had a daughter who was a bed-maker at Cambridge. Artful questions, sly suggestions, elicited the comforting fact that you could go from London by train to that goal of desire and return the same day. Beryl borrowed a sovereign of Spiler and set out without delay.

Her first attack was upon a cabman whom she instructed to drive her to the train for Cambridge; and he, being sensible of his kind, and having children of his own, went to King's Cross as the cab-horse flies, and did not charge her more than twice the fare for all his trouble. From that point a homely guard took her under the shadow of a capacious wing, and having bought her a ticket and a paper, and peeped in at every station to see how she was doing, and told her of other young ladies whom he had escorted under other circumstances, set her down at last upon the platform at Cambridge, and left her there with many words of wisdom and the heroic refusal of the sixpence she offered him. From this point the pilgrimage was not worthy of the fables and the saints. Beryl just went up to a cabman and told him to drive to the house of Miss Daphne Bell. She remembered enough of Daphne's story to know that this house had something to do with the King or the Queen. When the polite driver corrected her and suggested that she probably meant "Queens'," she agreed that it did not matter. A quarter of an hour later she stood in the gateway of the old red-brick college and asked timidly for Daphne. And oh! the joy of it—as she confessed to Romer afterwards—the joy of it when Daphne herself came running out of a great bleak house, and these two were heart to heart in the purpose of their love!

"Beryl!—Beryl!—is it really little Beryl? You came—you came, dear, to see me? Oh! why—why? Why did you come, Beryl?"

Daphne's questions all came tumbling together like October leaves; surprise, delight, wonder were spoken in every new exclamation. She had been dreaming over a book when they told her that Beryl was in the house, and the very name seemed a link between the living and the dead. Here, then, was the sure confirmation of all that she had read about Dudley in the bygone weeks. Every word of that strange story was known to Daphne. She could tell you exactly where he had been, and what he had done, and why the world quarrelled with him. She had mastered the nature of his trouble, despite its amazing technicality; her daily prayer had been that he might summon her, and that she might go to him in this evil hour of his life. When the newspapers related the peril from which he had escaped, Daphne trembled as for her own safety. She feared sometimes to read the news, lest it should speak of the ultimate calamity. Always present was that sense of humiliation and insignificance which his silence had put upon her. Their love had been the dream of a day, then! She had won from him that fleeting homage which a memory can inspire. She lived amongst her heroes no more. Perhaps her courage rebelled against the treatment to which she had been subjected. She would ask no man for forgiveness twice. Let her cost be what it might, it should not cost her self-abjection.

"Is it—is it little Beryl? I can't believe it, dear—I cannot believe that you are my Beryl of the long ago! And you have come to see me! Oh! why—why, why did you come, little Beryl?"

She was in her own room now, that pretty room where, in the childish years, she had wooed the heroes of her own romances. The very pictures on the walls were from the masterpieces of the romantic art. The books were the love-stories of the immortals. An open window disclosed a vista of the river and the gardens, the splendid bridges, and the avenues defying time. Beryl enjoyed one delighted peep at this fairyland of court and college before she answered Daphne.

"It's better than Park Lane!" she cried, with a child's admiration, "lots better! And oh!—the flowers, they really are flowers, Daphne!"

Daphne took both her hands in her own and compelled her to answer.

"Why did you come, little Beryl—why?"

"I came to bring you the letter, dear."

She did not know what these words meant to the trembling girl who hugged her so

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closely, nor could she understand Daphne's almost angry impatience.

"The letter!—what letter? Oh, be quick, Beryl! you torture me!"

Beryl went on with exasperating deliberation.

"The dusty one. I know it was Spiler; but you mustn't say so, because he'd get the—the—something he says. He lent me a sovereign, you know; and I came in the train; and the old clergyman drank out of a bottle every time it got dark; and when I looked at him, he asked me if I played hockey; and the guard made him pay some money, and he said he'd sew the company; and I said all the time—oh, Daphne! where have you been, what have you been doing?"

She broke off impulsively, alarmed, perhaps, at that look which had passed suddenly into Daphne's eyes. Beryl was frightened now; frightened at this shadow of a woman's trouble, cast suddenly upon her childhood. She had never heard Daphne speak like this; never seen her eyes so bright or her gesture so imperative. And how calm she was, how far away in thought from Cambridge and that pretty room! When next she spoke, it was the old Daphne, the Daphne of Sonning and the summer time.

"It was brave of you, Beryl, so brave," she said, compelling herself to be patient. "And now you will give me the letter while I ring for some lunch."

Beryl protested that she did not want any lunch, but she searched for the letter all the same—a crumpled, grimy, forgotten letter, in the depths of some capacious pocket; and handing it to Daphne, she said—

"I knew you wrote it, because I try to cross my t's like you do. But I can't get them right, dear, and it makes a blot as big as——"

She did not finish her simile, for she was afraid of the sound of her own voice. Both Daphne's hands were tight about the letter now; her lip was quivering; she could not see the sunshine in the room. A great hope, foolishly conceived, had been abandoned as suddenly as it was born. For a moment she had believed that Dudley had called her to his side in the pathetic hour; but this, this secret of the weeks of silence broke her courage and robbed her of the last shred of her purpose.

"It's my letter—mine, Beryl!" she cried again and again. "I left it for Dudley. How cruel of them!"

Little Beryl had no solace for such a cry as that.

"I said it was yours, and no one would listen to me. We did not know where to send it, and that's why I'm here. He never comes near us, Daphne; he hasn't been for weeks. I know he's in trouble; I know he wants us."

Daphne crushed the letter defiantly; and turning away, she stood at the window, while a servant began to lay the cloth for lunch; and old Norton Bell's voice was heard upon the staircase. When the maid had left the room, Beryl crept close to Daphne's side; and kissing her, she asked to be forgiven.

"You're not angry with me, Daphne? you won't be cross? Oh! if you would go to him, how different it would be, dear! You will go, Daphne?"

Long minutes passed before her question was answered. She seemed to know that she must wait with resignation for that supreme resolution. When it came at last, her reward was abundant. Daphne dreamed no more. A child led her as she willed to be led.

"Oh! you little Beryl—that it should be you—you!" she said, as in an ecstasy of a purpose suddenly conceived. "That you should show me the way I should follow!"

"You will go, Daphne, dear?"

"This day, this hour, little guide."

"You will find him, Daphne?"

"Wherever he is, little Beryl, in sunshine or the darkness, I will find him to-day!"

She had never thought that a determination could mean so much to her. For a full month her days had been droned away in the solitude of that house of sleep and silence. The dying summer, the falling leaf, the empty courts, the nadir of Cambridge's desolation played upon a temperament susceptible to such influences. Daphne wondered in those long weeks why she had been a dreamer in the years of long ago. How different life was! how relentless! how cruel! Her own love for Dudley, swift in its youth, matured in the first ardour of a passionate nature, seemed at its birth the supreme satisfaction the world could give her. All voids were filled then, all questions answered, all of womanhood made clear. She loved as she had wished to love in the imagination of the past. All that she could give, the gift of herself, her soul and body, her heart and homage, had she given freely; but the swift destiny which enveloped her, how unforeseen it had been, how bitter to realise! In her reckoning, there was no place for the thought that she must abase herself to a lover whose lips were dumb. The unanswered letter

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brought her from cloudland to the earth of a simple truth. She had said at the first: "His answer will come to-day"; and when the day did not bring it, she said it would be to-morrow. The postman's step in the court of Queens' could set her heart throbbing and bring the blood to her cheek. She had a hundred explanations for Dudley's silence; but none of them satisfied her. At least he should have said: "I do not wish it; let the dead past bury the dead." Her self-reproach for that which remained unspoken was more poignant every day. Why had she been silent when he had so greatly trusted her? What foolish scruple made her dumb? Daphne believed sometimes that it was the punishment of her own romantic vanity. The image it had set up asked homage, but not compassion. As the days went by, she learnt to know that compassion is sometimes the better thing. Life had humbled her; but her love was enduring.

* * * * *

"We'll find him, little Beryl, wherever he is; we'll find him."

"In London, dear Daphne, to-day. Oh! let it be to-day!"

"We'll go to him and say: 'Dudley, do you wish it?'"

"He'll answer 'Yes'; I know he'll answer 'Yes.'"

* * * * *

They quitted Cambridge by the five o'clock train. As their cab went westward from King's Cross, a man walking down the Strand observed its occupants; and standing for a little while amazed, he turned at length with slow steps towards the Metropole Hotel.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PURSUIT OF COURVOISIER.

THE rendezvous was the Junior Turf Club in Piccadilly; the hour six o'clock. Scarcely had the great gong in the entrance-hall ceased to strike the hour, when old Pat Foxall espied Romer in his cab and hastened out to remind him that punctuality was the politeness of kings.

"To the tick, young sir. You have news, Romer?"

"Not a word, Pat."

"There's no letter from Dudley, at Park Lane?"

"Devil a sign of one."

"They haven't seen him?"

"Not one of them."

"You've been to the Great Southern?"

"Like an arrow to a miss. He's not been there since last Saturday."

"And Macalister?"

"He's just raving."

"Then they can't get at him from the office now?"

"As true as the prophets. He's on the railway somewhere. That's all they do know."

"Faith! I was right entirely."

"It's a riddle, old Pat, a beastly riddle!"

"Aye, to be solved this night. Do you see that man yonder?"

"What! the man with the big boots?"

"No other! 'Tis Inspector Morris. There are three more to be with us in Charles Street. We'll take the bird Courvoisier in the nest, faith!—and not be particular about the eggs. Come on, lad; there's time for a wee nip. Your felt shoes are in the bag there. I'm supposing you have a barker?"

Romer touched his hip-pocket significantly, and, being introduced to the stranger, the three drank a glass of cognac apiece and talked about the weather. It was a quarter past six precisely when a private brougham drove up to the Club for them and they entered it nonchalantly.

In the carriage the detective consented to remember why he was there.

"It will be a big thing to-night, gentlemen," he said, and qualified the remark with the stipulation, "if we're fortunate."

Patrick would not hear of failure.

"We *must* be fortunate," he said masterfully. "What's to stop us, Mr. Morris?"

"A clever rogue, by name Courvoisier, sir; one of the cleverest in London."

"You've come to that conclusion, then?"

"It's the only possible conclusion. I'll not deny you've helped us, Mr. Foxall."

"Aye, say that you've been watching the man for months, and were about to arrest him!"

"In a way it's true; but not on Mr. Hatton's account."

"Then on Jan Beckstein's, I suppose?"

"Exactly. We've been watching this Dutch gang for twelve months. It was just two months ago that Mr. Hatton's valet joined them. There are big charges, Mr. Foxall; conspiracy is one of them, and half-a-dozen jobs in the States as well. We'll see our own through first."

"You mean the Great Southern?"

"Undoubtedly I do. It shouldn't be very difficult to prove that the man who shot at Mr. Hatton at Kennington was paid by Beckstein or his agents for that dirty work."

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"And nearly earned his money. Faith! 'tis just that I'm fearing. The valet was in Beckstein's pay, no doubt of it! They took advantage of the trouble on the railway to be clear of a man that's cost them enough to float a bank. Next time there'll be no mistakes. If we do not trap these rogues to-night, Heaven help my friend! 'Tis good men I hope you're bringing, Mr. Morris, and plenty of them."

"I've put four in the street; we shall take two to go in with us over the roofs. The police on the beat hold the stables. If your Frenchman passes that lot, he's a clever man. But he won't, Mr. Foxall; he'll be at Bow Street before ten o'clock!"

Patrick said "So be it!" and threw his cigar away. At the far corner of Berkeley Square the little force was marshalled, and the Irishman uttered a timely warning.

"One by one," he said, "and thirty yards between us. Do you cross the road, Romer, and keep as close as you can. 'Tis No. 3 we're making for, and sharp eyes to show us in. Faith, if this Courvoisier spots but the back of your head, he'll have a run for his money, after all!"

Reuben Morris was less apprehensive.

"Don't trouble about that, Mr. Foxall," said he, with some assurance. "We don't mind the run if the money's to be got. I shouldn't be surprised if he gave us trouble inside, though. He's the kind to show fight, and plenty of it. If he does, I shall look to Mr. Romer here to be a little handy with his stick."

Romer should have been flattered by this tribute to his physique, but the object of his immediate interest was a shuttered, solitary house—almost the first they came to in Charles Street—upon the doorstep of which Reuben Morris lingered, as one who has some right of familiarity and was there expected. His confident ring conjured up from the inhabited shades a pious and venerable butler, who, as the detective whispered to his friends, was a very pattern of virtue in plush breeches. For a simple consideration of five pounds this hoary seneschal would permit them to ascend to the roof of the house and there admire the view. His master was in the Engadine—he was quite sure that he would approve.

"I've 'ad my eye on that shop ever since last Christmas," he informed them, while he led them into the hall and showed them the way upstairs. "There's been rum goings on in No. 14b, gentlemen, I must say! The females in particular is extraordinary! I do 'ope you'll teach 'em their place, Mr. Morris—which is not Charles Street, Berkeley Square, by a long way! This way, if you please. The cook says she's had no time to tidy up her bedroom, not knowing you were coming, so she 'opes Justice will be blind."

The platitudes carried him to the attic storey. A great lover of propriety, he knocked at the cook's bedroom door, although he knew that that worthy was below. His loquacity went unanswered. The others, perhaps, would not deny their anxiety. It meant so much, this night's work; to one man it might mean life or death.

The butler opened the lattice which gave upon the roof of the house, and the three men stepped out upon the leads. The detective's last word was the instruction that they would not come back.

"You can close the window and bar it, Mr. James," he said authoritatively. "We're much obliged to you, I'm sure. I'll see that this is remembered."

Mr. James shook his head.

"I didn't think of that, gentlemen—I 'ope I do my duty. When I saw them female persons——"

They did not pause even for a history of the "female persons," and the venerable old man stood at the window while they crept on over the leads, treading like cats and very watchful. One by one Reuben Morris counted the houses they passed. Upon the roof of 14b he stopped and raised his finger.

"Your felt slippers, if you please, gentlemen," he said, in a whisper.

He took his own from a capacious pocket, and when he had slipped them on, he advanced a step and peered round the corner of the dormer window. The result reassured him, for he took a jemmy from his coat and began to force the bolt with the skill of an expert. The plan of attack was as clear now as daylight. Romer said that the doors of the house below were watched by Morris's colleagues; while, from above, the dogs would bark to drive the fox from covert. No foresight of those within the house troubled a plan so simple. Whatever secret of their meeting-place they had been careful to safeguard, the idea of danger from above clearly escaped their reckoning. For the window yielded at the first attack; it opened without any noise of splintered wood or crashing glass; it said, as plainly as possible: "No sentinel here." Reuben Morris was through in two minutes, and old Patrick, laborious and groaning, after him. Romer, following lithely but with a zeal no less,

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"Some cursed him to his face."

found himself anon in a dismal attic littered with shabby ornament of damp-stained rolls of paper and forgotten trunks. He knew that they were in the house at last; he knew that in five minutes the best or the worst would be told.

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Now Reuben Morris, dropping lightly to the attic's floor, stood there for a space and lent a hunter's ear to any sound that might come up from below. Once he thought he could distinguish a shuffling step; but the noise passed and profound silence followed upon it. Thereafter he could not so much as hear a clock ticking in the house; and playing boldly for the stake, he beckoned the others to follow, and stair by stair began to go down to the rooms below. Every step now was to the goal where gain or loss would mean so much. A blunder would have undone all. But the three went with sure foothold; and as they went, one at least asked himself many questions. Romer's imagination dealt doubtingly with such a situation as this. Was Courvoisier indeed below? Would this night really bring him to justice? He did not dare to think of it. The silence of the house mocked him; he was ready to tell himself that it was a fool's errand, when a sound from below made his heart leap and seemed to chain him to the boards.

Clearly, ominously, unmistakably, a door swung upon its hinges and the lock clicked.

For a full minute the three did not stir a step from their place upon the stairs. They seemed as those who waited for a second signal—even, it might be, for the danger of which they were conscious. When silence fell again, when the spell of it passed, Reuben Morris continued his descent without a word. He alone knew what the signal meant to him—the justification of his plan, the sure knowledge that the bird was in the trap and the lid was down.

Step by step, inch by inch, he closed in upon that prince of criminals. Now kneeling, now crouching at the drawing-room door, he threw it open at last with a gesture which could not but be dramatic; and, pistol in hand, he boldly entered in. He is too late—the bird has fled and the trap is open.

"Sold, by thunder!" is all he says.

The two pressed in after him and stared about that trap which had failed them so mysteriously. Just as Dudley had seen the room many weeks ago, so it was to-night. A single lamp betrayed its shuttered windows, its close-drawn curtains, its flimsy basket chairs and bizarre ornament. Now, as then, the back room was unfurnished but for the iron safe beneath its curtained window. If change there were, it was a subtle change declaring the absence of a woman's hand. Torn papers littered the wicker tables · the curtains lacked their ties. There was an ash-tray with ashes cheek by jowl with a vase of withered flowers. A man's cane stood in the corner; the paper of that very afternoon lay folded upon a chair. These things the trained eye took in at one swift glance; but the mystery beyond them earned the baffled cry, the bewildered faces.

Courvoisier had been warned! Courvoisier had fled!

"He's in the house. I'll lay a thousand pounds he's in the house!" cries Morris, in a deep, hoarse whisper. "Up with you, gentlemen! he can't cheat us! There's not a hole unwatched that a rat could crawl through!"

He was up the stairs to the storey above almost before they had grasped the truth. Hither, thither, as a terrier in the gorse, this agile, cat-like figure turned. The emptiness of the rooms expedited the hounds' track to which he gave himself so willingly. On the floor above, a mean bedroom lacked covering for its bed; a dressing-room had no other furniture than an empty trunk. Or down below again to the kitchens, there were cooking utensils on the hob, and they had been recently used; but the dishes were unwashed and the fire had burned low. In the cellars, they netted a great catch of empty bottles. Every door they opened seemed to say: "There is nothing here." In the drawing-room once more, Reuben Morris had a finger for every panel, a foot for every board. By what amazing trick had he been cheated, then? he asked himself a hundred times. Who had been before him? Who had warned this master rogue? For warned Courvoisier certainly had been. The great safe was evidence enough for that—it's door stood open; its contents were gone.

They searched the room, gathered together the petty witnesses of occupation, had a hundred ideas, and would carry out none of them; were, in truth, about to declare that all was in vain, when a second surprise of that long-remembered night denied the assertion and sent them leaping to their feet again. It was a turn of fortune so utterly unlooked for, such a key to all that had befallen, that for a spell they could take no advantage of it nor lift a hand to further it. For what should it be but that, while they were in the very act of abandoning the pursuit, and granting that their rogue was gone, they heard the sound of a key turning in the lock? And listening and looking to the back room whence the sounds came, they observed to their amazement that the

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chimney-piece appeared to swing suddenly upon its hinges; and opening like a door, it allowed three men to pass into the room and to stand there in earnest converse. So occupied were the three, so intent upon their own employment, that a full minute passed before they understood the situation or could make anything of it; and when they did so, but one of the three could ask his wits to help him. This man was red-bearded and brown, frock-coated and faultlessly dressed. He had a diamond ring upon his finger, a cigar newly lit in his mouth. The first to espy strangers in the outer room, he surrendered to the danger at a glance and with a loud oath disappeared as he had come. The chimney-piece, swinging on its hinges, barred the road to his accomplices, who would have followed him. They hurled themselves upon the barrier impotently; strong hands had pinned them by the throat before they could take a second step.

"Jan Beckstein, by all that's holy!" cries Reuben Morris. "Break the door, Mr. Foxall! beat it in! These are only the chickens; the dog fox is yonder—behind that wall! Break it in—tear down the curtains, Mr. Romer, tear them down, for Heaven's sake!"

Reuben Morris, after all, was just as human as other men. That fine air of reserve and stealth, almost habitual to the common affairs of life, was forgotten in a moment in the thrill of this magnificent pursuit. While he stood at the outer door, with his revolver covering the two men trapped so providentially, he was no longer detective, but huntsman crying the view halloa. Subtle ways and means for the moment were unknown. Old Patrick Foxall hammering obstinately at the forbidding chimney, Romer forcing open the shutters with a giant hand, were not quick enough for his impatience. The scent was keen, but the quarry had escaped him. At a later day, recounting it, Romer declared that Reuben Morris danced a jig. Unhappily, such an exercise availed nothing. The wall of brick and iron defied old Pat's persistent bludgeon. The open shutter declared that the fox had broken cover and that the hounds were baffled. Jan Beckstein was half way to Piccadilly by this time. Romer told them so from his place by the window.

"He's fooled you all along, Mr. Morris; his cab's clear away by this time, and going like mad!"

They stared at one another blankly, and for a space no man spoke. The strangers, huddled together, as for mutual protection, knew that they were in a trap and feared the consequences. Sweat ran off Reuben Morris's face like rain. He understood what need there was of haste, but yet could question his prisoners with patience.

"Now, my men, we'll have a little talk."

They were rough fellows, plainly dressed in blue serge, and obviously engineers from the Great Southern Railway. Their peaked caps and grime-stained hands bore witness to a spell of unwelcome holiday. They had come to Charles Street at the invitation of a rogue, who, by the aid of such as these and their differences, would serve his own fortunes. Honest men until starvation overtook them, to-night they realised the fruits of their dishonesty. When they spoke, it was with humbleness and almost a pathetic appeal for mercy. Reuben Morris questioned them with the skill of a judge.

"You came here to meet Mr. Beckstein—eh?"

"We did, sir, and Mr. Mallard, his manager."

"Oh! does Mr. Mallard live next door, then?"

"We have been given to understand so, sir."

"Ah! that accounts for the road between the houses. Didn't suit him to use his own parlour sometimes, I suppose. Had his watchdog near him, eh? And what did he say to you—something nice?"

They fingered their caps, looking down abashed to avoid that keen glance.

"He wished to speak about Mr. Hatton, sir. There's to be a meeting to-night at the sheds in Kennington Lane."

"Oh! there's to be a meeting, is there? And you were to be there, I take it?"

"Yes, sir; he wanted us to go; but we refused."

"Refused?"

"Indeed, sir, yes. We do not approve of what's to be done there."

"How do you mean? Why don't you approve? Come, be plain; it will help you in the long run."

The elder man looked up and answered frankly—

"If there's any friend of Mr. Dudley Hatton's in this room, he'd better go to him at once and say: 'Keep away from Kennington Lane to-night if you value your life!'"

"What! Do they mean to murder him, then?"

The man answered bluntly—

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"I won't say that, sir; but there might be an accident."

Reuben Morris waited for no more.

"To Kennington Lane!" he cried, turning away and snatching up his hat. "There's not a moment to lose."

CHAPTER XXVI.

JUSTICE.

THE night fell dark and starless, with promise of a harvest moon and the gentle summer breezes. Upon the Great Southern Railway the beacon fires had flared up almost as soon as twilight set in, and thereafter the armies of the workers came out and ranged themselves in angry ranks, threatening and mutinous. From the terminus itself, away to Kennington and the distant suburbs, the patrols of discontent kept their anxious vigil. Gaunt faces bent over the reddening fires and swore that to-morrow should give them bread. The prudent counsels of the terrified few earned coarse oaths and the bravo's threat. All seemed to know that the end was near. All waited for the tidings of that hour momentous.

In and out of these grim companies, greatly fearing, greatly daring, went Daphne with little Beryl, hand in hand, upon their quixotic mission. They had set out to seek the man they loved, and they would not turn back until they had found him. All the terror of the scene did not affright them. The Dantesque vignettes of the darkness, the flares, the flashing lights, the confusion, the clamour could not turn them from their purpose or change it. Very close together, very silent and afraid, driven by brutal tongues, believing that Dudley's very life was at stake, they nevertheless went on heedlessly over the tangled rails and the flinty track, by deserted stations, now in a blaze of light, now in the fuller darkness, to the goal of their safety. For men had said that Dudley would be at Kennington; others, with an oath, wished that he might be there. The crisis had come, they declared; the night would decide it.

* * * * *

There were others going to Kennington, and not the least worthy among them old Patrick Foxall and Romer the giant. These, too, were appalled by that scene of mutiny and riot everywhere confronting them upon that once great railway. They had not believed it would be like this. The truth surpassed the stories even of imaginative reporters; desolation, utter and supreme, proved the fruit of those terrible weeks. At any other time, the fascination of many a grim picture would have delayed their step or won upon their interest. But Dudley's need drove them headlong. They believed that in his folly he would risk all upon one last rash throw, and facing the men in anger would pay folly with his life. They knew him so well—his pride, his courage, his indomitable will. And to save him from himself they hurried on with bent heads and raking strides, asking each other: "Is it too late?"

* * * * *

And Dudley himself? Where shall we look for him whom so many seek? Patrick Foxall once had said that it would be in such a place as a fool would think of and a wise man overlook. The event justified the prophet. For ten days exactly Dudley had been staying at the Metropole Hotel. For nine of those days he would admit that he scarcely knew how he lived or what he did. Crisis, which once stimulated, now maddened him. He believed that he had lost the power to reason calmly or to act upon those stable principles by which prosperity had come to him. Defiance usurped the place of a saner judgment which alone could cope with this surpassing ill. At war with all the world, he regarded himself as the sport of a malicious Destiny whose challenge awakened in him the combative faculty and fostered it with all the false logic of the supposititiously inevitable. What were these men to him, that he should mete out to them a human measure and not that of the sterner creed which Commerce preached? What was it to him if women wept and children cried for bread? Did these suffer as he suffered? Was their burden lighter than his? Pride, a factor of the case, would urge that the Destiny which showed no mercy asked none. This great railway had been his own creation, his very child, the pride of his eye and the glory of his hand. Should weakness destroy it, he asked, when by strength it would live? Day by day he fortified himself in his sterner resolution, and surrendered to that argument fanatical. The men must submit, they must perish—what mattered it? Charity was a thing apart; philanthropy had no place in the director's rule of life! Let the parsons see to it, he cried—the parsons, who believed in God! His own task was clear—he must save the Great Southern.

Many saner judgments pleaded with him in that week of trial; but none with a finer

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instinct for the truth than his partner, James Macalister.

"For the sake of all those ye hold dear in this world, do justice to your men," this was Macalister's daily prayer. He was convinced that justice would be done. When he went on to speak of plot and counterplot, Dudley closed his ears.

"They threaten me, James? Very well! I will remember that! Go back to the office; my mind is made up. It will be a fight to the finish—we dare not give in!"

Macalister wrung his hands and left him in despair. Dudley had read somewhere in an evening paper that the men were to meet at Kennington Lane that night and there to reaffirm their unflinching resolution. A patronising gossiper spoke of a personal danger—a tattling paragraph—and declared that Dudley was afraid. When Dudley read it, he resolved to go to Kennington without delay. Fear of man he had never known in his life. He would show them if he were afraid.

He spent the day alone in London as any wayfarer of the pavement. The morning carried him for a spell to ride in the parks and to forget the city round about him. He was at the office for one short hour and away again at noon. Clubs which he had long forgotten opened their doors to him, but gave him no welcome. He sat out one act of a pretty love play and laughed at its simplicity. Returning to his hotel, the great event befell. In a crowd of faces he beheld one face whose image he had re-created so often, to worship it in silent homage. It was the face of Daphne, passing swiftly as a vision in that hurrying throng. Dudley stopped as though a hand from the grave had touched him. He could hear his heart beating.

This was the hour for kindlier reason; and thinking it out very methodically, he walked on a little way and asked himself if it were really Daphne or another. Some good instinct assured him that he had not been mistaken. She had come to him upon this fateful day, that she might—but he dared not pursue the question further. Like a man in a profound reverie he returned to his hotel and his room. The woman he loved was in London at last! He flung himself upon a sofa and pressed cold hands to his aching head. She had come to seek him out—Daphne, at whose word he had suffered so much. A great longing for love and the friendship of love was the first-fruit of her sacrifice. Already the delirium of those days abated and began to be forgotten. He said that he was very tired. The fatigue of reaction fell heavily upon him, and turning his face to the wall, he slept. In his sleep he uttered her name aloud.

A knock at the door awoke him from this heavy slumber at eight o'clock; he knew that for the first time for many weeks he had rested in his sleep. The crisis of these harassing days passed as miraculously as it arose. He awoke like a man freed from chronic pain, with a clearer brain, a mind more active, a surer instinct for essentials. The mad strife in which he had been engaged seemed like some evil dream of yesterday. He knew that it was at an end; that never would it trouble him again. Even at the moment of waking he could remember that Daphne was in London! What else mattered now? She had come to say: "I understand"; to lead him from the past to that future of her love. And never did a man so sorely need the help, the affection of those dear to him. At any cost he would find Daphne that night. He did not doubt that she was already at the Great Southern Hotel asking for news of him; he wondered that he had delayed an instant when he saw her in the Strand. She had come to him; all was forgotten in that. When they waked him from sleep, he was willing to believe that her messenger waited, and he opened the door with a trembling hand. But the summons came from other sources—he had little patience to hear it.

"What do you want—why do you trouble me at this time?"

The man, a servant of the hotel, offered a sheepish apology, and did not confess that a guinea had brought him upon the errand. In the hall below, he said, were two of the engineers from the Kennington sheds. No other explanation was asked or given. Dudley knew that these men had come to tell him of the mass meeting to be held that night at Kennington; perhaps to re-state their ultimatum and demand an issue. That which yesterday had seemed of such transcendent importance now presented itself as something commonplace and trivial. He wondered why he had ever quarrelled with the poor devils on the railway. Was it for money? No, assuredly, for he had money enough to buy a kingdom. Was it at the bidding of ambition? Then truly the affection of his men and not their hostility must be his interest. The scales had fallen from his eyes, indeed, and a woman's hand had given him sight. He

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told himself that he was going to Daphne, and that her justice should prevail that night. She would applaud his resolution. It would be reward enough if he might say: "I love you!—beyond anything in my life, I love you!"

He called the engineers to his room and heard them out impatiently. Faithfully and with justification they pointed out that the men's terms were moderate. He admitted it with a brief word. The railway was being ruined, they put it. He granted that. There were many starving, they said. His face blanched, but he would not controvert them. To-night at Kennington those terms would be confirmed in a new resolution, they declared. Dudley said he supposed so. They asked him if he had no message for the men; they implored him, for pity's sake, to bring peace. His answer was a single line written upon a piece of notepaper. The men went sobbing from the room.

It was half-past eight then, but he would not wait for dinner; and having drunk a glass of sherry and eaten a sandwich, he put on a long, dark overcoat, and wearing a golfer's cap, and carrying a stout oak stick in his hand, he set out for the railway, because he believed that he would find Daphne there. A messenger sent to the Great Southern Hotel had already returned with tidings of the best. They had been there, those little friends of his, and finding him not, had gone to seek him where he should be found. He said that the hunted must now become the hunter. It was an ecstasy to imagine the moment of their meeting, to rehearse the words of his affection, and to believe that this night he might win all. Of his own case he did not think at all; he feared nothing from the men now. He did not know at what a price he would find the woman he loved.

There was a great crowd about the terminus when he entered it, and many evidences of that which the terrible weeks had cost the company. A very army of idle *employés* swarmed about the converging streets and passed the news boisterously. The night express to Havre, which should have left at eight o'clock, was still belated at the platform, where frenzied passengers besieged the staunch officials and asked ironically if they must walk. Confusion was everywhere, and with confusion the disorder and the doubt of riot. Steaming engines dragged odd carriages here and there, as though uncertain where to shunt them. Interminable rows of empty vehicles confessed the inactivity and the strikers' victory. Angry faces and wild eyes were the tribute of the few who remained faithful. A single express from the Continent, threading the labyrinth to its peril, was met by a storm of hisses and an answering shout of triumph. There were no porters to help the over-bold who had ventured in. You beheld the spectacle, here amusing, there grievous, of fat men who had never done a day's work in their lives, struggling with giant portmanteaus or swearing by unknown gods that they would write to the *Times*; women, strangers to the city, frankly abandoned hope and surrendered themselves to tears. A magnificent inspector, hither, thither, like the genius of the night, could conjure up no order of this dire *mêlée*. Local traffic had entirely ceased. There were but half the lamps lighted on the iron bridge which spans the Thames. The man in the signal-box had worked for twenty hours, and dragged his feet as he walked. Beyond the station, into the darkness of the night, there went little companies of strikers ready for any devil's work and abandoned to the pursuit of it. One name you heard above all others—the name of Dudley Hatton. Men took an oath that they would kill him, could they but lay hands upon him.

He walked amongst these men unseen, unrecognised, save by one or two who kept his secret. It was no new thing to him to hear men blaspheme his name, or to see them cringe at his command. Such tributes of hostility did but confirm his resolution yesterday; but to-night he was deaf to them. To the beggars he cast money freely; for the men themselves he would not refuse a certain pity. The beacon fires revealed to him a measure of the suffering and a price of that distress he had not yet realised. Wan faces and shrunken figures, savage eyes and nerveless hands met him at every turn. He saw little children at their father's side, paying in tears as children pay, but trusting still. He listened without flinching to a man who told him that his little girl was dead; though he knew the implied charge and could have answered it. He would have given the fellow money, but the man, who recognised him, flung it back with a father's oath. And it was fate, he thought, that this man should betray him to the rabble. Doggedly, persistently, the fellow pursued one whom he believed to be the author of his woes, and as he went he beckoned to others, crying: "Yonder's Dudley Hatton! Do you want to see him, mates?" The news ran on like tidings of battle. Ruffians debouched

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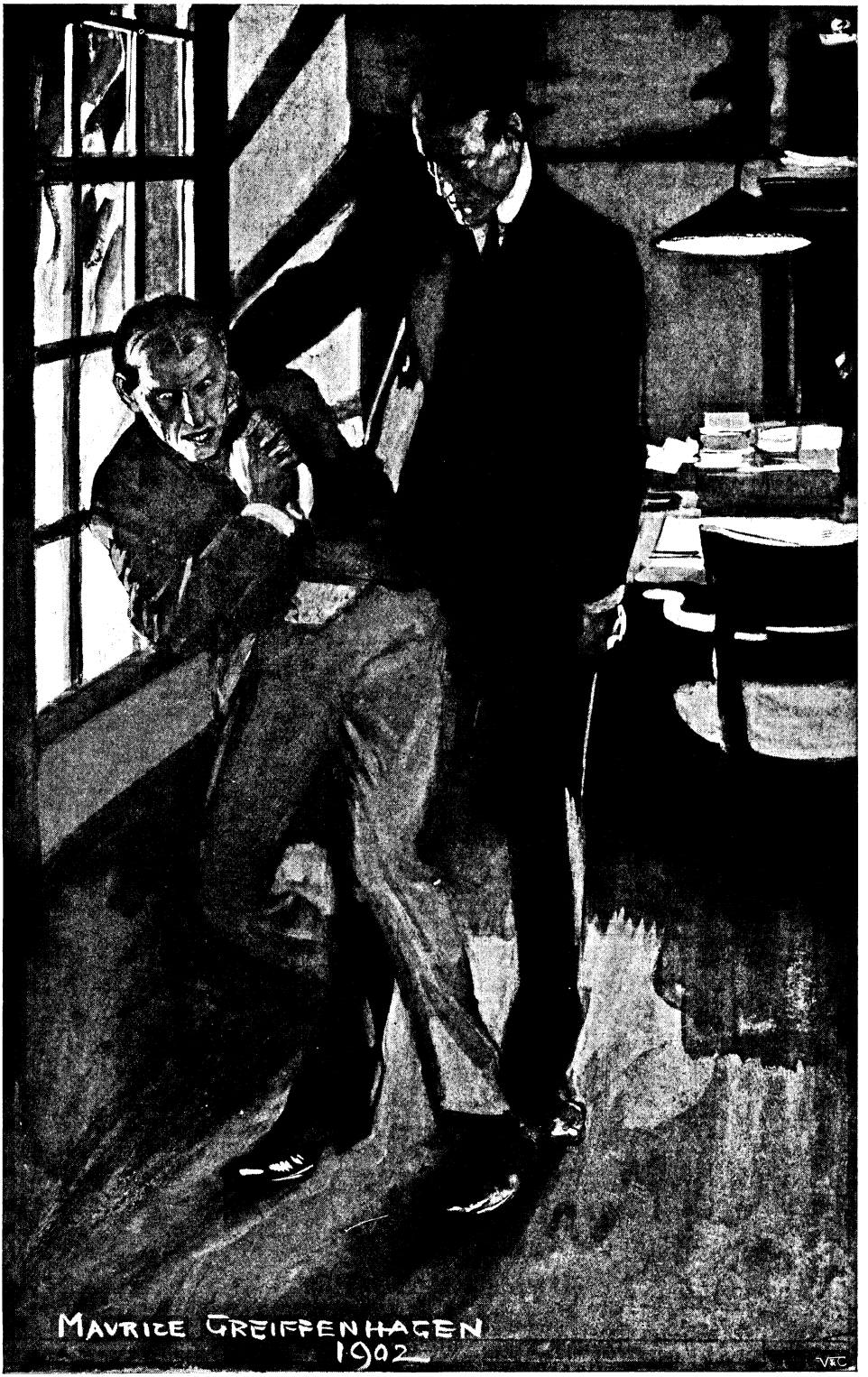

"'Sell me your secret now!'"

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from secret corners, and quitting the fires and the shelter, they, too, followed Dudley. Their purpose was unmistakable; he did not deceive himself. He knew his danger, and gripping his stick in a good hand, and trying to make light of all he heard, went on the faster. But every shed, every station, every shop and siding, contributed its quotum to the pursuit. There were a thousand men upon his heels when he sighted Kennington Lane and remembered his destination. They followed him like wolves, with stealthy foot, determinedly. From time to time a low murmur, like that of some human sea upon an unfriendly shore, rolled over this swaying, jostling crowd. It was the murmur of a troop that had found its prey. Dudley did not believe that he had five minutes to live. It was decreed, then, that he should not meet Daphne again, or, meeting her, must say: "It is too late!" So did Destiny play with him; but at least he would die unafraid.

There were many houses about the engine-sheds of the Great Southern Railway at its junction at Kennington; and in one of these, the machine-shop of the works, two thousand of the strikers were gathered when Dudley approached the place. Some idea, perchance, that he would claim the protection of this meeting and escape by the moderation of its leaders, came to the rabble as it pressed about his heels and exclaimed upon its own delay. Rallied by the possibility, when the station's lights burst upon its view, the bolder among them ran on ahead and barred the road he would have followed. No longer were the hunters silent; stealth did not serve them now. Some, grown over-bold, pressed about their man and cursed him to his face; others, from a safer place, threw granite stones until their comrades were struck and turned upon them. Always in the forefront of the throng was the man who had spoken of his child's death and charged it to Dudley's account. What vengeance he planned, that or the moment of it, he himself, probably, did not know; but, animated by a reluctant malice, he raised his hand from time to time and said: "Not yet, mates—not yet!" The minutes were to Dudley such minutes as a man may pass at the scaffold's foot; he knew not from instant to instant what hand would strike him down. The savage cries in his ears, sticks brandished, the flying stones, left him without word or sigh. He did not answer the threats, he did not turn to confront the mob. Quietly, doggedly, he pursued his road until that road was barred and hope of it impossible. And here, he thought, the end must come. The immense deserted offices, peopled in common times by the engineers of the line, were black and tenantless upon his left hand now. In the distance, to the right, he could distinguish the mighty arc-lamps giving a mellow glow to the faces of the gathered thousands who had waited for his ultimatum. There would be safety amongst those men, he reflected bitterly; but five hundred barred the passage! He read murder in their eyes: he knew not what miracle could help him.

There were the deserted offices upon his left hand, and the door of one of these was open. The police who guarded the building shrank back into the shadow of the wall when the mob came up; and Dudley could admit that they were prudent men. The temper of the mob behind him brooked no resistance from such as these! Leisurely as he went, and with an assumption of nonchalance which even won upon the admiration of the ruffian horde, his keen glance none the less was hither, thither, in that last frenzied desire of life. Whither should he turn—what hand could snatch him from these wolves around him? He answered the question for himself. With a quick, agile movement, defying in its suddenness the counter-attack, he leaped for the open door and by his very audacity parried the danger. Hoarse shouts of rage answered him. Headlong, men sought to fling themselves in his path; but his stick beat them down, his swiftness daunted them. They cried to one another to brain him; in their rage they threw their weapons after him. But the iron bars rang impotently against the open door; the gate was shut; the prey was caged.

Dudley bolted the door with ironic calmness and turned to the solitary guardian of the deserted offices. This man could make nothing of the intrusion, nor was he prepared for it. He did not recognise "the chief." He began an angry expostulation—it faltered out in a stammered apology.

"Are you alone here?" Dudley asked him.

"There's three of my mates in the shop," he blurted out, "and the sergeant's with a dozen more at the sheds, sir. We didn't look for anything like this to-night, Mr. Hatton. I really do believe they'll break the door in!"

Dudley laughed softly and began to go upstairs.

"Get word to the station if you can," he

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said quietly; "the door will hold long enough for that. I am going up to Mr. Patterson's office—perhaps higher, if there are any stones. You'll need at least a hundred men—and they ought to come quickly. I shall give you a hundred pounds if you bring them in ten minutes."

The man turned the shutter of his lantern with a snap and did not wait to hear any more. He, at any rate, was glad enough to be out of that *inferno*. The door would not stand five minutes, he said. Volleys of blows threatened to beat it down at any instant. He could hear the strikers' raucous appeals and he knew what his own life would be worth if these came in. Splendid heels carried him to the police-station; but Dudley had already reached an office upon the third floor and entered it with confidence.

He did not fear the outbreak now. Yesterday, by his own instructions, the doors of this very building had been clamped with iron and doubly barred against such an emergency as this. Did they give way, he said, the refuge of the shops was still open to him. His familiarity with the building would permit him to thread a passage which would defy the rioters. For the danger itself, now that the crisis was turned, he cared nothing. The men had their excuses. Those who now cursed might in half an hour applaud him. He was content to be the witness of these changing passions; and his first act upon entering the room had been to switch on the electric light and to go to the window. A thunderous roar of baffled rage greeted this defiance so dramatic. He beheld a writhing carpet of human figures from which arms were thrust out and faces uplifted—here of youth and vigour, there vacant faces, anon the visages of men whom the vortex of existence had caught in its eddies and cast out blind and raging. Far and wide, the trembling arc-lamps shone down upon a scene of hysterical ferocity. The hail of stones was incessant, the clamour deafening, the purpose unmistakable. They would kill the man who had denied them bread — drag him out, strike him down. Dudley marvelled at the indifference with which he heard them. The ring of light in which they stood was like a great golden circle described upon a field of intenser darkness. Beyond it, he could distinguish the wan lamps of squalid houses, and the glimmering rails, running like a silver ribbon beneath the clear light of a harvest moon. Church bells chimed the hour; the hum of the distant city was audible in that high place even above the outcry. Impossible to believe that he, who an hour ago had all the world free to him, was now the prisoner of this swaying mob which snarled and thundered its recriminations at the apparition of the window. How they threatened him! with what gestures they defied him! Their voices were like the anger of winds, now droning and gentle, anon moaning; or, upon that, dying away in noarse whispers of the blast. And it was odd that they should be echoed by other voices, the voices of those in yonder sheds where the saner of the workmen were in council. Dudley could not mistake that rolling volley of cheers which an iron roof gave back to him and the night breeze carried. His concessions to the men must be made known by this time. They were cheering because they learned that peace was the recompense of their labour. He would not begrudge them a triumph so emphatic. By and by these others, also, those who bellowed beneath his windows and demanded his life, would have the tidings and act upon them. He understood that their praise would find him as indifferent as their blame. The iron nerve which permitted him to stand immobile before that storm of groans and hisses owed little to his native courage, but much to the hope beyond it. Even in the hour of crisis he had remembered Daphne and little Beryl, and wondered if they stood in the midst of scenes so violent. He did not imagine that they were in harm's way; but the uncertainty troubled him, and he reckoned up the minutes before the police could be warned, and fell to speculating if they would come in time. Be that as it might, he resolved that he would not sleep until he had found Daphne and thanked her for coming. He knew that his gratitude was very real. Her love had been his ultimate desire, and he believed that at last he had won it.

This train of thought occupied him while he stood at the window, and he would have pursued it still further but for a sound in the room which caused him to start suddenly, like one conscious of the presence of danger, and to tell himself that he was no longer alone. Unseen, unheard, another had entered there, and, having entered, had closed the door and locked it. Dudley perceived at a glance that it was Courvoisier. How he had come there, why he had come there, he knew no more than the dead. Indeed, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes, so humble was the man's attitude, so sug-

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gestive of that habit of obedience with which long service had endowed him. Yet of the truth there could be no lasting doubt. He was Courvoisier, and he had something to say.

"Mr. Hatton, I must speak to you, if you please."

Dudley seated himself upon the corner of the bare oak table and watched the man for many minutes without uttering a single word. It was apparent at once that, whatever were Courvoisier's present circumstances, they had not robbed him of a nice taste for good clothes. The dark cut-away coat must have come from a West End tailor; he had a diamond pin in his black scarf; he wore a silk hat and suède gloves; he did not carry any stick. At the very instant of recognition Dudley looked to see if there were a pistol in his hand, but his weapon was nothing but a sheet of paper, and that was folded.

"Well, what do you want?"

The words came clear and cold, with the old habit of authority which no servant, who has once served, is able to resist. Courvoisier released the door-handle and took off his hat. He advanced, holding it by the brim in both his hands.

"I wish to speak to you, sir, if you please."

"You have told me so. I am listening."

"Thank you, sir; I'm sure you're very kind to me. This is a dreadful night, Mr. Hatton."

"Since you have helped to make it so, you ought to know. Go on!"

The valet plucked up courage and put his hat upon the table. He knew what he wanted, and was not afraid to say it.

"It is a dreadful night, sir," he repeated; "but I think I could make it better. There's a road out of this shop, Mr. Hatton, and my friends have got the key. I should be very glad to think that you took it."

"Ah! money, I perceive! You want money, Courvoisier?"

"Frankly, sir, it is that! I want ten thousand pounds, for which I will sell you this paper."

He laid upon the table a thumbed and dirty cheque. It was the identical cheque which Dudley had given to the doctor on the day following his wife's death. The valet laid it down as though it had been a precious document, but Dudley did not even lift it from the table.

"Do you know, my man," said he, "how very big a rascal you are?"

Courvoisier looked at the crown of his hat, as though he read a name there.

"That's as people find me. I am dealing fairly with you to-night. Frankly, sir, my new employer, Mr. Beckstein, doesn't suit. I'm back to the old one, and what I offer him is worth the money—that, and something else which goes with it!"

"Oh! there is something else, then?"

The man drew a step nearer, and almost whispered in Dudley's ear.

"Yes," he said, "there's something else, sir; it is about Lady Hermione!"

"Ah! about my wife!"

"Yes, sir, about the night she died."

He watched, as with an animal's eyes, the expression upon his master's face when the mask was at length cast aside and the bald truth revealed. Dudley knew in that instant why he had come and what his secret was. He could admit to himself that he would pay ten times the money to lift the shadow which had closed about his life. But to Courvoisier, the blackmailer, he would not pay a halfpenny.

"No," he said, at last, "I am not a buyer, Courvoisier. Take your goods elsewhere."

"Ah! to my friends below, sir?"

"To your friends below—yes, if you have the chance."

He stepped back from the table and pointed with his finger to a glare of crimson light which rolled itself out upon the walls of the opposite houses like some golden curtain drawn upward from the ground. Side by side, master and man beheld this dreadful omen and read it truly.

The mob, driven to the last point of madness, had fired the building. Already the flames raged in the sheds and offices below. Volumes of dense smoke rolled away over the deserted track and the squalid houses. Serpentine tongues of flame licked up the ancient woodwork and the flimsy walls. A mighty roar, the cataract of fire, silenced even those who had done the work and held them awestruck. Sobered men cried for aid. Women ran from the scene shrieking. Hoarse voices cried: "Save the master!"

The valet was the first to speak in this moment of surpassing peril. He had still wits enough to snatch his paper from the table and to play one desperate stroke for liberty; but Dudley was before him in the act, and his hands were about his throat ere he could take a second step.

"No—by Heaven!" said that pitiless voice, "we'll see it out together—you and I, Courvoisier!"

He gripped the man in both his hands with that almost superhuman strength which

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desperation gave him. Foot by foot and inch by inch he dragged him to the window and forced him to look upon his handiwork. No woman could have raved as this wretched creature in that moment of retribution and of agony. His cries, men said, were like the wailing of the damned. To and fro, terror in his eyes, the sweat upon his face, now half choked, now screaming like some stricken animal, he wrestled vainly with that terrible hand. But Dudley had him surely. He dragged him to the window, he pressed his face against the misted pane.

"Sell me your secret now—sell it me!" was the defiant cry.

Courvoisier fell back, half fainting, to the floor. He raved no longer. The fear of death, and such a death, drove the words from him one by one. Old beliefs, old superstitions, played upon a mind distraught. There, in the hour of judgment, he spoke as to a priest.

"Let me go—hear me, for Heaven's sake! You were not guilty—I killed her—she threatened me—she found me at the door listening—I put my hand upon her throat to silence her; she died before I could get help—I did not wish to kill her!"

His voice failed him and he fell a huddled mass upon the boards. Dudley stood like one transfigured. He did not touch the man again. He could not utter a word. It was as though a great light shone out to him suddenly from a distant heaven. He was not guilty! he was not guilty!

"Go!" he said at last, "go! Hide your face from me!"

The man staggered to his feet, sobbing like a child. Dumb with fear, he turned to the door he had locked and opened it violently; but a vomit of smoke and flame, leaping with the draught, drove him shrieking to the window. None heard him; none heeded him. Dudley forgot almost that he was there. Those devils of an hour ago—ah! they did not curse the master's name now! Wild cries echoed above the surges of the flame, resounding cheers were to be heard, the pity and the prayers of those who would have saved him. Dudley could not see the fire, but volumes of golden smoke, blown northward upon a breeze of the night, this and the crash of bursting floors and tumbling beams proclaimed the holocaust and declared its advance. He was astonished at his own calmness and the patience with which he surveyed the efforts of those who would have saved him. He would not claim the merit of it; he did not fail to understand it. In truth it was another's courage, the courage of her who, white and wild with fear, looked up at him in mute farewell from that human sea below. Aye, he could send a message to Daphne now! She would understand. She would understand and know why he had died.

A hundred hands dragged a ladder from a neighbouring yard and reared it against the wall of the doomed building. Many were ready to mount the ladder; but one man, ever active in the crowd and a leader, thrust others aside and went up with a seaman's foot. A tempest of cheers bore witness to the heroic act. The storm ebbed and died away, changing anon to a shuddering cry which declared that the ladder was too short. "He cannot reach the window," men said; "the master dies!" Ah! they did no justice to the unknown. No difficulty defied him; no danger appalled. Like some acrobat sent for the salvation of the doomed, he sets about his work, now balancing himself upon nimble feet, now poised upon the ladder's topmost rung, anon gripping the window-sill with tenacious fingers. He will! He will not! He is over! He is down! Five thousand at last tell you as one that he has gained the window and the room. The crowd sees all things as upon some lurid stage far above in the crimson light. There are figures at the window; men wrestling with men; shadows upon the curtain of the smoke; a wild creature climbing out when others would hold him back, and feeling for the ladder with uncertain feet. God help the man, they say, for he has missed his hold and fallen headlong! Bent over the huddled body, men tell you it is not the master, but the servant. For the second time a man is helped to the ladder; a rope is about his waist; he does not hurry, he measures every step. The sailor at the window cries: "Be careful, sir, be careful!" And Dudley answers: "Thank you, Mr. Garth; I think I can manage it!"

* * * * *

The crowd, released as from some spell, proclaimed with five thousand throats that he was safe. He lay senseless at the ladder's foot, and a woman wept upon his heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEYOND THE VALLEY.

THE steam-yacht *Diadem* lay out in the Solent, cradled upon a glassy sea. It was the last day of the month of October, and

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the blue-peter at the masthead spoke of a journey to the South and a winter shore. On the hither water the yacht's launch, ploughing gallantly towards Portsmouth and the harbour, carried our old friends Patrick Foxall and Romer Hatton upon a trivial errand. Dudley himself, drawing little Daphne to his side, watched them go and hazarded the opinion that they were a pretty pair.

"There's not a truer man afloat than old Pat this day," said he with much affection. "We'll never forget what we owe to him, little Daph; we couldn't do that if we tried."

She laid her cheek upon his arm and answered as he wished—

"They were your friends, dearest—how could I forget them?"

"Old Pat will come to shoot with us if we're back in December," he continued presently. "I've written to the agent to-day to say I must have Wolcott Hall if money can buy it. You'll like Derbyshire, Daph; you'll like the hunting and the people, and the house itself—it's just one of those great boxes which ought to have the ghosts of half-a-dozen kings in them. After all, a man does best to make his home in his own country. The other thing is mere affectation or—gout. I shall live in England and teach Romer that two and two make five in Drapers' Gardens. He'll have the business—let's trust it will keep him in collars."

Daphne laughed brightly; and the launch having entered the harbour by this time, they began to walk up and down the deck together and to speak further of their plans. In the saloon below, Beryl Garth played "Iolanthe" with her own variations. The sea was like a silver mirror; a blue sky gave an immense heaven; the autumnal breeze was still the child of summer. Dudley did not dare to think of that which to-morrow must mean. The seamen below were trying on their new "kits" for the wedding. From hour to hour boats were rowed out from Portsmouth, each bearing a new gift from those who had heard the rumour. To Dudley it seemed that an immense gulf lay between him and the terrible months. He never spoke of them—unless it were to say that through them he had won happiness.

"Yes," he went on reflectively, "the gold wolf is killed, Daph, and we have buried him together. I shall not give up my business—but all that was ignoble in it will go. You'll help me to do that, Daph; and we'll work together——"

"Always, dear Dudley, I will try to help you always."

His hand closed upon hers in a gesture of gratitude, and he said—

"There's so much a fortune like mine could do. I've been thinking of it these last few weeks, Daph—illness is a fine philosopher. When you're down on your luck, doing nothing, you begin to see things as they really are."

She looked up at him mischievously—

"I was there every day, Dudley."

He kissed her to silence and would be heard seriously.

"Of course you were, Daph. God knows what would have happened to me if you had stopped away. But that's not the point. I mean to say that a rich man who does not use his opportunities, who does not make opportunities, work and strive as in his own business for the greater business of humanity, is little short of a scoundrel. That's going to be my market, now, Daph. I want to see the poor man's scrip go up. I want to see a rise in the children's securities. There's where you can help me—there's where a clever woman comes in."

"But I'm not a clever woman, dear Dudley; I'm just a very ordinary mortal who used to think a lot of romantic rubbish, and doesn't think of it any more, because somebody's taught me what reality is. But, of course, I mean to try. Even the common mortal may do that."

"We'll work together, Daph. We shall find plenty of time. It's not going to hang upon our hands, anyway."

"It couldn't, dear Dudley—not while you hold them so."

He caught her mood, and caring nothing that the ships should be his witness, he kissed her forehead and said that to-morrow she would be his wife.

"To-morrow, little Daph! Say that you won't run away to-night."

"The world's not big enough for that, dear. You'd find me wherever I was."

"Yes, yes; wherever you were. You believe it now, Daph?"

"And bring me home again."

"And say, 'Thank God for little Daph!'"

The sun shone down upon them, the placid sea droned its summer song; they were alone upon the deck. The evil of the darker days was forgotten, and, heart to heart, they said "To-morrow!"

* * * * *

Now, while these things were happening upon the deck of the yacht, old Pat Foxall

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"The sun shone down upon them; they were alone upon the deck."

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made straight for the best hotel in Portsmouth town, and as he went, he asked Romer what Dudley meant to do for Rhoderick Garth.

"He owes his life to that same honest body, and is not the man to reward him with the half of a threepenny bit. 'Twill be a difficult business, for there's the little girl to look after."

Romer did not see it in this light.

"He's going to make him land agent, or something, at Wolcott Hall, if he gets the place. It was just like Dudley to employ him on the railway and say nothing about it. Of course, there was that nasty affair down in Cornwall, but Dudley thinks he can square it at Whitehall. We shall keep Beryl, though they must not be altogether separated. We are under some obligations in the matter."

Old Pat, cocking an eye maliciously, said: "Obligation, indeed! Ye regard yerself as a father to that same young lady now?"

"In a measure, yes, Pat."

"In a measure!"

It amused old Pat very much.

"Bow-wow!" said he.

THE END.

"THE SWEET O' THE YEAR."
From a water colour by R. Anning Bell.

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A "WINDSOR" FOREWORD.

Last year, for the first Christmastide of the reign of our SEVENTH King Edward, THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE, by a happy coincidence, issued its SEVENTH Double Christmas Number. Each of these seven splendid issues has, in turn, eclipsed not only its own forerunners, but also its most formidable rivals. A striking method of criticism was applied to these previous numbers by a leading daily paper. It showed, by illustrative diagrams, how the WINDSOR gave

Bigger Value in both Literary Matter and Pictorial Art than any of its Rivals.

The EIGHTH of these wonderful numbers will leave even its seven predecessors far behind in sheer value and attractiveness. Some preliminary idea of the magnitude of the undertaking may be gained from the announcement that the forthcoming

Superb Double Christmas Number

and the New Volume which it inaugurates will include Contributions from the following famous Novelists :—

Rudyard Kipling.
Max Pemberton.
S. Baring-Gould.
Egerton Castle.
Beatrice Harraden.
Robert Barr.
Guy Boothby.
E. Nesbit.
Marie Corelli.
H. Rider Haggard.
"Q."
Fred M. White.
E. F. Benson.
Max Adeler.
Barry Pain.
Ethel Turner.
S. R. Crockett.
E. P. Oppenheim.
Richard Marsh.
Thomas Cobb.
Hamilton Drummond.
Ian Maclaren.
Mrs. C. N. Williamson.
W. Pett Ridge.

An important feature of this wonderful Double Number, and one that will carry its reputation far into the coming year, will be the opening instalments of Two

Powerful New Serial Stories

by two of the

MOST FAMOUS OF LIVING NOVELISTS.

In all this splendid abundance of fiction by THE GREAT NOVELISTS, however, the world of fact will not be forgotten, for it is intended that the special articles shall prove, even more completely than hitherto, the most varied, the most entertaining, and the most instructive that enterprise and expenditure can command. Among the Contributors to this department will be :—

The Duke of Argyll.
Sir Henry Irving.
Winston Churchill, M.P.
Sir Edwin Arnold.
Ernest E. Williams.
Andrew Lang.
The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P.
Spencer Leigh Hughes.

This triumph in magazine literature will take the form of a Double Number, printed for the most part on a special art paper, in the interests of the distinguished artists whose services have been laid under tribute for the purpose of establishing a new record in the illustrating of contemporary magazine literature. Here are the names of a few. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but in this case they may be not entirely uninstructive.

Maurice Greiffenhagen.
Fred Pegram.
T. Walter Wilson.
G. Montbard.
A. Forestier.
F. H. Townsend.
G. H. Jalland.
Gunning King.
S. E. Waller.
Wal Paget.
Harold Copping.
Oscar Wilson.
Stanley L. Wood.
Abbey Altson.
Will Owen.
"Rip."

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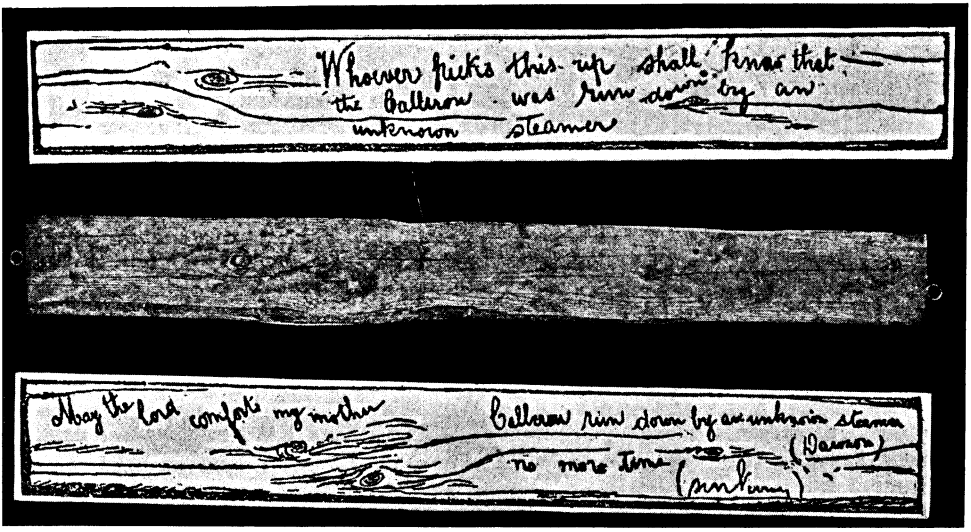
REMARKABLE MESSAGES.

By H. J. Holmes.

On the 30th November, 1891, the barque *Callerou*, Captain Souter, left Hull bound for Port Elizabeth. A North Sea pilot was on board. He never returned.

About two months after the barque had left the Humber, word was received at Hull, from a little place called Westerland, to the effect that a bucket marked *Callerou* was washed ashore on the Rantum strand.



THE ONLY MESSAGE THAT EXPLAINED THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SHIP "CALLEROU."

Written by the boy Dawson, an apprentice. The central photograph is that of the original piece of wood bearing the written words traced on the upper and lower sides.

On the 21st April, 1892, the *Callerou* was posted at Lloyd's "Missing." The loss of the ill-fated barque became one of the terrible secrets of the sea. Captain, officers, and crew were seen no more. Widows and orphans mourned for husbands and fathers. And no one knew how these men had passed out of existence. Not until nine months afterwards was the mystery unsealed.

When the barque sailed for Port Elizabeth there was on board a young apprentice named George Dawson, making his first voyage. A scholar at Trinity House Navigation School, Hull, he had eagerly seized the opportunity that presented itself to secure a berth, for although his age was but fourteen and a half, he had been anxious to make a start in life for the sake of his mother, whom he had persuaded to let him go, much against her will. It was this child who was destined to be the means of parting the veil of mystery surrounding the loss of the *Callerou*.

Early in January, 1893, somebody picked up, on the shore at Kilnsea, near Hull, a slip of wood about three feet long and a few inches wide. On one side of the board was written, in pencil, the following remarkable message: "Whoever picks this up shall know that the *Callerou* was run down by an unknown steamer."

On the reverse side was scribbled, in the same schoolboy hand, a few touching words, which showed that in such a terrible moment the writer's thoughts had flown homewards: "May the Lord comfort my mother!" And at the opposite corner the last words of all: "*Callerou* run down by an unknown steamer (Dawson); no more time (sinking)."

A copy of the message having been for-

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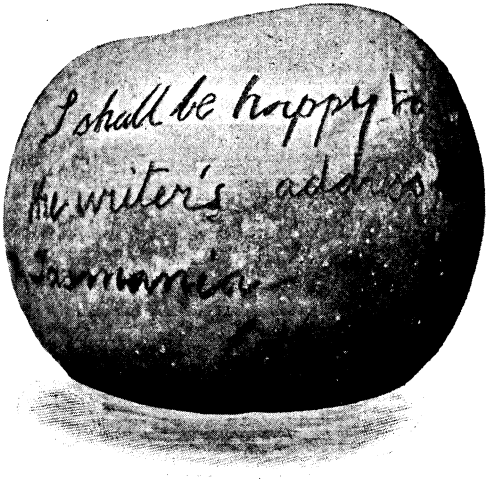
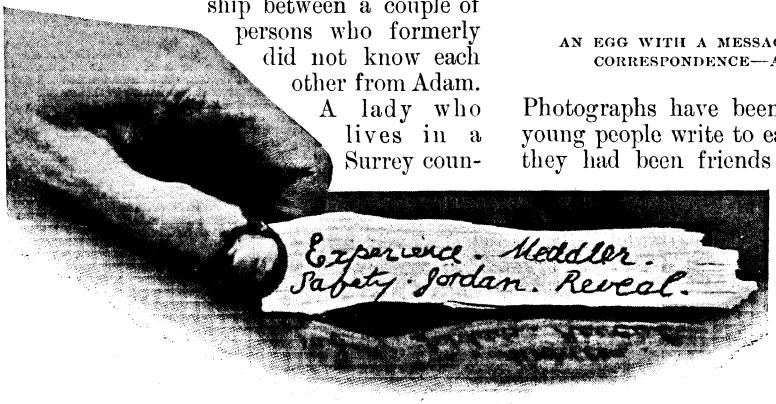
warded to the Receiver of Wrecks at Hull, the news soon reached Mrs. Dawson. The poor lady lost no time in travelling to Kilnsea, and there she saw for herself her son's last message, having no difficulty in



AN APPLE CONTAINING A MESSAGE FROM TASMANIA.
This reached the hands of a lady whose daughter became a regular correspondent of the sender.

recognising the handwriting. The piece of thin board with its sad message is still tenderly preserved. I am able to reproduce a photograph of it, together with a correct tracing of the words it bears.

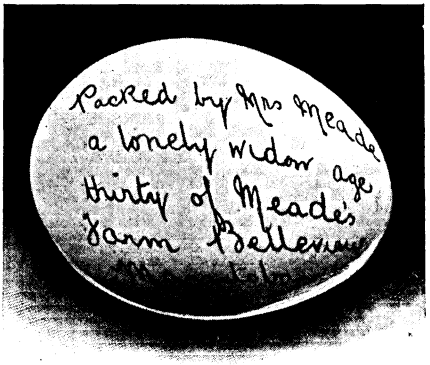
A rosy Tasmanian apple was some twelve months ago the means of forming a friendship between a couple of persons who formerly did not know each other from Adam. A lady who lives in a Surrey country town was surprised, on opening a parcel of apples purchased from the local grocer, to find a message written on one of them. It ran thus: "I shall be happy to correspond with an Englishwoman; young preferred. The writer's address is——" and here followed the necessary particulars.



A CIPHER MESSAGE SENT ON A CHIP OF WOOD BY A BRITISH OFFICER DURING THE NATAL CAMPAIGN.

Amused by the extraordinary method adopted by the sender to obtain a correspondent, Mrs. R—— replied, stating that she had received the apple containing the message, and was curious enough to seek further knowledge concerning it. In due course a reply came, and it turned out that the writer of the message on the apple was a young girl—the only child, motherless, of the Colonial-born proprietor of the fruit farm whence the apple came—who desired to correspond regularly with someone in England, with a view to the interchange of ideas and for friendship's sake, she being very lonely in her surroundings.

In the result, Mrs. R——'s daughter became interested in the distant stranger, and now a mail is never missed at either end.



AN EGG WITH A MESSAGE WHICH LED TO A CORRESPONDENCE—AND A WEDDING.

Photographs have been exchanged, and the young people write to each other as though they had been friends for years!

An egg, which could not even boast of superlative freshness — being, in fact, imported from afar—played a most important part in the development of a romance worth chronicling. It was the fate of Edward Dwight, a rather well-to-do Liverpudlian warehouseman, to include in his weekly supplies a dozen of the best Canadian eggs. Now, one of twelve was as like the others, so far as family resemblance was concerned, as could

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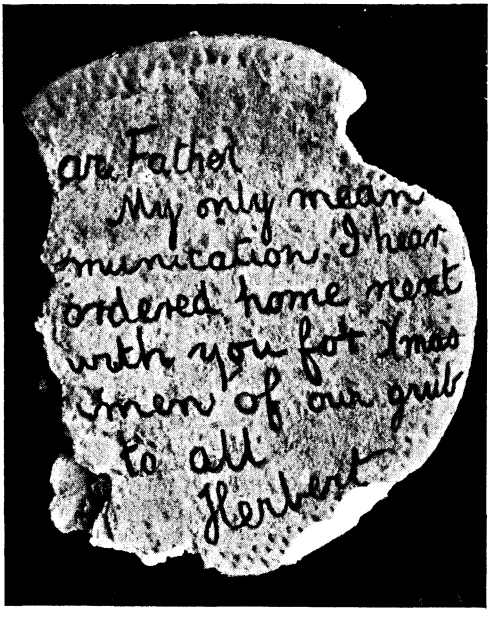
possibly be, but its "pickled" shell was adorned with a few words in pencil, and these words Mr. Dwight felt were meant by a kindly Providence entirely and altogether for his perusal. The fateful message read :



A LETTER WRITTEN ON A BISCUIT RECEIVED FROM A YOUNG SOLDIER IN SOUTH AFRICA BY HIS FATHER IN ENGLAND.

"Packed by Mrs. Meade, a lonely widow, age thirty, of Meade's Farm, Belleview, Manitoba."

It happened that Mr. Dwight was a widower, his age was forty-two, and he was decidedly lonely, being without kith or kin. He decided to try his luck with the lonely widow. He wrote to her, told her the story of the message having reached him, sent her his photograph, described his own loneliness in a big city, and hinted that they might neither of them continue pining for companionship if they once met, continuing his epistle in a somewhat excusably egotistical strain, and giving references to several responsible persons who knew his character.

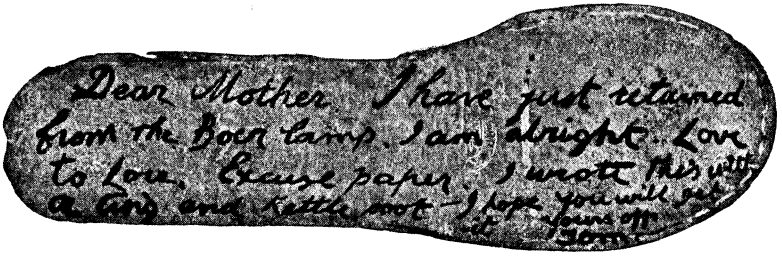
In less than three weeks he received a cable—"short and sweet," as he remarked. It merely said : "Come out." He went out. The lonely ones met—and they are lonely no longer. So much for an imported egg !

The late South African war was responsible for at least four rather remarkable messages, which the art of photography allows me to present to the readers of the WINDSOR.

A man of resource who wished to send some very valuable information to his chief during operations in the Natal campaign improvised an important means of message. His messenger was ready and willing to convey it, but the officer was minus a note-book, or, in fact, anything in the shape of paper, nor had he time to procure these necessaries.

What did he do ? Grasping the situation, and a piece of driftwood, with his penknife he cut a slip of the latter, and on its surface wrote the precious message in cipher. The scout carried it safely to its destination. The chip of wood was preserved by its recipient as a specimen of a clever officer's resource, and it duly found its way to England, and finally back to its sender, who preserves it as a curiosity.

There is a touch of grim humour displayed in the means adopted by a young non-commissioned officer at the front to communicate with his father—a clergyman—in England. Finding himself without the ordinary wherewithal to write a letter, the brilliant idea struck him of utilising one of the regulation biscuits in lieu of note-paper ! Knowing the staying powers and toughness of that dainty morsel of official food, he did not doubt for a moment that it would be quite capable of "standing the racket" of the Field Force postal arrangements. The letter was written and, through the kindness of a comrade, found its way in due course to the field post-office. More than that, it was actually franked, and passed into the mail-bag like an ordinary letter.



A LETTER WRITTEN ON THE SOLE OF A BOOT BY A PRIVATE IN SOUTH AFRICA TO HIS MOTHER.

Stranger still, it was safely delivered to the writer's father, a little the worse for wear, it is true. But most of the words that the

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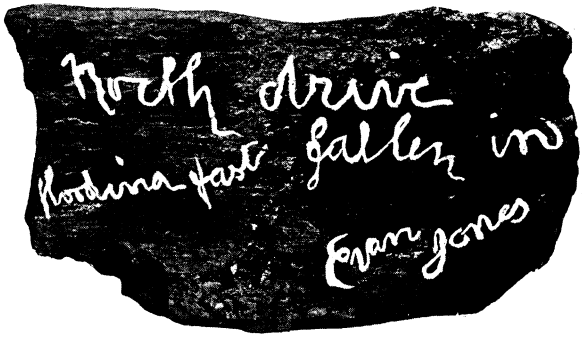
hardy remnant bore were readable, and perhaps the reader will be able to judge for himself by a close examination of the photo-

REVOLVER-CASE FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SPION KOP.

graph, which shows the biscuit exactly as it was received.

Quite as extraordinary a means of communication with home was that conceived by a private in the Northumberland Fusiliers, who had been captured by the Boers, and on his release wanted to let his relatives in Dublin know as early as possible.

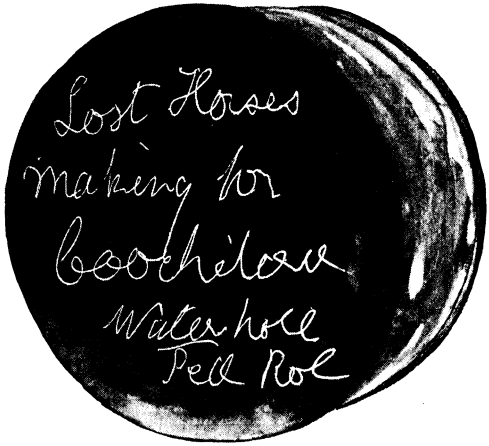
In the poor fellow's weary tramp into camp, the sole of one of his shoes—given him, by the way, in lieu of his own by the Boer who "stripped" him—was almost worn off, only hanging on to the uppers by a few stitches or nails. With the humour of his race—he is an Irishman—he calmly pulled off the shoe-sole and proceeded to indite his letter. The words were scratched in the leather with a nail, and afterwards filled in with kettle-soot by the aid of a twig! With the exception of filling in the somewhat hazy scratches with Indian ink



MESSAGE WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF COAL BY THE ENTOMBED MINER EVAN JONES.

for photographic purposes, I present the unique form of letter as it was delivered on its arrival in Dublin to the soldier's mother.

The last of the remarkable messages coming under my notice from the seat of war is a very sad one. Sadder still, that message has not reached those for whom it was intended. The photograph is that of a revolver-case picked up on the battlefield of Spion Kop. It is not of the usual regulation pattern, yet it is quite possible that it belonged to a British soldier who wished to send a last message to his friends. The words, "Good-bye to all," scribbled on the flap, are plain enough, but the signature below is almost illegible. The first word may be "George," the second is unfinished, beginning "Go," but



PANNIKIN FOUND BESIDE THE SKELETON OF A TRAVELLER IN THE WILDS OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

the "G" in this is different from that in "George"—if that is really the word. This sad relic was sold a few weeks ago at a London saleroom for a few shillings.

In a home in South Wales there is treasured a square block of coal, bearing the words in chalk—somewhat dulled from a fifteen years' existence, although under a glass shade—"North drive fallen in. Flooding fast. Evan Jones." It is the last message from a miner entombed in one of those disasters all too frequent in Welsh collieries. When the mine had been pumped dry and the bodies recovered, a diligent searcher found the square of smooth-faced coal on a ledge above the level of the inflow.

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Mr. B. Hyde, of Beckenham, an Australian traveller and explorer of some distinction, has in his possession a relic of the struggle that in former days was the lot of the many who wished to cover distances on the great island continent. The relic is a simple pannikin with a clumsy wire handle. It bears an interesting sidelight of life as it once was "down under." Only an old story. A journey over a barren country with scarcely more than instinct as a guide. Water runs short. A weary search for a water-hole. Horses lost. Then despair and death.

The pannikin was found twenty-four years ago in a vast stretch of Australian bush. It lay, with a few odds and ends, beside the bleaching bones of some poor fellow—a gold prospector, maybe—whose story was deeply scratched on the bottom of the tin vessel. The message reads :—

"Lost horses. Making for
Coochiloo water-hole.
Ted Roe."

Only a pioneer such as Mr. Hyde can adequately understand and realise the woe expressed in those few words.

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IMPROVING THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE:

THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL RECREATION SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.

By Hugh B. Philpott.

ARE we an athletic people? We have long prided ourselves on being so, and have told each other again and again that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields at Eton, and that most of our national achievements before and since are in large measure the result of our fondness for manly sports and games. Let us no longer deceive ourselves. We are rapidly becoming a nation of dwellers in cities, and only a small minority of us have the opportunity, even if we have the energy, for indulgence in athletic sports. But do we not go in our thousands to a boat race, a cricket match, or a football match? In truth we do. But a more ridiculous fallacy was never uttered or believed than that the assembly of 50,000 people to admire the athletic prowess of twenty-two is evidence of a widespread passion for cultivating the *mens sana in corpore sano*. The great majority of the crowd at a football match never themselves indulge in any form of physical recreation—unless they feel moved to assault the referee—and physical vigour is not to be cultivated vicariously. A society for increasing the crowds at football matches would be an absurdity, or worse; but a society which should set the spectators playing football themselves—not for fame or gate-money, but for love of manly sport and friendly contest—would deserve well of the nation.

THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL RECREATION SOCIETY'S TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS CHALLENGE SHIELD.

That city life tends to physical degeneracy is a fact that is now almost universally recognised. There is, therefore, at the present time more need than ever to encourage and strengthen everything which counteracts this tendency. No nation can afford to regard the physical vigour of its citizens as a matter of indifference. Not only in a primitive state of society, when the tribe or nation depends for its power, even for its existence, upon its warlike prowess, but also in a more complex society, when brain counts for more than muscle, and a special class are paid to do the fighting for all the rest, it remains true that the strength of the citizens is the strength of the State. For lowered vitality means less mental energy and less moral force; bodily weakness and ill health predispose to indolence, self-indulgence, and thriftlessness. In the arts of peace no less than in those of war it is the strong race that excels; and it is not only from a military point of view that certain recent recruiting experiences, which seem to point to a deterioration in the

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national physique, afford food for reflection. Their seriousness would be hardly less if the return of our troops from South Africa should inaugurate the reign of universal peace.

If this be true, the work that has been carried on in our midst for the past sixteen years by the National Physical Recreation Society may claim to be in the truest sense philanthropic and patriotic. Taking for its motto the words *Civium vires civitatis vis*, the Society has sought, in quiet and unobtrusive ways and without attracting much public attention, to increase the strength of the State by promoting the physical vigour of the citizens.

It was the contemplation of the Liverpool "hooligan" and his ways (the name had not then been evolved, but the social phenomenon it connotes had long been familiar) by a few gentlemen of benevolent disposition and athletic proclivities that led to the starting of the N.P.R.S. The actual founder of the Society was Mr. A. Alexander, a well-known teacher of gymnastics. That gentleman conceived the idea that much good might be done if the superabundant energies of the roughs and loafers, who were making themselves a nuisance and a public danger in the streets of Liverpool, could be directed into the channel of physical recreation. Accordingly he organised voluntary classes for men and boys in the poorest and roughest parts of the city. It was uphill work at first, and it will readily be believed that it required no small degree of courage to tackle these gangs of undisciplined roughs. The workers, however, soon learned the best ways of dealing with the men, who, as soon as they were convinced that their instructors had no sinister objects, took kindly to the idea and in many ways showed their appreciation of the efforts made on their behalf. The neighbouring shopkeepers, feeling that they were being relieved of an element of mischief, gladly supplied the necessary funds, and the classes increased in numbers and popularity.

The movement was a success, but it lacked organisation and the element of emulation afforded by the awarding of prizes. Inquiries had begun to be made from other towns, and it was evident that information on the subject and facilities for carrying on similar work would be widely welcomed. Accordingly Mr. Alexander determined to establish on a

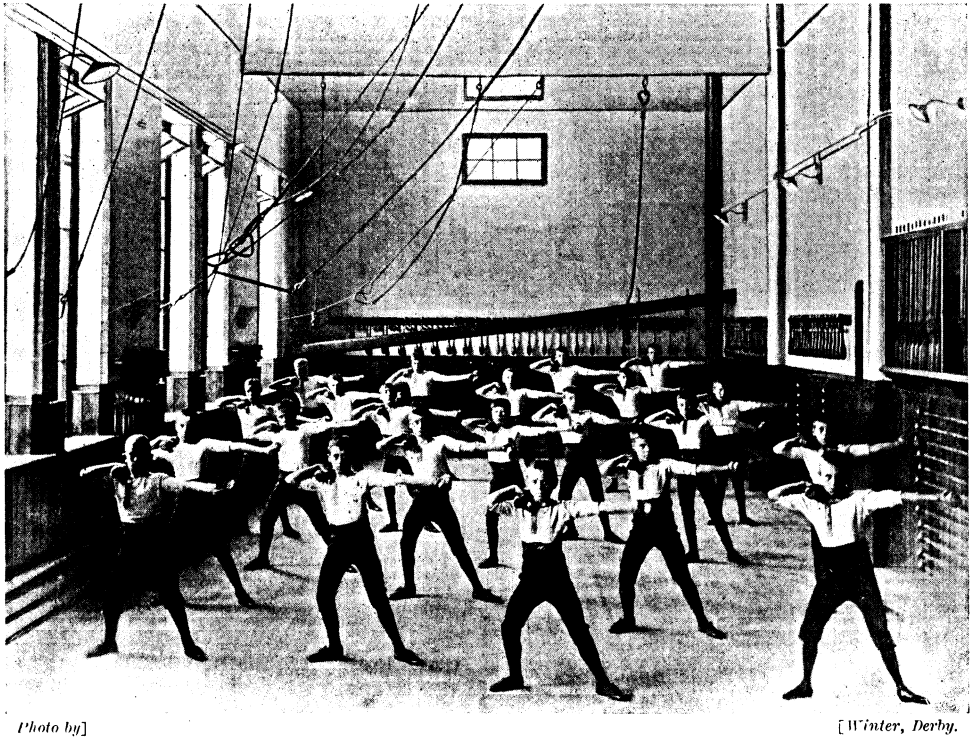

Photo by] [*Winter, Derby.*

PHYSICAL EXERCISES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, FRIAR GATE, DERBY.
Winners of the N.P.R.S. Challenge Shield.

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PHYSICAL EXERCISE IN A WORKING GIRLS' CLUBROOM.

These girls have three times won the N.P.R.S. Challenge Shield for Working Girls.

national basis a society for the development and systematisation of this voluntary work. Several public men who were consulted regarded the project very favourably; Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., in particular, took it up very warmly, and rendered invaluable help in establishing the organisation on a sound basis and commending it to the sympathy of the public. A meeting was held in London in April, 1886; Mr. Herbert Gladstone was in the chair, and Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Kinnaird (then the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird), and other well-known men were among the speakers. The Society was formally established, with Mr. Gladstone as president, a position he still holds, and Mr. Alexander as the first hon. secretary. The objects of the Society were, and still are, to encourage a taste for physical recreation, and provide opportunities for it, especially among the working classes; to promote the physical development of the people generally; and to encourage legislation in the direction of providing systematic physical education and recreation.

The methods of the Society in pursuit of these objects are eminently sane and reasonable. It works chiefly through the established gymnasia, and this for two reasons: It is in the gymnasia that scientific physical training—the systematic development of all the bodily powers—as distinct from mere games, is chiefly carried on; and it is the gymnasia which form the readiest means of getting into touch with the athletic enthusiasm in our midst and enlisting it in the public service.

The affiliated gymnasia have the privilege of competing for the Society's splendid challenge shield, which is the highest distinction obtainable in the amateur gymnastic world. Last year twelve teams entered for the competition, and after a keen struggle the Aberdeen Gymnastic and Rowing Club succeeded in carrying off the coveted trophy. These contests are so arranged that each of the eight members of the successful team must prove himself a good jumper, a good rope climber, and a thoroughly expert performer on the horizontal bar, and also take part in some "mass" drill; in other words, he must display agility, strength, and skill, and a capacity for disciplined co-operation. The possession of the shield, therefore, is a testimony to the all-round excellence of all the members of the team rather than to the exceptional prowess of one or two individuals. And this is characteristic of all the Society's work; its concern is not to produce a few who will break "records" and perform

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astonishing feats, but to raise the general level of the physical efficiency of its members.

The shield is a fine example of silversmith's work and is valued at 200 guineas. It is held, of course, for a year only; but each of the eight members, their instructor and their pianist, receives in addition a personal souvenir in the form of a gold medal or a miniature ebony and gold dumbbell. Besides the great International competition, district competitions are held for shields of less value, and also competitions among certain special sections of the Society's *clientèle*, as, for instance, working girls and deaf and dumb children.

But it is the special distinction and glory of the N.P.R.S. that its members give as well as receive. Each affiliated gymnasium is expected to send voluntary instructors to classes too poor to pay for professional instruction. Some hundreds of voluntary teachers, men and women, have been enlisted in this good work, and are engaged during the winter months in the principal crowded centres of the United Kingdom, instructing working men and lads, factory girls and others who, without such help, would have no opportunities of experiencing the exhilarating, health-giving effect of physical recreation conducted on sound principles. Since the inception of the Society in 1886 more than 600,000 people have thus received free instruction; and in some cases the Society has provided the means for the fitting up of gymnasia, but want of funds has prevented very much being done in this direction.

One of the pleasant features of the Society's work is that it tends to expand on the snowball principle, those who have benefited from its teaching becoming in turn missionaries of physical culture themselves. There are several firmly established gymnasia, employing professional instructors and taking their fair share in the benevolent work of the N.P.R.S., which had their origin in a small class taught by one of the Society's voluntary teachers; and there are classes still receiving instruction from an N.P.R.S. teacher which send out some of the most proficient of their members to teach other classes.

The St. Winifred's Working Girls' Club, Saffron Hill, is one which thus passes on to others the benefits it is receiving. This club affords an excellent example of the admirable work done by the Society in the interests of working girls. It has the benefit of the services as honorary instructor of Mr. Eugene

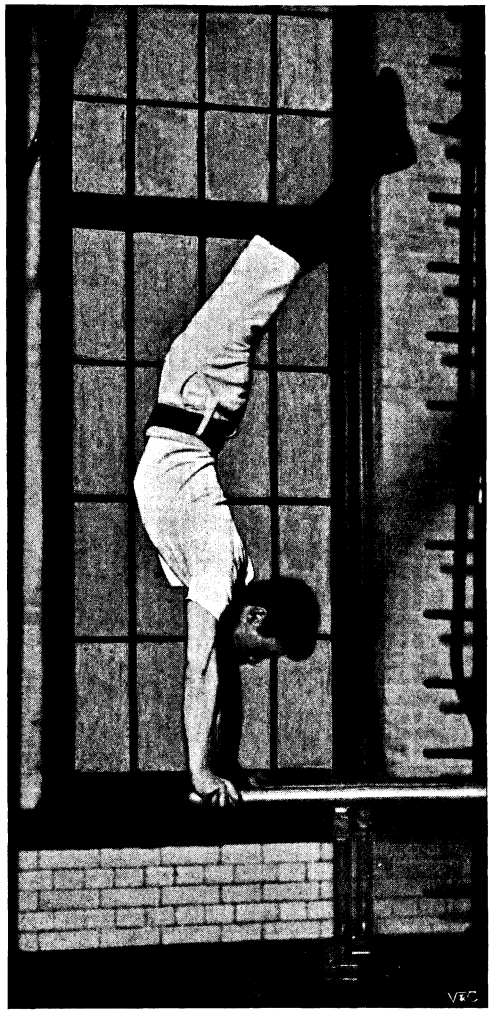

Photo by] [*A. P. Monger, Bream's Buildings.*

GYMNASTIC TEST FOR MEN.

To reach this position by a slow movement qualifies for the N.P.R.S. Silver Medal.

Sully, the hon. secretary of the N.P.R.S., who, though a professional teacher of gymnastics, has rendered yeoman service as a voluntary instructor as well as in the secretarial work. Our illustration shows an ordinary drill practice in the clubroom. In spite of very cramped quarters a high degree of efficiency has been attained. For three years the club succeeded in carrying off the shield offered annually by the N.P.R.S. for competition amongst working girls. They have latterly given up competing; they now do something much better. Twenty or more of the members go out as honorary instructors to other girls' clubs, and some of them bring

up their teams for the competition. This is emphatically a work that blesses those who give and those who take; it must have an elevating, steadying effect upon the young teachers themselves, who are all, I believe, working girls in the strict sense of the term.

It may be doubted whether the public generally realise the benefits resulting from the systematic pursuit of wisely arranged physical exercises in a well ordered gymnasium. The physical benefits are generally admitted, but these are by no means all. When rough, undisciplined lads and boisterous factory girls voluntarily submit themselves to discipline, learn to obey orders with promptitude and precision, to treat one another with respect and courtesy, to accept defeat gracefully and, perchance, occasional hard knocks with cheerfulness, they are doing much more than build up a vigorous physical manhood and womanhood. The virtues inculcated in the gymnasium are those which are needed in all the relations of life, and, great as are the physical benefits arising from systematic bodily exercises, it may be doubted whether the moral benefits, especially among the rougher and less educated classes, are not even greater.

On this point it is interesting to note the experience of Dr. W. R. Roe, head master of the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Derby, the Institution which held for five successive years the challenge shield of the N.P.R.S., competed for annually by pupils in schools for the deaf. "It has been particularly noticed," says Dr. Roe, "in various competitions that the children have shown the most courtly and affable manners towards each other; and one result of this work is that it tends to temper and polish the most coarse, to strengthen and elevate the more effeminate, to curb the unruly, and to encourage the meek and timid. Of all that tends to improve the character and morals of our children, there is no one element of greater value than this physical training, for the simple reason that the best accomplishment of mind and heart cannot be expected unless that most intricate of all machines, the human body, is got into and kept in good order."

Scarcely less important is the mental benefit resulting from gymnastic training. Officers who have been concerned in the training of recruits, and schoolmasters who have watched the effects of physical training on their scholars, alike testify to the fact that improvement in physique is accompanied by increase in brain power; the mental powers seem to become keener and more vigorous as the body grows in strength and agility. When our educational authorities recognise the undoubted fact that exercises which strengthen the bodies of children strengthen their brains also, we may hope to see physical training an obligatory subject

ROPE-CLIMBING TEST.

Women and girls who climb twenty feet are entitled to the N.P.R.S. Bronze Medal.

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in all schools, secondary as well as elementary, to the great benefit of the men and women of the future.

It is sometimes urged in opposition to any scheme for the encouragement of athletic pursuits that too much attention is already given to these matters, and that the extreme devotees of various athletic sports cultivate a spirit which unfits them for the more serious pursuits of life, even if they do not seriously impair their constitutions. It is no doubt true that in many public schools and athletic associations and at the Universities there is found an excessive and fanatical spirit of athleticism, which has many harmful results. But, as Mr. Herbert Gladstone has pointed out, "this is only an argument for more control and stricter discipline, and it applies to a comparative few. For the regular practice of athletics is confined to a mere fraction of the nation, and the attention of the N.P.R.S. is directed not to these more favoured few, except as a source of help for its work, but to the masses who toil and spin, and have little to make their bodies strong and healthy, and their minds cheerful."

It would be an entire misconception of the character and aims of the N.P.R.S. to suppose that it exists in the interests of the athletic few. It is to the unathletic many that it holds out a helping hand. The public-school boy, who is an adept at various kinds of manly sports and games, and who lives in comfortable, if not opulent, circumstances, will easily find an outlet for his athletic proclivities. But to the city-bred youth who toils long hours in office, factory, or warehouse, and who has never in his life enjoyed any physical recreation other than that afforded by the rough-and-tumble games of the Board-school playground, the provision of facilities for healthful bodily exercise at a very slight expense is a genuine boon.

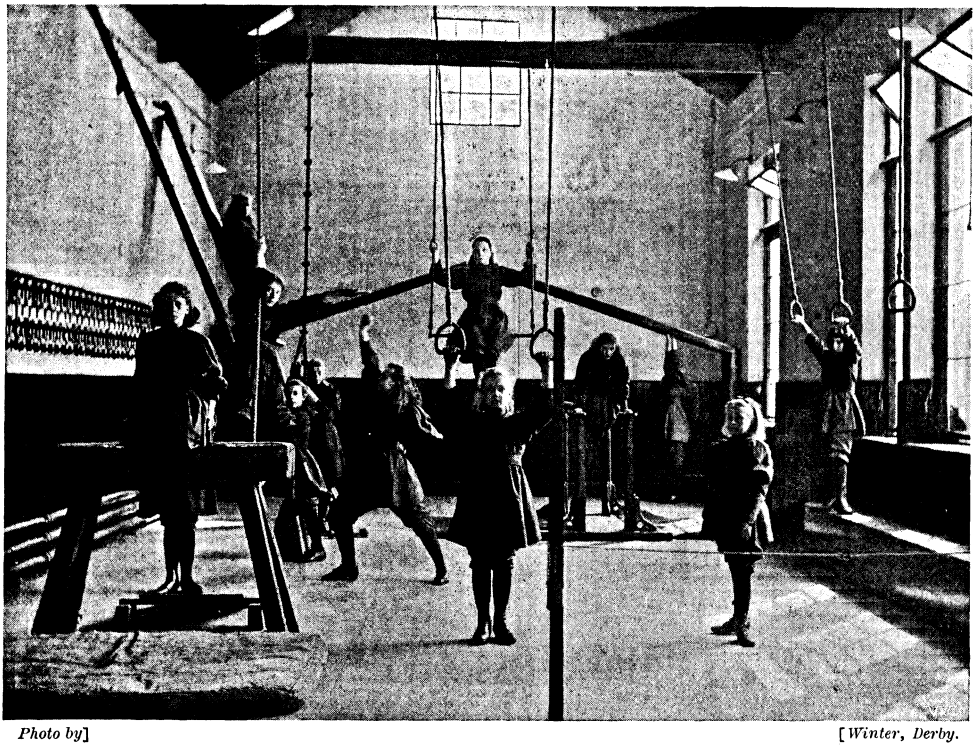

Photo by] [*Winter, Derby.*

GIRL GYMNASTS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, FRIAR GATE, DERBY.

This school holds the Challenge Shield awarded for deaf and dumb children.

The idea of a gymnasium in many people's minds seems to be that it is a place where strong and vigorous young men perform reckless feats of strength and daring at the imminent risk of their lives; whereas the truth is that it is a school of physical culture equally adapted for the weakest as for the strongest. Not the least of the public services of the N.P.R.S. is that it has done

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much to foster this truer and saner conception of the purposes of gymnastic exercises. Among the 600,000 "associates" of the Society, past and present, are some of the least likely athletes imaginable. The Society has, in fact, deliberately laid itself out to promote the physical training of the physically deficient, on the sound principle recognised in other branches of educational work, that the greater the ignorance, the greater the need for teaching.

Photo by] [*F. Birch, Derby.*

BOY GYMNASTS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, DERBY.

Holders of the N.P.R.S. Challenge Shield.

A striking illustration of this is afforded by what the Society is doing on behalf of the deaf and dumb. There are at present more than a thousand deaf and dumb children receiving physical training under the auspices of the N.P.R.S., and competing for the two challenge shields it offers annually. There are also several adult classes which are affiliated with the Society. Deaf and dumb children are naturally of very poor physique. They are undersized, narrow-chested, and weak-limbed; many have a tendency to throat and chest diseases, owing to their

Photo by] [*The Elite Studio, Aberdeen.*

THE TEAM OF ABERDEEN GYMNASTS, WINNERS OF THE N.P.R.S. CHALLENGE SHIELD, WITH THEIR INSTRUCTOR, CAPTAIN, AND CLUB PIANIST.

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lungs not having been developed by talking and singing; others walk with a shambling gait. More unpromising material out of which to develop a strong, vigorous manhood and womanhood than the majority of deaf and dumb children, before their admission to special schools and institutions, it would be difficult to find. By careful training, however, in which physical exercises play an important part, it is found possible to overcome to a very great extent this natural bodily weakness. The young gymnasts of the Derby Institution, the present holders of one of the two N.P.R.S. shields, certainly do not impress the observer as children of weak physique.

The hon. secretary and examiner of the Deaf Mutes' branch is the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby, M.A., who may not inaptly be described as "the deaf mutes' bishop," seeing that his life is wholly given up to the service of this unfortunate section of the community. Mr. Gilby is also His Majesty's Inspector of Schools, and thus has an opportunity on his official visits of examining the schools on behalf of the N.P.R.S. Dumb-bell exercises, marching (including dance steps), and running are the subjects for which marks are awarded, and in these exercises not a picked team, but the whole school takes part. Thus the small schools have an equal chance with the larger ones, and thus again the principle of the Society, to encourage the general proficiency of the many rather than the exceptional skill of the few, is carried out. The shields are awarded at the end of the season to the two schools to which Mr. Gilby has awarded the highest number of marks.

Another afflicted section of the community to whom physical training is of special value are the blind. But in their case the advantages of gymnastics and other exercises, as a means of counteracting the natural timidity and consequent weakness resulting from blindness, have been more generally recognised, and the need for the special efforts of the N.P.R.S. has not been so great as in the case of the deaf and dumb. It is noteworthy, however, that Mr. Guy M. Campbell, principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood, is a member of the Council of the Society, and one of its honorary examiners, and that he has been able to award to his own pupils over sixty medals and certificates of the N.P.R.S. for proficiency in various physical exercises.

On the system of physical tests carried out by the Society a few words must be said, as this is certainly one of the most important and popular features of its work. Those who take physical training seriously, and do not regard it merely as a pastime, often like to have an authoritative recognition of the degree of proficiency they have attained, and it is found that large numbers welcome the opportunity of obtaining the Society's medals and diplomas. About 7,000 students have already passed one or other of the physical tests, and the number of candidates increases every year. The tests are for men, women, and children, and are in three grades, for which bronze, silver, and gold medals are awarded. Rope-climbing (a test of strength), apparatus gymnastics, high jumping, running, and swimming are the subjects in which tests are held.

To enumerate all the tests would, perhaps, be tedious, but by way of example it may be said that a man who can climb a rope sixty feet high, using the hands only, qualifies for the Society's gold medal, and may without conceit write himself down a strong man. Women and girls, and boys under sixteen, must, in order to gain the gold medal, climb the same height, using the feet as well as the hands. A 30 ft. climb in the case of men, or 20 ft. in the case of women and boys, entitles to the bronze medal. A man who jumps 4 ft. 6 in., swims a quarter of a mile in 8 minutes, or runs a mile in 6 minutes, qualifies for the bronze medal; and if he can jump 5 ft. 6 in., swim a mile in 40 minutes, or run a mile in 4 min. 45 sec., he may join the ranks of the athletic aristocracy, the N.P.R.S. gold medallists.

Readers familiar with athletic contests will see from this that the Society's bronze medal is a recognition of a very moderate degree of efficiency, which any ordinarily healthy person might hope to attain, while even the gold medal recognises a standard of achievement which, though high, falls short of the extraordinary and phenomenal. The National Physical Recreation Society has no encouragement for "pot hunters" and record breakers, but seeks to promote all-round physical vigour in ordinary men, women, and children; it encourages the wise use, not the abuse, of athletics, and would make all its operations tend to bodily and mental health; it would treat athletic sports as recreation, not as business, and, alone among athletic associations, it concerns itself with the welfare of the unathletic — even of the weak and afflicted. These are characteristics which, though they may not appeal very strongly to a sensation-loving age, entitle the Society to be counted among the uplifting and strengthening forces in our national life.

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AS I told the inspector at the police station, a fellow would not be such an ass as to do such a thing on purpose. The suit is as good as ruined, even if I do get it back, and Annette isn't one of those girls who see things in your light in a minute. As for concealing and condoning a felony, I ask any sensible person if he would conceal a felony in the newest suit of clothes in his wardrobe, or condone it by the public display of his love-letters, if he could help it. I couldn't help it.

I wish I could get the thing quite clear in my head before I'm called upon again. I have never had such trouble with anything before. It is so difficult to put the story in a favourable light.

You see, this is how it stands: I live in what the fellow who let the thing to me called a "maisonette"—goodness only knows why—just off X Square. That sounds rather silly, like Algebra, I know, but I'm not going to let out which square it is, because that trap-door hasn't been mended yet, and I don't want any more of it. I have had enough, thank you.

At about a quarter past twelve on Friday night or Saturday morning, whichever it is, I heard cries of "Fire!" and that gave me a start, you may be sure. I had gone to bed early and was just dozing off. I slipped a few clothes on in a moment, and ran out of the room and down the stairs as fast as I could pelt, and was exceeding glad when I got to the bottom of the four flights. I suppose that in the excitement of the moment I left the door of my "maisonette" open, but I'll come to that later on.

When I got into the street, I didn't have much difficulty in finding out where the fire was, because a fairly big crowd had collected already, and a policeman was standing just by our front door telling people to stand back and move on, and conducting the proceedings generally. The fire had broken out, it appeared, on the second floor of the corner house, where Bostock, the big banker, lives, but it was not considered serious. That didn't prevent all the people in London from collecting in the streets to see the fun, nor the fire engines from coming up in swarms. I always think it is inspiriting to see the greys dashing up, and hear the "Hi! hi! hi!" of the firemen. They were pretty smart in getting their horses out and setting to work, and I was thinking it was a really thrilling sight, when the policeman suggested to me that, if I put myself behind the front door and shut it, I might go to bed, or else put some clothes on. I was not got up for an evening walk quite, and as some of the crowd seemed to think it funny, I thought I'd get inside.

As I was going up the stairs, I could have sworn that I saw someone scuttle down and dash into my flat. I hurried up and found

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that I was right. A man was standing flat against the wall in the passage, and as I entered, he shut the door behind him.

"Hallo! Who the deuce——?" I said.

"All right! All right!" said the fellow as coolly as possible. "Let's get inside," and he walked straight into my sitting-room.

I came in after him, thinking that this was decidedly odd, because I'd never heard the man's voice before in my life.

There was still a little light from the fire, and I could just make out that he was a roughish-looking character, and I got a bit angry.

"What the deuce are you doing in my maisonette?" I said.

"Oh!" says he, looking round him, "so this is a maisonette, is it? And pretty cosy, too, I'll be bound."

"Look here! Out you go!" said I.

"No, I sha'n't," he answered. "I like it. It's cosy."

"If you don't go yourself, I'll put you out!" I told him. I tell you I was angry.

"You couldn't 'ave the—— Oh! all right, guv'nor. I was only goin' to say want of 'orspitality."

"Hospitality be hanged!" said I, and came for him.

Then he set his back against the door and flicked something out of his great-coat pocket.

"Can you guess riddles?" said he.

"Come away from that door!" I shouted.

"'Ow you bawl! Now, I wonder if you could guess what's in my 'and?"

The fire threw a light on the plated barrel of a revolver, and I retired—just a step or two, you know.

"Things come in 'andy, jest when you least expects 'em to, don't they? I've often 'eard folks pass that remark, and they was quite ac'rit. This 'ere," said he, jerking up the pistol, "'as bin the means of restorin' peace and brother'ood within the precincts of this maisonette."

I could have cursed him all I knew, but it isn't much use cursing a man with a pistol in his hand. It was loaded, too, I thought. He would not have been so free-and-easy with it if it hadn't been. He'd have tried the tragic a bit.

"Now you sit down quiet by the fire and warm yer pore feet"—my feet were bare—"and then we'll 'ave a chat. Too dark for comfort, ain't it? 'Ave you a lucifer?"

I was furious, but I lit the gas and sat down by the fire. He sat opposite to me and looked at me with an encouraging smile. By the full light I could now see that he was a smallish, pale man, with a short, black beard and quick, beady eyes. He was dressed, as I happen to know, in a newish suit of dark-blue, ready-made clothes and an old black overcoat, and his hands were very dirty.

He was warming them in front of the fire, for he had replaced the pistol in his coat pocket.

"Now you and me must 'ave a talk. It's what I've bin wanting ever since you asked me into this 'ere—what did you call it? Excuse me," he added, as he stirred the fire with the poker. "I 'aven't known yer for seven years, 'ave I? That's my misfortune, through bein' otherwise engaged durin' the better part of that time. But intimacy don't go by time, does it, I ask you?"

He might ask me, but I wasn't going to answer. I had made up my mind that if he wanted to rob me, he could; but if he thought he was going to get a laugh out of me, he wouldn't.

"It seems as if intimacy was 'angin' fire a bit," he said, after a pause. "Never you mind, we shall know each other better before morning."

"You aren't going to stop here all night!" I said.

"It ain't inconvenient, I do 'ope?" he answered, with affected consternation. "If I'd 'a known that, I shouldn't 'ave made my arrangements; but bein' made—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Look here!" I began.

"Look *'ere*, you mean," he broke in, producing his infernal pistol again. "I did *not* think that I should 'ave to interdooce this means of restorin' peace and 'armony to this 'ere what-d'ye-call-it again. I'm *bound* to stop—per'aps for a day or two," he said more seriously; then added to himself: "Still, time *is* time."

"For a day or two! Good gracious!" thought I, "this is too horrible!" Then a thought struck me.

"You've come to rob me, I suppose," I said. "Well, why can't you take what you can get and clear out now?"

"To rob *you!*" he said, with a smile of amusement. "No, not much. You can preserve your goods in peace, as I've 'eard 'em say."

"Then what in Heaven's name have you come for?"

He put one of his grimy hands to his mouth for a minute while he looked at me. Then he said—

"Well, why shouldn't I tell you? But

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this is a dry picnic, ain't it? The key of the tantaliser is with you, I'm thinkin'. That's the ticket! And now for the soder and the glasses. I think I can trust yer to git 'em from the next room." But he came to the door all the same and looked over me while I got them.

I put the things on the table, and he strolled round the room, commenting on the pictures and the photographs. The cheek of the fellow was consummate. He looked at my portraits one by one and clawed them all over with his dirty fingers. I have a lot of my sisters and my cousins and my aunts about the room, like other people.

"I'm afraid," he remarked, "that you're very wanderin' in your attentions. Now, this 'ere's abart my mark; but then I'm not partic'ler." It happened to be a portrait of Rosie Langton. "I'll keep it as a mermento."

"Confound you!" said I.

"Tut, tut!" said he. "'Ave a drink and soothe yerself. Can yer recommend these smokes? Yer take care of yerself pretty fair, I remawk."

He lit a cigar and passed me the box, then, sitting himself comfortably down in my easy-chair, remarked—

"I'm a gentleman."

That did not seem to need contradiction.

"Yes, I'm a gentleman—like you. I don't earn my livin'. I lives on what other people earns—not but what I don't have some trouble to git it. To-morrow I shall be dressed as well as you, and a deuced sight better." It was quite likely. I had been rather hurried, as I said before. "It's jest a bit of luck—luck right through all along, and I'll tell yer all abart it."

Behind his air of satisfaction and carelessness there lurked something of fear and suspicion. In spite of his words and the way he uttered them, I could tell from his shifting looks and short, nervous movements that he was afraid—more afraid than I was, and that is saying a good deal.

"I've come to your what-you-call-it straight from No. 25, where Bostock the banker lives, you know. I was there by invitation."

"'I retired—just a step or two, you know.'"

I expect I looked incredulous.

"Not, as you might expect, from Mr. nor yet from Mrs. Bostock. They 'aven't the pleasure of my acquaintance. It was a very partic'ler little friend o' mine called Mary as arst me. Nice, innercent name, Mary, ain't it? You should see 'er, and then you could judge for yourself. Mr. Bostock's out of town—gorn away 'untin', and this mornin' 'e 'ad a bit of a tumble orf 'is 'orse and 'urt

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'is bloomin' 'ead. Just see my luck. They sent for Mrs. Bostock by the telegraph, and she went orf in a 'urry. See my luck again. But the people in the room—that's the servants' 'all—didn't see no necessity for anticipatin' sorrer before it comes, so they give what Mr. 'Iggins calls a 'scratch affair.' 'Ole 'Iggins! It makes me laugh to think of 'im. So Mary arsts me if I could drop in without mindin' the want of ceremony, which I did *not* mind. See, luck all the way through. We 'ad a tolerable supper and plays games, and then I says I don't want to break the 'armony of the evenin', but my time was money in the mornin', so 'Good-bye and be good,' and Mary says she'll see me orf the premises. But when I got in the passage I farnd it wasn't quite so late as I thought it was, and so, instead of 'urryin', I took a sort of tour of inspection of the upper floors. I took a sort 'o fancy to Mrs. Bostock's room in especial, and commenced to examine more partic'ler the pretty things about. I come by accident on some pretty bits of jewellery, and thinks 'ow careless not to 'ave sent 'em to the bank, bein' in the bankin' line, too, and the lock of the drawer bein' a very unperfession-al bit o' work. I was puttin' them carefully away, when Mary, 'oo'd bin seein' to things darn below, come out all flustered like women git, and says: 'Art with the light!' and I arts it. Then she told me that they were up to playin' ''Ide and Seek' all over the 'ouse, and some of 'em were comin' upstairs there and then. ''Ere's a 'ole come through my luck,' thinks I. Why, mister, you 'aven't got a glass of anythink."

"'You should see 'er, and then you could judge for yourself.'"

Was ever a fellow in a more beastly situation? Here was I, entertaining in apparently friendly fashion a grimy scoundrel who had just committed a daring burglary within twenty yards of where we sat. At the moment, I believe, I was more afraid of a policeman coming up the stairs than he was.

He saw my glance at the door and laughed.

"They won't come," he said. "We're all right for the present."

"We! For the present!"

I poured out a liberal dose of whisky.

"Well?" I said.

He continued—

"'Can I slip darn and art through the 'all-door?' I says. 'The 'all's 'ome,' says she, 'an' Mr. 'Iggins is a-sitting there along of 'is friend seein' all fair.' 'I must 'ide,' says I, 'like the rest of 'em.' Then she began to cry and go on as 'ow they was comin' immediate, and she couldn't git things straight without a light, and dursn't light one, and I was leavin' 'er in the lurch. The room was rather untidy on account o' my experiments, and I saw that we was abart done if any of 'em came up and 'ad the idea of 'idin' there. We 'eard 'em gigglin' and whisperin' on the stairs, silly idjits. Then an idea struck me on a sudden. 'I 'ave it,' says I. 'We must have a conflagration.'"

"The fire!" I exclaimed. I had forgotten it.

"You've guessed it in once. 'If you think they're comin',' says I, 'you put a light to them 'ere curtains and run darnstairs. The room'll be burnt out, and no one won't know anythink abart them things bein' missin'. I'll look after myself.' 'What'll you do?' says she. 'I'm 'anged if I know!' says I. 'There's a trap-door on top of

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the 'ouse in case o' fire,' says she, 'and you can let darn the ladder and unbolt the door, and there'll you be.' 'Yes, there I'll be,' says I; 'but 'ow am I to git darn again?' 'I'll let you know when all's quiet again,' she says, and then we 'eard 'em coming up to look for them as 'ad 'id, so I runs up the stairs and waits a bit. They must 'a' come up to the second floor, for I heard Mary 'oller 'Fire!' and them rushin' abart, so I let darn the ladder, undid the trap, and was on the roof in a jiffy."

I began to feel as excited as if I had been escaping myself.

"I don't know if you're the same as me," he continued; "but I think a fire's a most interestin' and amusin' occurrence. I knew I was pretty safe on top, and could soon slip along if the 'eat got 'otter than what I like, so I enjoyed myself. 'Luck come right again,' thinks I. But then the idea come into my 'ead that firemen usually gits on top of 'ouses, 'Eaven only knows why, but I'd noticed it, 'avin' bin at a good many fires perfessionally. Not wishin' to interfere with dooties, I moves along a bit your way. Now I'll tell yer somethink. The trap-door on the top of your 'ouse ain't in what I should call proper condition. I come through it quite easy. I thought I'd come darn through your house and art into the street, but I 'eard talk at the front from over the bannisters, and I thought of a noo idea."

"You'd better think of the old one again, then," said I. "That seems to me to be the safest thing you could do."

I had begun, goodness only knows why, to take quite a personal interest in his escape.

"You speak without thinkin'; that's where you make the mistake," said he, helping himself to another whisky-and-soda. "You go to the winder and 'ave a look."

He had taken the command so thoroughly that I simply did as he said. I went to the window and saw that there were still people about, including three or four policemen. I told him so.

"Suppose," said he, "that my little game of fireworks didn't work quite right, and they've found the things missin', they'll 'ave a description of 'oo was in the 'ouse to-night, and perhaps out there there is one or two would know me as I don't know. I'm like the Prince of Wales that way—more knows me than I know. And comin' out at this time o' night looks curious to anyone waitin' outside, don't it? They'd as like as not look me up and down. No, I think I'll 'ave to look a bit different than what I went in like, and then I'll step out in the mornin' and 'ave all open and above-board."

"What are you going to look like?" I asked.

"Like you."

"Hang it!" said I.

"And not so bad, either—for a little feller!" he remarked.

This was rather too much. I could have kicked the fellow, and would have, but that he had a way of keeping his hand in his great-coat pocket. As it was, I sat still and glared at him while he smoked serenely on.

The fire had died down and it was extremely cold. My hands and feet grew numbed, and so did my brain, as I sat on watching for his next move. At last I could no longer hold my thoughts and I fell asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke I found the chair opposite to me empty. A great feeling of relief came over me as I thought that I had only dreamed about the scoundrel, but I was quickly disillusioned by a laugh from my bedroom. I glanced at the table. Yes, there were two glasses. The whisky decanter was empty, and a lighted cigar was burning a hole in my tablecloth. It was not a dream.

My overnight visitor came in, carrying in his arms my very newest and most satisfactory suit of cloths.

"'Ullo!" was his greeting—"woke up, 'ave yer? It's lucky it was you that went to sleep, and not me, ain't it? I'm goin' to take the loan of these."

"Not those," I said; "anything but those. They are brand new and the best I've got."

"Then they'll be good enough for me," he said with a grin. "If I'm going to represent yer, I should like to do yer credit."

I could only sit and fume with indignation.

"Now," he said, "I'm abart to make my toilet."

"But they'll be coming up to do the room directly," I objected.

"Then you must send 'em away. Pretend—oh! pretend anythink you like. And now I want your kind assistance. Let's see, there's water—'ave to have it cold, I suppose—shavin' things—shirt—socks—and anythink else you can suggest."

He stood by the table and put the pistol elaborately in front of him, while he divested himself of his clothes.

To see a grimy scoundrel shave with your razor and dress in your linen, nearly burst your boots and split up your waistcoat, is

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trying; but when you know that these preparations are likely to land you in a most serious danger, they become unbearable. The worst of it was that I *had* to bear the thing; and not only that, I was obliged to help. He wasn't easily pleased, either. I had to ransack my tie-drawer before I could find one good enough to please him. He broke several collars and swore at them. He scoffed at my tie-pins, but took the best. He tried on every hat I had, and threw those he did not like into the corner.

In the middle of all this, Mrs. Jones, who attends to my rooms, came up, and I had to shut the door of my flat in her face with a wildly muttered excuse. I don't know what on earth she thought of me.

The fact of the matter is that my first feelings of indignation and resentment had faded away before my sense of absolute helplessness. I had become desperately and abjectly servile. I believe I apologised even when we came to finding gloves for him, and really felt contemptible because I had no new ones to offer.

"If he would only go!" I thought, and mustered all my energies to equip him thoroughly and see him leave my rooms. What would happen afterwards I dared not picture to myself. Only let him go. That would be enough for one day.

At last he was dressed and was surveying himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass. He had elected to take his own overcoat, in the pockets of which the jewels were, I suppose.

"I don't think no one'll recognise it, thrown over the arm sort o' *negligay*," he remarked, and prepared to go. It seemed the greatest joy I had ever experienced.

"Oh! I forgot," he said. "Proof of identity is what I want, o' course. What shall I 'ave?"

He glanced at the dressing-table and saw one or two letters lying there. Among them were two from Annette.

"These'll do fine," he said, and prepared to pocket them.

Then, as I have just explained to Annette, I made an impassioned appeal to his manhood. I told him he had taken my clothing and had drunk of my whisky, and I had said nothing. To which he replied that I blooming well couldn't! I told him that he was exposing me to dangers of the most serious kind and suspicions of the most damaging nature, and he said that it was no worse for me than it was for him. The logic of that, I said, I would not dispute, but I asked him to ransack my maisonette and take whatever pleased him, but to spare the letters. He merely said "Pickles!" and—would you believe it?—Annette just now said something very much of the same sort.

"Ah! and there was Tottie's photo, too—wasn't there?—which I was going to take as a mermento of this 'ere maisonette," he said, as he took the photograph of Rosie Langton from his discarded coat and put it in with the letters. "Well, ta-ta!" and he laughed as he went down the stairs.

I was indescribably relieved by his departure, and I could not forbear watching from my window his exit into the street. At the corner of the square was a policeman, who looked at him, as I thought, curiously, as he walked jauntily along with the coat flung over his arm, and then followed him round the corner. Immediately I had a relapse from my pleasure at knowing he was gone, and began to be tormented with suspicions.

I made things as clear as I could in my rooms, and, summoning Mrs. Jones, demanded breakfast.

"Dear me, sir!" she said, "I thought I see you go out 'arf an hour back!"

"Good gracious!" I thought, "this is the beginning of it."

Mrs. Jones brought up the morning paper with the breakfast things, and I snatched at it eagerly. No news, I thought, would be good news. The fire might have destroyed all traces of the theft, and we—I actually thought "we"—could move about the world without a breath of suspicion blowing on us.

I have noticed that if there is something you want particularly to see in the paper, you have to search page after page, and finally, after a quarter of an hour's search, the paragraph turns up in a column you could have sworn that you glanced down half a dozen times at least. Of course, on this occasion the first thing that met my eye was—

BURGLARY IN X SQUARE.

Nothing about the fire! I eagerly read the paragraph. It ran:—

"Last night burglars broke into No. 25, X Square, the town residence of Mr. Bostock, the principal partner in the banking firm of Bostock, Binns, and Bostock. It appears that in the afternoon Mrs. Bostock was summoned to the bedside of her husband, who, we regret to say, met with a somewhat serious accident while hunting in Leicestershire, and the house was left in the charge of the servants. It is a fortunate occurrence that they

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should have stayed up somewhat late yesterday night, anxiously awaiting news of their master's condition, or the burglary might have gone entirely unnoticed. Our representative learnt from Mr. Higgins, Mr. Bostock's house-steward, that late last evening, as some of the maidservants were going up to bed, it was discovered that Mrs. Bostock's bedroom was on fire. Prompt assistance was given by the servants themselves and others, and the fire was already almost extinguished when the fire engines appeared on the scene. On entering the room it was found that numerous drawers had been rifled, and it is believed that Mrs. Bostock's jewels have all been carried off, the fire being probably caused by the burglars, in their alarm at the approach of the servants, dropping a light upon some inflammable material. We have no further news to hand, but the police, who were immediately communicated with, are making diligent inquiries."

That began the wretchedest day I ever spent. After breakfast I walked out with the firm determination of giving the policeman at the corner the full benefit of my knowledge. But the policeman did not happen to be at the corner, and I strolled on. It was some time before I came across a member of the force, and by that time, whether it was from some odd compunction which made me want to give the fellow a chance, or from the idea that it was too late to do any good by giving information now, or from the memory of the close proximity of a loaded revolver, I had made up my mind not to say anything at all about it. In that I was wrong, I allow.

"She treats my simple and true explanation with contemptuous incredulity."

When I reached Regent Street, a placard of an enterprising evening paper warned me of new discoveries. I read that the trap-door had been found to be open, and shuddered. In the next edition there were stories of a suspicious character having been in the house last night. I groaned as I read them. The fifth edition gave a tolerably accurate description of my visitor and me, and I had a fit of despair. The police had a clue. In the "specials" was news of an arrest. I hurried home and found that I was wanted at the police-station.

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Now this is how I stand. The Law looks upon me with suspicion, pooh-poohs the pistol, throws doubts upon my intrepidity (before unquestioned), and thinks my behaviour unworthy of a citizen. If I escape being taken up as an accessory after the fact, it is as much as I can hope for.

And then there is Annette——

Annette is furious at my having given up her letters, and won't listen to reason for a moment. The presence of Rosie Langton's photograph in the same pocket as the letters has also been the subject of a most disagreeable conversation between us, and she treats my simple and true explanation with contemptuous incredulity. In short, I'm in an awful scrape all round.

But what would you have done in my place?

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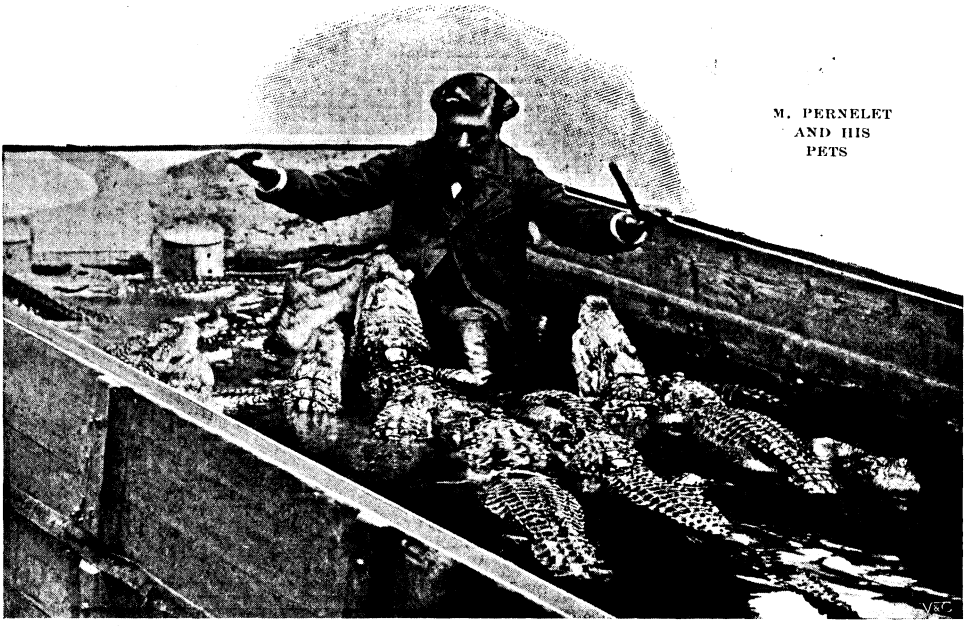
THE TAMING OF CROCODILES:

M. PERNELET AND HIS STRANGE HOBBY.

By Edouard Charles.

To the average mind the crocodile is symbolic of everything hideous, hypocritical, and unmanageable. One has read so often of a pair of glittering eyes, seeing but unseen, a sudden sweep, and a human being dragged from the ken of man, that it is impossible to dissociate the crocodile from all that is revolting. Yet these ugly, vicious creatures, practically devoid of brain, must ultimately succumb to the thraldom of the human will. What to the average mind is repellent, is to Monsieur Pernelet a matter of pleasure. It has been his delight to study these repulsive creatures, to play with them, to spend both time and money upon them, and to subjugate them. The story of his life is an interesting one.

M. Pernelet originally began his study of the crocodile *con amore*. He had not the slightest idea of turning his peculiar hobby to profit; but by a fortunate chance it happened that two directors of a well-known palace of entertainment, who were travelling the Continent in search of novelties, happened to hear indirectly of M. Pernelet and his peculiar hobby. Scenting something likely to cause a sensation, they, with the instinct of the showman, followed their cue until they ultimately succeeded in finding their way to M. Pernelet's private aquarium. Here the crocodile-trainer displayed his skill to them in so amazing a manner that they promptly made to M. Pernelet what they thought an almost unrefusable offer of three hundred pounds per month for him to place his skill before the public in the capital of France. To M. Pernelet the suggestion came as a surprise, for he had not the slightest idea of the nature of his visitors' business at the outset; but with the caution of the provincial he did not give way to any evidence of his emotion, and deprecatingly suggested that he should



M. PERNELET AND HIS PETS

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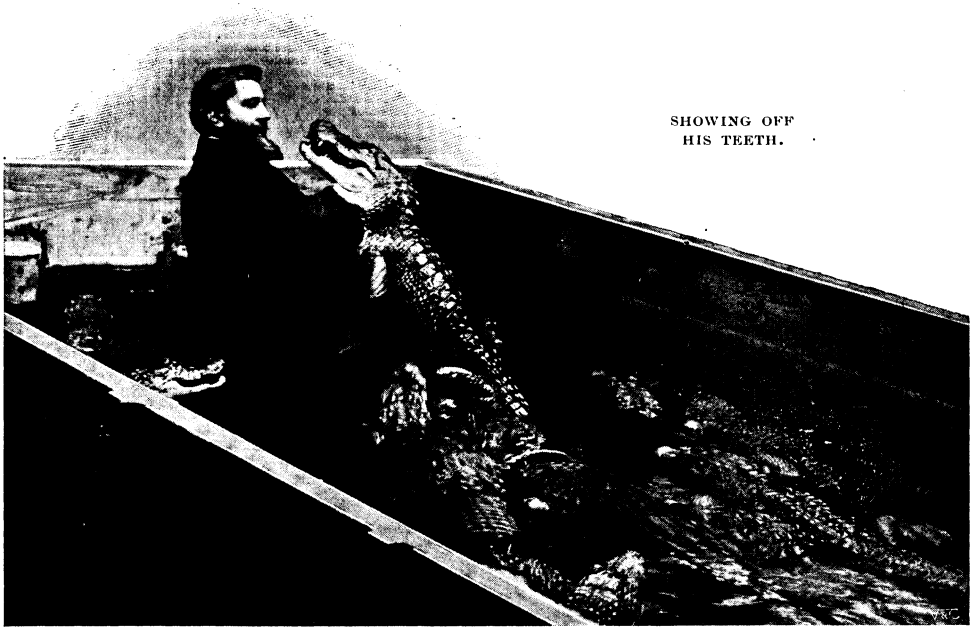
first consult his wife and abide by her verdict. Madame Pernelet apparently must have given a favourable decision, for, as the outcome of the negotiations, her husband brought his crocodiles to the metropolis of France and caused such a sensation there that managers of show-places in all parts of the world vied with each other in attempting to secure his services. Ultimately, as might have been expected, a London manager introduced him to the British public.

Crocodiles have, of course, previously appeared in public entertainments, but they were mere infants compared to the pets of M. Pernelet, and their performance mainly consisted of crawling about the stage—for the crocodile is a very slow mover—and coming back to a basket for food when a particular noise was made by its trainer. This is mere kindergarten exercise compared with the feats accomplished by M. Pernelet's pets.

Unlike the majority of animal trainers, M. Pernelet believes personally in first catching his own crocodile. He does not believe in purchasing them from dealers, but prefers to visit Africa or America himself when he wishes to make recruits for his curious army. He is, as would naturally be expected, a man of the utmost nerve, courage, and will power, and at the present moment nearly every crocodile he possesses has originally been caught by his own hands. His methods are of the utmost simplicity. With the assistance of a native guide he makes his way along the banks of a river, where the crocodiles lie like lopped-off tree branches, awaiting their prey in deceitful lethargy. Originally, M. Pernelet attempted to capture them by the use of strong nets, but it soon became apparent to him that such a system was useless, for in many instances the savage beasts tore the nets to pieces, while in most of the remainder they were so maimed and mangled in their attempts to escape that they had to be killed outright. Next, M. Pernelet had resort to the lasso, which proved equally unsatisfactory, for the desperate contortions of the captured animal generally fixed the knot of the rope so tightly around its neck that it was an utter impossibility to untie it, with the result that both rope and lasso were lost. Ultimately, M. Pernelet hit upon a method of entrapping them—simple, but ingenious.



SHOWING OFF HIS TEETH.

The tenacity of the crocodile is proverbial. Once its teeth are fixed in any object, it hangs on with the utmost desperation. M. Pernelet's method is to use as bait a small piece of wood at the end of a rope. Master Crocodile innocently seizes the wood, and his captor gradually draws him away from the bank of the river. Then the crocodile is lured by slow degrees to a rectangular box, into which its head is inserted. At both ends of the box there are holes, so that the

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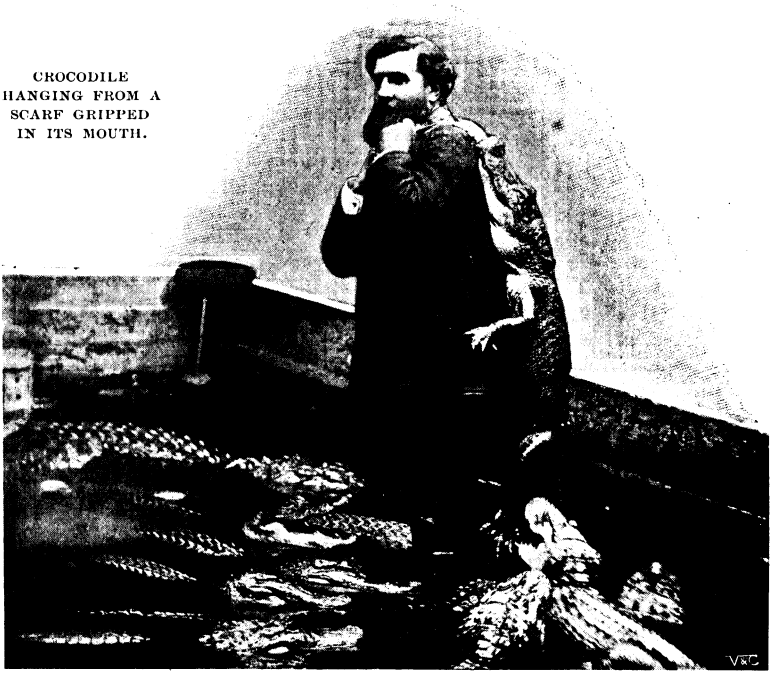
crocodile, seeing the light beyond, feels perfectly safe, and lumbers its ugly carcass inside. The moment it gets within, both ends are secured, and the crocodile is boxed up ready for shipment abroad. It is rarely that the passengers know of the nature of the freight, but on one occasion, at least, through the rolling of the ship, a case containing a full-grown crocodile worked loose, and the passengers received such a fright that M. Pernelet ultimately came in for some strong language.



CROCODILE HANGING FROM A SCARF GRIPPED IN ITS MOUTH.

On another occasion M. Pernelet had a very amusing experience. He was having a new arrival taken from the ship to his home, and had not informed the *cocher* of the nature of his goods. As the cab jolted along, the fastenings of the crocodile-case gradually worked loose. All unconscious, poor cabby drove merrily along. Presently the tail of the crocodile appeared, and with a few more shakings the unfortunate animal flopped into the street. To describe the scene that followed is well-nigh impossible. The cabdriver almost fainted on his seat, and the people in the neighbourhood screamed and ran for their lives. When M. Pernelet realised the state of affairs, he jumped out and calmly lifted the frightened animal into its cage again. That he does not always come off so successfully, however, is made painfully evident by the fact that his right hand is minus a finger, the result of an attack made upon him by a voracious

DISPENSING DAINTIES.

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crocodile which he had been trying to discipline.

It sounds extremely amusing to hear M. Pernelet speak of these ugly-looking creatures as "a beautiful crocodile," "a charming alligator," and use a host of similar terms of endearment. There is no doubt, though, that he has a genuine love for his peculiar pets. To the average person, though, the crocodile is everything that is unlovable. Their temperature is always below that of the outside air, which renders them anything but pleasant to the touch. Their appetite is to the ordinary mind a diseased and disgusting one. They relish rotten meat and decayed cheese such as would revolt the olfactory nerves of the most unsensitive of mankind. Whether the crocodile possesses a brain or not is doubtful, but if it has a brain, it is so small as to be scarcely perceptible. It is probably the most unintelligent of animals, and M. Pernelet is all the more entitled to credit, therefore, for having trained his pets to such a degree of intelligence.

Reference has already been made to the tenacity of the crocodile. M. Pernelet takes advantage of this characteristic at times, and tempts it with a scarf, which the animal seizes ferociously. Then the trainer quietly throws scarf and crocodile across his shoulder and marches off with his ugly burden dangling over his back.

After the crocodile is captured, it is shut up for several days without air or food. Then, when it reaches its destination, it is suddenly transferred to a huge basin, warmed as by the rays of the sun, where a number of other alligators are ensconced. As a rule the new capture gives vent to its feelings by making a ferocious attack on M. Pernelet. That gentleman's long experience, however, has taught him how to act in such emergencies. He never shirks the offending beast, but either by sheer volition, or by a peculiar personal magnetism, he repels it, and after a little time even the most savage of crocodiles becomes a tractable member of M. Pernelet's happy family.

Not the least interesting detail of M. Pernelet's exhibition is the feeding of the crocodiles. The peculiar construction of the crocodile's teeth is such as to prevent mastication, so that when it seizes a piece of food too large to be swallowed at once, it resorts to a most ingenious method of solving the problem. A neck of beef, for instance, is thrown into the basin. A crocodile grasps it, and though it cannot swallow it, it holds on like grim death until another crocodile comes on the scene. The latter then seizes the other end of the meat, and the two of them then roll about until the meat, well-mangled by the huge teeth, is ready to be eaten.

M. Pernelet confesses that the greatest risk he incurs with his strange pets is not a physical one. It costs a considerable sum of money to capture his crocodiles, and when caught it is a delicate task to nurture them in a foreign clime. The death of a well-trained crocodile is a serious matter, and to guard against this M. Pernelet has always to be on the alert. He personally superintends every matter concerning them, feeds them himself, allowing them only a small amount of food at a time, and himself washes out their basin. It is only by this personal attention to every detail that M. Pernelet is able to preserve his favourites from the ravages of a foreign atmosphere.

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MONTMORENCY.

By M. M. COUPER.

MISS MARGARET BRENTWOOD and Montmorency her cat lived together in Brunswick Square, W.

Montmorency was four years old, and was striped all over like a tiger, with the exception of an immaculately white shirt-front. Montmorency had his own particular chair and cushion in the drawing-room and boudoir; this was Miss Brentwood's fancy, and Montmorency good-naturedly humoured her. When a man and woman set up house together, a certain amount of give and take is necessary, and this particular instance resembled many others in that the giving was monopolised by one side. It seemed to afford Miss Brentwood satisfaction to give Montmorency thick cream in dainty china saucers, and soft velvet cushions to lie upon, and consequently what could he do but gracefully accept the attentions? Montmorency was very fond of his mistress; he had grown accustomed to her, as he had to his respective chairs and cushions, and not being without experience of women in general, he placed her emphatically before any others of his acquaintance. He liked to see her graceful figure bending over her work or the writing-table, and to watch the cool, white hands which were always busy over something. Miss Margaret Brentwood was forty, and a confirmed old maid, so her friends and acquaintances declared, but the

"'Or the reputation for it, which amounts to the same thing,' responded the other."

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fact did not appear to trouble her in the least. There was nothing old-maidish in her appearance, and the sprinkling of grey in her dark hair only lent an additional dignity to her face. Montmorency had never seriously considered whether his mistress might truthfully be described as handsome or fascinating, but he knew that every detail of her presence, from the soft tones in which she addressed him, to the delicate perfume she always affected, all went to make up an exceedingly pleasant personality. Montmorency thoroughly enjoyed Miss Brentwood's modest entertaining, which usually took the shape of small dinner parties and dainty afternoon teas. He appreciated the latter more particularly, and would sit bolt upright in his chair, with his tail correctly curled round his fore-paws, surveying the guests with a bland, far-away expression in his lustrous eyes, which were all the while taking in the scene with relish. There were very few individuals at whose request he condescended to unbend and leave his seat, and Montmorency secretly wondered why Miss Brentwood, whom he considered a remarkably level-headed woman, elected to fill her rooms with such a strange variety of guests. He noticed that she greeted the Brashers, Lashingtons, and others of her acquaintance with the same sweetness and cordiality she showed to her intimate friends. Montmorency, on the other hand, made a point of leaving the room if Lady Brasher attempted any cajoleries with him, and lashed his tail unceasingly from right to left to mark his disapproval of her presence. Man has ever had a soul above dissimulation, and Montmorency was no exception to the remainder of his sex.

Now, it so happened that one fine afternoon Lady Brasher and Mrs. Otway Lashington met on Miss Brentwood's doorstep, both purposing to honour that lady with a visit. They were ushered into the drawing-room, where Montmorency was in sole possession, Miss Brentwood, having only just returned home, being still engaged in removing her wraps.

Montmorency's first idea on recognising the visitors was to rise and leave the room; his second, that he might derive some amusement if he remained, for he had long ago made the discovery that the conversation of certain women was apt to become extremely piquant.

"She has a very good taste, hasn't she?" said Mrs. Otway Lashington, sending her glance comprehensively round the room through her gold *pince-nez*.

"Or the reputation for it, which amounts to the same thing," responded the other lady.

"Thought that was smart, didn't you?" murmured Montmorency, watching the speaker through his half-closed lids.

"Odd she has never married—so well off as she is, too!" pursued Mrs. Otway Lashington.

"Well, I don't know about its being *odd*," said Lady Brasher, pursing up her lips with much significance.

"Why, was there anyone? Oh! do tell me, dear Lady Brasher; she will be down in a moment."

"Of course you understand it must go no further!"

"Of course, of *course*."

"Looks for all the world as if she saw a jug of cream," interpolated Montmorency with disgust.

"Well, when she was quite a girl, one of old Sir Neville Dorrington's sons fell madly in love with her, and she with him; but the old man, who was as mad as a hatter even then, vowed that his son should marry a title, and wouldn't hear of an engagement between them. Margaret Brentwood has always had plenty of pride, and she absolutely refused to marry young Dorrington against his father's wishes, and consequently they parted with the usual protestations of undying constancy, and I believe they have held no communication with each other since. She has kept her word, as you see."

"And he?"

"Unmarried, too! Refreshingly romantic, isn't it?"

"Surprisingly so. And where is Mr. Dorrington now?"

"*Major* Dorrington—he is in the Army. Oh! I have no idea of his present whereabouts. I haven't set eyes on him for years. He was a very handsome boy, but I expect he is a grey-haired old bore by this time. I know she keeps his photograph, and looks at it every night. Oh! my dear Miss Brentwood, how d'ye do? We were just admiring your beautiful cat. Quite a unique specimen, I am sure!"

"It's you who are the unique specimen," hissed Montmorency. "Don't touch me; you make me sick!" he added sharply, every hair bristling with antagonism as a delicately gloved hand attempted to stroke his ears.

"The darling doesn't like strangers, does he?" cooed Mrs. Otway Lashington.

"No, he doesn't—when they are anything like you," said Montmorency, and stalked

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"'After all these long years,' she repeated dreamily."

majestically to the door. He had not acquired the ethics of Society, and considered his candour worthy of all commendation. He was also much excited by the news he had just heard, and decided that the air on the leads would be soothing and conducive to thought. Lady Brasher's story was as new to him as to Mrs. Otway Lashington, and threw light on many circumstances which had hitherto puzzled him.

He had noticed that every night Miss Brentwood unlocked one of the drawers of a small inlaid cabinet in her boudoir and took out a photograph. He had watched the performance with scant interest, for it had no definite results, like the turning out of a lamp or the ringing of a bell, and he had come to look upon it as a mere idle habit on the part of his mistress. Sometimes also, in the twilight, he had seen her take from the same drawer a packet of old, faded letters and hold them tightly in her white hands. He had been surprised that she never untied the ribbon which bound them, the simple reason that she knew the contents by heart not occurring to him. Once, when he was quite a kitten, Miss Brentwood had dropped a small bunch of withered flowers on the carpet; it was so old and faded that it looked like a little brown ball. Montmorency thought it was a new plaything provided for his delectation, and sprang forward, but Miss Brentwood snatched it away before his furry paw could touch it.

"Anything but that, Monty dear," she had said, and hastened to give him a smart new reel, tied with scarlet ribbon.

It was quite clear to Montmorency now that these were relics of Mr. Dorrington. Well, of course, if it pleased her to sentimentalise over such things, he had no objection — allowances must always be made for women's foibles, and he had long ago outgrown all desire to play with mouldy brown balls. Having thus satisfactorily disposed of the matter, he returned to the drawing-room when he knew the coast to be clear, and partook of his tea with a peaceful mind.

That night, when Miss Brentwood took out the photograph as usual, Montmorency sprang on the back of the sofa where she was sitting and looked at the picture over her shoulder. It was the portrait of a young man in uniform, whose firm mouth was only partially concealed by an incipient moustache. Montmorency studied the face carefully, but could not detect the good looks to which Lady Brasher had referred. When Miss

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Brentwood rose to replace the photograph, Montmorency was industriously washing his already spotless waistcoat. It was his first step along the tortuous pathway of deception, but if he had so far forgotten himself as to yield on the spur of the moment to a vulgar curiosity, it was not likely that he was going to publicly acknowledge the fact.

One afternoon Miss Brentwood and Montmorency sat together in the boudoir. It was early spring, and outside in the square gardens the almond trees were glowing in a soft haze of newly opened pink flowers. The London sparrows were discussing important domestic matters loudly among the branches, their sooty little forms contrasting oddly with the ethereal background. Montmorency watched them from the window-seat with the air of a policeman who is told off to keep an eye on suspicious characters; it was evident that he considered them a blot on the pink landscape.

Miss Brentwood presently came to the window and followed the direction of Montmorency's green eyes.

"So spring has come again, Monty," she said, stroking his soft head. "Look at the almond blossom—isn't it lovely? much too pretty for London. I wonder if the almond trees are out in the old garden——?"

Miss Brentwood seemed to be gazing through the trees at something which Montmorency could not see; her voice trailed away into silence, and they both gave a start at the prosaic sound of the front-door bell.

"Visitors, Monty," said Miss Brentwood a trifle wearily, "and I am *not* in the mood for them. You lucky little cat! you can fly if you want to, and I can't."

"Why on earth do you let them in if you don't want to see them?" asked Montmorency's eyes.

"Duty, Montmorency," said Miss Brentwood. "To think you don't even know what that means!" And then the door opened and the servant announced "Major Dorrington!"

Montmorency turned sharply and saw a tall man with a bronzed, deeply lined face and iron-grey hair and moustache. He advanced quickly towards Miss Brentwood.

"Margaret," he said simply, "my father is dead!"

It was the strangest greeting Montmorency had ever heard. He looked quickly from the visitor to Miss Brentwood. She had turned very white and swayed a little where she stood, and her answer was only one word—

"Geoffrey!"

"I have come to claim your promise, Margaret," said the Major huskily. "Have you changed, or are you mine still, after all these long years?"

There was a pause. Montmorency could hear the clock ticking, and a cinder fall from the fire, also the quick breathing of the two human beings. Then Miss Brentwood broke the silence.

"After all these long years," she repeated dreamily, and stretched out her hands to the Major. He took them in his own and drew her towards him.

Montmorency, with true delicacy, turned his back and resumed his espionage on the sparrows.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN THE WEST INDIES.

By Alfred M. Low.

RECENT events have brought into considerable prominence the hitherto somewhat neglected Colonies of Great Britain in the West Indies, and a glimpse at the social aspect of life in these Islands may possibly not prove uninteresting to the readers of the Windsor Magazine.

It has been aptly remarked that the character of a nation may be to a certain extent revealed by its sports, and it is with this side of social life that this article proposes to deal. Sport—*i.e.*, outdoor sport—necessarily depends largely upon climatic conditions, and it must at the outset be clearly realised that the inhabitants of the West Indies labour under great disadvantages in this respect. In the majority of the Islands for at least six months in the year continuous outdoor sport is out of the question. "The rain it raineth every day," more or less, from June to November in Trinidad, with which Island the writer is best acquainted, and, with slight variations as to the months in question, the same may be said of the other Islands; and, be it remembered, when it rains in the tropics, it pours.

The other six months constitute the dry season, which may be compared to a hot English summer, tempered by refreshing showers and cool breezes. It is then that the heart of the cricketer—for cricket is the game *par excellence* of the people—rejoices. He must be a true sportsman, however, for a day's leather-hunting under a tropical sun is an experience to be felt to be properly appreciated by the full-blooded Britisher.

The negro, however, revels in it, but then the negro's head is proverbially thick, though even he is rarely seen without his slouch hat. Boots he despises and rarely wears, except on show occasions, and it is just as well for his pocket that he does so, Nature having been exceptionally lavish to him in the matter of his understandings.

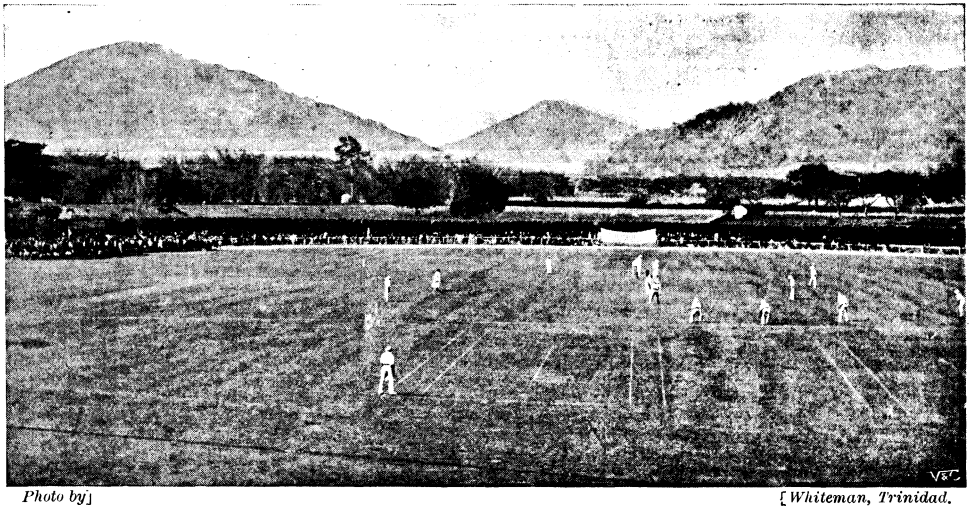

Photo by [*Whiteman, Trinidad.*

ST. CLAIR CRICKET-GROUND, TRINIDAD.

And here it must be borne in mind that it is with the negro principally that the chronicler of West Indian sport must deal, forming as he does nearly eighty per cent. of the population. Wherever the Englishman makes his home he takes his national game, and it is rare indeed that he fails to engender his own enthusiasm in the land of his adoption. Of all the Islands, Barbados is the most English; English is the only language one hears, and Barbados is proud of the fact. No man yields to the Barbadian, or "Bim" as he is locally called, whether white or black, in his love for the national sport, and in no country in the world

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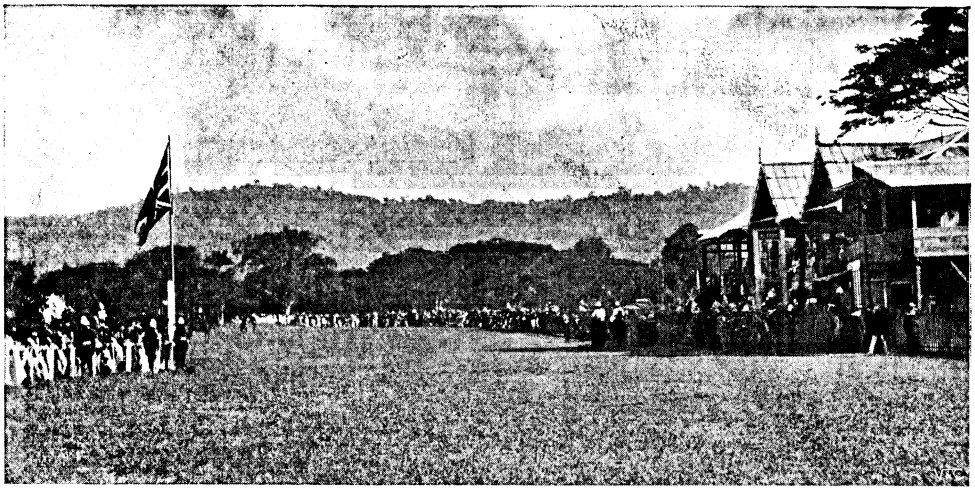

Photo by] [*Whiteman, Trinidad.*

THE STRAIGHT, AND GRAND STAND, QUEEN'S PARK RACECOURSE, TRINIDAD.

is such keenness exhibited. It is no uncommon sight to see prominent merchants, grave and reverend signiors, practising daily at the nets with all the zeal of five-and-twenty; and when Nature at length compels them to desist from active participation, their ardour is, if anything, increased, and woe betide the listless youth who objects to following in his father's footsteps and keeping up the credit of the family.

Competition in this Island is very keen, and as much, or even more, interest is taken in the chances of the various clubs of securing the coveted trophy competed for every year as is taken by enthusiasts at home in the struggle for the County Championship: And here be it remembered that the Barbadian can put even an Oval enthusiast in the shade in his knowledge of the doings of the home champions of the game he loves. Barbados is the true home of West Indian cricket. "Little England" is the fond title they give their Island, and as far as cricket goes it is no misnomer. Their grit is proverbial, and it can only be regretted that the disastrous effects of the hurricane of 1899 compelled them—reluctantly, I know—to urge the postponement of the expected visit of an English team under the popular guidance of Lord Hawke, who has done so much for the encouragement of cricket all over the world. This would have been the fourth visit of an English team of amateurs to these Colonies, and it is impossible to exaggerate the good that results to West Indian sport in general from them.

It is not so very long, however, since the Colonies were welcoming another team, captained, owing to the regrettable absence of both Lord Hawke and Mr. Leveson-Gower, by Mr. R. A. Bennett, of Hampshire; and by the time these lines are in print our readers will have had an opportunity of seeing whether the lessons acquired by the West Indians—for they came to learn—in their recent tour in the Old Country have borne fruit. This year, too, Creoles will watch with interest the doings of one of their number, Mr. C. A. Ollivierre, who is now qualifying for Derbyshire, and who is already regarded by many as a second Ranjitsinhji.

It is to be regretted that more interest is not taken in the game in Trinidad. This, however, can be easily accounted for—the Island has a cosmopolitan population. French and Spaniards, Portuguese, and East Indian coolies form a considerable bulk, races notoriously indifferent to games as they appeal to Englishmen. There are, however, several English and many more of English descent, and with a splendid ground and pavilion, an energetic secretary, and a keen vice-president in the person of Mr. Aucher Warner, brother of the famous "Plum," there is no reason why the Queen's Park C. C. should not turn out a team of amateurs second to none in the West Indies, just as Trinidad as a Colony, playing three or four negro bowlers, is undoubtedly a match for all the other Islands combined. Slackness, however, due to a great extent to an enervating climate, is the main cause of this lack of interest, and it requires such incentives as

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the visit of English teams, for example, to keep even the Englishmen up to the mark.

It is also much to be regretted that the premier educational establishment of the Colony, the Queen's Royal College, a purely Government institution, possesses no ground of its own, and, owing to poor accommodation and many other drawbacks, is unable to inculcate the *mens sana in corpore sano* with which schools of far less comparative importance in England are enabled to supply their pupils by encouraging their games and establishing a healthy *esprit de corps*.

The negro of the working classes, on the other hand, is nearly as keen as his brother in Barbados, and on a fine Saturday afternoon on the Savannah—a fine open park of about two hundred acres in extent—dozens of games may be seen in progress.

Nor is the sport here entirely confined to the mere man. The ladies of colour are ardent enthusiasts—and here, be it whispered, no self-respecting "coloured lady" would ever submit to being called a "woman"; such a term may suit "dey white peoples," but Angelina has no use for it. "Hi, dere! de lady wi' de bananas, dis white woman wants yo'," the writer once heard a negro policeman call to a vendor of that succulent fruit, in reply to a request of a lady tourist, much to the amusement of the latter. But to return to our ladies. Rounders is the game of their choice, and clad in startling apparel, with pink or some such bright-coloured skirts reaching to their knees, the whole topped with gaudy cricket-caps, these fair (!) ones enter into their game just as heartily as do their brothers and husbands in close proximity.

In spite of this invasion, there is still ample room here for the Scotchmen of Trinidad—and there are many in the Island—to indulge in their national game, and the cries of "Fore!" at first arbitrary and soon in piteous entreaty, fill the air. Golf flourishes in Trinidad and is ardently taken up by many of the creoles themselves, while the negro caddies, properly coached, could hold their own in the best of company.

Quashie, sprawling on the grass and deeply intent on the fortunes of his favourite club, loftily ignores the golfer's plaintive call, and his huge enjoyment should the ball strike his neighbour is only equalled by his intense disgust and verbal abuse should the fate be his own. Such accidents, however, are rare, the links only approaching the cricket area in one place which the cricketer, perhaps justly, considers sacred to himself. Elsewhere it is but fair to say that he will respect the cry and move aside when he realises that he is interrupting sport, his movements being

Photo by] [*Jacobson.*

ON THE QUEEN'S PARK GOLF-LINKS, SAVANNAH, PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

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possibly accelerated by the consciousness born of experience that that little ball "he burn um too bad!"

It is on the Savannah, too, that the Trinidad Polo Club has its ground, though recent financial depressions have practically put an end to the game. Occasionally, as on the annual visit of the Fleet, for instance, a game is arranged; but as matters now are, polo in Trinidad is almost at a standstill.

Last, but by no means least, it is here that the Turf Club hold their two annual meetings. This body, which is of comparatively recent organisation, is modelled on the lines of the English Jockey Club, and consists of many of the prominent officials, merchants, and planters in the Island. Horse-racing stands next to cricket in popularity all over the West Indies, and even American owners make the journey to compete at the December meeting. This branch of sport attracts even the phlegmatic coolie, though wily Sammy has an eye to the main chance, and confines his operation to dispensing cooling liquids and hokey-pokey to soothe the palate of the excitable African. The latter will beg, borrow, or steal to bet, and his intense delight should his champion win is ludicrous to behold. His gambling tendencies—and, tell it not in Gath! those of many in higher places besides—are also amply catered for by gentlemen who manipulate a weird instrument on the roulette principle, and others who invite you to patronise the simple game of Crown and Anchor, while our old friend the three-card man is ubiquitous. For orderly behaviour, however, the crowd compares more than favourably with that at the best regulated meetings at home, though it must be confessed that at the smaller meetings in the country districts—for racing is popular all over the Island—stick-play, at which the negro is an adept, is of frequent occurrence, and often, too, that ever-ready weapon, the razor, is used to settle a dispute.

Photo by] [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

HON. R. S. AUCHER WARNER.

"The parent of West Indian cricket": vice-president, Queen's Park Cricket Club, and captain of the West Indian Team that visited England in 1900.

The neighbouring Colony of British Guiana—or Demerara, as it is more familiarly known—is also enthusiastic in the matter of race meetings, and the champion thoroughbreds and creoles of each Colony meet one another again and again, sometimes, too, on neutral ground, for our next-door neighbours in Venezuela are also keen admirers of horseflesh, and the Caracas race meeting is one of the best known in this part of the world. Racing has rather died out in Barbados since the drop in the price of sugar, and few, if any, of the smaller Islands have a suitable track. In these, however, cricket is very popular. Antigua, St. Kitts, St. Vincent, and Grenada were all included by Lord Hawke in his last visit, and though victorious in each, his victories were no mere walk-overs, the matting wickets, more than once necessitated by the absence of suitable grass, and the accuracy of the bowling preventing any liberties being taken. Bowling is always the strong point of the West Indian negro; he seems to take to it as naturally as a duck does to water; loosely built, with powerful shoulders, and utterly despising aids in the shape of spiked shoes, he slings in the ball with an accuracy and pace that are surprising, occasionally getting on a natural break of considerable power even on his fastest ball. At fielding, too, he excels, and rarely misses a catch, while with the bat his keen eye goes far towards making up for his lack of style and knowledge of the art. With a fast ball he is perfectly at home; but bowl him a slow "teaser," and he generally slogs blindly and loses his wicket, his evident chagrin being by no means relieved by the derisive jeers of his fellows.

Attention has already been drawn to the advantages of competition in encouraging the breeding and importing of thoroughbred racehorses in these Islands. It is in cricket, however, that this bears the best results. Every other year a challenge cup is competed for by amateur teams from Barbados, Demerara, and Trinidad, which all lie within two days' sail from one another. Last year the matches were held in Demerara, and the trophy was secured by Trinidad. In Demerara the English element is stronger than in Trinidad, which relies chiefly upon its black bowlers, as has been pointed out. Cricket here received a healthy stimulus a

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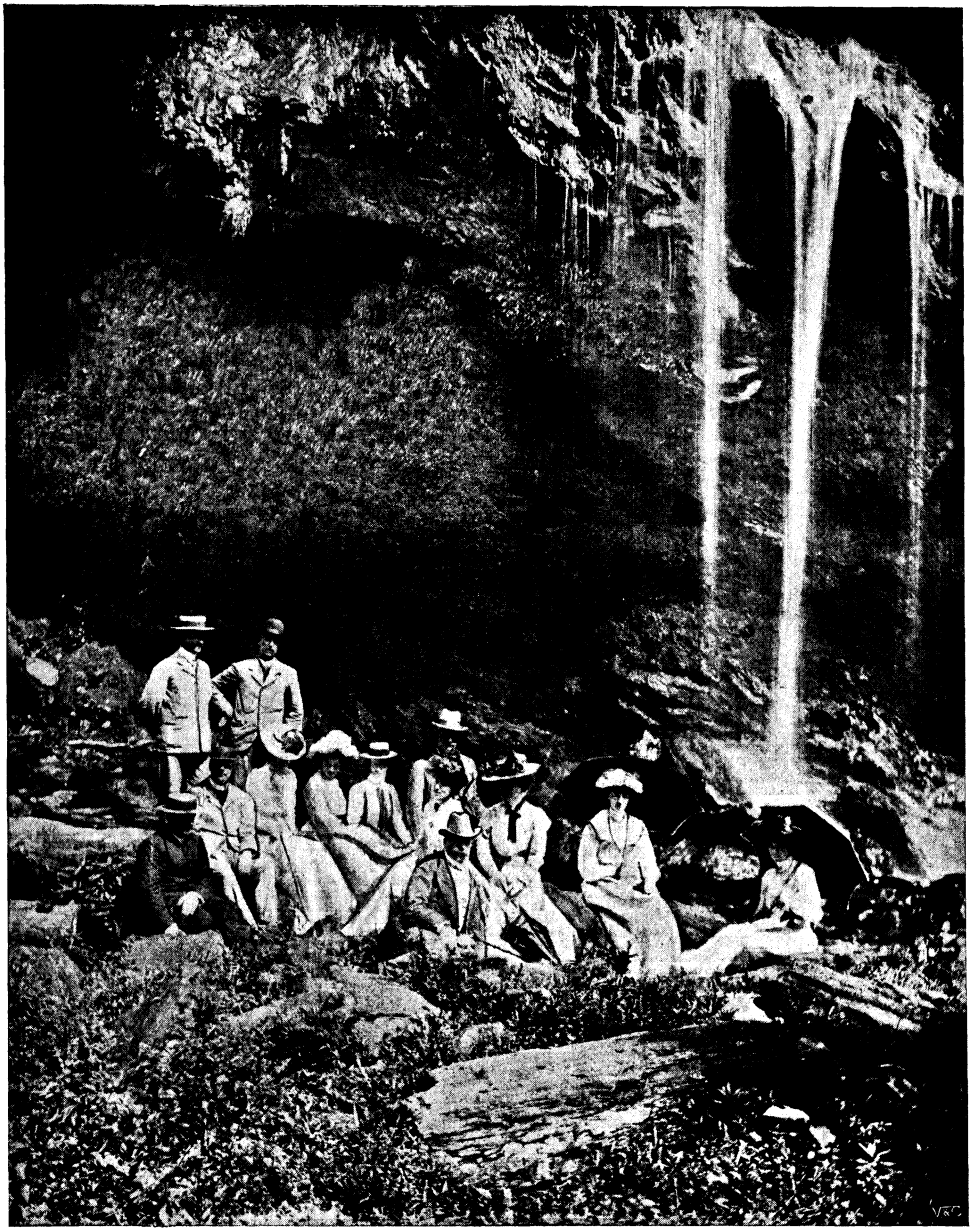

Photo by] [*Whiteman, Trinidad.*

A PICNIC PARTY AT MARACAS FALLS, TRINIDAD, INCLUDING HIS EXCELLENCY SIR A. MOLONEY AND PARTY.

few years ago by the appointment of that well known M.C.C. and Incogniti player, Sir Augustus Hemming, as Governor, whose zeal, and, still more, whose active membership of the Georgetown C.C., did much to further the interest taken in the game. Sir Augustus is now Governor of Jamaica, of which little mention can be made here, as it lies too far off to enter into much social or sporting intercourse with the rest of the West Indian Islands. Containing, however, as it does, a large English population and a garrison of Imperial troops, it is but natural that the national game should flourish, while polo and horse and pony racing are also supported to a greater extent than in the other Islands.

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Mention has already been made of the visits of teams of English amateurs, and attention drawn to the immense impetus given to cricket thereby. For months after the last visit the traveller, even in the country districts—if he were a white man and a stranger—would be greeted with the cry of "Courage, Stoddart!" from the roadside urchins. These children of Nature are apt mimics, and the accurate manner in which they copy the style of their favourite bowler or batsman is amazing. Bromley-Davenport and Heseltine were their favourites in this department, the long run and peculiar hop-skip-and-a-jump action of the latter being hit off to perfection. During the matches themselves, Quashie's enthusiasm was delightful to witness. "Well played! De la-ard, he play good for true, yes!" might be heard again and again. The sight of a real live lord on the cricket-field tickled them immensely, and hardly less popular in Trinidad was P. F. Warner, a Trinidadian by birth, whose good fortune in making a century in the first match raised howls of delight all over the ground.

Some two years ago the writer offered the following remarks *à propos* of the then suggested visit to England of a representative West Indian cricket team:—

"A scheme has been mooted, and we trust will be realised, to bring over a representative West Indian team to England in the autumn of 1900. With three or four native bowlers, without whom it would be useless to make the attempt, and given good, hot weather, the premier clubs could be met with fair chances of success, and even some of the first class counties would have to look to their laurels. It would serve no good purpose to confine the tour to encounters with second class counties. Public interest—and it is public interest in West Indian sport, and through sport to West Indian affairs in general, that is wanted—would scarcely be sufficiently aroused were such to be the case. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect such a tour would have in making these neglected Colonies better known and appreciated at home, and Englishmen might perhaps be induced thereby to carry back their minds to the days of Rodney and Abercrombie, and the French and Spanish troubles in days gone by, when they were won for England by her heart's blood. Sentimental reasons alone would, I feel sure, enlist sympathy with them in their present distress, and possibly, too, it may be recalled that in the days of England's splendid isolation in the latter part of the last century, these now neglected but then prosperous Islands contributed nearly two millions sterling out of pure loyalty to aid the Mother Country. It is the bugbear of foreign bounty-fed competition that they want removed, and it would be a great day for sport if it should succeed in drawing together the bonds that have now stretched almost to bursting, by bringing home to the British public the solid fact that the West Indies still exist, that they are still a portion of the British Empire, and that they are in great distress."

The visit of that team is now a matter of past history, and its record one on which we may look back with satisfaction; and proud indeed will be West Indian sportsmen if they may venture to hope that, even in the slightest degree, their visit succeeded in drawing increased attention to their island homes, and helped ever so little to produce the long-looked-for result that at the time of writing seems certain to be gained.

Much might be said about minor pastimes both in these and the other Islands, but space will only permit of passing mention.

Of sport, as the term is usually understood, there is but little. In the autumn a few migratory birds of the plover species are seen for a short while on their journey south, though in the Grenadines good shooting can be had by those who know the ropes, there being many birds, with local names, but chiefly of the pigeon variety, practically all the year round. This sport, however, necessitates the hiring of a sloop and crew, as these small islands are but sparsely inhabited and not visited by any of the regular steamers. The sportsman in Barbados looks eagerly forward to September, when he forms a party and comfortably ensconces himself in a small hut on the edge of a marsh where the birds rest a few weeks. He posts a look-out outside and then proceeds to devote himself to his game of whist; and no mean player he proves himself to be, either at this or the more lively game of poker, as the careless traveller will find to his cost. The alarm being given, out he sallies, downs his bird, and returns to his game; and as the birds do not desert the marsh, but circle round and round, his bag is usually very good, as many as one hundred brace being occasionally got in a single day.

Alligators abound in Trinidad and Demerara. In the latter Colony there is much and varied shooting for those who can afford the time and money to journey

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into the interior or to the flat marshes adjoining the Surinam boundary.

These, however, afford more novelty than true sport, and the same may be said of deer, of which there are not a few in the forests, especially on the mainland, but which require the patience of the Indian hunter to secure, as they can only be approached by careful stalking through thick, tropical "bush."

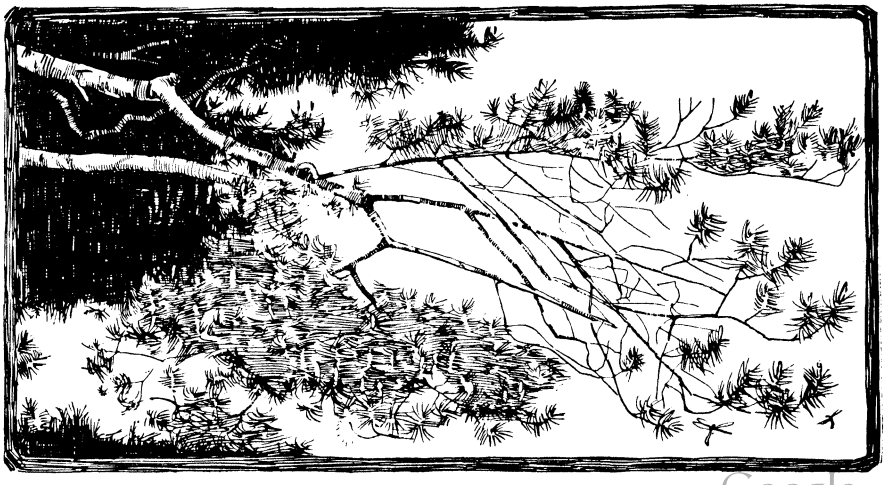
To those, however, who do not mind roughing it, the Orinoco basin affords limitless resources. Ducks of all kinds, deer, wild turkey, and peccary (or *quenk*, as it is called in Trinidad) abound. This latter is a small, wild pig, and when driven to bay equals its larger and better known brother, the wild boar, in fierceness. The *tigre*, too, the South American leopard, is frequently met with. This class of hunting, however, is expensive, and necessitates a well equipped expedition with trained dogs. Any who may be desirous of acquiring more information about this region may obtain it at the house of the courteous British Vice-Consul at Bolivar, Mr. C. H. de Lemos, himself a thorough sportsman. Bolivar can be reached in two days from Port of Spain, and there is a regular fortnightly service.

Of fishing there is also little except of the deep sea variety, where sharks and barracouta will try the strength of one's tackle occasionally. The latter is a heavy fish of extremely voracious disposition and gives good sport, and there are several other varieties of large fish to be caught in the Gulf of Paria, within easy reach of the city. Over on the Venezuelan coast, tarpon-fishing is, I believe, indulged in and good catches made. The fishing-grounds can easily be reached by sloop; but this, of course, is expensive and necessitates fitting out an expedition, as shore accommodation is not recommended, especially during a time of revolution, of which our neighbours seem to live in a perpetual state.

Cycling is largely enjoyed by every section of the community, and in Trinidad an annual race meeting is held on a banked grass track at which very fair performances are seen; while even football has its few—very few—devotees, and lawn tennis and croquet attract their admirers, which include, naturally, many of the fair sex.

I had almost forgotten to mention the excellent social clubs which are to be found in most of the Islands and in Demerara, where the devotee of bridge can pursue his pet pastime to his heart's content, and find no mean opponents—and partners—either.

Enough, however, has been said to show that the love of sport, as far as climatic conditions will allow, is strongly developed in the West Indies; and though the visitor had better leave his gun and rod behind him, unless he has plenty of time, plenty of money, and plenty of patience and endurance, yet he will find ample to reward him in other ways; while the beauty of the scenery, the mildness of the climate in the winter months, and, last, but not least, the heartiness of a West Indian welcome, will all tend to render his stay very enjoyable.



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RANSON'S FOLLY.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.*

III

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.—At Fort Crockett, Cahill is the post trader. Sergeant Clancey discovers that he has been associated with New York's slums. Cahill's daughter, Mary, is ignorant of her father's past. She loves Lieutenant Ranson, an adventurous young officer and the son of a millionaire. Tiring of the dull routine of the Army post, Ranson concocts an escapade to hold up the stage armed only with a pair of shears and wearing a red handkerchief over his face, in imitation of a famous highwayman, "Red Rider." The same night Mary is called to tend a sick Indian squaw. Her father, overhearing a conversation among the soldiers of the coming of the paymaster in the stage, disguises himself and leaves the post on horseback. That night the stage is held up by the "Red Rider," the sole result being the frightening of two ladies and a travelling salesman, who are chivalrously allowed by the masked horseman to resume their journey. Unfortunately a special coach, containing the paymaster with a considerable sum of money, is also held up the same night by the "Red Rider," who succeeds in getting off with the money only after severely wounding one of the party. It falls to the lot of Lieutenant Ranson's brother officers to arrest him for this crime the same evening.

THAT night at the post there was little sleep for anyone. The feet of hurrying orderlies beat upon the parade-ground, the windows of the officers' club blazed defiantly, and from the darkened quarters of the enlisted men came the sound of voices snarling in violent vituperation. At midnight, half of Ranson's troop, having attacked the rest of the regiment with cavalry boots, were marched under arrest to the guardhouse. As they passed Ranson's hut, where he still paced the verandah, a burning cigarette attesting to his wakefulness, they cheered him riotously. At two o'clock it was announced from the hospital that both patients were out of danger; for it had developed that, in his hurried diagnosis, Sergeant Clancey had located Henderson's heart six inches from where it should have been.

When one of the men who guarded Ranson reported this good news, the prisoner said: "Still, I hope they'll hang whoever did it. They shouldn't hang a man for being a good shot, and let him off because he's a bad one."

At the time of the hold-up, Mary Cahill had been a half-mile distant from the post, at the camp of the Kiowas, where she had gone in answer to the cry of Lightfoot's squaw. When she returned, she found Indian Pete in charge of the exchange. Her father, he told her, had ridden to the Indian village in search of her. As he spoke, the post trader appeared. "I'm sorry I missed you," his daughter called to him.

At the sound Cahill pulled his horse sharply toward the corral. "I had a horse deal on—with the chief," he answered over his shoulder. "When I got to Lightfoot's tent, you had gone."

After he had dismounted and was coming towards her, she noted that his right hand was bound in a handkerchief and exclaimed with apprehension.

"It is nothing," Cahill protested. "I was foolin' with one of the new regulation revolvers, with my hand over the muzzle. Ball went through the palm."

Miss Cahill gave a tremulous cry and caught the injured hand to her lips.

Her father snatched it from her roughly.

"Let go!" he growled. "It serves me right!"

A few minutes later, Mary Cahill, bearing liniment for her father's hand, knocked at his bedroom and found it empty. When she peered from the top of the stairs into the shop window below, she saw him busily engaged with his one hand buckling the stirrup straps of his saddle.

When she called, he sprang upright with an oath. He had faced her so suddenly that it sounded as though he had sworn, not in surprise, but at her.

"You startled me," he murmured. His eyes glanced suspiciously from her to the saddle. "These stirrup straps—they're too short," he announced. "Pete or somebody's been using my saddle."

"I came to bring you this 'First Aid' bandage for your hand," said his daughter.

Cahill gave a shrug of impatience.

"My hand's all right," he said; "you go to bed. I've got to begin taking account of stock."

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"To-night?"

"There's no time by day. Go to bed."

For nearly an hour Miss Cahill lay awake listening to her father moving about in the shop below. Never before had he spoken roughly to her, and she, knowing how much the thought that he had done so would distress him, was herself distressed.

In his lonely vigil on the verandah Ranson looked from the post down the hill to where the light still shone from Mary Cahill's window. He wondered if she had heard the news, and if it were any thought of him that kept sleep from her.

"You ass! you idiot!" he muttered. "You've worried and troubled her. She believes one of her precious Army is a thief and a murderer." He cursed himself picturesquely, but the thought that she might possibly be concerned on his account did not, he found, distress him as greatly as it should. On the contrary, as he watched the light his heart glowed warmly. And long after the light went out he still looked towards the home of the post trader, his brain filled with thoughts of his return to his former life outside the Army, the old life to which he vowed he would not return alone.

The next morning Miss Cahill learned the news when the junior officers came to mess and explained why Ranson was not with them. Her only comment was to start at once for his quarters with his breakfast in a basket. She could have sent it by Pete, but, she argued, when one of her officers was in trouble, that was not the time to turn him over to the mercies of a servant. No, she assured herself, it was not because the officer happened to be Ranson. She would have done as much, or as little, for any one of them. When Curtis and Haines were ill of the grippe, had she not carried them many good things of her own making?

But it was not an easy sacrifice. As she crossed the parade-ground she recognised that overnight Ranson's hut, where he was a prisoner in his own quarters, had become to the post the storm-centre of interest, and to approach it was to invite the attention of the garrison. At headquarters a group of officers turned and looked her way, there was a flutter among the frocks on Mrs. Bolland's porch, and the enlisted men, smoking their pipes on the rail of the barracks, whispered together. When she reached Ranson's hut, over four hundred pair of eyes were upon her, and her cheeks were flushing. Ranson came leaping to the gate and lifted the basket from her arm as though he were removing an opera-cloak. He set it upon the gatepost and nervously clasped the palings of the gate with both hands. He had not been to bed, but that fact alone could not explain the strangeness of his manner. Never before had she seen him disconcerted or abashed.

"You shouldn't have done it," he stammered. "Indeed, indeed you are much too good. But you shouldn't have come."

His voice shook slightly.

"Why not?" asked Mary Cahill. "I couldn't let you go hungry."

"You know it isn't that," he said; "it's your coming here at all. Why, only three of the fellows have been near me this morning. And they only came from a sense of duty. I know they did—I could feel it. You shouldn't have come here. I'm not a proper person; I'm an outlaw. You might think this was a pest-house; you might think I was a leper. Why, those Stickney girls have been watching me all morning through a field-glass." He clasped and unclasped his fingers around the palings. "They believe I did it," he protested, with the bewildered accents of a child. "They all believe it."

Miss Cahill laughed. The laugh was quieting and comforting. It brought him nearer to earth, and her next remark brought him still further.

"Have you had any breakfast?" she asked.

"Breakfast?" stammered Ranson. "No. The guard brought some, but I couldn't eat it. This thing has taken the life out of me—to think sane, sensible people—my own people—could believe that I'd steal, that I'd kill a man for money!"

"Yes, I know," said Miss Cahill soothingly; "but you've not had any sleep, and you need your coffee." She pointed to the basket. "It's getting cold," she said. "Don't you worry about what people think. You must remember you're a prisoner now under arrest. You can't expect the officers to run over here as freely as they used to. What do you want?" she laughed. "Do you think the colonel should parade the band and give you a serenade?" For a moment Ranson stared at her dully, and then his sense of proportion returned to him. He threw back his head and laughed with her joyfully.

From verandahs, barracks, and headquarters the four hundred pair of eyes noted this evidence of heartlessness with varied emotions. But, unmindful of them,

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Ranson now leaned forward, the eager, searching look coming back into his black eyes. They were so close to Mary Cahill's that she drew away. He dropped his voice to a whisper and spoke swiftly.

"Miss Cahill, whatever happens to me, I won't forget this. I won't forget your coming here and throwing heart into me. You were the only one who did. I haven't asked you if you believe that I——"

She raised her eyes reproachfully and smiled. "You know you don't have to do that," she said.

The prisoner seized the palings as though he meant to pull apart the barrier between them. He drew a long breath like one inhaling a draught of clean morning air.

"No," he said, his voice ringing, "I don't have to do that."

He cast a swift glance to the left and right. The sentry's bayonet was just disappearing behind the corner of the hut. To the four hundred other eyes around the parade-ground Lieutenant Ranson's attitude suggested that he was explaining to Cahill's daughter what he wanted for his luncheon. His eyes held her as firmly as though the palings he clasped were her two hands.

"Mary," he said, and the speaking of her name seemed to stop the beating of his heart. "Mary," he whispered, as softly as though he were beginning a prayer, "you're the bravest, the sweetest, the dearest girl in all the world. And I've known it for months, and now you must know. And there'll never be any other girl in my life but you."

Mary Cahill drew away from him in doubt and wonder.

"I didn't mean to tell you just yet," he whispered, "but now that I've seen you I can't help it. I knew it last night when I stood back there and watched your windows, and couldn't think of this trouble, nor of anything else, but just you. And you've got to promise me, if I get out of this all right—you must—must promise me——"

Mary Cahill's eyes, as she raised them to his, were moist and glowing. They promised him with a great love and tenderness. But at the sight Ranson protested wildly.

"No," he whispered, "you mustn't promise—anything. I shouldn't have asked it. After I'm out of this, after the court-martial, then you've got to promise that you'll never, never leave me."

Miss Cahill knit her hands together and turned away her head. The happiness in her heart rose to her throat like a great melody and choked her. Before her, exposed in the thin spring sunshine, was the square of ugly brown cottages, the bare parade-ground, in its centre Trumpeter Tyler fingering his bugle, and beyond on every side an ocean of blackened prairie. But she saw nothing of this. She saw instead a beautiful world opening its arms to her, a world smiling with sunshine, glowing with colour, singing with love and content.

She turned to him with all that was in her heart showing in her face.

"Don't!" he begged tremblingly, "don't answer. I couldn't bear it—if you said 'No' to me." He jerked his head towards the men who guarded him. "Wait until I'm tried, and not in disgrace." He shook the gate between them savagely as though it actually held him a prisoner.

Mary Cahill raised her head proudly.

"You have no right. You've hurt me," she whispered. "You hurt me."

"Hurt you?" he cried.

She pressed her hands together. It was impossible to tell him, it was impossible to speak of what she felt—of the pride, of the trust and love—to disclose this new and wonderful thing, while the gate was between them, while the sentries paced on either side, while the curious eyes of the garrison were fastened upon her.

"Oh! can't you see?" she whispered. "As though I cared for a court-martial! I *know* you. You are just the same. You are just what you have always been to me—what you always will be to me."

She thrust her hand towards him, and he seized it in both of his, and then released it instantly, and, as though afraid of his own self-control, backed hurriedly from her, and she turned and walked rapidly away.

Captain Carr, who had been Ranson's captain in the Philippines, and who was much his friend, had been appointed to act as his counsel. When later that morning he visited his client to lay out a line of defence, he found Ranson inclined to treat the danger which threatened him with the most arrogant flippancy. He had never seen him in a more objectionable mood.

"You can call the charge 'tommy-rot' if you like," Carr protested sharply. "But let me tell you that's not the view anyone else takes of it; and if you expect the officers of the court-martial and the civil authorities to take that view of it, you've got to get down to work and help me prove that it *is* 'tommy-rot.' That Miss Post, as soon as she got here, when she thought it was only a practical joke, told them that the road

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agent threatened her with a pair of shears. Now, Crosby and Curtis will testify that you took a pair of shears from Cahill's, and from what Miss Post saw of your ring she can probably identify that, too; so——"

"Oh! we concede the shears," declared Ranson, waving his hand grandly. "We admit the first hold-up."

"The devil we do!" returned Carr. "Now, as your counsel, I advise nothing of the sort."

"You advise me to lie?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Carr. "A plea of 'Not guilty' is only a legal form. When you consider that the first hold-up in itself is enough to lose you your commission——"

"Well, it's *my* commission," said Ranson. "It was only a silly joke, anyway. And the War Department must have some sense of humour, or it wouldn't have given me a commission in the first place. Of course, we'll admit the first hold-up, but we won't stand for the second one. I had no more to do with that than with the Whitechapel murders."

"How are we to prove that?" demanded Carr. "Where's your *alibi?* Where were you after the first hold-up?"

"I was making for home as fast as I could cut," said Ranson. He suddenly stopped in his walk up and down the room and confronted his counsel sternly. "Captain," he demanded, "I wish you to instruct me on a point of law."

Carr's brow relaxed. He was relieved to find that Ranson had awakened to the seriousness of the charges against him.

"That's what I'm here for," he said encouragingly.

"Well, captain," said Ranson, "if an officer is under arrest, as I am, and confined to his quarters, is he or is he not allowed to send to the club for a bottle of champagne?"

"Really, Ranson!" cried the captain angrily, "you are impossible."

"I only want to celebrate," said Ranson meekly. "I'm a very happy man; I'm the happiest man on earth. I want to ride across the prairie shooting off both guns and yelling like a cowboy. Instead of which I am locked up indoors and have to talk to you about a highway robbery which does not amuse me, which does not concern me, and of which I know nothing and care less.

"Miss Cahill knit her hands together and turned away her head."

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Now, *you* are detailed to prove me innocent. That's your duty, and you ought to do your duty. But don't drag in me. I've got much more important things to think about."

Bewilderment, rage, and despair were written upon the face of the captain.

"Ranson!" he roared, "is this a pose, or are you mad? Can't you understand that you came very near to being hanged for murder, and that you are in great danger of going to gaol for theft? Let me put before you the extremely unpleasant position in which you have been ass enough to place yourself. You don't quite seem to grasp it. You tell two brother officers that you are going to rob the stage. To do so you disguise yourself in a poncho and a red handkerchief, and you remove the Army stirrups from your stirrup-leathers. You then do rob this coach—or, at least, hold it up—and you are recognised. A few minutes later, in the same trail and in the same direction you have taken, there is a second hold-up, this time of the paymaster. The man who robs the paymaster wears a poncho and a red kerchief, and he has no stirrups in his stirrup-leathers. The two hold-ups take place within a half-mile of each other, within five minutes of each other. Now, is it reasonable to believe that last night two men were hiding in the buttes intent upon robbery, each in an Army poncho, each wearing a red bandana handkerchief, and each riding without stirrups? Between believing in such a strange coincidence and that you did it, I'll be hanged if I don't believe you did it!"

"I don't blame you," said Ranson. "What can I do to set your mind at rest?"

"Well, tell me exactly what persons knew that you meant to hold up the stage."

"Curtis and Crosby, no one else."

"Not even Cahill?"

"No; Cahill came in just before I said I would stop the stage, but I remember particularly that before I spoke I waited for him to get back to the exchange."

"And Crosby tells me," continued Carr, "that the instant you had gone he looked into the exchange and saw Cahill at the farthest corner from the door. He could have heard nothing."

"If you ask me, I think you've begun at the wrong end," said Ranson. "If I were looking for the Red Rider, I'd search for him in Kiowa City."

"Why?"

"Because at this end no one but a few officers knew that the paymaster was coming, while in Kiowa everybody in the town knew it, for they saw him start. It would be very easy for one of those cowboys to ride ahead and lie in wait for him in the buttes. There are several tough specimens in Kiowa. Any one of them would rob a man for twenty dollars—let alone ten thousand. There's 'Abe' Fisher and Foster King, and the Chase boys, and I believe old Pop Henderson himself isn't above holding up one of his own stages."

"He's above shooting himself in the lungs," said Carr. "Nonsense! No, I am convinced that someone followed you from this post, and perhaps Cahill can tell us who that was. I sent for him this morning, and he's waiting at my quarters now. Suppose I ask him to step over here, so that we can discuss it together?"

Before he answered, Ranson hesitated, with his eyes on the ground. He had no way of knowing whether Mary Cahill had told her father anything of what he had said to her that morning. But if she had done so, he did not want to meet Cahill in the presence of a third party for the first time since he had learned the news.

"I'll tell you what I wish you would do," he said. "I wish you'd let me see Cahill first, by myself. What I want to see him about has nothing to do with the hold-up," he added. "It concerns only us two, but I'd like to have it out of the way before we consult him as a witness."

Carr rose doubtfully. "Why, certainly," he said. "I'll send him over; and when you're ready for me, step out on the porch and call. I'll be sitting on my verandah. I hope you've had no quarrel with Cahill—I mean, I hope this personal matter is nothing that will prejudice him against you."

Ranson smiled. "I hope not, too," he said. "No, we've not quarrelled—yet," he added.

Carr still lingered. "Cahill is like to be a very important witness for the other side——"

"I doubt it," said Ranson easily. "Cahill's a close-mouthed chap; but when he does talk, he talks to the point, and he'll tell the truth. That can't hurt us."

As Cahill crossed the parade-ground from Captain Carr's quarters on his way to Ranson's hut, his brain was crowded swiftly with doubts, memories, and resolves. For him the interview held no alarms. He had no misgivings as to its outcome. For his daughter's sake he was determined that he himself must not be disgraced in her eyes, and

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that to that end Ranson must be sacrificed. It was to make a lady of her, as he understood what a lady should be, that on six moonlit raids he had ventured forth in his red mask and robbed the Kiowa stage. That there were others who roamed abroad in the disguise of the Red Rider he was well aware. There were nights the stage was held up when he was innocently busy behind his counter, in touch with the whole garrison. Of these nights he made much. They were *alibis* furnished by his rivals. They served to keep suspicion from himself, and he, working for the same object, was indefatigable in proclaiming that all the depredations of the Red Rider showed the handiwork of one and the same individual.

"He comes from Kiowa, of course," he would point out. "Some feller who lives where the stage starts and knows when the passengers carry money. You don't hear of him holding up a stage full of recruits or cow-punchers. It's always the drummers and the mine directors that the Red Rider lays for. How does he know they're in the stage if he don't see 'em start from Kiowa? Ask Pop Henderson. Ask Abe Fisher. Mebbe they know more than they'd care to tell."

The money which at different times Cahill had taken from the Kiowa stage lay in a New York bank, and the law of limitation made it now possible for him to return to that city and claim it. Already his savings were sufficient in amount to support both his daughter and himself in one of those foreign cities of which she had so often told him and for which he knew she hungered. And for the last five years he had had no other object in living than to feed her wants. Through some strange trick of the mind he remembered suddenly and vividly a long-forgotten scene in the back room of McTurk's, when he was McTurk's bouncer. The night before, a girl had killed herself in this same back room; she made the third who had done so in the month. He recalled the faces of the reporters eyeing McTurk in cold distaste as that terror of the Bowery whimpered before them on his knees. "But my daughters will read it!" he had begged. "Suppose they believe I'm what you call me? Don't go and give me a bad name to them, gentlemen. It ain't my fault the girls died here. You wouldn't have my daughters think I'm to blame for that? They're ladies, my daughters, they're just out of the convent, and they don't know that there is such women in the world as to come to this place. And I can't have 'em turned against their old pop. For God's sake, gentlemen, don't let my girls know!"

Cahill remembered the contempt he had felt for his employer as he pulled him to his feet, but now McTurk's appeal seemed just and natural. His point of view was that of the loving and considerate parent. In Cahill's mind there was no moral question involved. If to make his girl rich and a lady, and to lift her out of the life of the exchange, were a sin, the sin was his own, and he was willing to "stand for it." And, like McTurk, he would see that the sin of the father was not visited upon the child. Ranson was rich, foolishly, selfishly rich; his father was a United States Senator, with influence enough and money enough to fight the law—to buy his son out of gaol. Sooner than his daughter should know that her father was one of those who sometimes wore the mask of the Red Rider, Ranson, for all he cared, could go to gaol. With this ultimatum in his mind, Cahill confronted his would-be son-in-law with a calm and assured countenance.

Ranson greeted him with respectful deference, and while Cahill seated himself, Ranson, chatting hospitably, placed cigars and glasses before him. He began upon the subject that touched him the most nearly.

"Miss Cahill was good enough to bring up my breakfast this morning," he said. "Has she told you of what I said to her?"

Cahill shook his head. "No, I haven't seen her. We've been taking account of stock all morning."

"Then—then you've heard nothing from her about me?" said Ranson.

The post trader raised his head in surprise. "No. Captain Carr spoke to me about your arrest, and then said you wanted to see me first about something private." The post trader fixed Ranson with his keen, unwavering eyes. "What might that be?" he asked.

"Well, it doesn't matter now," stammered Ranson; "I'll wait until Miss Cahill tells you."

"Any complaint about the food?" inquired the post trader.

Ranson laughed nervously. "No, it's not that," he said. He rose, and to protect what Miss Cahill evidently wished to remain a secret, changed the subject. "You see, you've lived in these parts so long, Mr. Cahill," he explained, "and you know so many people, I thought maybe you could put me on the track or give me some hint as to

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which of that Kiowa gang really did rob the paymaster." Ranson was pulling the cork from the whisky bottle; and when he asked the question, Cahill pushed his glass from him and shook his head. Ranson looked up interrogatively and smiled. "You mean you think I did it myself?" he asked.

"I didn't understand from Captain Carr," the post trader began in heavy tones, "that it's my opinion you're after. He said I might be wanted to testify who was present last night in my store."

"Certainly, that's all we want," Ranson answered genially. "I only thought you might give me a friendly pointer or two on the outside. And, of course, if it's your opinion I did the deed, we certainly don't want your opinion. But that needn't prevent your taking a drink with me, need it? Don't be afraid. I'm not trying to corrupt you. And I'm not trying to poison a witness for the other fellows, either. Help yourself."

Cahill stretched out his left hand. His right remained hidden in the side pocket of his coat. "What's the matter with your right hand?" Ranson asked. "Are you holding a gun on me? Really, Mr. Cahill, you're not taking any chances, are you?" Ranson gazed about the room as though seeking an appreciative audience. "He's such an important witness," he cried delightedly, "that first he's afraid I'll poison him, and he won't drink with me, and now he covers me with a gun!"

Reluctantly Cahill drew out his hand. "I was putting the bridle on my pony last night," he said. "He bit me."

Ranson exclaimed sympathetically. "Oh! that's too bad," he said. "Well, you know, you want to be careful. A horse's teeth really are poisonous." He examined his own hands complacently. "Now, if I had a bandage like that on my right hand, they would hang me sure, no matter whether it was a bite, or a burn, or a bullet."

Cahill raised the glass to his lips and sipped the whisky critically. "Why?" he asked.

"Why? Why, didn't you know that the paymaster boasted last night to the surgeons that he hit this fellow in the hand? He says——"

Cahill snorted scornfully. "How'd he know that? What makes him think so?"

"Well, never mind, let him think so," Ranson answered fervently, "Don't discourage him. That's the only evidence I've got on my side. He says he fired to disarm the man, and that he saw him shift his gun to his left hand. It was the shot that the man fired when he held his gun in his left that broke the colonel's arm. Now, everybody knows I can't hit a barn with my left. And as for having any wounds concealed about my person"—Ranson turned his hands like a conjurer to show the front and back—"they can search me. So, if the paymaster will only stick to that story—that he hit the man—it will help me a lot." Ranson seated himself on the table and swung his leg. "And of course it would be a big help, too, if you could remember who was in your exchange when I was planning to rob the coach. For someone certainly must have overheard me, someone must have copied my disguise, and that someone is the man we must find. Unless he came from Kiowa."

Cahill shoved his glass from him across the table and, placing his hands on his knees, stared at his host coldly and defiantly. His would-be son-in-law observed the aggressiveness of his attitude, but, in his fuller knowledge of their prospective relations, smiled blandly.

"Mr. Ranson," began Cahill, "I've no feelings against you personally. I've a friendly feeling for all of you young gentlemen at my mess. But you're not playing fair with me. I can see what you want, and I can tell you that you and Captain Carr are not helping your case by asking me up here to drink and smoke with you, when you know that I'm the most important witness they've got against you."

Ranson stared at his father-in-law-elect in genuine amazement and then laughed lightly.

"Why, dear Mr. Cahill," he cried, "I wouldn't think of bribing you with such a bad brand of whisky as this. And I didn't know you were such an important witness as all that. But, of course, I know whatever you say in this community goes; and if your testimony is against me, I'm sorry for it, very sorry. I suppose you will testify that there was no one in the exchange who could have heard my plan?"

Cahill nodded.

"And, as it's not likely two men at exactly the same time should have thought of robbing the stage in exactly the same way, I must have robbed it myself."

Cahill nursed his bandaged hand with the other. "That's the court's business," he growled; "I mean to tell the truth."

"And the truth is?" asked Ranson.

"The truth is that last night there was no

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one in the exchange but you officers and me. If anybody'd come in on the store side, you'd have seen him, wouldn't you? and if he'd come into the exchange, I'd have seen him. But no one came in. I was there alone—and certainly I didn't hear your plan and I didn't rob the stage. When you fellows left, I went down to the Indian village. Half the reservation can prove I was there all the evening—so, of the four of us, that lets me out. Crosby and Curtis were in command of the pay escort—that's their *alibi*—and as far as I can see, lieutenant, that puts it up to you."

Ranson laughed and shook his head. "Yes, it certainly looks that way," he said. "Only I can't see why you need be so mightily pleased about it." He grinned wickedly. "If you weren't such a respectable member of Fort Crockett society, I might say you listened at the door and rode after me in one of your own ponchos. As for the Indian village, that's no *alibi*. A Kiowa will swear his skin's as white as yours if you give him a drink."

"And is that why I get this one?" Cahill demanded. "Am I a Kiowa?"

Ranson laughed and shoved the bottle towards his father-in-law-elect.

"Oh! can't you take a joke?" he said. "Take another drink, then."

The voice outside the hut was too low to reach the irate Cahill, but Ranson heard it and leaped to his feet.

"Wait!" he commanded. He ran to the door and met Sergeant Clancey at the threshold.

"Miss Cahill, lieutenant," said the sergeant, "wants to see her father."

Cahill had followed Ranson to the door. "You want to see me, Mame?" he asked.

"Yes," Miss Cahill cried; "and Mr. Ranson, too, if I may." She caught her father eagerly by the arm, but her eyes were turned joyfully upon Ranson. They were laughing with excitement. Her voice was trembling and eager.

"It is something I have discovered," she cried; "I found it out just now, and I think—oh! I hope—it is most important. I believe it will clear Mr. Ranson!" she cried happily. "At least, it will show that last night someone went out to rob the coach and went dressed as he was."

Cahill gave a short laugh. "What's his name?" he asked mockingly. "Have you seen him?"

"I didn't see him, and I don't know his name, but——"

Cahill snorted and picked up his sombrero from the table. "Then it's not so very important, after all," he said. "Is that all that brought you here?"

"The main thing is that she is here," said Ranson; "for which the poor prisoner is grateful—grateful to her and to the man she hasn't seen, in the mask and poncho, whose name she doesn't know. Mr. Cahill, bad as it is, I insist on your finishing your whisky. Miss Cahill, please sit down."

He moved a chair towards her and, as he did so, looked full into her face with such love and happiness that she turned her eyes away.

"Well?" asked Cahill.

"I must first explain to Lieutenant Ranson, father," said his daughter, "that to-day is the day we take account of stock."

"Speaking of stock," said Ranson, "don't forget that I owe you for a red kerchief and a rubber poncho. You can have them back, if you like. I won't need a rain-coat where I am going."

"Don't," said Miss Cahill. "Please let me go on. After I brought you your breakfast here, I couldn't begin to work just at once. I was thinking about—something else. Everyone was talking of you—your arrest, and I couldn't settle down to take account of stock." She threw a look at Ranson which asked for his sympathy. "But when I did start, I began with the ponchos and the red kerchiefs, and then I found out something."

Cahill was regarding his daughter in strange distress, but Ranson appeared indifferent to her words, and intent only on the light and beauty in her face. But he asked, smiling: "And that was?"

"You see," continued Miss Cahill eagerly, "I always keep a dozen of each article, and as each one is sold I check it off in my day-book. Yesterday Mrs. Bolland bought a poncho for the colonel. That left eleven ponchos. Then a few minutes later I gave Lightfoot a red kerchief for his squaw. That left eleven kerchiefs."

"Stop!" cried Ranson. "Miss Cahill," he began severely, "I hope you do not mean to throw suspicion on the wife of my respected colonel, or on Mrs. Lightfoot, 'the Prairie Flower.' Those ladies are my personal friends; I refuse to believe them guilty. And have you ever seen Mrs. Bolland on horseback? You wrong her. It is impossible."

"Please," begged Miss Cahill, "please let me explain. When you went to hold up

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the stage, you took a poncho and a kerchief. That should have left ten of each. But when I counted them this morning, there were nine red kerchiefs and nine ponchos."

Ranson slapped his knee sharply. "Good!" he said. "That *is* interesting."

"What does it prove?" demanded Cahill.

"It proves nothing, or it proves everything," said Miss Cahill. "To my mind it proves without any doubt that someone overheard Mr. Ranson's plan, that he dressed like him to throw suspicion on him, and that this second person was the one who robbed the paymaster. Now, father, this is where you can help us. You were there then. Try to remember. It is so important. Who came into the store after the others had gone away?"

Cahill tossed his head like an angry bull.

"There are fifty places in this post," he protested roughly, "where a man can get a poncho. Every trooper owns his slicker."

"But, father, we don't know that theirs are missing," cried Miss Cahill, "and we do know that those in our store are. Don't think I am foolish. It seemed such an important fact to me, and I had hoped it would help."

"It does help — immensely!" cried Ranson. "I think it's a splendid clue. But, unfortunately, I don't think we can prove anything by your father, for he's just been telling me that there was no one in the place but himself. No one came in, and he was quite alone——" Ranson had begun speaking eagerly, but either his own words or the intentness with which Cahill received them caused him to halt and hesitate—"absolutely—alone."

"You see," said Cahill thickly, "as soon as they had gone I rode to the Indian village."

"Why, no, father," corrected Miss Cahill. "Don't you remember, you told me last night that when you reached Lightfoot's tent I had just gone? That was quite two hours after the others left the store." In her earnestness Miss Cahill had placed her hand upon her father's arm and clutched it eagerly. "And you remember no one coming in before you left?" she asked. "No one?"

Cahill had not replaced the bandaged hand in his pocket, but had shoved it inside the opening of his coat. As Mary Cahill caught his arm, her fingers sank into the palm of the hand, and he gave a slight grimace of pain.

"Oh, father!" Miss Cahill cried, "your hand! I am so sorry! Did I hurt it? Please—let me see."

Cahill drew back with sudden violence.

"No!" he cried. "Leave it alone! Come! we must be going." But Miss Cahill held the wounded hand in both her own. When she turned her eyes to Ranson, they were filled with tender concern.

"I hurt him," she said reproachfully. "He shot himself last night with one of those new cylinder revolvers."

Her father snatched the hand from her. He tried to drown her voice by a sudden movement towards the door. "Come!" he called. "Do you hear me?"

But his daughter in her sympathy continued. "He was holding it so," she said, "and it went off, and the bullet passed through here." She laid the tip of a slim white finger on the palm of her right hand.

"The bullet!" cried Ranson. He repeated dully: "The bullet!"

There was a sudden tense silence. Outside they could hear the crunch of the sentry's heel in the gravel, and from the baseball field back of the barracks the soft spring air was rent with the jubilant crack of the bat as it drove the ball. Afterwards Ranson remembered that while one-half of his brain was terribly acute to the moment, the other was wondering whether the runner had made his base. It seemed an interminable time before Ranson raised his eyes from Miss Cahill's palm to her father's face. What he read in them caused Cahill to drop his hand swiftly to his hip.

Ranson saw the gesture and threw out both his hands. He gave a hysterical laugh, strangely boyish and immature, and ran to place himself between Cahill and the door. "Drop it!" he whispered. "Drop it, man!" he entreated; "don't make a fool of yourself! Mr. Cahill," he cried aloud, "you can't go till you know. Can he, Mary? Yes, Mary." The tone in which he repeated the name was proprietary and commanding. He took her hand. "Mr. Cahill," he said joyously, "we've got something to tell you. I want you to understand that in spite of all *I've* done—I say in spite of all *I've* done—I mean, getting into this trouble and disgrace, and all that—I've dared to ask your daughter to marry me. He turned and led Miss Cahill swiftly towards the verandah. "Oh! I knew he wouldn't like it," he cried. "You see. I told you so. You've got to let me talk to him alone. You go outside and wait. I can talk better

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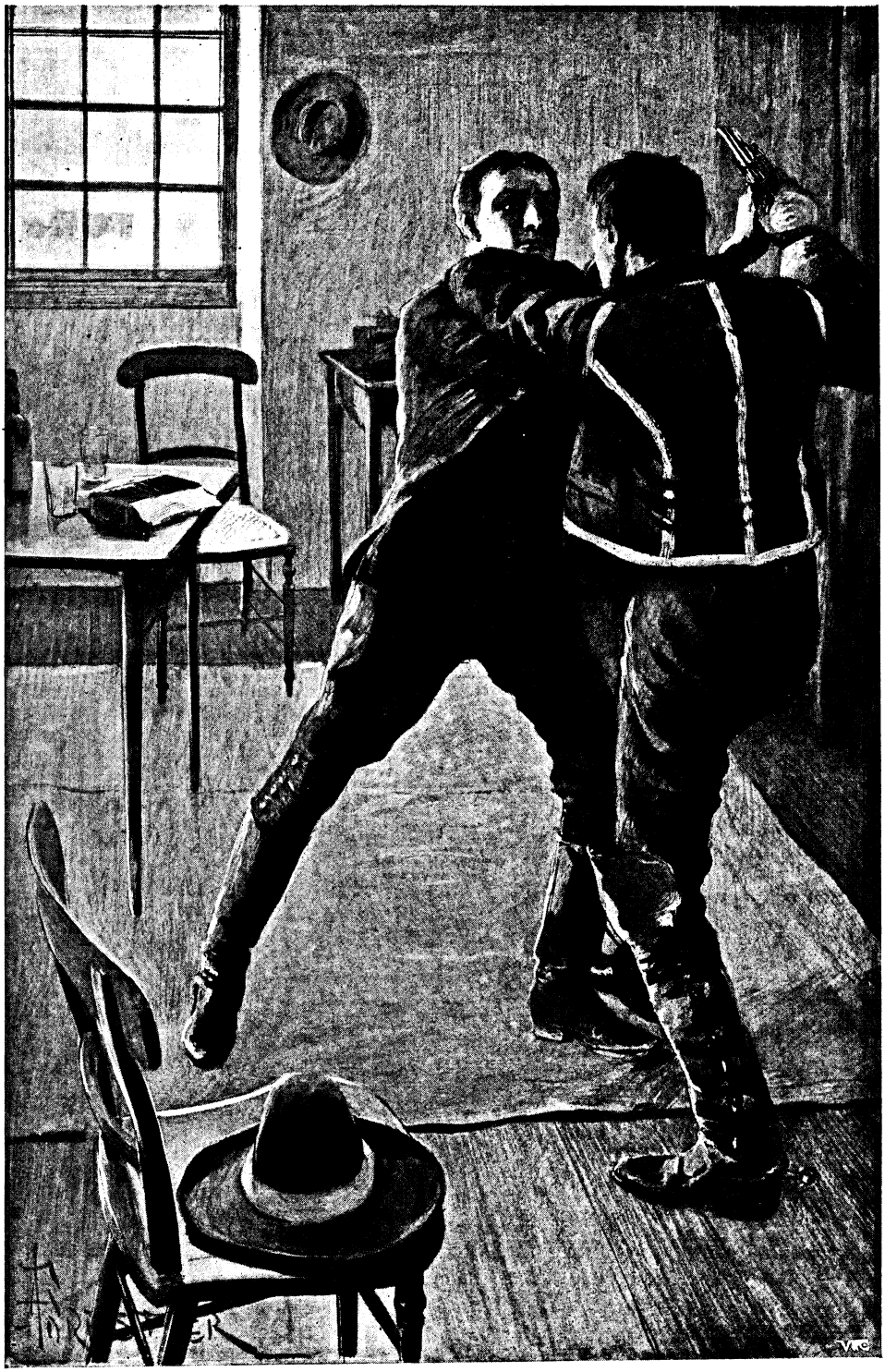

"The two struggled silently and fiercely."

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when you are not here. I'll soon bring him around."

"Father," pleaded Miss Cahill timidly. From behind her back Ranson shook his head at the post trader in violent pantomime. "She'd better go outside and wait, hadn't she, Mr. Cahill?" he directed.

As he was bidden, the post trader raised his head and nodded towards the door. The onslaught of sudden and new conditions overwhelmed and paralysed him.

"Father!" said Miss Cahill, "it isn't just as you think. Mr. Ranson did ask me to marry him—in a way—— At least, I knew what he meant. But I did not say—in a way—that I would marry him. I mean, it was not settled, or I would have told you. You mustn't think I would have left you out of this—of my happiness, you who have done everything to make me happy."

She reproached her father with her eyes fastened on his face. His own were stern, fixed, and miserable. "You will let it be, won't you, father?" she begged. "It—it means so much. I—can't tell you——" She threw out her hand towards Ranson as though designating a superior being. "Why, I can't tell *him*. But if you are harsh with him or with me, it will break my heart. For as I love you, father, I love him—and it has got to be. It must be. For I love him so. I have always loved him. Father," she whispered, "I love him so."

Ranson, humbly, gratefully, took the girl's hand and led her gently to the verandah and closed the door upon her. Then he came down the room and regarded his prospective father-in-law with an expression of amused exasperation. He thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his riding-breeches and nodded his head. "Well," he exclaimed, "you've made a pretty mess of it, haven't you?"

Cahill had sunk heavily into a chair and was staring at Ranson with the stupid, wondering gaze of a dumb animal in pain. During the moments in which the two men eyed each other, Ranson's smile disappeared. Cahill raised himself slowly, as though with a great effort.

"I done it," said Cahill, "for her. I done it to make her happy."

"That's all right," said Ranson briskly. "She's going to be happy. We're all going to be happy."

"An' all I did," Cahill continued, as though unconscious of the interruption, "was to disgrace her." He rose suddenly to his feet. His mental sufferings were so keen that his huge body trembled. He recognised how truly he had made "a mess of it." He saw that all he had hoped to do for his daughter by crime would have been done for her by this marriage with Ranson, which would have made her a "lady," made her rich, made her happy. Had it not been for his midnight raids, she would have been honoured, loved, and envied, even by the wife of the colonel herself. But through him disgrace had come upon her, sorrow and trouble. She would not be known as the daughter of Senator Ranson, but of Cahill, an ex-member of the Whyo gang, a highway robber, as the daughter of a thief who was serving his time in a State prison. At the thought Cahill stepped backwards unsteadily, as though he had been struck. He cried suddenly aloud. Then his hand whipped back to his revolver, but before he could use it Ranson had seized his wrist with both hands. The two struggled silently and fiercely. The fact of opposition brought back to Cahill all of his great strength.

"No, you don't!" Ranson muttered. "Think of your daughter, man. Drop it!"

"I shall do it," Cahill panted. "I am thinking of my daughter. It's the only way out. Take your hands off me—I shall!"

With his knuckles Ranson bored cruelly into the wounded hand, and it opened and the gun dropped from it; but as it did so it went off with a report that rang through the building. There was an instant rush of feet upon the steps of the verandah, and at the sound the two men sprang apart, eyeing each other sheepishly like two discovered truants. When Sergeant Clancey and the guard pushed through the door, Ranson stood facing it, spinning the revolver in cowboy fashion around his fourth finger. He addressed the sergeant in a tone of bitter irony.

"Oh! you've come at last," he demanded. "Are you deaf? Why didn't you come when I called?" His tone showed he considered he had just cause for annoyance.

"The gun brought me; I——" began Clancey.

"Yes, I hoped it might. That's why I fired it," snapped Ranson. "I want two whisky-and-sodas. Quick, now!"

"Two——" gasped Clancey.

"Whisky-and-sodas. See how fast one of you can chase over to the club and get 'em. And next time I want a drink, don't make me wake the entire garrison."

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As the soldiers retreated, Ranson discovered Miss Cahill's white face beyond them. He ran and held the door open by a few inches.

"It's all right," he whispered reassuringly. "He's nearly persuaded. Wait just a minute longer and he'll be giving us his blessing."

"But the pistol-shot?" she asked.

"I was just calling the guard. The electric bell's broken, and your father wanted a drink. That's a good sign, isn't it? Shows he's friendly. What kind did you say you wanted, Mr. Cahill—Scotch, was it, or Rye?" Ranson glanced back at the sombre, silent figure of Cahill and then again opened the door sufficiently for him to stick out his head. "Sergeant," he called, "make them both Scotch—long ones."

He shut the door and turned upon the post trader. "Now, then, father-in-law," he said briskly, "you've got to cut and run, and you've got to run quick. We'll tell 'em you're going to Fort Worth to buy the engagement-ring, because I can't, being under arrest. But you go to Duncan City instead, and from there take the cars to——"

"Run away?" Cahill repeated dazedly. "But you'll be court-martialled!"

"There won't be any court-martial!"

Cahill glanced around the room quickly. "I see!" he cried. In his eagerness he was almost smiling. "I'm to leave a confession and give it to you."

"Confession? What rot!" cried Ranson, "They can't prove anything against me. Everyone knows by now that there were two men on the trail, but they don't know who the other man was, and no one ever must know—especially Mary."

Cahill struck the table with his fist. "I won't stand for it!" he cried. "I got you into this, and I'm goin'——"

"Yes, going to gaol," retorted Ranson. "You'll look nice behind the bars, won't you? Your daughter will be proud of you in a striped suit. Don't talk nonsense. You're going to run and hide in some place, somewhere where Mary and I can come and pay you a visit. Say—Canada. No, not Canada. I'd rather visit you in gaol than in a Montreal hotel. Say Tangier, or Buenos Ayres, or Paris. Yes, Paris is safe enough—and so amusing."

Cahill seated himself heavily. "I trapped you into this fix, Mr. Ranson," he said; "you know I did, and now I mean to get you out of it. I ain't going to leave the man my Mame wants to marry with a cloud on him. I ain't going to let her husband be gaoled."

Ranson had run to his desk and from a drawer drew forth a roll of bills. He advanced with them in his hand.

"Yes, Paris is certainly the place," he said. "Here's three hundred dollars. I'll cable you the rest. You've never been to Paris, have you? It's full of beautiful sights—Henry's American Bar, for instance, and the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, and Maxim's. All good Americans go to Paris when they die, and all the bad ones while they are alive. You'll find lots of both kinds, and you'll sit all day on the sidewalk, and drink Bock, and listen to Hungarian bands. And Mary and I will join you there and take you driving in the Bois. Now, you start at once. I'll tell her you've gone to New York to talk it over with father and buy the ring. Then I'll say you've gone on to Paris to rent us apartments for the honeymoon. I'll explain it somehow. That's better than going to gaol, isn't it, and making us bow our heads in grief?"

Cahill, in his turn, approached the desk and, seating himself before it, began writing rapidly.

"What is it?" asked Ranson.

"A confession," said Cahill, his pen scratching.

"I won't take it," Ranson said, "and I won't use it."

"I ain't going to give it to you," said Cahill, over his shoulder. "I know better than that. But I don't go to Paris unless I leave a confession behind me. Call in the guard," he commanded; "I want two witnesses."

"I'll see you hanged first!" said Ranson.

Cahill crossed the room to the door and, throwing it open, called: "Corporal of the guard!"

As he spoke, Captain Carr and Mrs. Bolland, accompanied by Miss Post and her aunt, were crossing the parade-ground. For a moment the post trader surveyed them doubtfully, and then, stepping out upon the verandah, beckoned to them.

"Here's a paper I've signed, captain," he said. "I wish you'd witness my signature. It's my testimony for the court-martial."

"Then someone else had better sign it," said Carr. "Might look prejudiced if I did." He turned to the ladies. "These ladies are coming in to see Ranson now. They'll witness it."

Miss Cahill, from the other end of the

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verandah, and the visitors entered the room together.

"Mrs. Truesdall!" cried Ranson. "You are pouring coals of fire upon my head. And Miss Post! Indeed, this is too much honour. After the way I threatened and tried to frighten you last night, I expected you to hang me, at least; instead of which you have, I trust, come to tea."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Bolland sternly. "These ladies insisted on my bringing them here to say how sorry they are that they talked so much and got you into this trouble. Understand, Mr. Ranson," the colonel's wife added with dignity, "that I am not here officially as Mrs. Bolland, but as a friend of these ladies."

"You are welcome in whatever form you take, Mrs. Bolland," cried Ranson; "and, believe me, I am in no trouble—no trouble, I assure you. In fact, I am quite the most contented man in the world. Mrs. Bolland, in spite of the cloud, the temporary cloud, which rests upon my fair name, I take great pride in announcing to you that this young lady has done me the honour to consent to become my wife. Her father, a very old and dear friend, has given his consent. And I take this occasion to tell you of my good fortune, both in your official capacity and as my friend."

There was a chorus of exclamations and congratulations, in which Mrs. Bolland showed herself to be a true wife and a social diplomatist. In the post trader's daughter she instantly recognised the heiress to the Ranson millions, and the daughter of a Senator who also was the chairman of the Senate Committee on Brevets and Promotions. She fell upon Miss Cahill's shoulder and kissed her upon both cheeks. Turning eagerly upon Mrs. Truesdall, she said: "Alice, you can understand how I feel when I tell you that this child has always been to me like one of my own."

Carr took Ranson's hand and wrung it. Sergeant Clancey grew purple with pleasure and stole back to the verandah, where he whispered joyfully to a sentry. In another moment a passing private was seen racing delightedly towards the baseball field.

At the same moment, Lieutenants Crosby and Curtis and the regimental adjutant crossed the parade-ground from the colonel's quarters and ran up the steps of Ranson's hut. The expressions of good-will, of smiling embarrassment and general satisfaction which Lieutenant Crosby observed on the countenances of those present seemed to give him a momentary check.

"Oh!" he exclaimed disappointedly, "someone has told you!"

Ranson laughed and took the hand which Crosby held doubtfully towards him. "No one has told me," he said. "I've been telling them."

"Then you haven't heard?" Crosby cried delightedly. "That's good. I begged to be the first to let you know, because I felt so badly at having doubted you. You must let me congratulate you. You are free."

"Free?" smiled Ranson.

"Yes, relieved from arrest," Crosby cried joyfully. He turned and took Ranson's sword from the hands of the adjutant. "And the colonel's let your troop have the band to give you a serenade."

But Ranson's face showed no sign of satisfaction.

"Wait!" he cried. "Why am I relieved from arrest?"

"Why? Because the other fellow has confessed."

Ranson placed himself suddenly in front of Mary Cahill as though to shield her. His eyes stole stealthily towards Cahill's confession. Still unread and still unsigned, it lay unopened upon the table. Cahill was gazing upon Ranson in blank bewilderment.

Captain Carr gasped a sigh of relief that was far from complimentary to his client.

"Who confessed?" he cried.

"Pop Henderson," said Crosby.

"Pop Henderson!" shouted Cahill. Unmindful of his wound, he struck the table savagely with his fist. For the first time in the knowledge of the post he exhibited emotion. "Pop Henderson, by the eternal!" he cried. "And I never guessed it!"

"Yes," said Crosby eagerly. "Abe Fisher was in it. Henderson persuaded the paymaster to make the trip alone with him. Then he dressed up Fisher to represent the Red Rider and sent him on ahead to hold him up. They were to share the money afterwards. But Fisher fired on Pop to kill, so as to have it all, and Pop's trying to get even. And what with wanting to hurt Fisher, and thinking he is going to die, and not wishing to see you hanged, he's told the truth. We wired Kiowa early this morning and arrested Fisher. They've found the money, and he has confessed, too."

"But the poncho and the red kerchief?" protested Carr. "And he had no stirrups?"

"Oh! Fisher had the make-up all right,"

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laughed Crosby; "Henderson says Fisher's the 'only original' Red Rider. And as for the stirrups, I'm afraid that's my fault. I asked the colonel if the man wasn't riding without stirrups, and I guess the wish was father to the fact. He only imagined he hadn't seen any stirrups. The colonel was rattled. So, old man," he added, turning to Ranson, "here's your sword again, and God bless you!"

the colonel's wife. Play 'Just Because She Made Them Goo-goo Eyes.'"

"Rather!" cried the bandmaster indignantly, breaking in on the tune with his baton. "I know my business! Now, then, men," he commanded, "'I'll Leave My Happy Home for You.'"

As Mrs. Bolland dragged Miss Cahill into view of the assembled troopers, Ranson pulled his father-in-law into a far corner of

"'To the future Mrs. Ranson!'"

Already the post had learned the news from the band, and the verandahs of the enlisted men overflowed with delighted troopers. From the stables and the ball-field came the sound of hurrying feet and a tumult of cheers and cowboy yells. Across the parade-ground the regimental band bore down upon Ranson's hut, proclaiming to the garrison that there would be a hot time in the old town that night. But Sergeant Clancey ran to meet the bandmaster, and shouted in his ear. "He's going to marry Mary Cahill," he cried. "I heard him tell

the room. He shook the written confession in his face.

"Now, will you kindly tell me what that means?" he demanded. "What sort of a gallery play were you trying to make?"

Cahill shifted his sombrero guiltily. "I was trying to get you out of the hole," he stammered. "I—I thought you done it."

"You thought I done it!"

"Sure. I never thought nothing else."

"Then why do you say here that *you* did it?"

"Oh! because," stammered Cahill miser-

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ably, "'cause of Mary, 'cause she wanted to marry you—'cause you were going to marry her."

"Well—but—what good were you going to do by shooting yourself?"

"Oh! then?" Cahill jerked back his head as though casting out an unpleasant memory. "I thought you'd caught me, you two—between you."

"Caught you! Then you did——?"

"No, but I tried to. I heard your plan, and I did follow you in the poncho and kerchief, meaning to hold up the stage first, and leave it to Crosby and Curtis to prove you did it. But when I reached the coach you were there ahead of me, and I rode away and put in my time at the Indian village. I never saw the paymaster's cart, never heard of it till this morning. But what with Mame missing the poncho out of our shop, and the wound in my hand, I guessed they'd all soon suspect me. I saw you did. So I thought I'd just confess to what I meant to do, even if I didn't do it."

Ranson surveyed his father-in-law with a delighted grin. "How did you get that bullet-hole in your hand?" he asked.

Cahill laughed shamefacedly. "I hate to tell you that," he said. "I got it just as I said I did. My new gun went off while I was fooling with it, with my hand over the muzzle. And me the best shot in the Territory! But when I heard the paymaster claimed he shot the Red Rider through the palm, I knew no one would believe me if I told the truth. So I lied."

Ranson glanced down at the written confession and then tore it slowly into pieces. "And you were sure I robbed the stage, and yet you believed that I'd use this? What sort of a son-in-law do you think you've got?"

"You thought *I* robbed the stage, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you were going to stand for robbing it yourself, weren't you? Well, that's the sort of son-in-law I've got!"

The two men held out their hands at the same instant.

Mary Cahill, her face glowing with pride and besieged with blushes, came towards them from the verandah. She was laughing and radiant, but she turned her eyes on Ranson with a look of tender reproach.

"Why did you desert me?" she said. "It was awful. They are calling you now. They are playing 'The Conquering Hero.'"

"Mr. Cahill," commanded Ranson, "go out there and make a speech." He turned to Mary Cahill and lifted one of her hands in both of his. "Well, I *am* the conquering hero," he said. "I've won the only thing worth winning. Dearest," he whispered, "we'll run away from them in a minute, and we'll ride to the waterfall and the Lover's Leap." He looked down at her wistfully. "Do you remember?"

Mary Cahill raised her head and smiled. He leaned towards her breathlessly.

"Why, did it mean that to you, too?" he asked.

She smiled up at him in assent.

"But I didn't say anything, did I?" whispered Ranson; "I hardly knew you then. But I knew that day that I—that I would marry you or nobody else. And did you think—that you——?"

"Yes," Mary Cahill whispered.

He bent his head and touched her hand with his lips.

"Then we'll go back this morning to the waterfall," he said, "and tell it that it's all come right. And now we'll bow to those crazy people out there, those make-believe dream-people, who don't know that there is nothing real in this world but just you and me, and that we love each other."

A dishevelled orderly bearing a tray with two glasses confronted Ranson at the door. "Here's the Scotch-and-sodas, lieutenant," he panted. "I couldn't get 'em any sooner. The men wanted to take 'em off me—to drink Miss Cahill's health."

"So they shall," said Ranson. "Tell them to drink the canteen dry and charge it to me. What's a little thing like the regulations between friends? They have taught me my manners. Mr. Cahill!" he called.

The post trader returned from the verandah.

Ranson solemnly handed him a glass and raised the other in the air. "Here's hoping that the Red Rider rides on his raids no more," he said; "and to the future Mrs. Ranson—to Mary Cahill, God bless her!"

He shattered the empty glass in the grate and took Cahill's hand.

"Father-in-law," said Ranson, "let's promise each other to lead a new and a better life."

THE END.

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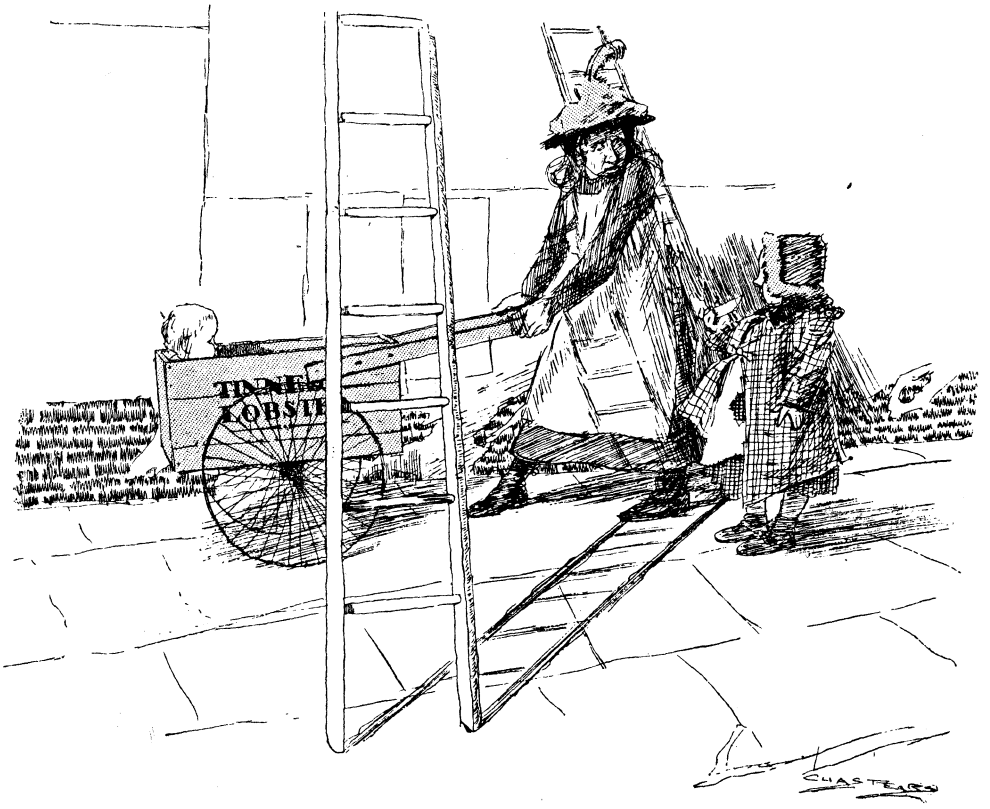

A RESPECT FOR TRADITION.

'Now see what yer done—gone an' made me spoil the biby's luck, yer silly!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

CULLED FROM A CONTEMPORARY.

Some valuable extracts from the chatty columns of a popular social organ.

THE desire of American millionaires after English antiquities is insatiable. We all know that Shakespeare's house has stood in danger before now of being transported to America whole. It is now reported that Mr. Peerless Jerks (of Pittsburgh, Pa.), the millionaire, who negotiated the famous corner in cough drops, has bought up one of the carriages used for the suburban traffic of one of our most conservative railways. It is said that Mr. Peerless Jerks (of Pittsburgh, Pa.) remarked that there is not anything like it to be seen in his own country, and we do not doubt that Mr. Peerless Jerks (of Pittsburgh, Pa.) is right on this point.

* * * * * *

WE have received a call from Mr. Patrick McGinty, who has just patented a very remarkable invention.

All our readers will, no doubt, have perceived the striking natural phenomenon that when a pot of jam is opened, its contents disappear with amazing rapidity. Some scientists have maintained that this rapidity varies according to the composition of the jam, being highest in the case of strawberry, apricot, and raspberry jams of superior quality, and lowest in the case of jams composed of ninety per cent. of vegetable marrow.

Personally we have always acquiesced in what we regarded as an inexorable law of Nature, and bought another pot. Not so McGinty; he refused to regard the problem as insoluble, but wrestled with it until it was overcome.

McGinty, as the result of his researches, attributes this phenomenon entirely to the shape of the jars or pots in which jam is commonly kept, or rather lost. He declares that if McGinty's Patent Preserve Protector Pots are adopted, there is no perceptable disappearance of the jam.

Although these Patent Preserve Protector Pots present various modifications, the principle is the same in all. There is a spout through which the hot jam is poured in a liquid state, a pinhole which allows the air to escape when the jam is poured in, and a large receptacle which the jam fills. When the jam gets there, there it is, and there it is likely to stop. Could anything be more simple or effective? There can be no possible loss or

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diminution of the quantity of the jam; the economy, therefore, effected by this invention, and the waste which is avoided are tremendous.

Mr. McGinty maintains that his invention can be applied to marmalade as well as jam; but as, personally, we do not eat marmalade, we do not feel competent to offer an opinion on this point.

We venture to think that posterity will rank McGinty with Newton, who was the first among mortals to perceive that apples fell down and not up; with that great American Cyrus K. Pipp, who was the first human being to suck iced drinks through a straw; with Watt, who saw that when a kettle boils, the lid bobs about; and with that distinguished Scotchman, Macintosh, who, while on a summer holiday in the Highlands, made the great invention that has ever since borne his name; nay, we even venture to think that McGinty will stand side by side in the gallery of fame with Sir Walter Raleigh, who proved such a true prophet when he exclaimed, as he lighted the first pipe in this beloved land of ours: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust shall never be put out."

* * * * * *

We all know that Hampstead is a very elastic geographical term. It was perhaps stretching it rather far, however, when a gentleman living in the pleasant and salubrious neighbourhood of the Mile End Road described his residence as East Hampstead.

THE LAST WORD.

Amateur Golfer: Look here, I'm tired of you—laughing at my game like that! If I get any more impudence, I'll hit you over the head!

Cannie Caddie: All right; but I'll bet yer don't know what would be the right club to do it with!

MUCH VIRTUE IN AN "IF."

Keeper (to townsman who has missed everything all day): If them 'ere rabbits was a yard longer behind, you'd be making a fine bag, sir!

* * * * * *

"*L'Affaire Stickers*" is the pseudonym under which a mystified foreigner, at present in London, writes to us for information as follows:—

"Who is he, then, this William Stickers? I am arrived from Paris since three weeks, and when I promenade myself through this Londres, I see always on the walls: 'Bill Stickers beware!' and again: 'Bill Stickers will be prosecuted.' What, then, is this affair Stickers? If he is so abominable, this Bill, what for does one not exclaim in the streets: '*A bas Bill Stickers!*' '*Mort à Bill!*' '*A bas Stickers*'?"

* * * * * *

This visitor of ours wishes to record his opinion of the baselessness of the charge often made against the British nation, that they are insular and prejudiced against any new idea of foreign origin. The other day, when he walked out in a Parisian head-gear of somewhat exclusive design, he was very gratified by the intense interest exhibited in it by the people he met in the street. He says that even quite small boys asked him for particulars as to where he had obtained his hat, a request which he was naturally only too delighted to comply with. Our correspondent looks forward to the type of hat

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PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

MOTHER: Now, you'll be a good boy, Cyril, and stay here till mummie comes back.
CYRIL: Well, I can't *promise*, mummie.
MOTHER: Can't *promise*—what do you mean?
CYRIL: I mean I'll *try*, mummie dear; but, you see, I can't stop here if the horse runs away, like daddy's did.

in question being the rage in England, and—though, as he says, "in the words of your Shakespeare, a nose by any other name would smell as well"—he suggests that it would be piquant and droll to christen the hat "*Le Chapeau Stickers*."

* * * * * *

THE HON. REGINALD STONEYBROKE, youngest son of Lord Stoney of Stratford, has left England to stay on the Continent for an indefinite period. As there are about a dozen writs, as well as County Court summonses, besides several judgment summonses and commitment orders, out against him, he will be very much missed in London.

* * * * * *

"SUBURBANUS" writes to us that a few days ago he had occasion to go to the Free Library at Clamberwell Junction, and found on leaving that some gentleman had taken his umbrella by mistake and left another in its place. He imagines that the substitute must be a family heirloom, and have originally belonged to the grandfather, at least, of the owner. The umbrella in question has three ribs protruding beyond the material, which has got torn off; the covering is carefully sewn up all along the seams, the point is worn very stumpy, and the umbrella shows in every way signs of great and interesting antiquity.

Our correspondent trusts that this notice may catch the eye of the true owner of this valuable relic, in order that he may be able to restore it. He also inquires if we can tell him where there is any "jumble sale" coming off in the course of the next few days, though we fail to see the point or relevancy of his inquiry.

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